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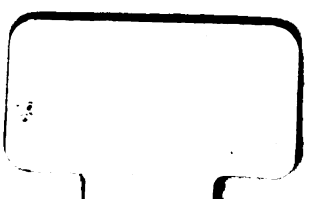

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THE

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THE

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DR. BROWNSON AND BISHOP FITZPATRICK.

BISHOP JOHN B. FITZPATRICK, of Boston, was a man of high mental endowments. He brought to the study of the sacred sciences a native ability far above the ordinary, and, studying with industry and under the best masters in France, he became a theologian of great acquirements. But his knowledge did not embrace the intellectual trend of the present age nor take in the signs of impending changes among men outside the Catholic Church. He carried into the domain of speculative philosophy and theology certain traditional methods peculiar to the theologians and philosophers of his day, and he was impatient with one who would not prefer these methods to all others. He had little sympathy with any one who could not find a solution of all difficulties in the historical argument of the church, or in the external marks of the church's Oneness, Holiness, Catholicity, and Apostolicity. He probably never experienced even the most shadowy doubt concerning the truths of religion, and his feelings might be expressed by the words of the Psalmist: "Thy testimonies have I taken for an heritage for ever, for they are the joy of my heart." The articles of the Catholic faith were to him like an heirloom of an ancient family, or like the old homestead, not simply valued for intrinsic qualities, but also sacred by ties of blood and family, and by race tradition. Immemorial possession, supreme domination for so many ages of the mind of Christendom, unbroken corporate existence back to the original society founded by Christ, were more to Bishop Fitzpatrick than powerful motives of credibility appealing to reason; they were

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like the venerable title-deeds and other monuments of ownership to a lord of the manor. Of this traditional kind of faith he was a pronounced type, and his noble personal characteristics, his intelligence, his humor, his great learning, his magnificent presence, made him an especially powerful exponent of it. He was, too, a positive man, pushing his views upon others with direct force, and exerting when he willed his strong personality in a way not easy to resist.

I may say, by the way, that perhaps it was this strength of character in "Bishop John," as they loved to call him, which imposed upon the Catholics of Boston his own peculiar type of religion and gave them an ultra-conservative tone; for, from their geographical position in the American world of thought, they ought to have been, perhaps otherwise would have been, a generation ahead of some other Catholic communities among us. The Catholics who were citizens of Boston forty years ago had the opportunities of becoming the representative Catholics of America.

Bishop Fitzpatrick's strong sense of humor and keen wit had much to do with his influence, for by mingling good-natured sarcasm and irony with the most serious discussions it made him a doubly formidable antagonist. It was always difficult to detect how much of conviction and how much of banter there was in his treatment of men engaged in the actual intellectual movements of our times. I found such to be the case in my own intercourse with him. He always attacked me in a bantering way, but, I thought, half in earnest too. Hence I never found it advisable to enter into argument with him. How can you argue with a man, a brilliant wit and an accomplished theologian, who continually flashes back and forth between first principles and witticisms? When I would undertake to grapple with him on first principles he would throw me off with a joke, and while I was parrying the joke he was back again upon first principles.

An illustration of his way of treating men and questions was his reception of me when I presented myself to him, some months before Dr. Brownson did, for reception into the church. "What truths were the stepping-stones that led you here?" he would have asked if he had had the temperament of the apostle. But instead of searching for truth in me he began to search for errors. I had lived with the Brook Farm Community and with the Fruitlands Community, and before that had been a member of a Workingman's party in New York City, in all which organizations the right of private ownership of property had been a prime question. Bronson Alcott, the founder of Fruitlands, be-

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fore starting in that place, had, at least partially, put his theories to practical test: he had squatted on what he thought was a piece of public land in the town of Concord, and discovered that it had a private owner, who demanded rent. How he permitted himself to lose this opportunity of testing to the bitter end the injustice of private ownership by suffering from or resisting against legal process I never was able to discover. But, as for my part, at the time Bishop Fitzpatrick wanted me to purge myself of communism I had settled the question in my own mind, and on principles which I afterwards found to be Catholic. The study and settlement of the question of ownership was one of the things that led me into the church, and I am not a little surprised that what was a door to lead me into the church seems at this day to be a door to lead some others out. But when the bishop attacked me about it, it was no longer with me an actual question. I had settled the question of private ownership in harmony with Catholic principles, or I should not have dared to present myself as a convert. But I mention this because it illustrates Bishop Fitzpatrick's character.

His was, indeed, a first-class mind both in natural gifts and acquired cultivation, but his habitual bearing was that of suspicion of error; as man and prelate he had a joyful readiness to search it out and correct it from his own point of view. He was a type of mind common then and not uncommon now—the embodiment of a purpose to refute error, and to refute it by condemnation direct, authoritative even if argumentative: the other type of mind would seek for truth amidst the error, establish its existence, applaud it, and endeavor to make it a basis for further truth and a fulcrum for the overthrow of the error connected with it.

It will be seen, then, what kind of man Dr. Brownson first met as the official exponent of Catholicity, one hardly capable of properly understanding and dealing with a mind like his; for he was one who had come into the possession of the full truth not so much from hatred of error as love of truth. Brownson's soul was intensely faithful to its personal convictions, faithful unto heroism—for that is the temper of men who seek the whole truth free from cowardice or narrowness or bias. He has admitted that the effect of his intercourse with the bishop was not fortunate. He confesses that the bishop forced him to adopt a line of public controversy foreign to his genius, and one which had not brought him into the church, and perhaps could not have done so. A man of his peculiar philosophical temperament could hardly have become a Catholic if the impulse had to come

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entirely from the force of the historical argument, sufficient though that argument in itself undoubtedly is. In *The Convert*, p. 374, he says:

"Bishop Fitzpatrick received me with civility, but with a certain degree of distrust. He had been a little prejudiced against me, and doubted the motives which led so proud and so conceited a man, as he regarded me, to seek admission into the communion of the church. It was two or three months before we could come to a mutual understanding. There was a difficulty in the way which I did not dare explain to him, and he instinctively detected in me a want of entire frankness and unreserve. I had been led to the church by the application I had made of my doctrine of life by communion, and I will own that I thought I found in it a method of leading others to the church which Catholics had overlooked or neglected to use. I really thought that I had made some philosophical discoveries which would be of value even to Catholic theologians in convincing and converting unbelievers, and I dreaded to have them rejected by the Catholic bishop. But I perceived almost instantly that he either was ignorant of my doctrine of life or placed no confidence in it; and I felt that he was far more likely, bred, as he had been, in a different philosophical school from myself, to oppose than to accept. I had, indeed, however highly I esteemed the doctrine, no special attachment to it for its own sake, and could, so far as it was concerned, give it up at a word without a single regret; but, if I rejected or waived it, what reason had I for regarding the church as authoritative for natural reason, or for recognizing any authority in the bishop himself to teach me? Here was the difficulty. . . .

"My trouble was great, and the bishop could not relieve me, for I dared not disclose to him its source. But Providence did not desert me, and I soon discovered that there was another method by which, even waiving the one I had thus far followed, I could arrive at the authority of the church, and prove even in a clearer and more direct manner her divine commission to teach all men and nations in all things pertaining to eternal salvation. This new process or method I found was as satisfactory to reason as my own. I adopted it and henceforth used it as the rational basis of my argument for the church. So, in point of fact, I was not received into the church on the strength of the philosophical doctrine I had embraced, but on the strength of another and perhaps a more convincing process.

"It is not necessary to develop this new process here, for it is the ordinary process adopted by Catholic theologians, and may be found drawn out at length in almost every modern Course of Theology. It may also be found developed under some of its aspects in almost any article I have since written in my *Review*. . . . Though I accepted this method and was satisfied by it before I entered the church, yet it was not that by which I was brought from unbelief to the church, and it only served to justify and confirm by another process the convictions to which I had been brought, by my applications to history and the traditions of the race, of the doctrines of life obtained from the simple analysis of thought as a fact of consciousness. What would have been its practical effect on my mind had I encountered it before I had in fact become a believer, and in fact had no need of it for my personal conviction, I am unable to say, though I suspect it would never have brought me to the church—not because it is not logical, not

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because it is not objectively complete and conclusive, but because I wanted the internal or subjective disposition to understand and receive it. It would not have found, if I may so say, the needed subjective response, and would have failed to remove to my understanding the *à priori* objections I entertained to a supernatural authoritative revelation itself. It would, I think, have struck me as crushing instead of enlightening, silencing instead of convincing my reason. Certainly I have never found the method effectual in the case of any non-Catholic not already disposed to become a Catholic, or actually, in his belief, on the way to the church. . . .

"But this suppression of my own philosophic theory—a suppression under every point of view commendable and even necessary at the time—became the occasion of my being placed in a false position towards my non-Catholic friends. Many had read me, had seen well enough whither I was tending, and were not surprised to find me professing myself a Catholic. The doctrine I had brought out and which they had followed appeared to them, as it did to me, to authorize me to do so, and perhaps not a few of them were making up their minds to follow me; but they were thrown all aback, the first time they heard me speaking as a Catholic, by finding me defending my conversion on grounds of which I had given no public intimation, and which seemed to them wholly unconnected with those I had published. Unable to perceive any logical or intellectual connection between my last utterances before entering the church and my first utterances afterwards, they looked upon my conversion, after all, as a sudden caprice, or rash act taken from a momentary impulse, or in a fit of intellectual despair, for which I had in reality no good reason to offer. So they turned away in disgust," etc.

These extracts reveal plainly how Dr. Brownson, by shifting his arguments, shifted his auditory and lost, never to regain, the leadership Providence had designed for him. I always maintained that Dr. Brownson was wrong in thus yielding to the bishop's influence, and that he should have held on to the course Providence had started him in. His convictions were an outgrowth of the best American thought, and, as he plainly proves in *The Convert*, were perfectly coincident with sound Catholic philosophy. Had he held on to the way inside the church which he had pursued outside the church in finding her, he would have carried with him some, and might perhaps have carried with him many, non-Catholic minds of a leading character. His philosophical view of Christianity could have been shown to be historically Catholic also, as it was undoubtedly Catholic in its elements. And if the reader asks me, "Do you refer to Dr. Brownson's peculiar views of the intuitive knowledge of God?" I answer, Yes and no. Yes, if you mean by intuitive perception of God that God's existence is a primary apprehension of the human mind. No, if you mean the peculiar ontological views of Dr. Brownson. What these exactly were I have never been able to fully satisfy myself. If his life had been providentially prolonged he would, perhaps, have

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cleared it all up and made himself fully intelligible. It was not, however, upon the obscure and perennially debatable questions of ideology that Dr. Brownson was best fitted to lead men's minds. No; he had a theoretical and an experimental knowledge of the necessity of revealed truth and of infused divine grace, and an unsurpassed power of demonstrating this necessity. He fully comprehended the need of the supernatural, and was admirably fitted to prove its necessity for the solution of the deepest questions of the soul. He was a great thinker, he was master of a pure, lofty style of composition, which make his works to-day a school of English hardly surpassed. I have heard the best judge of English I ever knew declare that in Dr. Brownson's writings are to be found some of the finest specimens of English ever printed. With such a medium, and drawing forth the subject-matter from the innermost fountains of his life's experience, he was providentially fitted to open a movement towards the true religion among the leading minds of America. But he was unhappily persuaded to draw his material, not from his own life's experience, nor from his knowledge, intimate and perfect, of his fellow-countrymen, but from books, and from schools, and from human and passing controversial traditions. His majestic English remains to us and many fine arguments on all points in dispute. But he was switched off the main line of his career by the influence of Bishop Fitzpatrick, who induced him to enter upon the *traditional line of controversy against Protestantism* at a time when the best minds of New England had long given up belief in the distinctive errors of that heresy. They were ripe for the study of the essential truths of Catholicity from a *point of view of pure reason and its natural aspirations*, and Dr. Brownson should have been the pioneer of a large movement among them. To quote again from *The Convert*, p. 384:

"I do not mean that as a doctrine of philosophy it [that is, his doctrine of life] bridges over the gulf between the natural and supernatural, for that no philosophy can do, since philosophy is only the expression of natural reason; but I honestly believe, as I believed in 1844 [*The Convert* was published in 1857], that it does, better than any other philosophical doctrine, show the harmony between the natural and the supernatural, and remove those obstacles to the reception of the church, and her doctrines on her authority, which all intelligent and thinking men brought up outside the church in our day do really encounter. . . . The ordinary motives of credibility do not move non-Catholics to believe, because these motives start from principles which they do not accept, or accept with much vagueness and uncertainty. . . . Though they seem overwhelming to Catholics, they leave all their objections remaining in full force and their inability to believe undiminished."

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And this inability results from false views of the supernatural and its relation to the natural.

This diversion of our greatest champion from his true field of conflict I always regretted, and often expressed to him that regret. I told him at the time that in confining himself to the historical proof, and in pointing out that road alone to the truth, he had forgotten the bridge by which he himself had reached it, if, indeed, he had not actually turned about and broken it down. And when, shortly after my conversion, I went to Europe, all the letters I wrote to him were filled with complaints that he had given up his first principles, or at any rate ignored them. He undervalued the then utility of his philosophical views. It was only years afterwards, and when he wrote *The Convert*, one of his greatest works, that he brought them out prominently, and then it was too late for much effect: he had become too closely identified with very different lines of controversy. His usual public writing was on the lines of a controversy whose value had, especially in New England, been greatly lessened by the weakened vitality of its object, Calvinistic Protestantism—a method, too, better calculated, as Dr. Brownson himself acknowledged, to strengthen the convictions of those in the church than to attract others into her fold. And he had chosen this policy, as he more than once publicly admitted, under the influence of Bishop Fitzpatrick, who was the hierarchical exponent of all that was traditional and commonplace in Catholic public life.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

A DARK-EYED Jewish girl of David's line,
Shy as a fawn that on the emerald brink
Of some clear forest streamlet fain would drink,
Yet starts to see itself reflected shine,
Went Mary o'er the hills of Palestine.
Full of such guileless thoughts as maidens think,
Her days slipped past, each but a golden link
Of one bright chain, half-earthly, half-divine,
Until that morning, when the angel's "Hail!
Blessed art thou of women!" smote upon
Her ear, nor did her sweet lips answer fail:
"Lord, as thou wilt!" And lo! her youth was gone,
As some fair star that, in a moment pale,
Fades in the glorious presence of the dawn!

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THE ANNUNCIATION IN ART.

"HAIL, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." A voice, a faint perfume of lilies, and the Maid of Nazareth is conscious of a presence too bright for mortal vision, but which cannot dazzle the eyes veiled so modestly by their fringed lids. There is no gesture, only the bending forward, as if by an instinct of courtesy, towards the radiant presence. The lips do not part to give answer, but when the voice ceases the first perplexity which has ever disturbed that innocent heart has sent a look of trouble into the almost girlish face; for what could this salutation mean? When again that voice, so clear, so sweet, so reverential, is again heard: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold, thou wilt conceive in thy womb, and wilt bring forth a Son; and wilt call his name Jesus. He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God will give to him the throne of David his father: and he will reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there will be no end."

Grand prophecies, blissful promises, learned from the lips of Anna; conned again and again as one of the lessons in the Temple to be addressed to some favored maiden chosen to bear the Messias. But addressed to her, full of anxiety, and the first word recorded of her is a question—a question so full of humility that it has also the charm of the most ingenuous simplicity: "How shall this be, since I know not man?"

Then all the majesty of the angel, all the grandeur and significance of the message, come to us like the swell of organ-pipes under the inspiration of some mighty theme: "The Holy Ghost will come upon thee, and the power of the Most High will overshadow thee." . . . "For nothing shall be impossible with God."

An unutterable peace takes the place of solicitude; the modest head bends lower, not to the angel, but to Him who sent the messenger, and the hands are crossed on the virginal bosom with an ineffable submission; while sweeter, more powerful than the voice of angel or of archangel, piercing the dome of the midnight sky with its garniture of moon and stars, cleaving rank on rank of cherubim and seraphim, hushing the song of praise going up before the throne of the Eternal Father, Eternal

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Son, Eternal Holy Ghost, is heard the voice of Mary: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word." And, swifter than light, swift as the will of God himself, comes the Holy Ghost, comes the co-eternal Son, and the Word is made flesh, dwelling among us, veritable Son of man while Mary is the Mother of God. "And the angel departed from her."

Such is the narrative, told in sentences thus few and short, yet including time, eternity, heaven, earth, which has inspired countless tomes of exposition from the pens of doctors, pontiffs, theologians, and has inspired, too, more representations than any other event, unless the Crucifixion, from the hand of Christian masters. There has been no material so costly, no limit so narrow, no space so majestic as not to become the medium through which faith and piety have sought to honor this event of the Annunciation. The gem holds it as the loveliest of decorations, the mosaic as the most gracious of traditions, altar and apse, chasuble and chalice; while through the tinted windows of countless Lady Chapels the sun lights up the beauty of Virgin and angel, snow-white Dove and blossoming lily—cathedral and cloister alike claiming the Annunciation for its radiant theme. We pause for a moment before these treasures, countless as they are and precious not only to the eye of faith but to that of the critic; sometimes as charming as the first flower of spring or the first note of the blue-bird, then rising to a grandeur which compels the intellect of man as well as his heart to bow in ecstatic adoration. It is the opening scene of that drama without which there had been no Crucifixion and no Redemption, no Resurrection and no Ascension.

Our subject leads us, first of all, to the catacomb of the same Priscilla where we find that early Madonna of the apostolic age, and which, according to the testimony of Bosio, Garrucci, and De Rossi, bears away the palm from all the others for the number, variety, and antiquity of its paintings representing the Blessed Virgin Mary.* In this instance it is not merely a wall-picture along with many others, but occupies the whole ceiling of a chamber; the ceiling itself most carefully adorned with classic garlands and jewelled circles with pendants, very simple as to general outline, but the designs finished with exquisite taste. Within the inmost jewelled circle sits the Virgin Mary in a chair upon a low dais, but raised sufficiently to give it dignity. The veiled head is bent forward slightly, as if listening; the eyes

* See *Rome Souterraine*, p. 382.

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veiled, too, under their virginal lids. The robe is girded simply at the waist, and the mantle, of which the veil seems a part, falls over the left arm and over the knees with classic elegance. The right arm and hand rest gracefully on the arm of her chair, but the left hand is raised to express astonishment. The whole figure is instinct with humility and dignity. Before her stands a figure full of earnestness, clad in the loose garment, with flowing sleeves and the dark lines falling from the shoulders to the hem of the garment, seen so often in the catacombs, worn even by our Lord himself, and always suggesting the scapular of the religious habit; his left hand holds a fold of his drapery around him instead of a girdle, and the index-finger is raised, as he tells Mary the message, with an impressive gesture, while he looks steadfastly on her face. This personage has no wings, but every line of the head and the pose of the body, above all the right hand and the upraised finger, declare his angelic nature and the character of his mission. There is not on the panels of the Baptistery Gate in Florence, by Andrea Pisano, a group more incisively outlined, not one so majestic in its simplicity. By reason of custom we of to-day demand wings for our angels, but we must remember that, according to many Scriptural instances, when angels came upon their beneficent errands to man they were not winged. The Archangel Raphael came to Tobias under the form of a beautiful young man, standing girded, as it were ready to walk;* and the three angels appearing to Abraham, as we see them in Raphael's Loggia of the Vatican, are not winged.

But whose are these doves that float on tranquil wings at every corner of the beautiful ceiling? Not thine, O Venus! beautiful as thou wert in the early myths of Greece; no goddess of profane love, but of a joyous maternity, so that doves might well bear thy chariot to the Elysian Fields! Not thine, for a more beautiful, a more joyous, a transcendently more blissful Maternity has superseded thine, and henceforth they are to symbolize that Holy Ghost which overshadowed Mary at the moment of the Incarnation, and was seen, in the form of a dove, to rest upon our Lord at his baptism,† as represented on the walls of the cemetery of Santa Lucina; to belong, indeed, for ever to the kingdom of that Little One ransomed by "a pair of turtle-doves." This precious picture, from the chambers of the cemetery of St. Priscilla, is to be found engraved in the *St. Cécile et la Société Romaine*, by Dom Guéranger. ‡

The next picture of note representing the Annunciation is

* Tobias v. 5. † 1 St. Mark i. 10; *Rome Souterraine*, p. 297. ‡ Page 261.

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that on the Arch of Triumph in St. Mary Major, Rome, the testimony of both Celestine I. and Sixtus III. to Mary as the Mother of God. This representation is at the extreme left of the upper line of mosaics on the arch. And here we again see Mary seated, her feet on an ornamented dais, and habited as a princess; everything, even to the embroidered cover of her throne, indicating the most profound sense of her dignity. Above her, where float small crimson clouds, is seen not only the angel winging his swift way to her, but the Dove of the Holy Spirit, while the second scene is represented by an angel standing before her with the index finger raised as in the catacomb picture, in the same drapery and posed in the same manner. On the right of the Blessed Virgin stand two other angels, who seem to be conversing on the mystery, and all three are winged. To this Annunciation of the year 440 every traveller in Rome can turn as to a faithful reflex of the mind of the fifth century and of all the preceding ones.

To take it for granted that there were no representations of the Annunciation between the fifth century and the twelfth, because we do not see their reproductions in every hand-book or history of art, is to overlook the sad fact that few things in this world are more at the mercy of time, of periods of social misfortune, fire, and the ravages of war, than paintings. The remarkable pictures from the first age of Christianity now made known to us in the catacombs have been preserved by the very circumstance which threatened their existence—viz., the closing of these cemeteries for fully a thousand years; while the imperishability of mosaics in themselves alone accounts for the existence of their testimony from the fifth century. There can be no doubt that the Evangelariums of Italy, as well as of Ireland and Germany, dating to the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, must contain many examples of the Annunciation as treated in those ages. When we remember that Bennet Biscop of Northumbria, in the last half of the seventh century, brought over to England artists to give painted glass windows to his cathedral, and when we remember how every Lady Chapel had its Annunciation window through all the beautiful ages of England as the Dowry of Our Lady, we can understand how terrible has been the havoc among these frail witnesses to the love of the northern as well as southern nations for the Annunciation; and while the monuments of Italy take us back to the very dawn of Christian art, northern Europe may still supply beautiful links in the history of the representation of the great Christian mysteries, especially as the

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very inclemency of the climate made it necessary to give shelter to their works of art, while Italy has made her art as free as the sunshine. The libraries of the churches of Italy have not yet made known their treasures, and among them, as time goes on, will be found many a picture of the Annunciation which has been overlooked in the admiration for the frescoes now, alas! peeling from the walls.

The Byzantine artists could not have neglected this subject, but their pictures have been painted over in very many instances, and we are obliged to infer much from finding their pupils at Florence, Siena, Pisa taking up the subject as one which every artist was expected to represent in those "Histories," as they were called, "of the Life of our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin," which covered the apse of every cathedral church. Among these we find always the Annunciation. Cimabue painted this subject as a young artist in the hospital of the Porcellana in Florence, although the picture has disappeared utterly. Duccio, who was an artist of established fame in 1280, painted the Annunciation on a gold ground for the church of Santa Trinità in Florence; and again it made one of the graceful upper compartments of his great altar-piece for the cathedral of Siena, as seen from the front, and now makes one of the treasures of the Belle Arti in that "City of the Virgin." Another Sienese, Pietro Lorenzetti, painted this subject in a way too remarkable to be passed over. A double arch, trefoiled and of great beauty, gives, under one, the Blessed Virgin seated, her richly-bordered mantle veiling her head and wrapping her whole figure, an open book resting upon her lap; her hands are crossed in a transport of love on her bosom, and her eyes are raised towards heaven, whence the Dove, from the spandrel of the arches, sends forth a radius of glory, one beam touching the head of the Virgin. In the other arch kneels the grand archangel, veiled also and crowned with olive, bearing in his left hand a palm, and his eyes turn also towards the Dove of the Holy Spirit. Between the Blessed Virgin and the archangel stands a vase of lilies, while the scrolls that are seen in the background contain the texts from St. Luke describing this event. The exaltation expressed in these figures is beyond description; we simply yield to the attraction which controls them, and send our thoughts heavenward to contemplate the mystery accomplished in the Holy House of Nazareth.

Simone Memmi also painted the angel of the Annunciation crowned with olive, bearing an olive-branch as he kneels. A lily stands between him and the Virgin, who is seated, veiled and

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mantled, a book in one hand, in which she has been reading the prophecies, but now turns as if terrified by the message as it is first given to her; while in the heavens above is seen the Dove of the Holy Ghost flying towards her, surrounded by seraphs.

From this time the Annunciation comes in as an accessory to almost every composition. The exuberance of imagination in those ages reminds one of nothing so much as the bursting forth of flowers in spring from some unbroken stretch of prairie. If an altar-piece was painted it must have its predella of exquisite miniatures at the base, and here we find again and again the Annunciation; or—as in so many pictures by Ansano di Pietro, or Sano of Siena—in some picture giving the most tender, the most pathetic of Madonnas, with the Divine Child laying his little cheek to hers as if to console her, we see the square panel elegantly crowned by a compartment giving the Crucifixion, and in the low corners the kneeling angel saluting the Virgin of Nazareth. The same arrangement is seen in the altar-piece of Fonti Giusta, in Siena, by Fungai; and in the exquisite picture of the Adoration of the Magi, by Gentile Fabriano, in the Belle Arti, Florence, the Annunciation fills two of the round spaces in the frame.

The church of Or San Michele, Florence, delights the eye of the poorest wayfarer or laborer by its niches, in themselves things of beauty which can never die, since they become well-springs of beauty to those who behold them; yet these niches only serve as shelter and enclosure to those grand prophets, apostles, saints, and martyrs who stand forth on this outer wall as exponents of Christian heroism; while "within" who can say how "glorious is the King's daughter"? The canopy over the high altar, above which is that miraculous Madonna associated with the charming story of Or San Michele changed from a corn-market to a church, is not only of silver set with precious stones, but is still further enriched by reliefs from the hand of Andrea Orcagna narrating the stories from the Sacred Scriptures so significant to the people of those ages. Here, if anywhere, we should find the Annunciation; and here we do find it. The youthful Virgin is seated, with the sculptured dais under her feet. The mantle covers her head and falls in rich folds on the dais. An open book lies on her knees, and the hands are folded over each other as she leans slightly forward, her eyes fixed upon the angel kneeling before her and bearing the lily, while the right hand is raised in the solemn act of giving his message, and above the Dove of the Holy Spirit wings its way to the bosom of Mary. The solemn grandeur of the archangel, the sweetness of acqui-

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escence in the whole air of the Blessed Virgin, is worthy of Orcagna—of the Orcagna who painted this same Virgin in the *mandorla* at the side of her Son in the "Last Judgment" of the Campo Santo at Pisa.

The pulpit by Niccola Pisano in the Baptistery at Pisa inaugurated a series of pulpits which may be said to preach to the eye as eloquently as the great preachers of those days addressed the ear. The beautiful marble pillars with their Greek capitals support arches of unrivalled perfection, and these in their turn sustain panels which form the breastwork of the pulpit itself, and also give the subject-matter of thousands of sermons, instructions, and exhortations. On this first pulpit at Pisa we see the Annunciation, and Brunelleschi, in Santa Maria Novella, makes the Annunciation the subject of the first panel of his pulpit reached by its winding stairs, and associating itself not only with the generosity of the Rucellai, by whom it was presented, but with the art of the loveliest of Florentine churches.

Nor was this predilection for our subject confined to interiors. Not only does the Annunciation appear on the pilasters of the façade of the Duomo at Orvieto, but among those mosaics which stand forth on their gold ground with a brilliancy which dazzles the eye we see the Annunciation. Above the left portal as we enter the cathedral, high up on one side of the sharp Gothic porch, is this Virgin of Nazareth, with her hands folded on her bosom, the head bowed in assent; on the other side the kneeling angel, lily in hand, the index-finger raised, delivering his august message, as if this façade to a temple raised to commemorate one of the miracles substantiating, to the senses of men as well as to their faith, the reality of the consecration of the Host in the hands of the anointed priest of God, could not tell its story without a representation of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word in the bosom of Mary.*

The vast, illuminated, and luminous lateral spaces on the exterior walls of Santa del Fiore, Florence, are varied by doors of such marvellous richness of design and delicacy of execution as to give a new renown to the already great artists who were invited to contribute to these beautiful portals of "Saint Mary of the Flower." Now it is a statue from Donatello, now a relief from Giovanni Pisano, now a grand frontispiece from Jacopo della Quercia for one door, to be framed in by sculptured garlands of fig or oak or acanthus, enclosing in their turn birds, graceful animals, and groups of human figures, angels, prophets, and even

* See article on Orvieto in *Pilgrims and Shrines*.

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personages from those poetic fables, significant of universal truths, so familiar to the heirs of classic literature. It is in the arch over the sculptured lintel of the most elaborate of these doors, "Porta della Mandorla," or the Door of the Mandorla, directly below the almond-shaped glory in which Jacopo della Quercia has sculptured with such renowned grace the ascending Virgin letting down her girdle to the incredulous apostle St. Thomas, that we see the first act in the work of Redemption, or the Annunciation. Nothing could exceed the richness of design in the sculptures framing in this door, while the Annunciation in mosaic, by Ghirlandajo, is thrown back, by the very fact of its colors, as if in a niche, like the heart of a rose in the midst of its own petals. A border of roses and lilies separates this from the sculptures, and gives us a glimpse of an open loggia, like a convent cloister with its enclosed court, in which sits this daughter of the house of David. Evidently she has heard the message, the whole message, of the angel kneeling before her with his lily, for she leans gently forward with her hands crossed on her breast in humble, sweet assent, while the celestial Dove hastens towards her on outspread wings. No wonder the Florentines love to pass in and out of their St. Mary of the Flower under such archways! No wonder their children linger in admiration before these illustrated catechisms of faith and of doctrine!

Beautiful cloisters of San Marco! How we try to forget, as we pass from cell to cell, that any other costume than that of the white-robed Dominican has possession here! How we almost despise ourselves for accepting any other guidance than that of some Preaching Friar! But the necessity is strong to see with our own eyes where Frà Angelico made of each cell a heaven by the conceptions of his pious imagination expressed by the brush. There is no gold on any of these walls where holy poverty reigns; no ultramarine, so dear to those who paint the blue mantle of Our Lady; but all are radiant with something better than gold, and the mists of morning and of evening seem to have clothed his figures with ethereal garments. We have seen the cell of the Transfiguration, of the Resurrection, but we turn back, by an attraction not to be resisted, to the Annunciation, which we saw as we first entered this corridor, on the walls of which Fra Angelico set forth the great mysteries of Christianity. No one can tell exactly where the charm lies, but it is there—is there for believer and unbeliever, for poet and artist, for the fervent and the lukewarm, and even for the critic; for our Angelical Brother, in the guilelessness of his celestial wisdom, goes back of all acciden-

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tal conditions of mind, working serenely within that hidden chamber of the heart where we venerate innocence and are again children in our simplicity. As soon would we tear petal from petal of the first violet of spring in order to analyze it as we would try to find where is the charm of the Annunciation of the cloister of San Marco. "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse," sings the Canticle of Canticles, and thus sits Mary under the round arches with their slender pillars of her cloistered home in Nazareth. The greensward before her is set close with blooms like some prairie in spring, and over the high fence bounding its limits are seen tall cypresses and slender olive-trees. The outer door to the "Holy House," as it will thenceforth be called, is open, and the grating through which every visitor is questioned is seen within. Everything breathes peace, tranquillity; and Mary herself is the soul of that celestial quiet, as we see her seated on an humble wooden bench or stool, such as one sees in a convent of poverty-loving religious. There is no book on her knee. She is not in the attitude of prayer. The soul of this Virgin whose name is Mary is simply absorbed in that "prayer of union" which holds every sense of body as of soul. There is no movement of the interior more than of the exterior. All is quiescent; and this peace is utter, entire, transcending the peace of men or of angels. But what presence is this already across the threshold, already genuflecting before the Virgin of Nazareth, the hands crossed, the bright wings still extended from his flight, and all the joy of the *Ave, gratia plena* on his face, on his gently parted lips? And Mary? There is no terror, not even surprise, on that face, so pure that we feel as if an angel rather than a mortal had limned it. No, not even surprise. Her arms and hands cross over each other at her girdle, so peaceful has been her gesture; and she bends forward as if to receive the salutation, her eyes meeting with the gentlest composure the look of the angel. There is no dove, no lily, only the angelic holiness of the messenger of joy, only the Immaculate Virginity of Mary. And this is Fra Angelico's Annunciation, as unapproachable in its simplicity as it is unrivalled in its sweetness—the spring flower of the cloisters of San Marco.

We do not propose to mention all the Annunciations in the world—in fact, only a very few of them; but these are types of the different ways in which the Annunciation has been regarded by, or has impressed itself upon, different minds. Donatello, in that first work which attracted the admiration of the beauty-loving Florentines, in Santa Croce, has represented her as turning

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from rather than towards the angel. Michael Angelo has given much the same idea in one of his drawings. Raphael made a sketch of the Annunciation in which the angel is running across the pillared court where the Virgin is seated, as if in haste to salute her; and a friend has sent us a photograph from an Annunciation by Guercino, at Bologna, which represents the Eternal Father sending the angel, wholly intent upon receiving the message, and lily in hand, to the kneeling Virgin absorbed in the reading of the prophecies. All these evidence the aspects under which the mystery presented itself to the pious imaginations of these artists. But there is one by Antonio da Correggio which is as different from all others, while still absorbing their various charms, as his Nativity is different from all others. It was painted in fresco for the church of the Annunciation at Parma, and was so prized that, when it became necessary to demolish the wall on which it was painted, it was removed, by the order of Pier Luigi Farnese, to the inner vestibule. It fills merely a half-moon, and everything conforms to this narrow boundary; Gabriel himself is borne, kneeling, on a rushing cloud by angels, one of whom carries the lily, into the presence of this tender Virgin, who is kneeling also, as if she were reading the prophecies when he entered. But how describe this delicious and wholly immaculate flower of womanhood just opening under the sunburst of grace? The index-finger of the angel tells the story to her, his left hand pointing to the world with its mountains and valleys in the background, while the Dove, in a flood of glory, spreads his wings of light over the head bending like a lily overcharged with its own sweetness, and the eyes veiled in the silent ecstasy of that moment when the Word becomes Incarnate in her virginal womb. The hands spread involuntarily, as if her *Magnificat* were already in her heart; for the bliss is more than transcendent—it is ineffable.

Who has ever been in Florence without turning, under some irresistible attraction, into the Piazza Annunziata, where the light is the broadest, the shadows deepest in all the City of the Lily? We pass under the shadow of the arcades opposite the "Innocenti" to catch one more glimpse in our life-time of the martyred Innocents of Bethlehem in their swaddling-bands as they stand so pathetically on the spandrels between the round arches of Brunelleschi's arcade for the Foundlings' Home in Florence, and then pass into the vestibule of the Annunziata itself, where the Servites of Mary stand as a guard of honor, from century to century, over the miraculous picture, around which

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gather the traditions which Florence cherishes as her palladium of honor and of sanctity. We do not ask to have it unveiled; we only kneel close within the twilight of the canopied altar, and ask the soft radiance of its lamps, filled with the purest oil from olive groves, to fall upon us; and the story of the young artist-monk who, despairing of delineating the face of the Virgin, slept in sheer exhaustion, to wake and find an angel had painted it for him, comes to mind as it never could come but in the twilight of that canopy and the tender glow of the lamps; and we close our eyes in the rapture of silent contemplation as the *Ave, Maria, gratia plena* comes to our lips. It must have been under an inspiration like this which gave to Luca della Robbia the conception which he has embodied in the Annunciation of the *Innocenti*. A simple half-moon like Correggio's, how differently has the space been filled! The line of the arch is given by seraphs' heads, each with its six wings. To the right, bending to the curve of the arch with a lowliness of humility which is also the perfection of grace and of beauty, is Mary kneeling at her prayer-stool, the open book of the prophecies before her. Mantled and veiled, she seems to have been wholly absorbed until the *Ave* of Gabriel breaks the silence and she lifts her eyes while laying her hand over her bosom to her shoulder as if by an instinct of modesty. And Gabriel? He whose name signifies "the strength of God" kneels before this Virgin as rich in fortitude as she is in humility; kneels, too, with a grandeur almost awful, so awe-inspiring is the gesture of the lifted index-finger, so strong is his grasp on the lilies in his left hand, so deep, so earnest is the look on that face of solemn beauty. His *Ave* is not the salutation of joy alone. The maternity promised to the sublimely humble Virgin before whom he kneels is not that of sweetness alone. There will be the bliss of the new-born Infant, the visit of the shepherds and the Magi; there will be the peaceful dwelling in Nazareth after the return from Egypt; there will be the first miracle in Cana of Galilee; there will be the hosannas of the children through the streets of Jerusalem; but there will be also the agony in the garden, the betrayal of Judas, the denial of Peter; there will be the scourging and the crowning of thorns, the cup of gall and vinegar, the crucifixion, the taking down from the cross, and the entombment. O Virgin of Nazareth! canst thou indeed receive the Hail of this Gabriel? Canst thou accept thy august rank as the Mother not only of Israel's Messias but of the world's Redeemer? All the possibilities of the Incarnation are given by the gesture of the

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angel, all are accepted by the sublime assent of Mary; and as we raise our eyes to the Eternal Father in all his benignity, surrounded by other seraphs still, and holding forth his hands to this immaculate daughter of Eve, as we see also the Dove of the Holy Ghost serenely descending to claim her for his spouse, we realize that we are standing, rather let us say kneeling, before the most sublime representation of the Annunciation which the world has ever seen.

"From *Ave Maria* to *Ave Maria*," say the chronicles of many an historian of that beautiful land where the hours of the day are reckoned by the *Angelus* ringing from every campanile. There is no shame or "confession of faith" in pausing, anywhere, until the three strokes have given the answer of Mary to Gabriel's message and the fulfilment of the mystery. The very *cantatrice* pauses in her trill, then resumes it as the strokes of the bell cease. In our own North American Mexico every vehicle pauses on the street, the salesman's hand pauses on his yard-stick, until the Angelus bell has sounded its last note. Happy fields over which floats the Angelus from the village belfry, and maiden and youth pause, with heads bent low over the implements of toil, to recite the message of the angel of the Lord and the assent of Mary! Happy cities over whose thronging multitudes and crowded streets is heard, not only in the still morning but at high noon and the weary evening, the strokes of the Angelus high up in their lofty towers, recalling men from the passing interests of time to the everlasting realities of the Incarnation and what it is to them; lifting the hearts almost submerged by the cares and the prosperities of this rushing tide of human affairs, and breathing over the soul of the banker and of the beggar the fulness of that peace which first came to the world with Gabriel's "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee."

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MR. THOMAS CHIVERS' BOARDER.

PART II.

I.

MRS. CHIVERS agreed with her husband that the figures named by Dr. Park for the board of old Ryal, in the event of his being cast upon them, were high; but she determined to come as near earning them as possible. She was a noted feeder to white and black, home folk and guests. Mr. Wilcher, the sheriff, used to say that he couldn't help from loving to have a dinner-hour catch him as he was riding by Tommy Chivers' house on his official business.

On the night of the day when Dr. Park and Mr. Chivers had their last conversation, the man Luke, having gone clandestinely over there, reported that his master, acting on Mandy's account of her father's motion to strike her, had given Ryal notice that he should withdraw his rations. Thoughts upon the responsibilities likely to be devolved upon him as a boarding-house keeper, so far outside of his habits and expectations, hindered Mr. Chivers from finding sleep until an hour somewhat later than usual, and he did not awaken on the morrow until nearly sunrise. Bouncing from his bed and slipping into his clothes—a thing that he could do in less time than most men would consume in putting on mere trousers—he issued forth from his chamber and learned with some surprise that Hannah, with his wagon and Jim, his gig-horse, had set out by the dawn for her father's in order to bring away the exile.

"What!" he exclaimed, "that girl *is* a grown woman, sure enough. Somethin' got to be done with her, cert'n."

Without a moment's delay he set out, and the woods, as he passed along, echoed the reproductions of their various songsters. Hannah had intentionally provided against the possible meeting of her father and uncle that she knew both would rather avoid, and had sent by Luke instruction to Ryal to repair early to the opening of the grove in front of his master's place, where she would meet him. She was half-way on her return when Ryal exclaimed:

"Dar come Marse Tommy. A body don't need to lay eyes on Marse Tommy to know he somewhar about."

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"Hello, Hannah!" cried her uncle when they had met. "Caught a runaway nigger, er have Uncle Ryal found a lost child?"

"Bofe un 'em, Marse Tommy, I reckin," said Ryal, smiling sadly. "No; 'taint dat way," he added solemnly. "De Lord in Heb'n sont her to fetch me to you, a-knowin' I couldn't git to you by myself. Mistess told me befoe she died to put my 'pennence on de Lord; it look like I shall have to put some o' it on you, too, Marse Tommy."

"All right, all right, Uncle Ryal. You welcome at my house as you used to be. But, Hannah, dad fetch it all! it look like you told the truth when you told 'Ria you feel like you got so you 'fraid o' nothin'. Howbeever, no danger in Jim. He's gentle enough. Drive ahead. Git up, Jim. No, I don't want to ride, exceptin' these two ponies I always k'yar under me. Move on. Move up. Straighten that trace, Jim, and make 'em git a good breakfast for you all. You want yourn, I know, whether the balance of 'em want theirn or not, and I'm keen for mine. Geet up, sir!"

As they trotted on, the invalid said:

"Monstous good man, Marse Tommy. Mistess allays said he wouldn't let me suffer if he could hep it."

"Uncle Ryal," answered the child, "he's the best man in this world, I believe, not excepting Dr. Park, and hardly excepting old Mr. Sanford."

A room, not expensively garnished indeed, but cleanly swept and comfortably appointed, awaited the boarder. It had been occupied by two half-grown lads, who declared that they were proud to give it up for that purpose and take narrower quarters elsewhere; for Ryal at all times had been a favorite among black and white. The old man's outfit in furniture was far beyond satisfactory; and if the negroes on the place had not been used to the greatest abundance, they might have envied the sumptuous *ménage* that Mrs. Chivers or Hannah set before him several times a day. As it was, the younger children of both races, though not exactly hanging around, were wont to be within convenient call for tidbits of chicken-pie, custard, and I could not say what all, that were sure to be saved for them.

On the day after his arrival Mr. Chivers repaired to the Bridge, and, although his usual orchestral performance was suspended as he passed by the Blodget mansion, Mandy observed him, and so informed her lord and master, who was then at his breakfast. Had Mr. Blodget been aware of the existence of the

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statute heretofore quoted, it is highly probable that he would have acted with less temerity. Yet, ignorant and audacious as he was, he knew well enough that he dare not defy public opinion out and out. He believed that he might put upon his brother-in-law whatever he pleased, yet he felt that the public must know, or seem to know, his reasons. So, after breakfast, he rode to the Bridge, hitched his horse to a rack, and, dismounting, went into the piazza of the store. Mr. Chivers was emerging just then, having under his arm the purchases he had made, wrapped in a bundle. In the piazza were seated two of the neighbors.

"Mawnin', Tommy," said Mr. Blodget. "Saw anything o old Ryal?"

"Yes; he's at my house. Didn't you know it?"

"Well, yes, I did ruther hear he were thar. But I want it understood that I never sent him thar, an' I ain't responshible fer him in no ways."

"Yes, Tice, the old feller come thar yistidy a-lookin' ruther gaunt in the jaws, an' I, er ruther 'Ria, she give him some victuals. He said you driv him off."

"Did he tell you, the impident, deceitful old hound! what it wus fer, and that it wus fer his impidence in wantin' to dictate to me about my dimestic business like he owned me 'stid o' my ownin' o' him? Did he tell you them?"

"No. I never ast him, ner he never told me nary word about that ner them."

"Well, right here, in the presence of Mr. Bivins and Mr. Lazenberry, I want it understood that I never driv that nigger off complete; but that as he have meddled with my business, an' which by good rights I ought to of give him the cowhide, I told him, an' I told him mild, that he would git no rashins from me 'ithout he went to work an' kep his mouth shet; an' I want it understood, far an' squar, that I never sent him to your house, that I got nothin' to do with him a-bein' thar, an' that I ain't to be hilt responshible fer it ner him."

"All right, Tice."

Mr. Chivers puckered his lips, but he was too polite a man to whistle in company except upon request.

"Tommy," said Mr. Lazenberry, noticing the bundle, that had not been wrapped very cunningly, "'pear like you got more flannin than needed fer female purpose. Young, healthy man like you goin' to war flannin'?"

"Never you mind, Jim. The almanic say we goin' to have a

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many a cold spell of weather this comin' winter. Mawnin' to you all, gent'men."

"What chune do he call that he's a-whistlin' now, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Bivins.

"I hain't," answered Mr. Lazenberry—"I hain't never got complete the run o' Tommy's chunes, they so many an' warous; but my believes is, Mr. Bivins, that the chune Tommy a-whistlin' at the present is what he call *The Thrasher*. You know he always in genil make his chunes hisself an' name 'em arfterwards, an' as a common thing he name 'em arfter defferent birds an' sech. Yes, sir, I'm toler'ble shore in my mind that whut he's a-puttin' up now he call *The Thrasher*."

"Well, Tommy's a ruther musicky little feller," said the old man kindly.

"That boy's whistlin'," said Mr. Blodget with rather compassionate regret, "an' his indulgin' an' humorin' o' his niggers, has kep' him from getherin' anywhar nigh the prop'ty he ought to of gethered before now by good rights. That flannin he's a-movin' off with, I'll lay it ain't fer him, an' my doubts ef it's fer 'Ria er the childern. 'Twouldn't surprise me ef 'twas fer some o' his niggers that has laid claim to have the rheumatiz like old Ryal."

When he had left the store Mr. Lazenberry said:

"Mr. Bivins, you older man 'n me. Can a man, jes' so, palm off his broke-down niggers on t'other people that way? Is they any law fer sech as that?"

Mr. Bivins was a man of very moderate means and information; but he had a widowed daughter with a respectable property, and her plantation joined Mr. Blodget's on the north, so he answered:

"I don't know, Jimmy, as they is any *law* fer jes sech a case—that is, in them words. But you hear Mr. Blodget say with his own mouth that he never sent the nigger too Tommy, ner palm him on too him. They's a deffer'nce right thar, Jimmy, betwix' one thing an' another."

"Yes, sir; but Tice Blodget know mighty well that Tommy Chivers not goin' to let no old broke-down family nigger be sufferin' anywhar about him."

"That all may be so, Jimmy. I got nothin' to say, you know I hain't, agin Tommy; fer he is a nice, clever, acommodatin' little feller, an' as good a whistler, ef not the best whistler, I ever knowed. But, Jimmy, we has to 'member that white folks is white folks, an' niggers is niggers; an' not only that, but that

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corntracks is corntracks, an' it's for them reasons that I never feels agzactly like it were my business to bother myself ner meddle myself with whut people that owns niggers does with 'em er does not with 'em."

"Well, *I* call sech conduct a blasted shame, I do."

"I can't go to that lenkt, Jimmy, it not a-bein' none o' my business."

"It ought to be somebody's. No man ought to be allowed to fling off his old niggers that's broke theirselves down a-workin' fer him, an' special on sech as Tommy Chivers."

After this retort the subject was dropped.

II.

Under the new régime Ryal seemed to improve so in health that Hannah, shortly after his coming, returned to school. The main trouble with the old man was the thought that he had ceased to be of value. He was a type of that sort of slaves who in simple, humble faithfulness have never been outdone in this world. Any sort of white man, except such as Cato the Elder or Ticey Blodget, would have felt shame to know that in the breast of this dependant, once so prized, now discarded, was not only no resentment but a continued solicitude for his master's interests. He had been a noted maker of baskets for cotton-picking, and when, in answer to repeated requests from Dr. Park, he was allowed to do some of that work, and he had finished the supply needed on the place, he asked Mr. Chivers if he might make some for his master.

"Bercause, Marse Tommy," he urged, "dey ain't no nigger over dar ken make bastets sich as marster want. Marster were always monsous pitickler 'bout de cotton-pickin' bastets."

Just then Dr. Park came up, and, when the request was made known to him, said:

"Look here, Unk Ryal, Mr. Blodget got nothing to do with you now, and the less you have to do with him the better. You belong to the Inferior Court of this county now."

"De Lord hep my soul an' body, Marse Doctor! I thought I b'longed to marster yit, ef I ever gits so I ken be any use to him."

"No, SIR."

"Den don't I b'long to Miss Harnah?"

Tears came into his eyes, and there is no telling what Mr.

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Chivers might have done if he had not rushed off to his corn-field. As it was, no cat-bird that ever lived ever indulged in more passionate utterance than that which now poured hotly from his mouth.

"No, sir, you belong to the Inferior Court of the county and State aforesaid, in such case made by the law and provided," said the doctor with much emphasis.

"Does you—does you mean de shaiff, Mister Parks? Is I got ter go on de block? De Lawd hep my soul *an'* body!"

"I don't mean that, Uncle Ryal. The sheriff got nothing to do with you. No telling what he may have to do with some other people before long. But you belong, for the time being, to the judges of the Inferior Court. You know Mr. Ivy—Mr. Adam Ivy? He's one of 'em. They're five in all."

"Den I got five marsters. De Lord in Heb'n know I never 'spected to come to dis. Den I s'pose Marse Adam an' dem will have to 'wide de bastets twix' deyself. Well, well! I did hope I mout not go out de fambly tell I died."

"Look here, Ryal," said the physician rather impatiently, "don't you bother yourself about that. Your Marse Tommy an' I will see that you don't go out of the family for good. Fire away on your baskets, if you must work. But you be particular. Whenever you get tired, do you stop. Hear?"

"Yes, sir, Marse Parks; but dat little work I do ain't wuff nothin', not to one marster let alone—"

"Uncle Ryal," said the doctor softly, as he rose, "I don't think the time is very far off when you will have but one master, and it will be one who will always be good to you. By-by."

He turned away, and with his handkerchief tried to press back the tears that rose to his eyes.

It was not long before there was a glut in the basket business, and several of the neighbors, instead of stopping their hands to have them made at home, supplied themselves at the dirt-cheap prices set on his work by Ryal. His master heard of all this and of his supposed rapid improvement. One day, as he was riding past, the old man, with a hammer in his hand, was standing by the front gate, to which he had been doing some simple repairs.

"You miser'ble, deceitful scounderl—" began Mr. Blodget.

"Uncle Ryal," called Mrs. Chivers, appearing that moment on the piazza, "it's time for you to quit and come for your medicine and your tea and toast. How do, Mr. Blodget?"

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"Howdy, 'Ria? Ruther curous piece o' business, Tommy harb'rin' o' my nigger, an' havin' him workin' fer him in the broad open daytime."

"Sooky," called the lady, "blow the shell for your Marse Tommy."

"Oh! never mind, Sooky, never mind. I jes' only make the remark that it look ruther curous."

"Mr. Blodget, you knew that Uncle Ryal was here as well as you knew that you had drove him off from home. I'm thankful to believe that you are the only man in this neighborhood that would have used such words as 'harboring negroes' to a woman when talking about her husband, especially one who he knew wouldn't and couldn't do such a thing."

"Why, he! he! 'Ria, I thought, as the sayin' is, the gray mar' were the better horse in this case."

Without another word she went to the gate, took the negro's trembling hand, and led him to his cabin. Mr. Blodget looked at them in silence for a few moments, then rode on.

This demonstration, as Mr. Chivers at length was convinced by his wife and Dr. Park, had been made for the purpose of diverting some part of the odium that Mr. Blodget must know had attached to himself for Ryal's being there.

"Mrs. Chivers is perfectly right, Tommy," said Dr. Park. "You ought not to notice his words, mean as they were, at least for the present. It's right hard, I know; but when such a fellow as Blodget is bent on hanging himself, it is well enough to let him wind his own rope, which he's doing fast. Take it out in whistling, my dear friend. Encourage him to whistle, Mrs. Chivers, if you find him needing it. I need not tell you both to continue your gentle care of poor old Ryal. He isn't long for this world."

"What, Dock!" exclaimed Mr. Chivers. "Why, he look better, and he's a heap activer."

"Yes, that's owing to the good nursing he's had here; but the thing is leaving his limbs and is now after his heart. When it gets there the jig's up."

"The good Lord have mercy on us all!" said Mr. Chivers. Then, sobbing as he went, he rushed away to the field where his hands were at work. Tears were in the eyes of the others.

"They don't make any better men these days, Mrs. Chivers, than that little fellow rushing along yonder."

"Dr. Park," answered the wife, "he's perfect—he's just simply perfect. I didn't tell him all the words of Ticey Blodget;

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for, as it was, I could hardly keep him from going over there to see him about it."

"I'm glad he didn't go. The thing is coming to a head fast, and it needs no other forcing except what he does himself."

"But have you no hope about Uncle Ryal?"

"Almost none. My opinion is that he will not live six weeks longer."

"Then I must try to get him to send for Mr. Sanford."

"A good idea! An excellent idea! Mr. Sanford can do him more good now than I can."

III.

Two weeks afterwards Mr. Chivers set out one morning to the Bridge for the purpose of getting another supply of tea and loaf-sugar for his boarder. The Rev. Mr. Sanford had been to see Ryal on the day before, and, after a very satisfactory conversation with him, it was understood that at the next conference of Long Creek meeting-house Ryal, if pronounced by Dr. Park able to get there, would apply for membership. Though not a church-member himself, Mr. Chivers was gratified in his mind. He was proud of the high standing that his wife held in the Long Creek fellowship, and he sincerely hoped that the day would come when he might venture to knock at that door himself. Thus far he had remained convinced in his mind that a man so fond of whistling tunes that were entirely carnal was not fit for such solemn communion. He moved along on this morning—a lovely one it was in that season, the fall of the year—with a less sprightly step than usual, and in comparative silence. Among the multifarious muses of his oft invocations there was not one avowedly, or mainly, or even slightly religious and he was not a man to desecrate solemn themes with songs of the joree, or sap-sucker, or others of a thoughtless and mere worldly choir. He moved along thoughtfully, Bobby the while depending low from the arm from which, in all moods of his master, he seldom, unless that master was asleep, was separated.

"Hello, Tommy! Mawnin'. How come I don't hear you whistlin' this fine mornin'? Fambly troubles, I suppose. I see you suin' your brer-in-law."

The salutation reached him not far this side of the grove in front of Mr. Blodget's residence. It came from Mr. Wilcher, the sheriff.

"Mawnin', Mr. Wilcher. What? I reckin not."

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The officer drew from his coat-pocket a bundle of writs, selected one, and, handing it down, said:

"If that ain't you, I don't know who it stand for."

The paper was endorsed thus:

ADAM IVY ET AL.—*Justices, etc., etc.*

Use of Thomas Chivers
vs.
Ticey Blodget. } *Assumpsit, etc.*

"I didn't—that is, I didn't expect, Mr. Wilcher. Dr. Park never told me—well, well! Why, Dr. Park—"

"I got one agin him from Dr. Park, too, an' a bigger 'n yourn," interrupted the officer.

By this time having reached the grove, the latter turned in, and Mr. Chivers, in yet more serious rumination, went on. Several men, Mr. Adam Ivy among them, had come to the store on this the first after Return-day for suits at the fall term of the Superior Court (knowing that the sheriff would be along), in order to ascertain who among the neighbors had been sued. Half an hour after Mr. Chivers had gotten there Mr. Blodget rode up with the sheriff. His face, as he walked up the steps to the piazza, was red with passion. He had never been sued before.

"Mawnin', Mr. Ivy. Glad to see you. Mawnin', gent'men."

Mr. Chivers, as was his wont whenever there were fewer seats than persons to be seated, was squatted on his haunches near one of the piazza-rails. As while bargaining with Dr. Park in the matter of Ryal's board, his mouth was upon the head of his cane, and his fingers were silently performing a tune of extraordinarily quick movement. Mr. Blodget looked down upon him with most angry contempt for some moments, and seemed as if he were revolving how to begin an assault upon one who, however contemptible as an adversary, had inflicted upon him a wound more painful than any that he had ever endured. He really believed that he had every advantage. The writ of *Assumpsit*, as all know who have even a slight experience in judicial proceedings, implies and so alleges on the part of the defendant a promise to pay the debt claimed on a certain day therein named, and repeated refusals of demands therefor. He sincerely thought, therefore, that Mr. Chivers had sought to malign and otherwise injure him.

"Tommy Chivers," he said at length, with what mildness he

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could command, "I want to ast you, in the presence o' Mr. Ivy an' these other gent'men, if I ever put my nigger Ryal at your house as a boder."

"No, sir; you did not," answered Mr. Chivers, not resting, possibly hastening somewhat, in his music.

"So fur, so good. This paper that Mr. Wilcher, the sheriff, have served on me say I did, and that I promussed to pay you nine dollars a munt, an' that time an' time agin you has made the 'mand on me fer the money. Is them so, er is they not so?"

"They is not, sir," answered Mr. Chivers, his large gray eyes opening wide and twinkling as the unheard music of his clarionet increased in rapidity. "Ticey Blodget," he continued, "I don't know what that paper says, but I never told *nobody* that you had promussed to pay me one cent fer takin' keer o' poor old Uncle Ryal. He come to my house a-sayin' that you had driv him off, an' I sheltered him an' fed him. I think myself the bode's high, but Dr. Park—"

"Never you mind about Dr. Park. Less git through with the balance o' your false chargin's." He turned a page of the writ and laid his finger on another allegation. The while the music ceased, the loop of Bobby was drawn slowly over Mr. Chivers' wrist, and his right hand took hold of the handle. The defendant resumed: "Here's another itom, an' which, ef it ain't as big in amount o' money, it's the meanest and the biggest lie you've told in the whole con—"

He had gotten thus far in his last speech when Mr. Chivers, even in the act of rising, inflicted with his cane a blow upon his head that felled him to the floor. Immediately he puckered his lips and opened upon *The Game Rooster*. Pausing a moment, as Mr. Blodget, after momentary stunning, was preparing to rise, he cried:

"Cler the way, gent'men! Cler the way, ef you please! The chune me and Bobby got on hand now have to have a plenty o' room an' a plenty o' ar."

No mortal eye could have followed that baton as, after a multitude of styrations, all apparently coexistent, it came back-handed, producing another prostration, when louder yet rose the crow of the exultant chanticleer.

"Hold on, Tommy, hold on!" loudly cried Dr. Park, who at that moment, having ridden there in full gallop, leaped from his horse, rushed up the steps, and, drawing away Mr. Chivers, turned, waited for Mr. Blodget to rise, then said:

"Mr. Blodget, I don't know what special provocation you

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gave Tommy for striking you. But, knowing you both as I do, I suspect it was sufficient. I hoped you might meet me first after being sued about old man Ryal, and you would but that on my way up the road I was detained with him some longer than I expected."

"Dr. Park," said the man, in rage ungovernable, "I've got to have satisfaction for all of this oudacious business."

"All right, all right, Mr. Blodget. Any sort you want from me that's at all reasonable you can get, if you haven't had enough. The fact is, Mr. Blodget, whatever satisfaction you are entitled to, if any, is due altogether from myself, as I had the suit instituted in Tommy's behalf and without his knowledge, knowing that, if he could be induced to sue you at all, he would insist upon putting his claim at less than it ought to be. But before you go any further on that line, let me give you a message Ryal sent you by me less than an hour ago. He said to me: 'Marse Doctor, tell marster, when you sees him, I allays tried to do de bes' I could fer him?' What do you think the old fellow did then? Mr. Blodget, Ryal is *dead!* Mr. Ivy," turning, he said to that gentleman, "the poor, dear old man was very anxious to join you all at Long Creek, and I tried my best to make him hold out at least for that, but I couldn't. Don't you suppose that in such a case they'll take the will for the deed?"

"I hain't a doubt of it, doctor—nary doubt," answered the deacon.

When Mr. Blodget recovered from the stupefaction into which he had been thrown, looking around as if he would fain say something appealing but could not find what, and after a few moments rode away, Mr. Chivers, going to the further end of the piazza, wept for several minutes like a little child. Then he rose and, accompanied by Dr. Park, left for his home.

IV.

This was on a Friday. That afternoon one of Mr. Blodget's men came and said to Mr. Chivers that his master had sent him in order to take the measure of the corpse for a coffin, and that two others would soon follow for digging the grave.

"Go back, Joe, and tell your master that I and Dr. Park have sent for Mr. Humphrey, and that we'll attend to all. Tell him he won't be put to any more expense about Uncle Ryal."

This message cut Mr. Blodget deeply. For the first time in

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all his life he would willingly, gladly have taken a responsibility that others had assumed. He felt that he could scarcely dare to attend the funeral on the following Sunday afternoon, at which he had heard that the Rev. Mr. Sanford was to officiate, and he felt an indefinable dread of the words that this devout, courageous man might employ.

On this occasion a large company of white and black were present; for the deceased had been well thought of by all, and indignation, not loudly avowed but decided, was felt in view of the circumstances in which his master had allowed him to die. The coffin was borne and rested on two chairs placed upon the ground in front of the piazza. The visitors—a few in the house and piazza, mostly in the yard and the space beyond—listened respectfully to all the services. A hymn was sung at which few eyes were without tears; for the negro's voice, especially in multitudinous choir, has a pathos than which I have never heard any that was more touching. After an introductory prayer the preacher rose. Now an old man, with long white locks, he had gotten little education from schools, but a life of virtue, of reading, particularly of close, prayerful study of the Bible, and a natural eloquence cultivated throughout more than twoscore of years, had made him an eminent leader in his profession. Persons of all the religious denominations spoke of him with profound respect. To-day it was evident that he was deeply moved, and that he was more studious of his words than usual. Sometimes his feelings, profoundly stirred, transported him, not into anything like denunciation, but into passionate appeals that carried with them solemn and awful warnings. After some observations on the certainty and solemnity of death, and the importance of due preparation for the Judgment, he spoke of the lowliness in which the life just closed had been led; of its contentment with a lot that excluded all chances of rising above it in this world; of its faithful, cheerful performance of work from boyhood to an age that perhaps had been made prematurely old by that work's excess from uncommon zeal for the interests of its master; of its touching regret for the failure of the strength of its prime for that master's sake, not its own; of its appeals during its very last days for permission to continue at work, appeals that the physician who tended him regarded it more humane to grant than to refuse; and then of that dying message, showing that thoughts of duty were its very last.

"And now, my friends," he said, "I feel constrained to say a few words on a subject that, delicate as it may be, it is equally

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important that it be well understood. I am thankful that, as far as my acquaintance extends, in the main the dependent beings who, in the providence of God, have been cast among us are reasonably fed, clothed, and housed, and that they are not overworked to a degree that may be called inhumane. Any single exception to that rule is a great, a grievous wrong, both in a business point of view and especially in the matter of moral obligation. Of all creatures whom the good God has made, man can most easily overwork himself and be overworked by others. Yet, whenever this is done, it is followed by disaster—disaster that is always painful, sometimes piteous, to contemplate. The premature decay that is sure to follow costs in the end more than the value of the extra work done in the period of unimpaired strength and activity. Therefore it is bad economy in the case of a horse or an ox; but how much more in the case of a man, who, when he fails, is, of all creatures, most helpless, most useless, most troublesome! The aged or overworked beast may be turned into the pasture and crop a scanty living with little expense until he falls, when short is the delay of death. But in such condition a man needs constant care, dainty food, tender ministrations, and these often throughout periods of many years. To a selfish man these needs seem burdensome, and you and I know some—I am thankful they are not many—who provide for such cases too poorly, and who, I fear, would do more so but for the public opinion in the community and the public law of the State. It always seemed to me strange that with any man, Christian or heathen, aged and broken-down servants, human or lower animal, after long-continued, faithful, too laborious service, could be neglected by their owners, or even be parted from by them, when able to provide for those peculiar needs that only remembrance and gratitude can make a man fully competent to supply. Now, among us, my friends, who live in the light of the Christian faith, there is not one who, even in childhood, has not learned that to exact of any dependent creature more of service than it can reasonably perform is a sin against GOD, and the refusal to take care of one thus reduced to prostration is a GREATER; and when that creature is a human being, I tell you, what you already know, that every dollar thus gotten and thus saved is the price of BLOOD!" Pausing an instant, he ended that theme in low but more appalling tone: "And those who have thus gathered will see the day when they will feel like going to some holy place, and, like the wretched Judas, in shame and remorse cast it upon the ground."

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He looked upon the congregation in silence for some moments, then said: "On the subject of religious instruction for the colored people in our midst I often feel much painful embarrassment. I have never known nor heard of a man who wilfully hindered his servants from receiving such as could be rendered without inconvenience to business and work; and as one whom, as I humbly trust, God has called to be a minister of the Gospel, I feel ashamed to confess that some of the most willing in this respect, besides being among the best, honorablest, and usefulest citizens, are themselves members of no religious denomination. I have often seen such a man lean and weep over a coffin as if its occupant were a dear friend or kinsman, when neither the dead slave nor the living weeper had ever been baptized; and I have witnessed a like scene when only the master had received this sacrament, and he could then only vaguely hope that a most merciful Creator would not drive from his presence the soul of him who had gone without it. How such things can be I have many, many times asked of myself. The causes, hidden somewhere in our state of society, are known to God, and it is every Christian's, it is every citizen's, duty to pray that he will discover them to us and lead us to make haste for their removal. I have never had a doubt that God means in his own good time to work out the destiny of this dependent people, created like us in his image, so that they may equally contribute to his glory. As it is now, I say, in all proper respect and fear, that the master who sets before his slaves evil examples, especially he who hinders him from knowing and pursuing good, is guilty before Heaven of a heinous crime, and I verily believe that in that great Day of Account the condemnation of the sinning slave will be far less awful than that of the sinning master."

After some other remarks under this head he referred again to the deceased:

"There lie the decaying remains of what once was the best example of strength, activity, and endurance that I and you have ever known. I say nothing of the causes that laid him there sooner than you and I might have expected. The issues of life and of death are ever with God, and no man can say of another that he died before his time. But oh! my friends, how prostrate now he lies! If that lifeless body were all that was left of such a man, how much more would we shudder when gazing upon it! But the all of that life was not to live in this world, and toil, and grow old, and end and be no more. That poor slave had an immortal part, distinct as that of any among us who are most

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conscious of immortality. I firmly believe that it is now beyond suffering or peradventure; for, though hindered from becoming a member of the church of Christ by circumstances not to be controlled by himself nor the kind Samaritans into whose hands he came by the wayside, I cannot doubt that the God of mercy accepted the will in that behalf of one who, in his humble sphere, had been found more than faithful to all the duties that he had been led to understand. It was like him, and it was a most becoming end to the earthly life of such a man, to send with his dying breath to the master whom he had served that farewell, which, when I heard it, filled my heart with admiration and my eyes with tears. Believe with me, oh! believe with me, that now, even now, among the throngs whom no man can number, Ryal, once a poor slave, is clothed in garments whose dazzling whiteness no mortal eye could endure to look upon."

He paused, and few present did not join in the weeping in which for a brief time he indulged.

He concluded thus:

"I am sure that none of my hearers can justly fear that anything that has been said by me on this occasion will do harm to the colored people, at least in the way of inciting them to acts or feelings of insubordination. They well know the necessity to keep faithful to the duties of their condition. To my mind, never was a ruling race more secure in the possession of control over one in subjection than the white people of the South; secure not only in the means of defence against insurrection, but, and chiefly, in the love and affection of their dependants. They submit, uncomplaining, to punishments, even when plainly greater than what is merited by their wrong-doings; and I solemnly believe that nowhere can be found another people so affectionate, so grateful for kindness, so free from resentment. My friends and fellow-citizens, the very security in which your families live, lying down at night, both when you are at home and when away, with doors unlocked and windows unbarred; the very impunity with which to a degree you may oppress the humble beings who are your own chiefest safeguards, have made the best and bravest among you most forbearing to them, least exacting of unreasonable service, most considerate to their old age and other infirmities. It is only the coward—but I have said enough. I pray God that all of us, white and black, may learn well whatever this lesson was intended to impart. Go in peace, and may the blessing of God be among you and abide always!"

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v.

The death of Ryal in such circumstances, and the sermon of Mr. Sanford, made a profound impression upon the community. Men, especially the most thoughtful, compared notes touching their methods of domestic government, and soon there was a noticeable abatement of the too great activity incident to pioneer existence; and this was followed, if not by as many accessions to church-membership among the whites as was hoped, at least by providing better church privileges for the blacks and encouraging them to profit by them. There was one exception, and that in the case of him who needed such a change the most. Mr. Blodget would never have exposed himself to the lawsuits if he had known of the existence of the statute under which they had been instituted. Although he would have readily given, penurious as he was, a far higher sum than that sued for to avoid the exposure to which he had been subjected, yet, ignorant, resentful, combative as he was, and believing himself to have been outraged, he repaired to a lawyer with determination to contest from beginning to the last. Nothing could have astonished him more when he was informed, after hearing the law read, that defence would be useless and would subject him only to greater mortification.

"What! Can't a man do what he pleases with his own niggers?"

"Oh! no, Mr. Blodget. Far from it. There are many things he cannot do with them, and one of them is what you lately attempted."

He left abruptly and went to the office of the court clerk. There his resentment, instead of being abated, rose higher when he was informed that both suits had been withdrawn by the plaintiffs' counsel, who had paid in the costs that had accrued.

"The devil you say!" he exclaimed as he put back his pocket-book, which he had taken out for the purpose of paying the whole. "Ah! ha! they found they couldn't git it, did they, Mr. Kitchens? I thought so when I come here, a-not'ithstandin' what that lawyer said. He told me 'twan't worth while to 'fend it. I believe now they hired him to tell me so, to keep me from prosecutin' 'em for the merlicious prosecutin' o' me."

"You speakin' about lawyer Chanler, Mr. Blodget? I see you comin' out o' his office."

"Yes, he's the feller."

"Well, I don't hardly think lawyer Chanler would of give

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sech a opinions onless he helt to 'em, an' my expeunce o' all lawyers is that they ain't apt to adwise a man to go an' pay up a debt he's sued fer 'ithout they feel ruther certin in their mind that it ain't worth his while to 'fend agin it; and as for Mr. Chanler, I'd about as soon trust to him for good, solid adwices as any lawyer I know."

"What you s'posen' they stopped the suit for, then?"

"Well, I did hear Dr. Park say him an' Tommy had brung the suits mostly to let you understand that you couldn't drive off a' old broke-down nigger jes' so, an' fer other people to have to take keer o' him 'ithout payin' fer it. And he said, Dr. Park did, that *he* never intended from the off-start to make you pay him for his serverses, because he have promuss your wife on her death-bed that he'd do all he could fer the old man Ryal; but he have jined along o' Tommy in fetchin' suit, because he say it were a shame for Tommy to have to be put to the expense of takin' keer o' your niggers an' not get paid fer it."

"Umph, humph! he's mighty official about Tom Chivers, the little whelp! You know Tommy got a uncommon hansome wife, Mr. Kitchens, which she's the ekal o' two sech as that insignificant—"

"What you drivin' at now, Mr. Blodget?" said the clerk, laying his pen on the table, turning round, and looking his visitor squarely in the face.

"Oh! well, Mr. Kitchens, you know they is many an' warous kind o' wheels in this world, an' special in this country."

"Yes, sir, they is, an' some of 'em has got nother hub, ner spoke, ner feller, ner tire; an' that's the case 'ith the one that's on top o' your mind now."

"Oh! now, Mr. Kitchens, a man oughtn't to kick before he's spurred. I ain't a-insinooatin' but what 'Ria Chivers (she's my sister-in-law, you know)—"

"And she's my wife's cousin, an' which I got no idee you did know that, sir."

"That so?" he answered in some embarrassment. "I did know it, but I may had forgot it when I said the little joke I said jes' now. Fer it *were* a joke, an' a-meanin' jes' only that Dr. Park, like other men that has good conwersonal power, is natchel more obleegin' to people whar the females is interestin' like 'Ria is."

"That's all you meant, is it, sir?"

"All, every bit, Mr. Kitchens. You didn't hear how come Tommy to drap *his* case, ef you know? Tommy Chivers ought to know that they's a off-set on *my* side o' his case."

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"Mr. Blodget, I did hear Dr. Park say (for Tommy hain't ben here sence the old man Ryal's buryin') that even ef Tommy had of wanted your money, an' which Tommy say he didn't, that Tommy say them licks he give you more 'n offset his account agin you.'

"I—think—it—did, Mr. Kitchens. Good-day, Mr. Kitchens."

"Good-day, Mr. Blodget. You say you meant nothin' wrong what you said about Cousin 'Ria?"

"I got nothin' to do 'ith 'Ria Chivers, Mr. Kitchens. *Tommy* Chivers owe me *some* sort o' settlement."

After he had left, the clerk, looking at him as he moved, said:

"You mean foul-mouth! I don't know wher er not to tell Tommy an' Dr. Park o' your cussed insinooashins. I ruther think I won't, but let you go on makin' your own rope."

The sense of humiliation must be intense in the breast of a man like Ticey Blodget when, grasping and miserly as he is, he is made to retain in his pocket money that he would far have preferred to pay. He felt himself yet lower degraded in public esteem by having been thus made to submit to waivers on the part of the two men, both of whom he now thoroughly hated. As he rode on his return past the dwelling of Mr. Chivers, who, with his wife, was sitting in his piazza, he did not salute them but looked straight before him.

"Tice is riled, 'Ria, as I knowed he'd be. I'm sorry I had to hit him," said the husband.

"I'm not," answered the wife. "Even Mr. Ivy said he couldn't see how you could have done different. You got to watch that man, Tommy."

"Oh! I not goin' to be bothered about Tice Blodget. I got my eye on him. I jes' can't help from bein' troubled about it on account o' Hannah."

"Yes, that *is* the pity of it; but Hannah has the sense of a grown woman now, and it isn't going to hurt you with her. She'll know it oughtn't, and it won't. She'd a heap ruther, if it *had* to be done, for it to have been done by you than Dr. Park."

"Think so, 'Ria?"

"I think nothing about it. I *know* it."

Hannah had not attended the funeral, as it was believed advisable not to send for her.

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VI.

As Mr. Blodget rode on homeward, the events of the last few days were partially dismissed from his mind, whose thoughts were now being concentrated upon a new domestic trouble. When he had reached home, alighted, and entered his house, not finding Mandy, he came out, and, standing in the porch tending towards the kitchen, called her several times. Receiving no answer, he cried in a loud voice to the cook:

"You Hester! Are you all deef? Don't you hear me callin' Mandy? Some of you'll have to have your yeares picked with a fence-rail, er a cowhide, er a somethin' else that'll open 'em. Whar's that gal?"

"I clar I don't know, marster," answered Hester from the kitchen-door. "I see her goin' out the gate 'bout a half-hour ago, er sich a marter. She didn't tell me whar she gwine."

"What! Whyn't you keep her back, you fool you? Which way did she go?"

"Law, marster! I can't do nothin' wid dat gal. She went todes whar de hands was a-ploughin'."

"Whar's Luke? Is *he* gone, too?"

"Oh! no, marster; I reckin not, showly. He dar wid de plough-hands, I no doubts."

Going back into the house and getting a cowhide, he set out on foot for the field of which the woman had spoken.

Even before the death of her father Mandy had become dissatisfied with her position. The unswerving devotion of Luke, and consciousness of the dislike and suspicion in which she was held by the other negroes, had begun an overcoming that at her father's death was consummated. At the funeral she sought a private interview with Mrs. Chivers, who was much gratified by her change of mind, but counselled the use of as much prudence as was possible to a purpose to perform her duty. It was not until Mr. Blodget had mounted his horse on that morning to begin his journey to the county-seat that she informed him of her wish, if he would please give his consent, to be married to Luke on the following Saturday night. He was greatly surprised, and hesitated for a moment whether to dismount or proceed on his projected journey. Concluding upon the latter, he said in bitter anger:

"It shows whut thanks a man gits from any of you when he's tryin' his best to be good to you. You tell Luke, a infernal scoundrel—but never mind. I got to go to town to-day; I can

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settle with him when I git back. I did think you knowed whut were best for your own intrusts. I knowed *he* didn't have the sense fer that, but it can be larnt him, I reckin."

It was not a very prudent movement in Mandy to thus leave the house; but, with all her faults, she had much of the simple straightforwardness of her father, and she did what she thought to be best, or at least the safest, for Luke. She had gone to the field once before on that day, and urged him to join with her in leaving the place; but Luke, knowing the entire impracticability of such action, refused, and continued at his work with much dread for his master's return.

The hands were ploughing in a field near a body of woods that belonged to Mrs. Harrell, the widowed daughter of Mr. Bivins, whom a few persons suspected that Mr. Blodget already had thoughts of wedding some day. Mr. Blodget, instead of going directly across the field (a thing, indeed, that he seldom did), made first for the woods, which he skirted until he came opposite the laborers. When they had reached the fence he quickly scaled it, and, walking rapidly to Luke, who was turning his plough and mule to begin on another furrow, he said:

"Drop on your all-fours, sir, and shuck yourself!"

The negro fell instantly to his knees, but at that moment a woman's voice, loud, piercing, frantic, coming out of the woods, cried:

"Why, Godamighty, man! that's my husband! You goin' to beat him to death for nothin' but *that?*"

The prostrate man sprang to his feet. Driven to madness, Mr. Blodget, dropping the cowhide and drawing a dirk-knife, struck. Luke seized his wrist, and, wrenching, pushed the weapon, yet in the hand of his assailant, through and through his body.

"Take me back home," before falling, he said to the other negroes, "and send for your Marse Tommy and Mr. Sanford. Not worth while to send for Dr. Park."

Bold, reckless as Mr. Blodget had been, he could not meet the last enemy without endeavors to atone. The clergyman did not reach there in time to hear his confession, but to the two men whom only a few hours before he had regarded his worst enemies he uttered, in what time was left, expressions of anguishing, most abject remorse. He had sent for them mainly, he assured them, that they might hear his dying admission of Luke's freedom from all guilt in his death. The fall term of the Superior

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Court came on the next week. The Grand Jury were disposed to take no notice of the homicide at first, but afterwards, upon suggestion of some of the most thoughtful that Luke ought to have the benefit of a trial of the facts before the county, brought forth a presentment. The triers, after hearing the testimony, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of not guilty.

Not long afterwards Hannah was sent by her uncle and Dr. Park, whom her father, by nuncupative testament, had appointed executors, to a boarding-school in Augusta. After remaining there four years she left off, and a few months afterwards was married to Dr. Park. The Blodget place, according to appointment by the will, had been sold three years before.

Changes came over the being of Mr. Chivers, but with less constant, decisive movement than he could have wished after the solemn scenes in which, though far contrary to his previous expectations, he had acted prominent parts. It was almost touching to notice sometimes how he tried to be remorseful because, with all his efforts in that behalf, he could not part as fast as he believed he ought from the lightheartedness that had followed him from childhood. To his cane his behavior was somewhat peculiar. This dear companion of so many years he had loved, and so had acknowledged many a time. But, proud as he had been of its auxiliary service in the matter of Bill Anson's *Rattler*, yet now he reflected that, in a moment of passion, it had been wielded with equal violence and effectiveness against the head of a human being, in fact his own brother-in-law, and him now in his grave. It would never do, of course, for Hannah to ever set eyes on Bobby again, even if it was not a lesson due to Bobby that he should be retired from his public career. He rather thought so, and so he laid him away at the bottom of the chest in which his wife kept those things that she most seldom took therefrom for domestic or other uses. From a remark made one day by that lady to Mr. Sanford, that another lady thought she overheard, it was believed by some that in that act of consignment Mr. Chivers shed tears.

The successor to Bobby (for, gloomy as he tried to become, he could not force himself, when on his travels, to utter destitution of companionship) was a young hickory, slender, cut long, as if to warn possible assailants with apprehension of being pushed away, or, in the last resort, punched, if not speared. His musical essays strove (whenever they could think of it) throughout a long period with varying success to descend from the exalted

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presto to which only they had been accustomed, and they ceased altogether long before the *adagio* to which they had felt it a duty to fall. It was many years before he could be gotten into Long Creek, and then not without earnest disclaimer of fitness for the solemn step.

"Well, well, Tommy," said Mr. Sanford in consoling tone, "the brethren are all satisfied that you'll try to do as well as you can. More than that even the good Lord demands of nobody."

THE QUESTION OF UNITY.

THAT which warrants us as Catholics in discussing this question is our firm conviction that among all classes of Christians there are those who look to unity as something which would enlarge all our perceptions of Christian truth and elevate the spiritual state of Christendom. It is, therefore, most desirable and to be labored for unceasingly. The Catholic yearning for unity has been forcibly expressed by Cardinal Gibbons in the *Independent*, whose words we will quote: "In all this broad land there is no one who longs for truly Christian union more than I do, no one who would labor more earnestly to bring about so happy a result."

The Christian union which we desire and for which we labor must be of such a character that none of the bodies composing it will in the slightest degree be lowered by it, such that the religious life of no Christian will be deteriorated by it, such that no one's personal convictions will be weakened, no one's liberty be restricted; or it would be sacrilegious to wish for it. We ask for no other unity, and every one may be assured of this.

The unity spoken of in Holy Scripture, and actually existent in the days of the apostles, will, we believe, be found to be the only one of this nature.

A writer in the Chicago *Advance*, with whom we agree heartily, says:

"We have a constitution already made at Pentecost. We must get back on to it, not forward into any more devices of men. God did not start his church without a polity (1 Cor. xii., xiii., xiv.) any more than he did Israel into the wilderness (Acts ii.) I mean by this there is an already existent polity or constitution which we ignore altogether in our vain thoughts. Men make religious societies and call them churches. They

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might as well attempt to make heaven and earth as the church of God" (St. Matt. xvi. 18, xviii. 20).

This is precisely the idea which we brought out in a previous article, "Christian Unity *vs.* Unity of Christians," in the November number (1886) of this magazine.

The only question to be considered is, therefore, What was the polity or constitution of Pentecost, and how shall we get back on to it? All agree that the church as constituted on Pentecost was an invisible union of Christians with their invisible Head, Jesus Christ, and a visible union of the disciples with "Peter and the eleven," his chosen apostles (Acts ii. 14). The invisible union of the disciples with Christ was visibly and outwardly expressed by their "perseverance in the doctrine of the apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayers" (Acts ii. 42). What characterized the visible union was the concurrent acceptance of the teaching of the apostles, the collective reception of the same holy communion ["For we, being many, are one bread, one body, all who partake of one bread" (1 Cor. x. 17)], and the common worship. What we have to establish before we can possibly arrive at this unity is that this visible union divinely constituted on Pentecost can never be lost, for if it could be destroyed man could not restore it, and being visible it could not be obscured, and if being lost or hidden the Holy Ghost should be sent a second time to reinstate it, we should not always have with us the old polity of Pentecost, which would be a supposition contrary to the faith of all Christians, as all hold that the apostles were the appointed teachers of the Gospel for all times. The doctrine of the perpetuity of the work of Pentecost has therefore to be established. We will proceed to do this by showing (1) that "the doctrine of the apostles" —Christ having said to them, "Going therefore teach ye all nations, . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20)— will be preached till the end of time; (2) that the holy communion by which we are "one bread, one body, all who partake of one bread," and by which the church has the most effectual bond of outward unity, was instituted to be perpetual; (3) that doctrinal and sacramental unity thus established makes the common worship perpetual. It will be plain that as the bonds of visible unity in the church all remain perpetual, the external union must also endure for ever.

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Now, it is admitted by all that the polity or constitution of the church given on Pentecost (the same day that the old law was promulgated) differed from the old dispensation, which it supplanted, in being an everlasting covenant. The perpetual abiding of the Holy Ghost which our Lord, in his discourse with his apostles after the Last Supper, promised, saying, "I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you [the apostles] for ever" (St. John xiv. 17), is also universally admitted; and that the Holy Ghost was sent "to teach them [the apostles] all things, and bring all things to their minds that [Jesus] had said to them [St. John xiv. 26], to teach them all truth" (St. John xvi. 13), is equally acknowledged.

The polity and constitution of Pentecost which we can get back on to only because it is perpetual, and which the writer above quoted says "we must get back on to," cannot be the Roman Catholic, the several Greek and many Protestant bodies taken as a whole, because they are not one in doctrine, have no visible communion with each other, and do not unite in worship. Much less can any single non-Catholic body be or profess to be by itself the one visible church. Evidently the Catholic Church alone has the Pentecostal bonds and mark of unity; it alone makes perpetual both the internal and external mission of the Holy Ghost. A thoughtful consideration will show that this is no narrow or exclusive doctrine of Christianity, because we hold that non-Catholic Christians in good faith may be invisibly united to Christ, spiritually members of his church and in the way of salvation, while those who are in the visible church may be separated from Christ by sin. A conscientious Protestant who rejects the authority of the church is no more in fault than a heathen who, through ignorance of the faith, does not observe the Lord's day. We are Catholics because Christian unity on the basis of the polity and constitution of Pentecost is what we want. We are not Quakers; we believe in one baptism, in the receiving of one bread, and in one faith through a ministry of preaching, all established and perpetuated by the Holy Ghost. Are we illiberal because we do not believe that we can reject the covenanted mercies of God and expect the uncovenanted? We hold that "God did not start his church without a polity any more than he did Israel into the wilderness," and we hold, also, that he has not left his church without one any more than he abandoned Israel to perish in the wilderness. It cannot be denied that unity belongs essentially to the Christian faith, as set forth in Holy Writ: "One body and one

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Spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one faith, one baptism" (Eph. iv. 4, 5). "For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body, so also is Christ. For in one Spirit we were all baptized into one body" (1 Cor. xii. 12, 13). "And some, indeed, he gave to be apostles, and some prophets, and others evangelists, and others pastors and teachers. For the perfection of the saints, for the work of the ministry, unto the edification of the body of Christ, till we all meet in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ: that we may not now be children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine in the wickedness of men, in craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive. But doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in him who is the head, even Christ: from whom the whole body being compactly and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity" (Eph. iv. 11–17). The word "church," as used in Holy Scripture (St. Matt. xvi. 18, xviii. 17), indicates its oneness, whereas the word "churches" occurring in the Epistles and Apocalypse denotes only a distinction of locality or persons, the churches all having the doctrine of the apostles, intercommunion and fellowship in worship. The Catholic Church has always used the words church and churches in the same way—as, for example, "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church" (Nicene Creed), and Eastern and Western Churches, and these words of the liturgy, "To-day is the Nativity of Holy Mary, whose life is illustrious in all the churches."

Unity through the acceptance of and preaching of the apostolic doctrine is moreover commanded in Sacred Scripture. "But though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema. If any one preach to you a gospel besides that which you have received, let him be anathema" (Gal. i. 8, 9).

What but the divine command of unity makes St. Paul call "sects" one of the "works of the flesh," like "idolatry," "enmities," and "fornication" (Gal. v. 19, 20), and makes St. Peter warn the faithful against "lying teachers who bring in sects of perdition" (1 Pet. ii. 1)?

But, it may be objected, why may not the phrase "universal church" be employed, not as meaning one organic ecclesiastical

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body, but separate church organizations as a whole, just as we use the phrase "the universal state" to designate all legitimate civil authority in the world? Manifestly it cannot be done, because the different civil governments, though of diverse organization, mutually recognize each other and are recognized by the divine law as equally legitimate, whereas such mutual recognition among the churches is, from the nature of their constitutions, impossible. There is such a thing as international law, but there is not such a thing as interecclesiastical law.

When our brother in the *Advance* says, "We have a constitution already made at Pentecost, and must get back on to it," he starts on the right track, and, unless he switches, he will surely arrive at the Catholic Church. Dr. McCosh says: "If we have truth in what we start with, and if we reason properly, we have also truth and reality in what we reach." We say, only give us the truth as a premise and we will push it to a conclusion, if we have to stake our lives for it. Unity we must have, because it is a mark of truth. Oh! that among all those who know about divine revelation we might have men vowed and consecrated to the divine cause of unity. Oh! may God avert such an evil as that men should halt in front of divine unity and be captured by such human fatuities as union by concession, liturgical union, universal adoption of independency, and the like. We dread to see men like the disciples of old who "went back and walked no more" with Jesus. At this moment our mind recalls how Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar, in the beautiful story of *Ben-Hur*, one night as the moon was rising, "sped with soundless tread through the opalescent light . . . like spectres flying from hateful shadows. Suddenly in the air before them, not farther up than a low hill-top, flared a lambent flame; as they looked at it the apparition contracted into a focus of dazzling lustre. Their hearts beat fast; their souls thrilled; and they shouted as with one voice, 'The Star! the Star! God is with us!'"

Men and brethren zealous for Christian union, The Star of Unity! the Star of Unity! God is with his Church!

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THE LEGEND OF ST. GENEVIEVE.

(SHE DIED A.D. 512.)

ARGUMENT.

Saint Germanus of Auxerre reaches Nanterre, a small village near Paris. The Christian people rushing forth to meet him, he notes among them a Child of seven years old, by name Genevieve, and knows by divine inspiration that she is a Saint. He enjoins upon her great faithfulness to her Lord, the Spouse of Souls; and, lifting from the road a small piece of iron with the Cross graven upon it, which chanced to lie there, commands her to hang it round her neck till death, and to wear no ornament beside. Lastly he announces that God will work great marvels through the Child, drawing many, both Christians and Pagans, from their sins; and that she will one day be reverenced as the Patron Saint of Paris.

GERMANUS, Saint and Bishop, who erewhile
So glorious made his sacred see, Auxerre,
Journeyed to Britain, then "The Northern Isle"
Styled by the Gauls. Pelagian falsehood there
Ravined. The Church had sent him for that cause
To vindicate Christ's Faith, sustain her laws.

One eve he reached, as slowly sank the sun,
A tree-girt hamlet loud with children's sport,
His resting-place; for wont was he to shun
Those cities huge where wealth and pride consort.
Lutetian Paris* was not far, but he
Loved men of lofty heart and low degree.

The village church shone with the sunset fire;
Thus spake he: "I in yonder church must pray
To him, its guardian 'mid the angelic choir—
Great joy that Spirit thus should watch o'er clay!—
First for that hamlet's children; next that I,
Though weak, may prosper in my mission high."

That place was pagan half and Christian half;
Its Christian folk swarmed forth to meet their guest,
Matron and elder leaning on his staff,
Young men and maids in crimson kirtle drest;
Foremost a priest with brows to earth inclined
Paced with slow footsteps: children ran behind.

* Paris was long called "Lutetia Parisii."

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The mitred sire, with lifted hand and heart
Advancing, sent his blessing o'er that throng,
Then moved among them zealous to impart
The lore they loved. That time, Christ's poor among,
A Bishop still was greeted with such zest
As when the callow fledglings of a nest,

What time they hear the mother-bird returning,
Make gladsome stir and open beaks uplift
For needful food, her foray's harvest, yearning,
And grateful feed unquestioning of the gift.
Sudden that Bishop's piercing eye was stayed
Upon a child hard by, a seven-years maid.

A heaven-like beauty looked from out her face,
Though beauty such as vulgar souls pass by:
Visibly on her beamed celestial grace:
The whole sweet-moulded form, like lip and eye,
Had in it gracious meanings; made appeal
To those who think aright because they feel.

The old man watched her long; then, downward sped
From heaven upon his spirit, there fell a beam;
O'er his worn face that inner splendor spread;
Ere long he spake: "O friends! we walk in dream:
False glories, fancy-born, for these we sigh;
For that cause count as naught the great things nigh.

"See ye that child with eyes fast fixed on heaven?
Elect was she ere sun or moon had birth!
I tell you that, besides that Angel given,
Seraph perchance, her Guardian here on earth,
Thousands this hour are following from above
That creature's steps this hour with gaze all love.

"I tell you that while wolf and wild-boar trample
God's Church, His Eden o'er all lands diffused,
Within that infant breast He holds a temple
That ne'er by man or fiend shall be abused;
That sinners many she shall save, and bless
This land, its mother-city's Patroness.

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"Look up! Once more God writes His Name in stars!
Now two, now three, they glimmer through yon skies,
No longer hid by daylight's cloister bars;
Each night they rise to set, and set to rise:
Ye know the righteous shine as stars; and I
This night a star till now unseen descry."

Germanus ceased: then to that child he drew,
And straight she turned, as one who wakes from trance,
Her dusk eyes from those heavens of deepening blue,
And fixed them full on his. No furtive glance
Was hers, but fearless gaze and frank, the while
All round her quick, red lips there ran a smile.

He spake: "My child, if God should spare your life,
In what sort would you live it when full-grown,
In convent or in house, a Christian wife
With babes, or spoused to Christ, and His alone?"
She mused; then answered softly: "I would bide
With Christ alone, His handmaid, child, and bride.

"For where yon convent rises from the grove
Spouses of Christ there dwell, and glad are they;
From morn to eve their life is peace and love;
And still they tend the poor, and still they pray;
Me too, though stammerer yet, they teach to sing
His praises. Hark! their vesper-bell they ring!

"Beseech thee, Man of God, to lead me there!
Beseech thee, bid those Sisters in their choir
To place me later." Sudden and unaware
She stretched to him both hands. That Child's desire
To that grey patriarch seemed as God's command:
On to that convent paced they hand-in-hand.

Behind them thronged that concourse wondering much:
Not few among them censured sore that child
Unweeting how she dared that hand to touch:
Not so the Nuns: far off they saw, and smiled;
Then near the altar raised a rustic throne,
And waited in the porch with myrtles strewn.

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Germanus entered; on that throne he sate:
Unawed beside him stood that little maid;
And ever, as the legends old relate,
His wrinkled hand upon her head was stayed;
His eyes were downward bent: upraised were hers
As though the roof she saw not, but the stars.

Some say that heavenward while that anthem soared
Which Mary sang, knowledge of things to be
Fell on him in the visions of the Lord,
Those visions spirit-eyes alone can see;
Such as the Hebrew Prophets saw of old,
And Paul and Peter in the later fold.

He saw her chase ill Spirits that stain with sin
Precincts which Poverty, God's gift, was sent
To cleanse like rocks the sea-waves sweep and din;
He saw her frustrate Attila's intent;
Up from the City's ramparts rose her prayer—
Where then his Huns? His threatened vengeance where?

He saw her climb, her lantern in her hand,
Nightly Montmartre, piercing the midnight gloom;
He saw the church which rose at her command
Thereon, and hallowed more Saint Denis' tomb:
Bright was that lantern; dearer far that light
Which later from her grave made glad each night!

He saw her, one slight finger raised, discourse
With steel-clad Clovis of the Christian Faith,
And t'ward it draw him with magnetic force:
Lastly he saw her laid in happy death
Near him and his Clotilde. For centuries fame
Gave to that church wherein they slept her name.

Vespers were ended: with them died the day:
Staff propp'd, the Saint drew near the threshold low:
He beckoned to the maiden's parents; they
Obeyed, and thus he spake in accents slow:
"Severus and Gerontia, blest are ye!
For great among God's Saints your child shall be.

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"Full oft, I deem, her slender hand and arm
Ye raised, and with them traced the Sacred Sign
To shield her infant brow and breast from harm
Ere she that ritual's meaning could divine:
It gave her timely help; this day she knows,
Few better, what that Cross on men bestows.

"Liegeful I know hath been your wedded life;
I know ye reverenced God's high Sacrament
Marriage, which joins true husband and true wife
With mystic meaning and benign intent;
Reverence His Saint that 'neath your roof doth tarry,
As he, that Patriarch-husband, reverenced Mary.

"She seeks that better part fitted for few:
Nurse ye that hope: shield her from all things base:
Rule her, and keep her holy, humble, true,
For great the prize she claims, and hard the race.
Farewell! Return at morn when breaks the day;
With her return. Far hence I take my way."

Next morn, an hour ere light, her parents led
Their child to where that reverend man had slept,
Who, kneeling now, his Matin office said.
Throngs gathered near; round eastern clouds there crept
A fiery fringe: next kindled hill and wood;
When, lo! before their eyes Germanus stood.

The Blessing given, he turned him to that child:
"Child! hast thou memory of thy wish last eve?"
The maid once more that smile angelic smiled
And said: "I wished that I might never leave
That house where Christ's sweet spouses dwell in bliss,
But still, like them, be His, and only His."

Then fixed the Patriarch on that child an eye,
Tender yet piercing, with a boding quest:
He spake: "The woman's snare is vanity;
When older, wear no gauds on hand or breast;
Shun them who laud thee: bid them keep their praise
For God. Wise men it scares; the unwise betrays."

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That moment through disparted mists a beam
  Launched from the circlet of the ascending sun
Flashed on the pebbly path a spark-like gleam:
  The old man stooped and from the shingles won
A pilgrim's roughest relic. Thereupon,
Burnished like brass, the Sign Redeeming shone.

Silent he lodged it in that infant hand;
  Then closed her fingers o'er it; next, with breath
Low toned: "In future years no gems demand
  Save this. This wear till death, and after death."
She knelt: he laid his hands upon her head
In blessing; kissed it last; then northward sped.

She kept his gift. That wish, fair as a flower,
  To live for Christ, might as a flower have died,
A flower by March winds blighted. From that hour
  Solid it grew like stream-growths petrified,
Or like that relic which, amid her dust,
Guards still perchance its memorable trust.

A people hath, like children, instincts sage:
  Significance in trifles it discerns;
Keeps faith with vanished things from age to age;
  Drains heaven's nepenthe from earth's frailest urns:
In faithful hearts, though rude the race, that day
God dropp'd a seed: the plant shall live for aye.

That people knew what lived in Genevieve,
  Like Saint Germanus when he saw her first;
Knew it more late; they most the wise and brave,
  They best who felt for heaven the heavenliest thirst,
Whose heart was deepest and whose hope most high:
Nearest they seemed to God when she was nigh.

They marked that things we dimly see were clear
  To her as trees to us, or hills or skies;
They knew that sensuous things to worldlings dear
  For her existed not—her ears, her eyes.
Inmate of alien worlds she seemed: and yet
Who saw her least of acts could ne'er forget.

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One half of Europe still the darkness covered:
Night held its own; yet morning was at hand:
Dubious betwixt the twain her country hovered
Like bird that half belongs to sea, half land.
To France, sin's cripple, others preached the Word;
Her Life the angel was: God's Healing Spring it stirred.

The way of words is the way round-about:
Good-will believes, and words lack power to give it:
Die for thy Faith! then dies the good man's doubt:
If Faith is tried no more by death, then live it!
A great true Faith, expressed in life as true,
Lifts hearts to heaven as sunbeams lift the dew.

She lived her Faith; she walked the waves of life
Like Him who trod that Galilean sea:
The temporal storm, the worldly strain and strife
Quenched not her gladness; from her, fair and free,
It hurled its beam o'er seas by tempest tost,
A ray surviving fresh from Pentecost.

Her valor 'twas that taught in later times
The Maid of Orleans first to love her well;
For centuries household bards in honest rhymes
To breathless throngs were wont her deeds to tell
Ere yet the Troubadour had sold his song
To hymn loose loves, and crown triumphant wrong.

One sang how Childeric his Franks had led
From that huge forest of the northern sea
Where Varus lay with all his legions dead:
How Childeric's hosts, frenzied by victory,
Girt Paris like a wall:—no food remained:
On the dead mother's breast the infant plained.

Louder he sang how dear Saint Genevieve
Had launched her bark and faced that downward flood,
She and her four; beat back the insurgent wave;
Baffled the bow-shafts from the rain-drenched wood:
She steered; they rowed while night was in the sky:—
At dawn that bark returned with loaves heaped high!

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Still blew the gale: that bark rushed down the river;
A rock—all feared it—split the midway tide:
She stood upon the prow; serene as ever
She raised the standard of the Crucified:
Full many a corse had strewn that rock of yore:
Thenceforth no eye of man beheld it more.

As oft he sang to them in hut or hall
A sister legend of their favorite Saint:
The Frank was throned in Paris; gone the Gaul,
Gone save that band by foul and fell constraint
Long weeks in dungeon-vaults alive entombed,
Their country's bravest sons; for that cause doomed.

Childeric had seen the Saint; had heard that none
Had power her strength and sweetness to resist:
He took his course: he vowed that face to shun:
The power of female beauty well he wist:
The power of Virtue he had yet to learn:
That King had instincts high, though proud and stern.

Paris, that time Lutetia named, most part
Secure within its high-tower'd island lay:
A wooden bridge the river stretched athwart,
Fenced by the fortress of the Chatêley:
To those that held the gates Childeric sent word:
"Obey or die! Entrance to none accord!"

Propt by those gates at noon the warders slept:
Sudden in trance they saw Saint Genevieve:
Nearer she moved: strange music o'er them swept,
As when through portals of a huge sea-cave
Makes way the organ anthem of the sea:
Touched by that strain, those gates opening gave entrance free.

That hour, that moment by King Childeric's throne
Saint Genevieve stood up! If words she spake
Those words to angels, not to men, are known:
The King sat mute. As one that, half-awake,
Lies blinded by the matin beam, he stared:
This only know we, that the doomed were spared.

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Such acts survive: as age to age succeeds
  Man's sequent generations, mountain-wise
Reverberate echoes of heroic deeds:
  Each echo dies yet lives, and lives yet dies;
And still, as on from cliff to cliff they float,
The strain remotest breathes the tenderest note.

These be the lesser things of Christian story,
  By some o'er-prized. To o'erprize them or impugn
Alike is littleness. Faith's ampler glory
  Sits higher throned. There, waxing as the moon,
Strong as the sun, it lights the Christian sky:
More great than miracle is sanctity.

Yet worth of Saints attested stands by time
  When great love, capturing thus a people's heart,
Sustains therein its royalties sublime,
  And cheers alike low cot, palace, and mart,
Virtue's meek handmaid. Who shall scorn that love
Which wafts a nation's hope to worlds above?

This was that love which 'mid those ages wild
  France in her virgin breast, though rough yet true,
That vernal morn conceived for that fair child
  On whom his long, last gaze Germanus threw,
Checking, as northward forth he rode, his rein,
And looking back. They never met again.

This was that reverence which in France increased
  As Christian Faith deepened therein its sway;
Which gladdened Lenten fast and Paschal feast;
  Inspired her Trouvère's tale, her harper's lay;
Brightened young eyes; on wounded hearts dropt balm;
And lit from Honor's heaven her Oriflamme:

Lit it when high from Clermont soared that shout
  "Deus id vult," and Godfrey of Bulloign,
From Europe's loyalest princes singled out,
  Led forth his France that kingly host to join
Which knelt when first on Salem's towers it gazed;
Then fought, and on her walls *that* standard raised.

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In later wars when riot filled the tent
  One name sufficed to lull it—" Genevieve ";
In peace, to maids on girlish sports intent
  One thought of her a hallowing sweetness gave:
They looked like those she led at dawn of day
Before the Baptistery's shrine to pray.

Ofttimes a Saint dear to his natal place
  Elsewhere is ill-remembered or unknown:
But she, wherever spread her country's race,
  Was loved; the Loire revered her as the Rhone:
Three names for aye blazed on her country's shield—
Saint Genevieve, Saint Denis, Saint Clotilde.

WHAT IS THE CONGREGATION OF THE INDEX?

THERE is a great misconception and a great lack of knowledge generally prevailing in the public mind of the United States on the subject of the Congregation of the Index in Rome. Flippant and ignorant utterances about it and the work that it does appear frequently in print when an occasion offers. It is quite time, and certainly expedient, that opportunity should be given to the public in general to get correct notions about both. The object of this article is, therefore, to show, from reliable sources,* what the Sacred Congregation of the Index is, its object, the range of its functions, and the manner in which they are administered.

The dangers resulting from bad books have been recognized from the earliest Christian times, and we find an early instance of the destruction of some, on that account, recorded in the New Testament (Acts xix. 19) as having taken place at Ephesus.

Passing over, for the sake of brevity, interesting details† in

* This article has been derived from a published letter of the late Monsignor Fr. Nardi, Auditor of the Rota and Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, addressed to Senator Rouland, of the French Senate. It is entitled *Intorno alla S. C. dell' Indice, Lettera al Signor Rouland, Senatore, di Monsignor Fr. Nardi, Uditore di S. Rota, Consultore della S. C. dell' Indice.*

The article entitled " Index of Prohibited Books " in *A Catholic Dictionary.*

The latest edition of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, published in Rome last year by order of Leo XIII.

† But a few instances deserve to be cited to throw light on the subject. Arius' θάλεια was condemned at the first general council which met at Nicæa; Origen's erroneous writings were

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the history of the church which show that its practice from the earliest times, continued down through the middle ages, has been uniform and constant in condemning heretical or dangerous books, we come at once to that period when, in consequence of the discovery of printing, followed by the movement of what is called the Reformation, the number of books containing doctrine more or less erroneous had so increased throughout Europe as to deserve the attention of the Council of Trent at its eighteenth session. A commission of its members was then appointed "to collect and examine the censures already issued, and consider and report on the steps which it was advisable to take about books generally." This commission compiled an Index of Prohibited Books accordingly, but the council, in its last session (1563), finding that, from the multiplicity of details, it was not desirable to frame any conciliar decision, remitted the whole matter to the pope. In conformity with this reference St. Pius V., a few years later, erected the Sacred Congregation of the Index, with a Dominican friar for its secretary. Sixtus V. confirmed and enlarged their powers.

"The Congregation of the Index of Prohibited Books consists of a competent number of cardinals, according to the good pleasure of the pope, and has a secretary taken from the Order of Preachers, and a great number of theological and other professors who are called consultors, the chief of whom is the Master of the Apostolic Palace, the primary and official consultor of this congregation."

A constitution of Benedict XIV. (1753), *Sollicita et provida*, gives minute instructions as to the principles and methods to be observed by the congregation in its work of examining and judging books.

There are two conditions essential to the rendering of a right judgment: learning and integrity in the judge, freedom and maturity in the investigation of the cause. Let us now examine whether these fully exist in the practice of the Congregation of the Index, which has to try books only, and never their authors. It has to pronounce on the mere *fact*, not on the *offence* growing out of it, nor on the degree of culpability involved. For it is a supposable case, of which instances have happened, that a book containing matter likely to be very injurious to its readers may have been written without any perverse intentions, and this cir-

condemned by the Roman Pontiff, Pontianus; the books of the Priscillianists were prohibited by Leo the Great, and the writings of Erigena and Berengarius on the Eucharist were condemned and ordered to be burnt by Leo IX. in a synod at Vercelli (1050).

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cumstance, if apparent, would warrant the excusing or mitigation, up to a certain point, of the offence in the author. The book which is to be investigated is usually brought before the congregation by a bishop, who subjects the points and the reasons why it is deserving of the reprobation asked for. It is examined first by the cardinal prefect and his secretary—the former selected from the most learned members of the Sacred College, the other belonging to a religious order which has preserved unimpaired its fame for learning. If they find the work and a censure of it worthy of consideration, they hand it over to one or more consultors, selecting such as they know to be the most versed in the matter in question. It is the duty of these last to go through the book thoroughly and to examine its contents in accordance with the wise rules laid down by the Council of Trent, Clement VIII., Alexander VIII., and the maxims of Benedict XIV., to which the consultors are sworn to adhere, and which may be summarized as follows:

1. The consultors are not to aim at bringing about, in any event, the condemnation of the work, but to confine themselves to laying before the congregation, with all possible study and calmness, the result of their observations, and to give sound reasons why they consider the book deserving of prohibition, or emendation, or of no censure at all.

2. It is the consultor's sacred duty, if upon the aforesaid examination he become conscious of lack of requisite knowledge, to immediately apprise thereof the secretary or the congregation, from whom, as the last-named great pontiff says, he will receive praise for his humility and sincerity sooner than humiliation.

3. The instructions appertaining to this rule deserve to be given in the very words of Benedict XIV.:

"Let them know that they must judge of the various opinions and sentiments in any book that comes before them with minds absolutely free from prejudice. Let them, therefore, dismiss patriotic leanings, family affections, the predilections of school, the *esprit de corps* of an institute; let them put away the zeal of party; let them simply keep before their eyes the decisions of holy church and the common doctrine of Catholics, which is contained in the decrees of General Councils, the Constitutions of the Roman Pontiffs, and the consent of orthodox Fathers and Doctors; bearing this in mind, moreover, that there are not a few opinions which appear to one school, institute, or nation to be unquestionably certain, yet nevertheless are rejected and impugned, and their contradictories maintained, by other Catholics, without harm to faith and religion—all this being with the knowledge and permission of the Apostolic See, which leaves every particular opinion of this kind in its own degree of probability."

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4. Judgment is not to be given until after the book has been thoroughly read and considered, and comparison made of what appears in different parts thereof, and after examination into the meaning of the author, without separating one or the other proposition from the context, because it may well happen that something said obscurely or dubiously in one passage may be explained clearly or rightly in another.

5. An author's ambiguous expressions, particularly if he bear a good name, are always to be interpreted in a favorable sense.

The wise policy of indulgence and consideration set forth in certain rules of the Constitution *Sollicita et provida* was besides insisted upon on a remarkable occasion, in a letter from its illustrious author to the Supreme Inquisitor of Spain, in which, blaming him for having placed on the Spanish Index certain works of Cardinal Henry Noris, the great pontiff reminded him that this policy belonged to ecclesiastical government and practice, and was particularly to be followed as regards illustrious men distinguished for their labors in the sacred sciences. For instance, in the writings of the cardinal above named and of the celebrated Tillemont, in the great work of the Bollandists, in Bossuet's declaration of the Gallican clergy, and in many writings of Antonio Muratori there are indeed to be found things deserving of censure. But the popes who were respectively called upon to pronounce upon the particular passages complained of wisely refrained from condemning them, judging that the fame and merits of the writers entitled them to some indulgence, inasmuch as it could be accorded without any positive danger to the church.

When the consultors have completed their examination they send in their judgment and consequent vote on the matter, which must consist, not of bare assertions nor a summary decision, but of a clear, precise, and faithful exposition of the work; quoting therefrom the very text, not merely a few sentences selected according to fancy, but lengthy extracts, consisting frequently of several pages, which are placed in comparison with other parts in which the author may have taken up the same ideas. After the votes have been handed in the consultors draw their conclusion and set forth their judgment, which varies according to circumstances. Sometimes they propose that the work be permitted without any condemnation; this happens quite frequently. At other times they suggest to the author changes to be adopted in a later edition, or they advise that judgment be suspended and new information be gone into, or that the author be warned and

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interrogated; and lastly, if the case be one of manifest perversity, they declare the book to be deserving of condemnation. If the immense deluge of impious books which is poured out be compared with the catalogue of fifteen or twenty (probably among the worst, and likely to do most mischief) which are annually prohibited by the Congregation of the Index, it will indeed be difficult to estimate how great a number of the former escape condemnation. But the fate of a book is far from being decided by the action, just explained, of one or more consultors acting as censors. After the secretary has received their votes he has them printed, sends a copy to each of the other consultors, and appoints a day for a meeting, which usually takes place in the convent of Santa Maria *sopra* Minerva, and at which the Master of the Apostolic Palace presides. Then and there the consultor who has acted as censor submits his report and either repeats or modifies the finding stated in the printed vote. Each one of the consultors, beginning with those last appointed, expresses his opinion and sustains it with entire liberty and independence, because in these discussions the love of true doctrine is tempered by that charity "which assumes truth without pride, and contends for truth without rancor."* The secretary of the congregation takes up in due course the votes of the meeting, recording each singly in the very words in which it was given. If doubts arise and the congregation show a desire to get additional information, one or two other censors have given them the charge to go over the argument in question, and their report is also printed and distributed. The researches cease only when the congregation has become entirely satisfied on the subject of the judgment at which it has arrived. But even though the finding of the congregation be unanimous, that does not settle the matter. The work so far done has been only a consultation, and a vote resulting therefrom; the whole subject has to be reviewed by another and superior congregation, composed of cardinals only, who have before them the book, the votes of the censors, the votes of the particular consultors, and the finding of the congregation below. They have a second sitting, whereat the proceedings are conducted just as at the first one, but with more solemnity, and amounting, however, only to an additional inquiry gone into by a higher authority; for final sentence is even then not arrived at. The entire proceedings have to be laid before the Sovereign Pontiff, on whose decision the final result depends, and without which no condemnation is ever pronounced.

* "*Sine superbia de veritate præsumit; sine sævitia pro veritate certat*" (St. Augustine, *Contra Litt.*, Petiliani, cxxix. 31).

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The latest edition of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, published in 1884 by the press of Propaganda, is an octavo volume of three hundred and sixty pages, with an appendix of five, and includes all decrees up to June 1, 1884. The text, for obvious reasons, is Latin throughout. There are prefixed to the list the ten rules of the Council of Trent; observations on some of them by Clement VIII. and Alexander VII.; certain instructions from Clement VIII.; the celebrated constitution of Benedict XIV., *Sollicita et provida*, containing very full and elaborate rules and instructions taking up seventeen pages, and which, on account of the great increase in the number of publications, include regulations applicable to books not named in the Index; a mandate from Leo XII.; two short notifications from the Congregation of the Index, and, finally, a document drawn up in accordance with the constitution of the late pontiff, Pius IX., *Apostolicæ Sedis*. The volume is doubtless mostly in the hands of archbishops, bishops, and the lower clergy; but as, according to its preface, it is dedicated "*Catholico lectori*" (to the Catholic reader), it is intended for general use, and therefore accessible to all who choose to use it. It covers books written in Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, English, German, Dutch, Portuguese, and what seems to be either Bohemian or Polish; and some with Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac titles. They are arranged in alphabetical order, and the year and exact date of the decree of prohibition is given in each case, beginning after 1596; those prohibited in that year and before are indicated as being named either in the Index of Pius IV. or in the one of Clement VIII.—the former commonly known as that of the Council of Trent, and the latter as the appendix to same. Where the original work has been passed upon the title is recited in that tongue, and a Latin translation of same given underneath. Besides the above and other needed particulars of description there is naught else, except here and there very short notices, either modifying the prohibition or very briefly explaining the decree, which appear in their proper places, and of which the following may serve to give an idea: *Donec corrigatur* (until corrected); *Donec expurgetur* (until expurgated)—both of which changes, when carried out, are subject to the revision and approval of the Congregation of the Index. In not a few cases the prohibition is withdrawn from a later edition, because "*auctor laudabiliter se subjecit*" (the author has made in a praiseworthy manner submission), or the author is given credit because "*auctor laudabiliter se subjecit et opus reprobavit*" or "*reprobanda reprobavit*" (the author made laudable submission and reproved the work, or those parts which deserved reproval).

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It would take up too much space, neither is it necessary, to go into particulars about the contents of the volume. Its range covers books on a great variety of subjects, religious and devotional ones being, of course, the most prominent and the most numerous; and it must not be imagined that the writings of dignitaries of the church and of other ecclesiastics have escaped censure when they deserved it. Nor has the congregation feared to deal with the published decrees of the civil authority in Catholic countries, in certain cases when the occasion imperatively called for it and the subject in question related to matters of faith. Between December 18, 1680, and May 22, 1745, six *arrêts* (decrees) of the French Parliament were condemned. Although the penal laws against Catholics and their religion were enforced with great rigor in England during the reign of James I., neither the dread of offending royalty nor the natural desire to conciliate it prevented four works written by him on religious subjects * from being placed on the Index.

It must be logically admitted that the establishment three centuries ago of an authoritative, perfected, active agency, as above described, for a special protection of faith and morals, was manifestly obligatory on the Catholic Church. It could not do less for the fold of the faithful, acknowledging and submissive to its authority. It could not delegate the work to private lay corporations, as, with us, the state frequently does in the matter of functions properly belonging to itself alone. The Protestant sects endeavor, according to their methods, their appliances, and within their scope, to perform, in the defence of faith and morals, similarly recognized obligations. Faith and morals form a primary need of society, and are inseparably united, for the latter cannot continue to exist after the disappearance of the former, on which they depend. Hence both eminently deserve to be the object of constant general solicitude and protection. Though religious indifference, unfortunately, prevents many from caring about what may happen to the first, but very few will be found to avowedly take no interest in the preservation of the other. The gradual weakening and disappearance, outside of the Catholic communion, of religious faith in the United States, is beginning to attract the attention and excite the apprehensions of thoughtful men. Everybody is agreed that the corruption of the morals of youth, by books or otherwise, is a great evil, to be repressed by the power of the law. With this, in New York, Mr.

* These include his *Apologia pro juramento fidelitatis* (Apology for the oath of allegiance), which he published with the help of Bishop Andrewes.

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Anthony Comstock, delegated by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, arms himself in his labors, as far as they go, to that end. If the society felt assured that its published authoritative warnings against books believed by it to be dangerous to morals would be listened to and carry needed weight and authority, can there be any doubt that it would have recourse to such for the promotion of its work? Do we need any evidence of the great mischief so extensively done in our day and our land to both faith and morals through books? Have we not the frequent published instances of the perversion of very young boys from the reading of dime novels?* And as regards adults, how are doctrines pernicious to the peace and welfare of society mainly propagated? The practice of polygamy, which the Mormons claim to justify by the Old Testament, and which is now to be put down by the power of the United States, did not secure its adherents by preaching alone. The Anarchists find books very useful to spread their destructive doctrines. An editor of a Western paper,† in an able and well-written article, recently instances the case of the publication of an Anarchist book recommending the use of dynamite and other explosives for the destruction of property-holders; and, while he evidently misunderstands the functions of what he designates under the misnomer of *Index Expurgatorius*, he argues:

"Protestantism says in such a case: 'Respect the rights of individual opinion; error is harmless if truth be left free to combat it; let him publish and sell his book freely, and let us neutralize its possible harm by increased light, reason, and education.' Which is right in such a case? Catholicity may err sometimes, and has, in its use of authority; but Protestantism may err sometimes, and has, in its use of license. Should a man be permitted to print and sell a book to teach murder and destruction? We should hate to say yes. And if you say no, then you have made an *Index Expurgatorius*— an Inquisition—and you have vindicated the supreme wisdom of Catholicity in having one."

Whether, from the brief summarized statement of facts which I have set forth, the work of the Congregation of the Index appears to have been conceived in wisdom, for an excellent purpose, and to be carried on with learning, intelligence, deliberation, and impartial justice, and therefore entitled to the respect and good opinion of all fair-minded men outside of the Catholic Church, is now left to the appreciation of the reader.

* It is safe to assert that very few French parents (certainly none having a conscientious regard for the morals of their families) would permit the novels of Émile Zola and writers of his type to enter their homes. Cheap editions of translations of the worst of the former are published in New York and advertised at the low price of twenty cents each.

† *The Gate City* of Keokuk, as quoted in *The Catholic Review* of August 14, 1886.

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FLOREZ ESTRADA AND HIS LAND THEORY.

CERTAIN political doctrines recently advocated with much ability are not characterized by originality; perhaps it is not claimed for them. The doctrines in question were given to the public in a Spanish treatise written more than half a century ago by Florez Estrada, and entitled *Curso de Economia Politica.* The learned Frenchman, Adolphe Blanqui, in his very interesting *Histoire de l'Économie politique*, has lauded the *Curso* in question as superior to any other work on the same subject published in Europe, and by this means made it known to French, Belgian, and English readers. Adolphe Blanqui prefers the *Curso* to the celebrated treatise written by his countryman, J. B. Say, which, according to the same work, is the "glory of France." The *Curso* was translated into French in 1833 by Léon Galibert, and published with the title of *Cours éclectique d'Économie politique*, and, though little known in America, is one of the most remarkable works ever produced in Europe. Florez exhibits, we may venture to assert, the methodical arrangement of Say, the social disquisitions of Sismondi, the rigid demonstrations of Ricardo, and the experimental features of Adam Smith. In none of these treatises, however, is the question which at this moment agitates the American mind propounded so boldly and answered so lucidly: viz., *De la causa que priva la trabajo de la recompensa debida?* —*i.e.*, "Why is labor deprived of the compensation which it should receive, and how is that disparity to be removed?" Following is a partial translation of Estrada's answer to this question:

"Placed on this earth which we inhabit, and possessing no wealth but what his labor produced, man could not possibly maintain his existence if He who gave him wants and necessities had not furnished him at the same time with the means of satisfying them. But when land, the most precious of all the gifts of nature—since all the riches which man has any knowledge of come out of the earth, *Cereris sunt omnia munus*—was transformed into private property by a limited number of men, where were the disinherited portion of the race to find material on which to toil? From that moment the subsistence of the latter became precarious, because, without the permission of the man who, with no better title than his own will, termed himself *proprietor*, no one else could work it; or if work were done it was found impossible to find a recompense commensurate with exertion. One part of this recompense—one portion of the fruit of labor—was adjudged to him who had appropriated what, considered as to its nature, was wholly unsusceptible of appropriation, as it was never produced by the labors

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of men, but equally belongs to all. The following consequences resulted from this fatal error: Idleness was created and crowned with riches. Laws were enacted which, under the pretext of protecting the rights of property, destroyed its very roots and tore from the laborer's grasp a portion of the fruits of his sweat to bestow it on the lazy proprietor: laws which, endorsing a usurpation which was criminal, made a compliance with the Creator's precept dependent on a creature's will, and swept away, in this manner, the basis on which society stands, namely, the *obligation to work and the power of disposing of what is produced by toil*—bases whose removal falsifies the social system and renders the struggles of mankind interminable.

"Let us suppose, for illustration's sake, that certain classes of mankind entered into a conspiracy to make private property of the springs, fountains, rivers, and seas, and then turned on the rest of their species and demanded rent for leave to drink or fish or navigate the waters; would such a scandalous usurpation of God's gifts be tolerated for a moment? Land, the free gift of nature, is more necessary to human subsistence than fountains, seas, or rivers. Why is a usurpation so unjust tolerated by the majority of the human race? Nothing but the irresistible force of custom, the patient acquiescence in antiquated wrongs so characteristic of mankind, can account for so singular an anomaly. Those who disapprove of these views should take measures to convert the rivers, seas, and fountains into private property.

"Let it not be said that unappropriated land would not be tilled at all, or, from want of capital, would be badly cultivated unless it were the property of some rich individual. The real cultivator of the soil is rarely the owner of the land, and as a consequence the demands of the laborers are in all parts incomparably greater than the offers of the proprietors. Moreover, in no country is the laborer supplied with capital by the proprietor to enable him to cultivate the soil. This being the case, such objections as the above are frivolous and futile. Can any one suppose for a moment that the seas would be navigated more assiduously or the rivers fished with more diligence if they were the private property of capitalists? Let it not be said that the cultivator would enjoy no security in the prosecution of his labors, if the soil were not private property. Who could possibly impede him? I can see no reason to suppose that men working for the state would not enjoy as much security as men laboring for private individuals.

"Were the arguments already alleged insufficient to prove that the spontaneous gifts of nature should not be monopolized by private owners, they should be received with attentive consideration, nevertheless, because they are supported by highly respectable authority. If the doctrines be new the idea is old. Glimpses of them may be discovered in all the ancient codes of legislation. The ancient lawgivers invariably devised measures to remedy the consequences of such pernicious usurpation or prevent its taking place.

"Owing to a universal instinct the legislators of antiquity, without any possible communication among themselves, recognized without apparent hesitation that the distribution of land should not be abandoned, like the productions of manufacturing industry, to the disposal and cupidity of indi-

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viduals, but ought to be regulated by law. This unanimity is sufficient of itself to prove that it originates in a sentiment of justice and truth.

"Lycurgus made a proportional distribution of all the land of the nation among (1st) the people, (2d) the ministers of religion, and (3d) the members of the aristocracy. Could land be justly appropriated by individuals, like the ordinary productions of human industry, the distribution in question would be an unpardonable attack on the rights of private property. No legislator, without violating the law of nature, can place a barrier to the lawful exertions of an individual or hinder him from acquiring by his labor all possible wealth. But the distribution made by Lycurgus has never been stigmatized as unjust. On the contrary, it has been regarded as an arrangement of the most beneficial character, intended to promote with strict impartiality the interests of all classes of Spartan society, and confer happiness on every individual in the community. Wherever no law of this kind has been enacted society is embittered by dissatisfaction; there is universal discontent. The poor are miserable because they cannot appease the urgent cravings of nature. The wealthy are dissatisfied because they cannot gratify those ambitious aspirations and artificial wants which, indulgence only seems to multiply, and because they fear that desperate poverty may break in, plunder, and kill them—circumstances which keep society in perpetual alarm and anxiety, which never cease and never know a pause, no matter how stringent the laws or active the vigilance of their guardians.

"The Romans—apparently taking it for granted that some primitive law existed which authorized the heads of the people to distribute the lands of the nation—sanctioned the Licinian law which commemorates the consul whose name it bears. This law ordained that no Roman citizen should hold more than five hundred acres of land. To enforce this agrarian law was the object of Gracchus in those famous reclamations which, in the name of the Roman people, he directed against the Senate of Rome.

"The justice of these reclamations is confessed by the historian of the republic, notwithstanding his aversion to innovations which lessened aristocratic influence. It should never be forgotten, too, that in the beginning of his career Gracchus proposed that those who monopolized more than five hundred yokes should receive from the public treasury the price of their redundant acres, and that the land thus subtracted from the rich should be apportioned among the poorer citizens. But, seeing the obstinacy of the Senate, which stubbornly refused to give to the illegal owners of land any indemnity, how is it possible that Titus Livius could not perceive that individual ownership of land is a violation of justice? Not basing his views on this principle, the decision of the eloquent historian must be regarded as rash, unless it can be proved that previously to pronouncing judgment he had carefully examined the titles on which the Roman landlords based their claims to those territorial possessions which the Senate sought to deprive them of.

"Of all known laws, however, the most remarkable, the most decisive, and the most consonant, in a fundamental point of view, to my principles, are those (1st) of Moses, (2d) those of Feudalism, and (3d) those of the Incas of Peru.

"According to the feudal system the chief of the state distributed

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amongst his people all the land of the nation in conformity with certain laws. The melancholy results which sprang out of this system did not originate in the distribution which the monarch made of the land. They sprang from the enormous inequality of possessions which vicious legislation created in favor of a limited number of persons who appropriated and consumed in idleness and sloth the fruits which labor extorted from the soil. From a distribution so unjust sprang the miserable penury of the masses, the haughty arrogance of the wealthy, and the inability of the king to restrain the barons or promote the progress of the people.

"To call into existence a wise and paternal government capable of rendering the land useful to the community, and banishing that indolence which is the inseparable companion of misery, no individual should be suffered to hold more land than a single family can cultivate. Such a government would put an end to fraudulent schemes which enable swindlers to grow wealthy without labor—schemes incompatible with the true foundations of the social fabric. Above all, it would originate a fiscal system wholly dissimilar from the immoral systems which at present prevail in Europe, by which the security of thrones and the tranquillity of the people are equally menaced.

"The ancient and profound legislator of the Hebrews carefully and accurately took the census of his people. Then he divided the land into a number of farms equal to the number of families. These families then cast lots, and each received the farm which the 'fortune of the die' assigned to it. His paternal solicitude was not confined to this equitable and impartial proceeding. Lest any family should greedily appropriate a number of farms, he ordained that in the year of the jubilee—that is to say, at the end of every fifty years—each forfeited lot should return to its original proprietor. Not content with this, he confirmed the foregoing with a still more stringent law. The perpetual alienation of land was forbidden in express terms by this law, which declares that land cannot be the property of man—a human being is a mere tenant; which is equivalent to saying that no man should possess more land than he can cultivate.*

"Our argument derives additional support from the following verses in the same chapter:

"'29. And if a man sell a dwelling-house in a walled city, then he may redeem it within a whole year after it is sold; within a full year may he redeem it.

"'30. And if it be not redeemed within the space of a full year, then the house that is within the walled city shall be established for ever to him that bought it throughout his generations: it shall not go out in the jubilee.

"'31. But the houses of the villages which have no wall round about them shall be counted as the fields of the country; they may be redeemed and they shall go out in the jubilee.'

"The better we understand the doctrines of Adam Smith the more we discern the wisdom of the Hebrew legislator and how thoroughly he understood the exact limits which justice assigns to the rights of property. Houses standing in a city hold no relation to land considered as the gift of nature. They must be considered as exclusively resulting from the

* "The land shall not be sold for ever; for the land is mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me" (Levit. xxv. 23).

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labors of men. For this reason Moses assigns them a place among true riches, and, as a consequence, declares the sale which the master makes of them an irrevocable sale. In the year of the jubilee he cannot recover them.

"Houses built in unwalled towns, on the contrary, cannot be justly regarded as mere productions of human labor, but as rural offices subject to the same laws as the farms to whose cultivation they are indispensable. For this reason Moses declares that if they were not redeemed before the jubilee they should be restored in that year to their first owner as objects unsusceptible of sale, not subject to the rights of property, but as dependencies on the gifts of nature.

"All these ordinances of the son of Amram are in perfect harmony with the genuine principles of political science, which makes all property originate in labor and pronounces it absurd to regard the pure gifts of nature as individual wealth."

Such are the doctrines of Estrada, and the reader will readily perceive their identity with those of Henry George, who has apparently, perhaps unconsciously, followed the Spaniard:

"Property in land springs merely from appropriation," says George, "and I defy any one to assign for it any other genesis. Property in things which are the result of labor springs from production and rests upon the right of the man to the benefit of his own productions. The house that he builds, the crops that he grows, the cattle that he raises are rightfully the property of the man whose labor has gone to produce them—his to use, to sell, or bequeath. But where is the man that has produced the earth or any part of it," etc.

Among the arguments which Florez Estrada employs to establish this predicate—*i.e.*, that land should be the property of the public at large, not of individuals in particular—the most invincible, in the opinion of his admirers, is derived from "rivers, seas, and fountains." As to fountains we need not just here concern ourselves: they may be natural or artificial; circumstances may make them private or public. But once the pure and lucid element which gushes from the earth—*splendidior vitro*—has been gathered within the channel-banks of a river, its resistless progress through men's barriers makes it public. As far as it may be improved by human exertion it may become private property. But upon the simple element of pure water, as it journeys on its self-made road to the sea, there is no such "primal elder curse" as there is upon the land. It is God's completed work. It is at first hand, ready for man's highest uses. It nourishes its own finny products. No human being can make a river of pure water, and therefore none dare claim it as his own. So long as water takes the form of river or sea it is necessarily destitute of

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commercial value given it by human labor, and can neither be bought nor sold; an artificial river—a canal—is another matter, and an improvement in navigation is another matter. But no human being will buy a pail of water standing beside a river. It is necessarily destitute of value. But if the pail be carried the distance of a few miles to a place where water is scarce, the carrier may find a purchaser who will give him a few cents, not for the water, strictly speaking, but for the labor expended in carrying it. Therefore it is contrary to the nature of things that seas and rivers should become private property. Men cannot monopolize them, though they are entitled to the value of labor invested in them to improve them.

Coal is as much a spontaneous gift of nature; it is the creation of the Deity quite as much as land; but so much labor is expended in the exhumation of coal that it is a most valuable mineral; not simply because it is serviceable as a fuel, but because it is extracted from the "bowels of the earth" with an infinite deal of labor.

We are indebted to the creative energy for iron, copper, silver, and gold. They are the gifts of God. No human industry can manufacture these metals. But inasmuch as an infinite amount of toil is expended in extracting them from the strata, in purifying, refining, and fitting them for commercial and domestic purposes, they are amongst the most precious of human possessions.

Now, it would be a monstrous proposition, which Florez Estrada and Henry George are incapable of making, to say that because these minerals are not the creation of human labor in their elementary state, but are given to us by our Maker, that my neighbor's bank-vault should be broken open and the glittering contents bagged or pocketed by the general public.

In like manner the slates, timber, sand, granite blocks, and marble chimney-pieces which make up a private mansion are as much the gifts of nature as the land from which they are extracted. Yet Florez Estrada, like Henry George, exempts houses from public confiscation, and deems it just and equitable that they should be the property of individuals. No human ingenuity, no art of man, could create the materials of architectural structures. But this inability does not give the public a right to rend them from the hands of the rightful owners and convert them into public goods without compensation. In like manner the wool of which cloth is manufactured cannot be made by man. It grows on quadrupeds independently of human ac-

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tion, and is converted into woven tissues very much as the savage and inhospitable desert, the unprofitable bog and the pestiferous swamp, are converted by infinite toil into fructiferous earth.

It must be admitted that the labor of miners, buried in the depths of the strata,

"Cimmerian people, strangers to the sun,"

is the most painful of all species of human drudgery. No man works so hard as the miner. But next to mining the most laborious of all human occupations is the cultivation of the soil. No drudge is more exposed to the pitiless peltings of the relentless elements. He shivers in the freezing rain, or cowers in the driving hail, or confronts the impetuous storm when

"Foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,"

turning the soil for a despicable sustenance. This results from the awful decree of the Creator directed against Adam which we read in Genesis iii. 17:

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return into the dust," etc.

Now, every crop which is removed from the earth carries away a portion of its substance. This substance is the food of plants. They consume it and take it into their organization much in the manner of animals. They derive their nutriment from the earth. When they have consumed the soil the farmer finds it necessary to replace it by other earths, which are termed manures—by lime, which is derived from the rocky strata; by the secretions of animals derived from cities; by guano imported from South America, etc.—so that in the course of years the arable soil is as much the production of human industry as the shoes we wear or the houses we inhabit.

As to the rocky strata which underlie the superficial clays, they cannot be separated from the arable tilth any more than our osseous skeleton can be separated from our corporeal system. They constitute the matrix which is indispensable to the existence of the overlying clays. They must go along with it and be either hired or owned.

Florez Estrada seems to forget that there are two kinds of land—one in a state of nature, foul with bogs, horrible with

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forests, wholly incapable of supporting a population, breathing noxious effluvia and swarming with cold and venomous reptiles. It is rather an inhospitable menace than a utility to man, and is given for nothing to occupants under the "Homestead Law."

The second description of land pullulates with plenty and floats with rustling harvests. It is genial to the human race because it is the creation of human labor. Armed with the axe, the rifle, and the spade, the pioneer of the republic made "war upon the wilderness" at the risk of his existence; cleared away the *flora* and the *fauna* which encumbered its surface, and thus enabled the golden sunshine to illuminate and fertilize the long-darkened and disfigured soil. Is all this toil and danger to go for nothing? Is it not a most reasonable provision of law that the man who has created by his toil the productiveness of any object shall be made in some true sense its owner? Assuredly, if any species of property be sacred, it should be this!

The price of land is labor. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." Accordingly the "Pilgrim Fathers" who paid this terrible price had a better title to the land than any the Indians could show. The Indians valued the buffalo; they neglected the prairie. Hence they knew of no private title to the soil, and parted with hundreds of acres which were useless to them for trinkets, looking-glasses, or penknives. This land resembled the atom of iron, not worth a penny, which labor converts into watch-springs worth thousands of dollars.

The caves of England, again, furnish evidence that in prehistoric times, when first invaded by man, the island swarmed with wolves, bears, and hyenas, and above all a gigantic race of oxen more formidable to man than the carnivora. The extirpation of these monsters was a work of prodigious labor, without which the land would be uninhabitable to man. That labor furnished a title to the first settlers much more indefeasible and exalted than mere appropriation.

According to American tradition, it was usual for a settler in old times to give his son an axe, a rifle, and a rope, and dismiss him from the family residence with the stern command, "Go and seek your fortune." The son bade farewell to his brethren and went, like Adam, into the wilderness; cleared a lot of forest, drained it, fenced it, and either brought his bride to it and made it his home, or, after cropping it a year or two, sold it to a purchaser. It was in this way that land fit for the plough was called into existence and made to flourish amid surrounding forests. Such adventurers were stimulated to "make war on the wilder-

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ness" by the expectation of establishing permanent homes, or of selling farms or renting them to European immigrants. America is indebted to their labors for its wealth, fertility, and greatness. Would they have so wrought had the only real title to the land been in the general public?

"Labor," says Adam Smith, "was the first price, the original purchase-money, that was paid for all things." And for land, by some kind of fair bargain, among the rest. Would Florez Estrada have arrested this process, wrenched the axes from the pioneers' hands, and petrified them into inactivity? We think not, for he would not wish the earth to remain covered with horrid forests and dismal swamps, pestiferous to man and propitious to reptiles, choked with tangled jungle, the foul swamp festering below, the sun broiling above.

Church history informs us that the friars of Abingdon in England, the monks of Dysert in Ireland, spent hundreds of years in fertilizing the rugged mountain and the quaking bog, as monks in Melleray are doing at the present moment. During hundreds of years they were creating this land, and during hundreds of subsequent years they were enjoying the fruitfulness they had created. At the "Reformation," however, the professors of a "purer form of faith" expelled them from their monasteries, confiscated their lands, and informed them that "property in land springs from appropriation," and they were determined to appropriate it.

A lesson, we think, may be learned from the state of things in China. There the poverty of the humbler classes is more appalling than in any other country on earth; and yet the system which Estrada advocates, as some of his critics would not unreasonably interpret him, has flourished from time immemorial in China. The emperor is the only landed proprietor, and the rent which he exacts from the rural classes pays all the expenses of the government. Yet Adam Smith draws a frightful picture of the wretchedness and misery of the laborers of China. He says:

"The accounts of all travellers, inconsistent in other respects, agree as to the low wages of labor and the difficulty which a laborer finds in bringing up a family in China. If by digging the ground a whole day he can get what will purchase a small quantity of rice, he is content. The condition of artificers is, if possible, still worse. Instead of waiting indolently in their houses for the calls of their customers, as in Europe, they are continually running about the streets with the tools of their respective trades, offering their services and, as it were, begging employment.

"The poverty of the lower classes of people in China far surpasses that

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of the most beggarly nations in Europe. Any carrion or carcass is as welcome to them as the most wholesome food to the people of other countries."

We are far from discouraging the discussion of the social problems—nay, we hail it, and we admire the honesty and manliness of many of those advocates whose expedients we deem inadequate, or whose views are, as we think, fundamentally false. Let us hear from all sides; let us treat all honest men with respect. Yet one thing must never be overlooked, and that is that the root of all human misery is not in bad laws but in human sinfulness. Therefore, the Utopias which men of benevolent but mistaken views have from time to time presented to our race—the ideas of Plato, Sir Thomas More, and Florez Estrada—can never be fully realized while man preserves the vicious propensities of his fallen nature. The worst misery of society is occasioned by the depravity of its members. While the motto of too many of our species is "*homo homini lupus*" universal social happiness must be a flower which can never grow on earth, but belongs exclusively to the celestial world. While the humble and feeble are crushed by the oppression of the powerful and made to feel "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, and the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes," while revenge squats in its lair and meditates murder in its lurking-place, how is it possible that society should be happy? What is wanted, therefore, is not only the amelioration of our institutions by a reform in laws, if that be found beneficial, but the reformation of ourselves. "The heart of man," as the Scriptures inform us, "is desperately wicked." Could we change our dispositions we might much more readily adopt some such changes as our well-meaning social reformers suggest, and that, too, without adopting erroneous principles. But the renewal of our spirit, the modification of our character, is a miracle which religion alone can work.

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EGYPT AND HOLY WRIT.

(FROM JOSEPH TO MOSES.)

IN a century the most distant from the times chronicled in the books of Genesis and Exodus—a century characterized by an alarming growth of scepticism, especially in matters pertaining to remote Biblical history—it is certainly a fact, strongly marked as providential, that there has come to the aid and confirmation of these ancient books weighty and irrefragable proofs, and from a quarter which, up to the dawn of the past half-century, seemed barren, profitless, and dead as far as any new historic data to be expected thence. And yet had an intelligent mind, assailed by scepticism and still clinging to the sweet solacement of faith, sought for additional evidences for the truth of these ancient books of Scripture, his ingenuity could scarcely have conceived, nor the unreasonableness of his troubled intelligence have demanded, that which the last fifty years of Egyptian archæology has done. There are scarcely to be found anywhere so many instances as in the march of this science of that law by which the highest intellects of the day work to an end whose full results they could not have known, and to which they are hostile in many instances, pushed on by a providential impulse.

The study of Egyptology in this century first presents itself to us as a narrow stream, confined to the names of a few *savants* of the first grade of excellence. To-day it presents the appearance of a mighty flood of learning and research, to which a long list of zealous scholars have been the tributaries. Heeren, one of the last great representatives of the old school of history, writing in 1828, could truthfully say:

> "Little more has been accomplished [through the study of hieroglyphy] than the decipherment of the names and titles of the kings, distinguished by being always enclosed within a border."

But the dawn of a new era was at hand. Before this new break of day the suspected records of Herodotus, the less credited pages of Diodorus Siculus, the fragments of Manetho's *Ægyptiaca*, Josephus and the chronological works of Eusebius and Georgius Syncellus, and the books of the Old Testament, were the main authorities for the construction of Egyptian history and chronology. But

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"The acute genius of a Frenchman at last succeeded in lifting the veil, not fifty years since. By a prodigious effort of induction, and almost divination, Jean François Champollion, who was born at Figeac (Lot) on the 23d of December, 1790, and died at Paris on the 4th of March, 1832, made the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century in the domain of historical science, and succeeded in fixing on a solid basis the principle of reading hieroglyphics. Numerous scholars have followed the path opened by him. The chief of them are, in France, C. Lenormant, Ampère, De Rougé, Mariette, and Chabas; in Germany, Dr. Lepsius and Dr. Brugsch-Bey; in England, Dr. Birch. By their profound and persevering studies the discovery of Champollion has been completed and perfected, and its results have been extended." *

ORIGIN OF THE EGYPTIANS.

Naturally the first question which presents itself in the examination we have undertaken is, What was the origin of the Egyptians? The Biblical account, read in the light of recent knowledge, is that they originated from Chus, the son of Ham, the son of Noah. Lepsius, says Dr. Brugsch, has lately shown, with remarkable clearness and great acuteness, and has proved in the most convincing manner, the Asiatic home of the Egyptians in accord with the Biblical account in the list of nations.† Their Nigritian origin, therefore, can hardly longer be maintained, though subsequent Nigritian contamination in matters of religion is highly probable. The knowledge recently acquired of their language shows that it is akin to the Indo-Germanic and Semitic. Comparative philology and natural history both assign the Egyptians an Asiatic origin. Finally, we have the tradition of the Egyptians themselves as to their Eastern origin:

"The frequent mention on the monuments of the *land of God* (i.e., *Ra*, the god of light) and of *Pun*, together with the regions belonging to it, showed to the Egyptians ancient representations about the land of their origin, the significance of which is the more to be valued since the texts frequently strike the key of a yearning home-sickness, and glorify the East —the cradle of light and of their own childhood—as a land of perfect happiness." ‡

The fact that Egyptian civilization is found in its very infancy fully developed § is a fact which strongly favors the Noachic origin, though such scholars as Renan fail to see its force, but wander off into the perplexing labyrinths of their

* Lenormant, *Manuel.*

† *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, second English edition, p. 10, and vol. ii. 401. Lenormant says: "This is a fact clearly established by science."

‡ Brugsch, ib. ii. 404.

§ *Aperçu de l'Histoire d'Égypte*, etc., by Mariette.

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own theories, to be lost there. They forget that Noah possessed many arts—how many, various, multiform, how fully matured, we cannot say—which had been developed in the antediluvian ages, and which met in him as a focus to be disseminated with his descendants. "With the human race Noah preserved the arts," says Bossuet.*

THE PHARAOH OF JOSEPH.

Until the time of Rehoboam the Egyptian monarchs are not mentioned by name in Holy Writ, but are always spoken of under the title of Pharaoh.† Hence the difficulty of establishing an Egyptian and Hebraic synchronism. The first contact (after Abraham) of Egypt and the Jews is found in the touching story of Joseph, sold by his brethren and afterwards rising to the supreme lieutenancy of the land of the Pharaohs! Even to-day, three thousand years after Moses transferred it to his page, this tale stands almost unrivalled for its clearness, its simplicity, its simple beauty. It affects the reader no less powerfully than it must have affected the contemporaries of the inspired writer. What light will Egyptology throw upon this narrative?

Joseph came to Egypt during the reign of the Hyksôs (the Shepherd usurpation), then very completely Egyptianized. The particular king who raised Joseph to authority was Apophis (Apepi in the monuments), according to a Christian tradition handed down by Georgius Syncellus. Besides this a very remarkable tablet ‡ raised by Rameses II. "in the year 400 on the 4th day of the month Mesori of King Nub" (one of the predecessors of Apepi) gives a basis for calculation in connection with the four hundred years' sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt which confirms the tradition of Syncellus, and also fixes the date of the exodus under Mineptah.

"Independent of every kind of arrangement and combination of numbers, they prove the probability of a fixed determination of time for a very important section of the general history of the world, on the basis of two chronological data which correspond in a way almost marvellous, and which, independently of each other, derive their origin from trustworthy and venerable sources." §

* *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, p. 25, Didot ed.

† "Pharaoh, *i.e.* Pirao—great house, high gate—is, according to the monuments, the designation of the king of the land of Egypt for the time being" (Brugsch, *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, ii. 133).

‡ It is translated and may be found in Dr. Birch's collection, *Records of the Past*, vol. xiv. p. 33. See also Brugsch's *Egypt*, p. 296.

§ Brugsch's *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, p. 296.

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The seven years of famine which Joseph foretold, and which has excited so much doubt, can no longer be denied. From an inscription on a tomb of El Kalb (which is pronounced by the best authority, judging from its language, style of decoration, and the name of its possessor, Baba, to belong to the time just preceding the XVIIIth Dynasty, which began *circa* 1700 B.C.) we have "a remarkable and luminous confirmation" of the Biblical narrative. Baba was, no doubt, the governor of some division of Egypt. The inscription we will give in full because of its importance and the interest which must attach to an epitaph thirty-five hundred years old:

"The chief at the table of the sovereign, Baba, the risen again, speaks thus: 'I loved my father; I honored my mother; my brothers and my sisters loved me. I went out of the door of my house with a benevolent heart; I stood there with refreshing hand; splendid were my preparations of what I collected for the festal day. Mild was my heart, free from violent anger. The gods bestowed upon me abundant prosperity on earth. The city wished me health and a life full of enjoyment. I punished the evil-doers. The children who stood before me in the days which I fulfilled were—great and small—60; just as many beds were provided for them, just as many chairs, just as many tables. They all consumed 120 ephahs of durra, the milk of 3 cows, 52 goats, and 9 she-asses, a hin of balsam, and two jars of oil.

"'My words may seem jest to a gainsayer. But I call the god Month * to witness that what I say is true. I had all this prepared in my house; in addition to this I put cream in the store-chamber and beer in the cellar in a more than sufficient number of hin measures.

"'*I collected corn as a friend of the harvest god. I was watchful at the time of sowing. And when a famine arose lasting many years, I distributed corn to the city each year of the famine.*'"

The famine mentioned by the Bible is the only one of which we have any hint throughout the whole range of *ancient* Egyptian history. Brugsch says history only mentions *one example* of the Nile failing.

"The exception," says Philip Smith, "which may be taken to this statement tends rather to confirm than invalidate Brugsch's statement, by the record of one, and only one, parallel case in the six thousand years (more or less) of Egyptian history."

This was the famine of the Fátimee Khaleefeh, El-Mustanstir billáh, which lasted exactly *seven* years (A.D. 1064–1071). Brugsch's comments on the Baba epitaph end thus:

"There remains for a satisfactory conclusion but one fair inference: that the many years of famine in the days of Baba must correspond to the *seven years* under Joseph's Pharaoh, who was one of the Shepherd Kings."

* Month, with the hawk's head, was the terrible and hostile form of the sun (Lenormant).

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The Biblical account of Joseph's life at court is pronounced by the most eminent authorities to be in complete accord "with the presuppositions connected with the persons, the place, and the time." The Pharaoh, says the Bible, ordered that there should be proclaimed before Joseph an abrek—"that is, bow the knee, a word which is still retained in the hieroglyphic dictionary," * and was the means of expressing respect to an important personage. He bestowed upon him, says the Bible, the dignity of

Za	p—	unt	p—	a	'anekh
Governor	of the	district	of the	place	of life,

or "Governor of the Sethroïte nome," whose capital was Tanis, or Zoan, † of which we will speak presently, and with which this all so admirably corresponds. And Joseph says (Gen. xlv. 8): "It is God who established me as privy councillor to Pharaoh and as lord [*Adon*] over all Egypt."

"The first clause," says Mr. Philip Smith, "is mistranslated in all versions from LXX. downwards, through taking *Ab* for the Hebrew word father instead of the Egyptian title *Ab-en-pira'o*."

The title *Adon* is Egyptian. The name of Joseph's wife is pure Egyptian—*Asnat*—as is likewise that of his father-in-law, Putiper'a (the gift of the sun), the priest of On-Heliopolis (Gen. xli. 45). We have in the Orbigny papyrus a romance, the main features of which correspond in a remarkable manner to the story of Joseph's temptation by the wife of the officer of Pharaoh's court, over whose affairs he had charge. Even the language used by the youth of the romance is a sufficiently faithful repetition of that used by Joseph to his master's wicked wife.‡ The subsequent conduct of the chagrined temptresses are alike in both cases. Each accused the objects of their lust. The younger brother flees, and a series of marvellous adventures follow, *until at last the younger brother becomes King of Egypt, and the elder his hereditary prince and successor!* The parallel is so faithful that we are forced to the conclusion that this romance, under a disguise, tells no other than the wonderful history of Joseph.§

* See Brugsch's *Hieroglyphic Dict.*, tit. "Bark."

† See Brugsch's Map to second vol. of his *Egypt under the Pharaohs.*

‡ The youth of the romance replies: "Thou, O woman, hast been to me like a mother, and thy husband like a father, for he is older than I, so he might have been my parent. *Why this so great sin that thou hast spoken to me?*" Joseph's words are: "How can I do this great evil, and sin against God?"

§ The Orbigny papyrus is in the British Museum, and was first published in part by the learned De Rougé in the *Revue Archéologique*, tome ix. p. 385. It was a startling revelation to Europe. Its author was a scribe, Ana, for King Seti II., son of Mineptah II. of the XIXth Dynasty—*i.e.*, about 1200 B.C.

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Against the argument of "improbability" that Joseph (a stranger) should be thus exalted we have the satisfaction of finding an exactly similar incident happening to another stranger. He received the same office as Joseph received—"lord of all Egypt" (Gen. xlv.), called in the Egyptian record "lord of the whole land." The same word *Adon* is used to express *both* dignities. "Pharaoh's dream of the kine"—to use the words of Mr. Poole *—"describe the years of plenty and famine under the *usual type* of the inundation, as Brugsch has shown." And two circumstances of the Biblical narrative bring us very near Egyptian official usage. "By the life of Pharaoh" is used by Joseph as a strong asseveration to his father that he will not bury him in Egyptian soil; then "Israel bowed himself upon the head of his staff."† Both actions are traced by M. Chabas in his essays upon Egyptian legal procedure. He quotes the following passage from a trial at Thebes where the witness is described: "He made a life of the royal lord, striking his nose and placing his head upon the staff."‡

Some may think these are trifling details. But they have not been so considered by the great scholars whose lives have been devoted to the science of Egyptology. They are proofs, too, of the correctness of Holy Scripture in matters even of the smallest purport. If the progress of Egyptology, on the other hand, could enable hostile criticism to show their *incorrectness*, the adversaries of the Bible would have good ground for flaunting in our faces the legal maxim: *Falsus in uno, falsus omnibus!*

In time, however, the royal patron of Joseph passed away; and Egyptologists of the highest repute consider that, as Joseph lived about seventy years after his installation as *Adon*, he must have survived Apepi, whose reign is estimated at sixty-one years. In the meantime the Israelites settled in the land of Goshen, where they fed their flocks and took charge of those of the Egyptians. They probably lived in peace during the existence of the XVIIIth Dynasty (a period when Egypt reached the pinnacle of her glory under Thothmes III.), and this immunity continued until that haughty monarch of the XIXth Dynasty, Seti, in the exigencies brought about by his destructive wars and extravagant schemes of vanity, was induced to treat this nation of foreigners as he treated his captives. For, as the Biblical account has said it, living peacefully in their own region they had been

* *Contemporary Review*, vol. xxxiv.

† Staff is generally mistranslated "bed" in the Bible.

‡ Chabas' *Mélanges Égypt.*, iii.

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"fruitful and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly strong, until they filled the land." Then "a new king arose up over Egypt, who knew not Joseph." The great benefactor was forgotten, and the memory of his good deeds interred with his bones. Not a strange turn of events in a country where the memory of predecessors was so little respected that the nation had not cared to keep any chronology of her rulers; where monuments of predecessors were pirated, their names erased and those of their defacers substituted therefor; where the ruler, when he became Pharaoh, become also a deity incarnate, whom all, from lowest to high-priest, worshipped as a god! There is nothing so mean as egotism, whether it develops itself in the breast of an Egyptian monarch or in that of a French radical. In the eyes of both the past and its memorials have been objects of legitimate hatred and self-aggrandizement.

THE PHARAOHS OF THE OPPRESSION AND THE EXODUS.

Under what Pharaohs Moses was rescued from the bullrushes, raised a favorite at court, till he became "learned in all the learning of the Egyptians," has been determined by the progress of Egyptology beyond a reasonable doubt.

If what has been said of Joseph and his synchronism with Apepi be true, then the Pharaoh under whom Moses fled and became an exile was Rameses II., the great Sesostris of the Greeks, while the Pharaoh of the oppression was the son of Rameses, Meneptah (B.C. *circa* 1300). So well do all the Biblical facts correspond to what we shall see is the information, the data, furnished by the advancement of Egyptology, that these dates are now generally accepted by scholars as established.

As to the Israelites, Herodotus and Diodorus give us no light. The hieroglyphs themselves are silent. And

> "The hope can never be cherished that we shall ever find on the public monuments—rather let us say in some hidden roll of papyrus—the events, repeated in an Egyptian version, which relate to the exodus of the Jews and the destruction of Pharaoh * in the Red Sea. For the record of these events was inseparably connected with the humiliating confession of a divine visitation, to which a patriotic writer at the court of Pharaoh would hardly have brought his mind." †

Let us proceed to find what the condition of the science can

* Some scholars contend that the Biblical account does not require the belief that Pharaoh was lost. See Rawlinson's *History of Egypt*, note, p. 346, vol. ii.

† Brugsch, *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, ii. p. 135.

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do for us in the solution of this question. Let us add four hundred years (the Biblical number), for the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, to the date of Joseph's Pharaoh (1700 B.C.), and if we do this we find ourselves, on the authority of the inscription cited above, in the reign of Meneptah, son and successor of Rameses II., a vacillating king, as the Bible and confirmatory monumental decipherings show. We will now see how the different links come together.

There is a tradition preserved in Josephus that the name of the daughter of the Pharaoh who rescued Moses was Merris (or Thermuthis). It has been found that one of the daughters of Rameses II. was named Meri (dear). The names of the daughters of Seti I., father and predecessor of Rameses II., however, we have not got. Chronological considerations, however, confound us in regard to this coincidence of names, and make what would at first appear a solid something a mere vision. For, as Mr. Rawlinson has acutely remarked—a consideration which has escaped the observation of Brugsch, Lenormant, Mariette, and others—

"As Moses was eighty years old at this time [the Exodus] (chap. vii. 7), it is evident that the Pharaoh from whom he fled cannot be the same with the one who, *more than eighty* years previously, gave the order for the destruction of the Hebrew male children. It must be that the narrative of Exodus speaks of three Pharaohs."*

But we have still another tradition preserved by Josephus from Manetho, which places the exodus of the Israelites in the region of an Amenophis who was the son of a Rameses and the father of a Sethos. These facts can be applied to but one Pharaoh, Meneptah, son and successor of Rameses II. This position gives us no chronological embarrassment, and is in accord with all other data.

One of the cities where the six hundred thousand workers of the Jews were oppressed and the process of "making bricks without straw" went on is generally admitted to be Zoan, known also as Tanis and Rameses, from Rameses having rebuilt it after its destruction and desolation following upon the expulsion of the Hyksôs. It perfectly agrees with the conditions implied in the Biblical narrative of the Exodus, in which a city of Rameses is the starting-point of the settlers in Goshen,†

* *Egypt and Babylon*, Rawlinson, New York, 1885.

† Poole, *Contemporary Review*, vol. xxxiv. As to the route of the Exodus Brugsch has a *theory* which is striking but by no means established. See the appendix to his second volume, *Egypt under the Pharaohs*.

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which land Dr. Brugsch places near this town. It was a place of high antiquity and of great magnificence, especially under Rameses II. It had been the chief town of the Apepi, who was Joseph's master. Its ruins have only been lately well explored and its pristine splendor adequately conjectured.* The great archæologist Auguste Mariette was there in 1860, and made a series of remarkable discoveries which were described in letters to De Rougé; but he had not the good fortune nor the means placed at his disposal of completing what he had commenced. Mariette died January 19, 1881, and the Egypt Exploration Fund sent out Mr. Petrie. Mariette it was who pointed out—it was on the occasion of his last public utterance before the French Academy—the importance to historical science of the exploration of this buried city, within whose gates and about whose walls, "in the field of Zoan,† Moses worked the miracles of the staff turned to a serpent, of the waters turned to blood, of the frogs, of the lice, of the affliction from wild beasts, of the pestilence to all domestic animals, of the boils, of the hail, of the blight, of the locusts, of the darkness of three days, of the death of the first-born! How familiar to Moses must have been Zoan's great colossus, its magnificent temples, its avenues of sphinxes! He must have seen many a time the great Rameses returning thither in triumph, his haughty pride, and the divine worship bestowed upon him while living. The character of its ruins shows that it was the principal town of Rameses and his successor. This fact established, no doubt can longer exist as to the starting-point of the Hebrews, of the land of Goshen, of the *situs* of the miracles. It is a fact, too, which favors the hypothesis of Seti, Rameses, and Meneptah being the Pharaohs of the oppression and of the Exodus. The colossus‡ of Rameses found in the ruins of Zoan, or Tanis, must, aside from the character of his excavated temple and other monuments, stamp this city as the favorite abode of Rameses and his feeble successor. It is the greatest of all the great colossi of Rameses scattered by his liberal egotism through Egypt. It was of the red granite of Syene, a monolith, as it stood erect, the figure measuring 90 feet in height; but, when crown, plinth, and pedestal are included, it towered 120 feet! The feet measured

* *Tanis*, by Petrie, 1885, Trübner & Co.

† The original Hebrew says Zoan. Our English texts, following the Greek, say Tanis. Psalm lxxvii. 12.

‡ See *Tanis*, by Petrie (cited supra).

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4 feet 9 inches; the great toe was 1 foot long, 2¾ inches across; and the figure itself was some fifteen times higher than the king's self. The crown is reckoned to have been 14½ feet high.*

In the ruins of Tanis were found—and the same has been the case with almost every site which the spade has upturned in the hand of the archæologist—images of the god Apis, always represented as a bull,† in whom Osiris was believed to be incarnate. Little wonder that when the Israelites, far from Tanis and its allurements, surrounded by inhospitable solitudes, longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and having hardened their hearts against God, should have made an image of a golden calf—an image of Apis!—and worshipped it. Four hundred years' sojourn had not been without its effects. Verily, it was time they were departing!

The reasons for the oppression are stated in Exodus as "for fear, when any war fell out, the people of Israel should join unto Egypt's enemies and fight against the Egyptians, and so get them up out of the land." Now, we know that in Seti's time the Northeastern peoples brought down upon Egypt a great war. Such an oppression as that of the Israelites was in keeping with the savagery of Seti's nature and that of Rameses II. The monuments‡ show slaves or captives—called on the monuments Aperieu—engaged in just such labors as the Bible describes the Israelites engaged in, and over them were task-masters with clubs in their hands.

"All the works of Rameses," says Rawlinson, "were raised by means of forced labor." And Lenormant says: "It is not without a deep feeling of horror that we think of the many thousands of captives who died under the strokes of the task-masters, or who fell as victims to their great fatigues and privations. There was, therefore, in the monuments of the reign of Rameses scarcely a stone, so to speak, which had not cost a human life" (*Manuel*, i. p. 423).

The Israelites, says Moses (Exodus i. ver. 11), were engaged in building "store-cities," Pithom and Rameses—*i.e.*, Tanis. Recently such a city adjoining Tanis has been excavated, whose

* It is only some weeks ago that the mummy of Rameses II. was unwrapped at the museum of Boulak, in Egypt, and the king's photograph taken, three thousand years after death.

† See Lenormant's and Rawlinson's works on Egypt for the degrading worship connected with this deity.

‡ As to the question whether the "Aperieu" and the Hebrews are identical, see Brugsch, *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, ii. p. 134, who contends against this view, and Rawlinson's *Egypt and Babylon*, citing Chabas' *Recherches pour servir à l'histoire de l'Égypte*, in favor of this view.

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form answers exactly such a purpose, and, strangely enough, it is built almost entirely of brick; and though these brick contain straw in most instances, some, of an inferior quality, have been found *which do not contain it.* The inscriptions show that this store-city was built in part by Rameses II. And we have a monument of the Berlin Museum (Brugsch, *Histoire d'Égypte*, p. 175) which mentions the fact of Meneptah having lost a son.

"The confirmation thus lent to the Scriptural narrative," says Rawlinson, "is slight; but it has a value in a case where the entire force of the evidence consists in its being cumulative."

There are besides innumerable incidental facts detailed in Scripture relative to Egyptian customs which have been the material of much information, and which modern research verifies, but into these details we need not go. But we can hardly be said to have properly completed our task without a brief notice of certain features of the literature of the ancient land whose records we have been fumbling.

EGYPTIAN LITERATURE.

The incalculable mass of Egyptian literature which has been lost in the devastation of ages has been only in a slight degree retrieved. It is possible that Greek works (in Ptolemaic times) explanatory of the hieroglyphic writing existed, though Lenormant argues otherwise. Certainly we have no trace of them. The nearest approach are the trilingual stones—the most famous called the Rosetta, and which was the basis of Champollion's discoveries. We wish to notice some of these literary remains with but one object in view—to show the religious ideas contained in them suggestive of the common heritage of the Egyptians of primitive truths with the other descendants of Noah.

The most important of these works—and of which we have a papyrus (a partial copy) dating back to the XIth Dynasty, 2000 B.C.—is the Ritual of the Dead. Through its mists of superstition and fantastic errors it teaches—as De Rougé,* "the most philosophic and one of the acutest of Champollion's successors,"

* This eminent scholar has written a book, which we have never had the good fortune to see, whose title is: *Explication d'une inscription Égyptienne prouvant que les Égyptiens ont connu la génération éternelle du fils de Dieu.* 1851.

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contends—the idea of one God. It teaches, too, the resurrection of the body, the life of the soul after death, judgment, and the separation of the just from the unjust. Familiar as are the words of the judged before Osiris, they cannot be too often repeated in anything treating of Egypt and her faith, because of the remnants of primitive truth which still sparkle in them. Standing for judgment, the judged says:

"I have not blasphemed; I have not deceived; I have not stolen; I have not slain any one treacherously; I have not been cruel to any one; I have not caused disturbance; I have not been idle; I have not been drunken; I have not issued unjust orders; I have not multiplied words in speaking; I have struck no one; I have caused fear to no one; I have slandered no one; I have not eaten my heart through envy; I have not reviled the face of the king, nor the face of my father; I have not made false accusations; I have not kept milk from the mouths of sucklings; I have not caused abortion. I have not ill-used my slaves; I have not killed sacred beasts; I have not defiled the river; I have not polluted myself; I have not taken the clothes of the dead."

And then, in fear or desperation, he cries out:

"Let me go; ye know that I am without fault, without evil, without sin, without crime. Do not torture me; do not aught against me. I have lived on truth; I have been fed on truth; I have made it my delight to do what men command and the gods approve. . . . I have given bread to the hungry and drink to him who was athirst; I have clothed the naked with garments, etc." *

Passing by without mentioning other religious works, we have one of the most important of all, the moral treatise of Ptah-Hotep.

"The most interesting of extant memorials," says Rawlinson, "belonging to the time of Assa [Vth Dynasty, whose chronology is unknown] is a papyrus, 'probably the most ancient manuscript in the world,' written by the son of a former king, who calls himself Ptah-Hotep. The character used is the hieratic, and the subject of the treatise is the proper conduct of life and the advantages to be derived from a right behavior."

The author states that he was one hundred and ten years old. An extract will show the pure tone and ancient simplicity with

* Brugsch, in his Egyptian enthusiasm, goes into the exaggeration of saying that "the 42 laws of the Egyptian religion contained in the 125th chapter of the Ritual fall short in nothing of the teachings of Christianity," and that the Jewish lawgiver "*did but translate* into Hebrew the religious precepts which he found in the sacred books." Strangely enough, even the most orthodoxically disposed lose sight of the greater probability of the opposite view on mere human grounds—that the Egyptians got their wisdom from a people whom God by miracles and special care taught and held to the truth. What a literature must have existed in Hebrew before Moses found it what he has left it for us!

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which it is stamped. It is the voice of a day that glimmered not far from the full sunlight of ancient truth:

"The son who accepts the words of his father will grow old in consequence. For obedience is of God; disobedience is hateful to God. The obedience of the son to his father, this is joy; . . . such a one is dear to his father; and his renown is in the mouth of all those who walk upon the earth. The rebellious man, who obeys not, sees knowledge in ignorance, the virtues in the vices; he commits daily with boldness all manner of crimes, and herein lives as if he were dead. What the wise men know to be death is his daily life; he goes his way, laden with a heap of imprecations. . . . I myself have [by following these precepts] become one of the ancients of the earth."

We might cumulate the proof by further citations. We hope that, without the need of further saying, we have shown the truthfulness of the Biblical narrative, synchronized the stay and departure of the Israelites with Egyptian history, and left the reader with data pointing out the origin and relationship of the ancient Egyptians.

Let us trust, as the earnest and sanguine Brugsch-Bey has so confidently asserted, that as long as Egypt shall last and explorations be made in her ruined bosom new discoveries will be made throwing light upon important and obscure passages of the sacred text.

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PERPLEXING SITUATION.

DINNER, which had been waiting some time, was announced, and the company repaired to the dining-room—a long, high, haughty-looking room, if the word may be allowed, very scantily furnished, the walls hung with a few old family portraits, the windows scantily and dingily draped, but the table appointments nice, and even handsome in an old-fashioned way. Rory, the master of the house, sat at one end of the table, with Manon, whom he had taken in to dinner, on one hand, and his cousin-in-law, Flora, on the other. Gran, at the opposite end of the board, had Bawn beside her, and interested herself in questioning the quiet yet audacious young woman as to her knowledge of farming, her experience of America, her impressions of Ireland, etc.

"What affected me most as strange at first were the little patches of fields, the green hedges, and the gradually falling twilight," said Bawn. "I stay out of doors watching the night fall, and every time it seems to me more wonderful."

Gran had laid down her knife and fork, and was looking at her visitor with a peculiar expression. She appeared absent and disturbed.

"I hope you are not unwell," said Bawn, aware of a sudden change.

"No, my dear; I am well, thank you. It was only something in your voice. We old people get strange fancies. Our minds are full of echoes. Will you say again 'the green hedges,' just to please me?"

"The green hedges," said Bawn, smiling.

"Thank you. I am very full of fancies. I do not know of what your way of saying those words reminds me. The suggestion has passed away, whatever it was."

"The words are new to me," said Bawn, still smiling, "but they ought not to be new to you."

"No, they are not new, as you say, but at my age it is not the new things that signify. And so you intend to cut a figure in the butter-market. There is ample room for you, I own. We are open to improvement."

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"Yes, I am hoping to rival the Danes," said Bawn. "I hold it a shame that Irish people continue to eat Danish butter."

"Who eats Danish butter?" asked Shana, looking shocked.

"A Dublin butter-merchant assured me by letter this morning that only for Danish butter he could not supply his customers," said Bawn.

"What about Canon Bagot?" asked Alister. "I thought he had improved away all that interference."

"Canon Bagot has done a great deal," said Rory from the other end of the table, "and the dairy-schools are doing more, but we had all need to be alive. A thorough revolution in our butter-making is necessary."

"Really, Rory, the idea of reform is turning your brain. Don't persuade Manon that our butter is not delicious," said Lady Flora.

"Our butter, yes," said Rory; "there is none such in the world. But the butter that our farmers, especially our small farmers, make, pack, and send abroad, the butter that is to travel and to keep—that is mere money thrown away by those who badly need it, capital sunk in the sea, treasure which is our national inheritance dropped into our neighbors' pockets."

Flora shrugged her shoulders. So long as the family tables were delicately supplied she cared little whether the butter of the nation was wealth-producing or not.

"Flora knows on which side her own bread is buttered, but that is all," said her husband mischievously.

"If you mean that I don't believe in philanthropy and political economy, and that sort of thing, you are right," said Lady Flora, erecting her fan with an air of dignity. "I hold with people minding their own affairs. It is the only way to keep things going right."

"Or going wrong," said Rory grimly.

"Come, Rory, talking of philanthropy, you have not told us anything yet about your trip to America among the emigrants. Miss De St. Claire, you would scarcely believe that this elegant young man in his faultless evening-dress—"

"Seven years of age," said Rory, glancing at his sleeve with the ghost of a smile.

"—Went out to New York last summer with a batch of emigrants, lived among them, ate with them, all to see how they were treated on the way. You will now know why some of us consider him the crazy member of our family."

"It must have been very nasty," said Manon, who spoke Eng-

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lish well, with a pretty foreign accent, and she shuddered gracefully.

"It was not exactly comfortable," said Rory, "but if I had expected it to be so I should have had no reason for going. It was a useful experience, what I wanted. A man is in a better position to speak of a thing when he knows exactly what he is talking about."

"How very much pleasanter it must have been returning home!" said Manon, raising her dark eyes softly to Rory's face.

Bawn, who had regained all her usual composure, was looking at the two heads side by side, Rory's and Manon's, and thinking within herself that this Rory was certainly not Somerled. In his evening-dress he looked less like her friend than in his ulster in the cabin; and she decided that Somerled never could have sat so long among his friends, even with the annoyance of her presence on his mind, without one of his brilliant smiles. When Manon said, "It must have been pleasanter coming back," she felt herself almost safe in watching to see how he would reply. He had never looked at her once, that she had observed, since they sat down to table. Why should he look at her now? What had the return journey of this crazy member of the family to do with her? Somerled was in Paris, perhaps still searching for her. "The name of a street, the number of a door"—how he had pleaded for the address of her imaginary home in Paris! A traitor she had been—that was not to be doubted; but dairy-keeping was now her rôle, and not sentimentalizing, and so, as a mere farmer-woman, she could have no scruple in just looking expectantly to hear how this Rory, who understood so well the necessity for improvement in Irish butter-making, had enjoyed his return journey after his quixotic excursion to America.

"Yes, it was happier coming home," he said, with a slight frown, and suddenly turned his glance full on the wide, calm, observant eyes gazing at him from the other end of the table. And then Bawn felt that she had got a blow, and sat pale to the lips, telling herself that this was indeed Somerled and that he hated her.

Gran unconsciously came to her relief by rising from the table, and the ladies returned to the drawing-room, where Bawn was again placed by the old lady near herself as her own particular guest. As Flora and Manon kept by themselves at the other side of the apartment, it was evident that they, at least, did not intend to begin an acquaintance with the farming tenant of

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Shanganagh. Gran, a little tired, soon fell into a fit of abstraction, gazing into the fire from the depths of her great arm-chair, while Shana and Rosheen drew their seats as near as possible to Bawn's.

"Is it really true what Rory says, that wealth for this country can be made out of improved butter?" asked Shana eagerly.

"Rory is always right," said Rosheen.

"He is only a theorist. Miss Ingram has experience. Miss Ingram makes butter. Can a fortune really be made out of butter, Miss Ingram?" asked Shana impatiently. She was thinking that perhaps butter-making might prove a better means than story-writing of amassing that fortune which would enable her to be such a useful wife to Willie Callender. If so she would go into partnership with her tenant and hire herself as a dairymaid on the spot.

"I don't expect that I shall make a fortune," said Bawn. "I have not—" she stopped short, and then went on: "Capital would be necessary for that."

"Capital?" cried Shana, disgusted. "It is always the same answer. Capital, you are told, is needed to make money. As if capital did not mean that one had already got one's fortune. What is the difference now between our butter and the Danes', Miss Ingram?"

"The Danes do not send it out of turf-smoky cabins where it is hoarded up from week to week. They make it better, too, and salt it better, and, of all things, pack it clean," said Rory Fingall from behind Shana. The gentlemen had come into the room while the ladies were talking. "Even the Cork merchants, who have a monopoly of the most delicious butter in the universe, pack it in such dirty old tubs as have disgraced us before the world. I hope you intend to pack clean, Miss Ingram."

"The Danes are my model in that respect," said Bawn, just raising for a moment a pair of cool, unrecognizing eyes to the dark ones that had glanced at her so coldly. "I have ordered a small barrel of Cork butter and another of Danish to be sent to me, and I shall judge by my own lights of the merits of each."

"I see you are a practical woman and know what you are about," said her host; and then he turned away and left her asking herself again the question, Was this man Somerled, or was he not?

"May I come to see the barrels of butter when they arrive?" Shana was pleading when the preoccupation caused by Bawn's

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perplexity allowed her to hear and see again what was going on around her.

"I shall be pleased, honored, if you will come," said Miss Ingram, and she prepared to plunge once more into the butter question; but the next moment Shana was taken away abruptly by her brother to sing a duet with Rosheen, and Bawn was left to observe two things—first, that Rory was engaged in conversation with Manon, at the other end of the room, oblivious of the existence of the Minnesota farmeress; and, second, that Gran had become wide awake again and was observing her with the same peculiar look of interest which had rested on her face when she had asked her at dinner to oblige her by saying those simple words, "the green hedges," again.

Then came "a little music." Major Batt shouted in a stentorian voice his desire to "like a soldier fall," but as he followed no particular air, and all the words except the refrain were inarticulate, there was a sigh of relief when he had finished; and it occurred to Bawn that they were all thankful he had not fallen, as it would have been so difficult to pick him up again. Alister chirped an old Jacobite ditty in a weak though true tenor, and his sisters warbled sweetly enough about a bower of wild roses on Bendemeer stream, the notes of which were read from a yellow-leaved music-book which had belonged to their mother. There was no instrumental music worth listening to, for Flora played like a cat walking over the keys, and, though Bawn's fingers longed to touch the piano, no one thought of requesting the backwoodswoman to perform for the company. Even if she had been invited Miss Ingram would have thought it imprudent to betray the fact that she had received a musical education.

"Rory has a delightful baritone voice," said Rosheen, flitting back to Bawn, "but he is cross to-night, or something is the matter with him, and he won't sing."

"I am afraid the company of the emigrants has not improved his manners," said Flora to Gran, having taken up her position by the old lady, right behind Bawn. "So disappointing for Manon's sake! She will think him downright forbidding."

"Manon must take him as he is—as she must take us all," replied Gran a little stiffly, evidently thinking that Rory was good enough for anybody, even at his worst.

"Oh! of course it is only for his own sake." And Lady Flora gave her own peculiar slighting glance round the noble but not too richly furnished apartment. And by those few words, though she did not see the glance, Bawn's woman's wit appre-

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hended at once that Manon was rich, and destined by at least some of his friends to improve Rory's decaying fortunes. With a flash of thought she remembered her own half-million lying unused in American stock, but as quickly transferred her attention from it to Rosheen.

Then the little party broke up, and Bawn lay awake in that large, sparely-appointed chamber up-stairs listening to the roar of the waves round the great Tor, the crying of the curlews and sea-gulls from the rocks below, and the swirling of the night-wind in the cavernous chimney. Projected on the darkness before her was the image of Rory Fingall, which she examined now at leisure with careful, critical eyes and wits sharpened by the deliberate contemplation of Somerled's personality as memory presented it to her. The two were the same, and yet not the same. Rory was like Somerled's colder, harder, less amiable twin-brother. He had neither the fire, the tenderness, nor the genial good-humor of his more troublesome and more attractive double. He would not love Manon de St. Claire as Somerled had loved, or had thought he had loved her, Bawn. She was too tired to follow out the strange particulars of the several coincidences that had struck her with regard to these two men who had crossed her path, but she had sufficient energy left to deny steadily the still importunate suggestion that the two individuals were one and the same. No, Somerled, her friend, was in Paris. "The name of a street, the number of a door." She heard his voice, pleading, tender, impassioned. This Rory never spoke with such a voice. The name, the number—her thoughts melted away in dreams, and she was following on his footsteps through strange streets as he knocked at door after door that would not open to him, she herself invisible to his eyes and unable to make herself known to him; till at last these fantasies of approaching slumber were dissipated, and Bawn slept the sleep of healthy fatigue.

In the morning, however, she wakened before daylight with a sense of renewed embarrassment and trouble. Whatever or whoever he might be, she did not want to meet again that man who tantalized her with his likeness to Somerled. The thought of the expedition to see the caves of Cushendun gave her no pleasure, though under other circumstances she could have delighted in it. She felt that, in spite of herself, she should spend the hours in observing Rory Fingall from a distance. He would be attached to Manon all the time, guarding her delicate feet from sharp stones, and caring for her as Somerled had cared for

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Bawn on board the ocean steamer (that Bawn who could scarcely have been herself); while she, though still involuntarily and painfully on the watch for evidence for or against her own conclusions regarding him, should find no fair opportunity for more completely satisfying her mind on a distressingly perplexing point. For though her doubt had been laid to rest before she went to sleep, it would arise again, she was aware, as soon as she found herself in his company once more. She felt she would be glad if, while her mind was made up against the possibilities of his being Somerled, she could escape from Tor Castle and get back to her solitude, her liberty of thought, and her still immature plans at Shanganagh.

Rising early and throwing open the window, she watched the sunrise kindling a huge fire behind the dark shoulder of the great Tor, and caught the white flash of those waves which had resounded in her ears all night like thunders of doom. The fresh air of the morning blowing in her face had already revived her courage and enabled her to smile at the idea of trying to escape the expedition to the caves, when the sound of wheels under the window attracted her attention, and she heard the voice of Rory Fingall saying to the servant:

"You will explain to the ladies, as I told you, McCloskey. If possible I shall be home for dinner." And then, standing near the window, she saw the master of the castle disappearing down the avenue in the vehicle in which he had carried her through his gates on the evening before.

She was now freed from the trouble of his presence for the remaining hours of her visit to Tor; also denied any further means of ascertaining whether or not he was identical with Somerled. She might go out and walk about the rocks till breakfast-time without fear of meeting him, or of wounding her own pride and dignity by trying to keep out of his way; and she did so, enjoying the splendors of the morning at Tor, with high blue skies and a gale blowing the spray over the rocks to her face.

As she walked she thought much about Rory Fingall and his emigrants, and his philanthropy, and the people who surrounded him. Gran and the two young girls were the only individuals of the family group whom she greatly liked. Alister had allowed the Shanganagh gates to hang off their hinges, and had suffered the gaps in the hedges to remain unfilled till she had come from America to stop them up. A country gentleman ought to mind his duties as a landlord first, and be a bookworm afterwards, de-

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cided Bawn. And then he had married (to save himself trouble) a woman with whom he had no sympathy, and who never let him forget for a moment that she carried his purse. While reviewing the whole circle Bawn was surprised to observe that though Gran was the only one of these people who had really borne a part in the cruel persecution of her father, she was precisely that one whom she should find it most difficult to hate.

"If I can prove to her that she was in the wrong I shall not want to make an enemy of her; but she looks like one of those persons who have fixed ideas which they will never consent to change. It may be that I shall have to go back to America hating her."

This was a hurtful reflection, and when Bawn made her appearance in the breakfast-room she was feeling a little depressed, conscious of being here under false pretences, newly assailed by a fear that she was acting a disloyal part in accepting the hospitality of these people, who, if they knew her as her father's daughter, would probably shrink from her.

"But my father did them no wrong, and I am come to prove it to them," she argued with herself as she took her seat by Gran's side with her usual air of cool serenity. "And, at all events, once this visit is over I shall come back here no more."

Only Gran and the girls breakfasted with her; and it was resolved by these ladies that, as Rory had been summoned away to act in his capacity as magistrate, the expedition to the caves must be for the present given up. Bawn steadfastly refused to wait till to-morrow. Her affairs at Shanganagh urgently required her presence there. She hoped to have many opportunities of visiting the beauties and curiosities of the neighborhood. By the way, she hoped her pony (Shana and Rosheen exchanged glances) would not often make a point of going down on his knees—

"If Major Batt had not believed you were marked with small-pox he never would have sold you that pony," observed Shana.

"Shana!" exclaimed her great-grandmother severely, "I am shocked at your rashness. There must have been a mistake. If anything be really wrong with the pony, Rory will see that Miss Ingram gets another. Miss Ingram, you must not mind this girl. She does not mean to be uncharitable."

"O Gran, if *you* are going to take up Major Batt—"

"Good-morning, ladies," said that gentleman, appearing in the doorway. "Miss Ingram, I am distressed to hear that your blundering man let the pony down last evening. I am going

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your way this morning, and I hope you will let me have the pleasure of driving you to Shanganagh myself."

"Thank you," said Bawn promptly. "But I am going to stay here for a week."

"Oh! ah!" said the major, looking chagrined; "in that case—I—a—am sorry to say I am obliged to be off in an hour. Lord Aughrim," etc., etc.

"Have you really changed your mind, and will you stay with us?" asked Gran, when Major Batt had left the room; and the old lady looked at the girl critically, as if considering what she might have meant by her rather audacious announcement.

"Oh! no, thank you. I must indeed go this afternoon," said Bawn earnestly. "Only not with Major Batt," she added, smiling broadly. And she went.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHANE'S HOLLOW.

"ARE there any wolves among the trees, Betty? Shall I be eaten up?"

"No, misthress. But sure the place is unlucky; an' if they saw you walkin' about, spyin' at the wreck an' ruin like, they'd be mortial offended maybe. There's the Fingalls themsel's daren't let on they know there's anything wrong."

"And yet they were once friends?"

"Och, dear! It was the forbears of these ones that was acquent with them. The only one alive that knowed them is the ould misthress herself at Tor; an' her an' them never was any great things of friends. They would not let her come within miles of them now, and, indeed, I think nobody vexes her by talkin' of them. You see, they were mixed up with her own trouble—"

"I know. Well, Betty, I shall die of curiosity if I do not get a peep at this mysterious place. I will keep at a distance from the house, and will take care not to frighten the old people."

Andy undertook to drive her up the mountain as far as the road went, and to wait for her at a certain cabin till she should return from exploring the Hollow. About high noon she was going through the mountain-pass on foot alone.

The sunlight irradiated the hills, and the shadows of the high white clouds floated mysteriously along their sides, casting deep, momentary frowns under the brows of the gray and purple

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crags. Coming to the top of the pass, she saw far beneath her a dark belt of wood out of which a thin streak of smoke was ascending. Down there lay the mystery of Shane's Hollow.

After a quarter of an hour's rapid descent she found herself standing at the top of a steep, woody incline looking sheer down on the broken roof of the dwelling-house; and then, following a path round this hill, she went gradually lower till it brought her to a crazy gate, through which, under the wide-spreading branches of the trees, she saw the base of the gable of the ruined mansion.

It stood in an oblong hollow of the richest green. Short, close grass, verdant and sumptuous, swept away in velvety undulations under the far-reaching boughs of enormous beech and sycamore trees, flung out like sheltering arms, as if trying to protect and hide the wretched dwelling from the scorn and abhorrence of the world. An air of almost supernatural beauty and desolation pervaded the place, and the only sound breaking the charmed stillness was the loud, imperious cawing of the rooks, which seemed to menace the intruder, to warn him from attempting to enter these forlorn and dilapidated gates.

Bawn, however, stepped down the grass-grown path which had once been an avenue, and came slowly nearer to the home of the Adares. Three magnificent copper beeches, with mossy trunks seven or eight feet in circumference, stood right in front of the house with gnarled, moss-clad roots like the velvet-sheathed claws of some gigantic animal, and with towering crowns of crimson-dashed foliage. Between two of these was an old well, surrounded with a circular wall lichen-grown and broken down at one side, and attached to this were a bucket and windlass. Seating herself on the crumbling wall of this old well, the stranger from Minnesota surveyed the once handsome mansion of her father's enemies.

It was large, built of massive, dark gray stones, in some parts black, and over one corner of the front were splashes of dark red, as if blood had been flung on the wall. The wide hall-door stood open with a stone placed to keep it so, and the shadows of the door-way, projected by such sunbeams as could reach it, fell and veiled the depths of a hall floored with rotten boards and riddled with holes. The solid coping above the door and the pillars at each side still stood, but the roof of one side of the house was completely fallen in, and the moulding of the drawing-room walls and the fire-places of all the upper rooms were visible through the apertures where the windows once had been.

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Displaced beams hung by one end, pieces of zinc drooped ready to fall, the ground-floor was piled with wreckage, as could be perceived between the half-closed old shutters that still clung to the lower casements; while high aloft an open arch on the drawing-room landing, once, no doubt, shaded by silken curtains, made a striking feature in the general hideousness of this extraordinary interior.

The left wing of the house was still covered in, but the roof had already given way. From the chimney next to that sunken spot over the hall-door a little cloud of smoke was wavering upward. Almost all along that side the shutters were closed, and no light penetrated except what might enter by a few uncovered panes in two upper windows which had been gradually patched and boarded up in a manner horrible to see. Two of these windows evidently belonged to an inhabited chamber, and, if so, the floor was threatening to give way beneath, and the roof to descend upon, whatever living creature might there be unhappily housed. It was clear that this side of the house must very soon fall in as the other had done. Heavy rains or a high wind might sweep the roof away at any moment.

Behind the house rose that abrupt hill, clothed in softest green, from which Bawn had first looked down on the hollow. In the background, under the hill, lay offices, granaries, outbuildings, all in wreck, but, with their mosses and ruins, wrought in picturesquely with the universal greenness. Away at one end the oblong shaped itself, with crowding trees and mouldering lines of gray and olive walls. The carriage sweep was over-grown, all but a beaten cart-track past the door; for occasionally a carter would take the short cut through the Hollow, if it were not late at night, when he superstitiously shunned the spot. From one end the almost obliterated avenue pierced the distance, an irregular tunnel of cool green with a blot of purple at the end of it, and with golden light filtering down through its leafy roof and lying in bars across the moss-spotted path bordered and embroidered with a wandering vegetation.

On the other side the oblong lost itself among thickly crowding trees, and was so green, so lovely, so rich, with golden patches and cool blue shades, and here and there a red sprinkling of fallen leaves, that one must hold one's breath contemplating it, as if some secret enchantment were at work to keep the spot so mysteriously, uncannily beautiful. At this end the hollow was finished with a low, melancholy line of wall and grim, old, tumble-down gate, of which one pillar stood erect bearing a

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headless animal of stone upon its shoulders. Once the traveller was without that gate, he was free of the spell of Shane's Hollow. Immediately beyond lay pleasant, open fields, where red and white cattle grazed, or drank at a sedge-bordered lakelet which was also invaded by troops of joyous, fluttering, yellow-winged flag-lilies.

All this Bawn took in as she sat on the old well observing the details of this exquisite wilderness and feeling its weirdness to the marrow of her bones. She noticed how the trees all leaned towards the house, spreading their vast branches that way and weaving them together before the windows, as if trying to veil its ruin or to hide some secret it contained. Even on this still summer's day the breeze kept up a continual soughing in the crowns of the great trees, and the rooks clamored incessantly. Few and faint were the notes of singing birds in the branches on the outskirts of the Hollow; evidently none harbored in the giant boughs near the house. Sometimes a small bird whirred across the hollow as if in a fright and disappeared; and as the afternoon advanced strong sunshine fell across the great hall-door, the dining-room windows, and half of the bending roof, and threw a deeper, more sinister shadow around the building.

Turning her fascinated eyes from this sight, Bawn changed her seat and sat on the opposite side of the well, with her back to the house, and looked away to where a venerable gray wall, hoary and lichened, marked the vast square garden which sloped gradually from the hollow up a gentle incline. Tall beeches and dark chestnuts stood round it like a sombre guard, but its crumbling, gold-tipped walls were a reservoir of purest sunshine, for beyond and above them shone a world of light just fringed with the gray foliage of a distant woodland. An old wicket, once a pleasant entrance to the garden, hung in its stone frame-work, split and riven, and letting dazzling shafts of brightness shoot through just where the shadows at the corner of the wall were blackest. And as her eyes roved aside from here all around, there were trees, trees, trees, weaving their branches across the sod, but leaving a delicious underworld of cool, gold-strewn grass, streaked with long, level shadows, sprinkled here and there with lush, rank weeds, and looking as if it might possibly be trodden at times by fairies, but seldom or never by foot of mortal mould.

Again Bawn altered her position. The trees at one side were now literally dripping with gold, the flickering shadows of the branches moving like living things over the great holes of the

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mighty beeches. One of these, split down within a few feet of the ground, had made itself into two, each of which had flung up three or four great arms sending forth a hundred branches. Under the sycamores lay the loveliest blue-green shadows, and the roots and holes of the trees were wrapped in the most sumptuous coloring—yellow and amber and tawny brown. What majesty in the heavy draperies of those chestnuts, through which the light tried in vain to filter; what a delicate gleam of silver on those elm-trees! Now she turns slowly round towards the front of the house once more. Those lurid boughs of the copper beech stretching and straining towards the guilty house, those dark-red splashes on the corner-stones of the dwelling—what do they mean? Murder? From where she now sits only the lower half of the front is visible, from half the door downwards, by reason of the woof of the tree-branches spread across its face; but the upper part is here and there to be seen through the interlacing higher boughs which form striking arabesques about the chimneys. They take fantastic shapes: goblin faces appear in their outlines, pointing fingers, wringing hands, gesticulating arms, all stand forth, and multiply the longer one gazes.

Bawn rises and walks up and down the green, mysterious sward. How beautiful, solemn, and weird it all is! And this is the living tomb of the woman who forsook Arthur Desmond in his need, of the wretch whose whispered calumnies had been the ruin of a good man's life. Truly it was easy to believe that a curse reigned here. God had been before her with his vengeance. No, Heaven knew she wished for no vengeance; confession, restitution were all that she was seeking for. Was it possible that a voice could ever be evoked from that mouldering pile? How was she to penetrate into whatever den Luke Adare occupied in that crumbling ruin; seek him in his fastness where even old friends did not dare to intrude upon him; wring from him the truth that has rusted in his soul all through these long, unhallowed years? Even that very night might not a storm arise to hurl down the remainder of the falling roof upon his head and send him to eternity with his secret in his heart? Great Heaven! to think of a woman being housed in that rotting hole, a woman whom her father had loved, the creature whose defection left that gray, bleak look on his face which she has told herself a thousand times she can never forget if she lives to be a hundred years old! No, it must only be a dream. It certainly cannot be—

A girl appears, coming through the trees with a water-pail,

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and, using the windlass, soon fills her vessel and rests it on the wall of the well.

"Are you not afraid to come to this strange place alone?" asks Bawn, watching her.

The girl eyes her, as if she would say, "I might ask you the same." But she only answers:

"The water is good and it's worth coming for; but I would not be here at night, not for all ever I saw."

And then she shoulders her pail and goes her way, glancing back occasionally to see if Bawn is still sitting on the well, and gradually becoming smaller and smaller in the distance, till the last flutter of her petticoat vanishes among the trees. The place feels lonelier and sadder after her coming and departure, and Bawn experiences a slight shivering sensation in spite of her vigorous physique and the fact that it is still high noon.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

BAWN sat for a long time quite still on the edge of the well, overwhelmed by the enchantment of the place, and picturing to herself her father, young, ardent, happy, coming and going by those paths, now overgrown and almost lost, passing in at that dilapidated door to be welcomed by the woman he loved. What kind of place was this wilderness in those days? Lovely and pleasant, no doubt, though with a hint of coming decadence and gloom even then folded up in the boughs of these great beeches, already sinister and mighty, and threatening to shut out the light of day from the upper windows. Looking towards the avenue, she started to see a tall man, like the figure she had been picturing to herself, coming quickly through the tunnel of green. As yet he was far off, so that she could not distinguish his features. It seemed to her Arthur Desmond coming at a lover's pace into the Hollow to look for her who was the delight of his young life. Yielding to this fancy, she watched the figure without asking herself who might in reality be coming to intrude upon her solitude. Well, it was some countryman, who would pass and go out at the other end of the Hollow, as foot-passengers would sometimes do. He would disappear again like the water-carrying girl, and like her also leave the place all the more lonesome for his having passed.

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As he came a little nearer something in the height and carriage of the figure struck her as familiar. This was a gentleman, though it was not Arthur Desmond, and on his head he carried a little blue cap which Bawn had seen before. There was no mistaking the air of the man, the turn of his head, his gait, and, as he drew nearer, his features. This was indeed Somerled of the steamer, and, before she had time to think of whether she would put herself out of sight or not, she perceived that she had been recognized. He stopped, stood quite still, as if undecided what to do, and finally left the path and came across the greensward towards her. As she watched him coming with long steps across the grass a tremulous feeling came over her as if at the approach of a vague danger. She realized that now, indeed, she had come to a difficult point in the road of her rash undertaking.

He stopped before her and removed the blue cap. "Miss Ingram," he said, "I know you are fond of solitude, but still I am surprised to find you here, so far from home, by yourself."

She was relieved to hear him speak in so easy and friendly a manner. He looked grave, but not severe and gloomy like Rory of Tor. This was really Somerled, in the very character in which he had first appeared to her.

"I have heard a great deal about this old place, and my curiosity has been excited. I am not so far from home as you suppose, for my little cart is waiting for me on the other side of the pass."

"I am well aware that you are quite able to manage your own affairs. May I sit down beside you?"

"The old well does not belong to me. I suppose any one may sit here. But as I have lingered long enough for one day, I will leave you in possession of the resting-place."

"No, stay, only for a little. It is still high noon, and the place, with all its uncanniness, is lovely. Besides, I have a question to ask which may as well be asked now. Bawn, why did you play me that cruel trick?"

He was not looking at her as he spoke, but down the long tunnel of green foliage through which he had come to her, as if he expected the answer to reach him from thence.

Bawn hesitated and collected her thoughts. She had not been prepared for so sudden and open a challenge.

"Was it cruel?" she said; "or rather was it not the best thing to do?"

"Perhaps I ought not to complain. Doubtless you found me

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very troublesome. Still, we had been friends—for a week—and friend expects a word of farewell at parting from friend."

"I own it looked ungrateful, but I felt no pleasure in paining you."

"You wanted to get away from me and leave no trace; that is about it. And now, by a strange freak of fortune, you have put yourself right in my path again; set up your home and hiding-place only a few miles away, as the bird flies, from mine. Fate has had a strange retribution in store for you."

"Very strange."

"Bawn—"

"Please to call me Miss Ingram."

"Well, then, Miss Ingram, why did you tell me you were going to Paris to be an actress?"

"I did not tell you so."

"You did not tell me so?"

"No; you inferred it, and I did not set you right. I humored the idea; that was all."

"You humored the idea, to set me further astray. All in order that you might surely never set eyes on me again."

"That is the very truth."

Somerled breathed a hard sigh.

"Well, it is best to be honest," he said. "And now, have you not been greatly annoyed to find that you have thrust your hand into the hornet's nest?"

"If you mean was I surprised to see you, why, I was. But then I was not quite sure it was you. Seeing that you looked morose, and behaved to me like a perfect stranger—"

"Both were natural, I think. I was morose, and I had reason to be. And of course I treated you like a stranger. When I ascertained that the person from Minnesota whom they were all raving about was you, after I had verified my suspicions by paying a twilight visit to your place and seeing you standing near your own door—"

Bawn uttered a sudden exclamation, remembering the night after the storm when she thought her imagination had played her a trick.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Pray go on."

"When I found you were here, you for whom I had been searching Paris like an idiot, with thoughts—well, thoughts that would not interest so cool and imperturbable a person as Miss Ingram; when I was assured you were indeed come among us, I

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resolved that I would not subject you to the annoyance of any recognition from me. I would spare you whatever embarrassment there might be for you in any allusion to our acquaintance on board the steamer. That was one reason for my greeting you as a total stranger. Another was—I will be frank and confess it—that for my own part I could not bear to address you upon any other terms. I even thought of continuing to ignore our former acquaintanceship. I was not sure that I would ever refer to it, even should the most inviting opportunity offer, till I saw you a few minutes ago sitting here as lonely and alone, as cool and self-possessed, as completely yourself, in short, as when I first beheld you in your corner on deck, with your face turned away from the world, looking out to sea and the future—this future which neither of us could guess."

"Who could have guessed it? But I am glad you have spoken to me, as my mind is now made up that it is you."

"You were not sure of my identity?"

"I still think of Mr. Rory Fingall of Tor, and Mr. Somerled of the steamer, as two distinct individuals bearing a curious likeness to each other."

"My name is Roderick Somerled Fingall. I own I was in a savage humor that night when I found you sitting serenely in Bartly's cabin, smiling as if you had just newly dropped from heaven, and with apparently no recollection whatever of an experience which had cost so much to me. But do not be uneasy. I am not going to renew a suit of which you gave so practical a proof of your dislike. You are not to suppose that because I went to Paris in search of you I had the intention of finding you only to persecute you. One so self-contained as you will hardly believe me, and yet I must clear myself on this point. The strange and successful deception you had practised on me, whether by false words or, as you say, by allowing me to follow out my own inferences, had filled me with a grave uneasiness as to the future which you might be ignorantly pressing on to meet. You will never know what I felt when I found you were gone, what I suffered while trying to track you to Paris and through Paris. You are not so constituted as to be able to understand it. You think, perhaps, that it was my passion for you that carried my feet over the stones of every quarter of the city I thought likely to harbor you, that strained my heart and gave my face such an expression as caused some one to say as I passed, 'That man is a monomaniac.' No, I will not humor your vanity by leaving that impression on your mind. My love for

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you, as true a love as ever man felt for woman, was killed stone dead by a blow, crushed to death under your reckless foot as you left that ship while I slept and dreamed of you. It is gone. Let it go!"

He had risen up and was standing before her. The flash of his eye, the quiver of his nostril, the nervous gesture of his hand all denounced her. He turned his face away and was silent for a moment; and then took his seat on the wall again, a little further from her than before.

"I went after you as one goes after a weaker fellow-creature whom one seeks to save. That is all."

"I know you are a philanthropist," said Bawn, after a moment's pause to quell the storm in her heart, an agitation that was urging her to cry out and defend herself. "You went after me as you went after the emigrants. When a good man does these things his conscience rewards him. Believe me, I am not ungrateful, although you find this emigrant more safely settled in her new country than you had expected. If you still feel a little interest in me, is not that a thing to be pleased at?"

"I am pleased at it," he said after another pause, during which he had been adding all the meaning of her last speech to the general account of her cold-heartedness. "I am pleased to find you safe and well, and so placed that I may possibly be of some use to you occasionally. For in spite of your independent spirit and your business capacity, which fit you eminently to stand alone, you may, even in the safety and solitude of these glens, sometimes need a helping hand from a man. Major Batt will overwhelm you with attentions, but, if I know you at all, you will not let him trespass on an inch of your land. My cousin Alister will promise everything, and with the best intentions, but as soon as he gets a book between his finger and thumb he will forget all about you. You may rely on me for service. You need not be afraid that I will ever disturb you with a renewal of my addresses. The past is past, and for the future we are friends."

"I am glad of that."

"With your practical head and cool heart you are exactly suited to be a man's friend. I still get lost in amazement when I think of how cleverly you kept your own counsel all that week, how you denied my pleading, baffled my curiosity, ignored my strong interest in and anxiety for you, determinedly and relentlessly put me aside—and only for this, that you might make your way undeterred to a quiet spot, bury yourself among hills, and

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lead the laborious and unexciting life of a woman-farmer. Your mystery which tormented me so sorely was such a little mystery, after all. Bawn, you might have trusted me with your secret."

"Is it not better as it is?"

"Barring my pain, perhaps it is, as you have so completely convinced me that you could never love me. And yet you did not tell me so outright. Therein lay your sin, Miss Ingram. You did not say to me, 'You are utterly distasteful to me; I could not endure such a companion through life.' Nay, you gave me to understand—"

"You forget that you said just now that the past is past and wiped out, and that we start afresh as new acquaintances. If you contradict yourself like this I shall have to reject your offer of friendship."

"True. And you are able to carry out your threats," he said, with a look of bitter mortification which transformed him from Somerled into Rory. "You would rise up some fine night and vanish back to Minnesota rather than allow me to meet you again in the character of a lover. Bawn, why cannot you love me? Am I hideous, coarse, brutal, or in any way accursed? Why did you so persistently reject me?"

The passionate pain in his voice hurt Bawn like the stroke of a rod, but she answered quickly:

"Now indeed you forget yourself, Mr. Fingall. Only reflect. Suppose I had given way. Suppose I had liked you well enough, think of what it would have been. How would you have presented me to your family? A farmer's daughter, without birth or fortune; an acquaintance formed on board ship; a young woman coming alone across the sea to earn her bread by making Irish butter. Would it not all have been unfit and unfortunate?"

"Most fit, most fortunate. If you are a farmer's daughter, what am I but a farmer? If you are poor, why so am I. At Tor you could have made butter to your heart's content."

"If Lady Flora could hear you!" said Bawn with a faint smile.

"Confound Lady Flora!"

"The lady of Tor, your grandmother—what would she have said to me?"

"You do not know her. She would have made you welcome—that is, if you had loved me. But I am raving like a fool. You do not and never can like me well enough, as you say. And that is the end of it."

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"I beg you will let it be the end."

"And yet, hard though you are, you will not hate me!"

"No."

"But you will not marry me?"

"No."

"You are a resolute woman. You admit, however, that we may be friends. I would like to leave myself an opening through which I may be allowed to watch that that farm of yours does not ruin you. You will permit me to befriend you?"

"Only on condition that you never speak like this again."

"Nor will I."

"If you do I shall feel myself bound to go and tell the entire story to that noble-looking old lady at Tor."

"No, Bawn, don't do that. Spare me the humiliation, at least, even if you do not care for me."

"Then I shall have to go away."

"What? Tear yourself from the little, solitary home you have taken such infinite pains to secure for yourself? Fly away over our heads like the eagles from Aura—"

At the word "Aura" Bawn's face changed. What the change was he could not tell, though he saw it, nor could he guess what had caused it. A frown came on her fair brows; her face was for the moment not Bawn's, but looked like some picture he had seen of the Angel of Judgment. She was seeing in that instant the tragedy on Aura; her father was the eagle flying from Aura, branded like Cain—Arthur Desmond, good man and true.

"Aura!" She raised her eyes to the mouldering house so near her, but in the last half-hour quite forgotten. They lit on the fallen roof-tree, the dreary frontage with the red splashes as of blood on its corner-stone. "*Murder!*" was the word which was formed by the thought in her mind—the murder of a man's good name, his heart, his hopes. That was the murder which was done upon Aura. If this man beside her, whose face, whose voice was become so dear to her that she scarcely dared to look at the one or listen to the other, were to know whose daughter stood before him, would he not turn from her in horror, would he not, with justice, reproach her for putting herself in his way, for stealing his heart in a false character? Well, had she not refused him persistently enough? Did she not act upon the knowledge that there never could be any union between Roderick Somerled Fingall and the daughter of the man who was believed to have murdered his uncle, whose name had been blasted by the Fingalls and Adares with a foul and unforgivable

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calumny? No, there could be nothing between them, not even friendship. Let him go back to Tor and marry Manon with her gold, as Alister had married Flora. As for her, she had done very ill in dallying with him here so long. She would go back to Betty Macalister, the one faithful soul in all this sickening world, and give all her thoughts to the Adares, and her plans for reaching them in their den.

As her eyes came back from the dreary front of the house with these thoughts in them, her companion stood gazing in wonder at their extraordinary expression. He thought he read in them a revulsion of feeling against himself.

"Pardon me," he said hoarsely; "I have tired you. Nay, I have broken my word, and I have been persecuting you. I have kept you here too long. You are angry. It was thoughtless of me. Try me again."

"I am only thinking that it is time for me to go," she said, turning away and drawing her shawl around her.

"May I not accompany you to the place where your car is waiting?"

"No; I wish to go alone."

"But I may come to see you—when business brings me your way?"

"Please to take no further notice of me."

He fell back and allowed her to pass, but after she had gone some distance he followed along the path she had taken, and just kept his eye on her figure in advance of him till he saw her safe across the pass and seated in her cart.

He watched the little trundling cart as far as his eye could see it, and then struck off in the opposite direction.

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FATHER FELIX MARTIN, S.J.

Early in December the news was received in Montreal of the death of Father Felix Martin, S.J., long and intimately connected with that city and with Canada in general. He was born in the historic town of Auray, famous for its shrine of the "good St. Ann," so dear to the people of Catholic France, and so widely known as a place of pilgrimage. His father, Jacques Augustin Martin, some time mayor of Auray, was one of its most distinguished citizens, likewise holding the honorable post of attorney-general for Morbihan. To him Auray owes its delightful terrace overlooking the river, and one of its principal quays still bears his name.

Father Martin's mother, a woman of fine mind and of tender piety, desired for her children no greater happiness than that of embracing the religious state. Two of her sons became Jesuits, and one daughter a religious of the Order of Mercy of Jesus. Felix, having made his classical studies in the Jesuit Seminary, hard by the shrine of St. Ann, entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Montrouge, Paris. His elder brother, Arthur, afterwards famous as an archæologist, was already a scholastic. Thenceforward, until an honorable old age had crowned them ready for death, brother kept pace with brother in learning, piety, and zeal. Having finished his novitiate, Father Felix Martin taught successively in Switzerland, Belgium, and various parts of France. Everywhere he displayed those qualities for which he was afterwards conspicuous, notably a governing power and a faculty for preserving discipline. Yet so happily was this firmness of will united with gentleness and a certain most attractive *bonhomie* that his pupils and subordinates invariably regarded him with real affection.

Father Martin was ordained in Switzerland in 1831. Eleven years afterwards he was sent to Canada. A very simple circumstance paved the way for his coming—that is to say, for the return of the Jesuits after years of what may be called expatriation from their most glorious field of labor.

At the time of the conquest of New France they had gone. The black-robed forms long familiar and beloved had passed away from the forests and the streams to which in many cases they had given a name and a history. Their voices, so eloquent

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in preaching the Gospel of peace to the savages, had been long silent. All at once it was announced in Montreal that a Jesuit Father was coming to preach a retreat. Father Chazelle, then rector of the Kentucky house, had been invited by Bishop Lartigue, and had accepted the invitation. The news was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The people hailed it as a message from the by-gone, a link with that ancient and glorious past to which the French-Canadian even of to-day still turns with love and reverence. The very name of Jesuit had a strange charm for the descendants of those hardy pioneers amongst whom the sons of Loyola had braved peril and death. Hundreds flocked to hear the missionary, remembering Brébeuf and Lalemant, remembering Jogues and Bressani. The old romance that clung about the Jesuit revived in every breast. Fireside tales, not of fiction but of sober fact, told from father to son, were recalled—tales of intrepid figures, bearing the cross aloft in the darkness of pine-forests, exploring trackless and hitherto untrodden ways, leading on where death and danger lurked; of heralds going from tribe to tribe, the mighty medicine-men of the whites, bringing news of salvation to wigwam and to watch-fire; of lonely deaths in far-off Indian villages, with only the tribes in savage hate closing about them to hear the death-song of the missionaries, the immortal *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.* All these things had lingered among the people, for, as I have said, the French-Canadians are tenacious of their old traditions.

The advent of Father Chazelle was the signal for the return of the Jesuits. Deputations went to ask of the bishop that they might be brought back, to request it of the general of the order. The people desired that the name of Jesuit should be linked once more with the annals of their country. With the first Jesuits came Father Martin. They were six in all, Father Chazelle being superior. They were received with the greatest kindness by Mgr. Bourget, of happy memory, who had succeeded Bishop Lartigue. He had long cherished the desire of seeing a house of the order in Montreal. He continued to be, indeed, until his death, its devoted friend.

The history of those first years, however, is little else than struggle and heroic endeavor. But throughout these troublous times the name of Father Martin shines with a peculiar lustre. The burden was early thrown upon him, as Father Chazelle was charged with another mission, and Father Martin in January, 1843, was appointed superior for Lower Canada. The amount of his missionary work alone seems almost incredible; but it

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would be impossible in my present limits to attempt even a glance at it.

Some of the fathers were appointed to the parish of Laprairie, lately made vacant by the elevation of its pastor to the episcopacy. Here they took up again some old threads in their history; for Laprairie had been amongst the grants of the French king to the society, and one of their earliest missions in Canada. Meantime Father Martin was invited by Mgr. Bourget to take up his abode at the bishopric and begin a novitiate there. However, soon after, a prominent citizen of those days in Montreal, Mr. Charles Rodier, presented the fathers with a house, where their novitiate was regularly begun.

Mgr. Bourget was particularly desirous that the Jesuits should found a college in his queen city of the North. He called a meeting, at which many of the principal citizens and numbers of the clergy assisted. The project was most favorably received and every support promised to the undertaking. A wealthy gentleman, M. Donnegana, made an offer of the site upon which the college now stands, at a moderate price, at the same time promising the fathers every accommodation as to payment. The offer was accepted, and all seemed settled. But Montreal was upon the eve of calamities which made the succeeding years eventful ones indeed. The first of these was a great commercial panic, which so affected the citizens that out of three hundred who had promised subscriptions towards the new college, scarcely any were able to pay. M. Donnegana was among the ruined. His creditors pressed the fathers for speedy payment. This blow was soon followed by a second one in the burning of the presbytery at Laprairie and a large portion of the village. A number of destitute families became in a moment dependent upon the good offices of the Jesuits, their pastors. The people of Montreal were likewise called upon for aid. A terrible and most destructive fire in Quebec, which swept away a great portion of the city, made a new demand upon the charity of its already afflicted neighbor.

Nevertheless, after a short delay, Mgr. Bourget made a stirring appeal to his people in behalf of the Jesuits and their enterprise. The results were so far satisfactory that the building of the college was actually commenced in 1847. But, alas! another and more terrible visitation than those already described was at hand. The year 1847 is for ever memorable in Canadian annals as that of "the ship-fever." A malignant form of typhus having broken out on board the emigrant-ships, these floating

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pest-houses brought the contagion to Montreal. Temporary hospitals were erected at Point of Charles, and for months following scenes of heroism were enacted which are, for the most part, peculiar to the Catholic Church. Later-day theorists propound many a view of life, many a humanitarian scheme for the good of the race. But when will they ever produce one such friend of the poor as the humblest Catholic priest, one such heroine of self-devotion as the most obscure Sister of Charity? The year 1847 was a living illustration of this great truth. The bishop himself gave the example—daily tended the sick, took the disease, and escaped death almost by a miracle. The priests of St. Sulpice, who have borne the heat and burden of the day in Montreal since its very foundation, were unwearied in their devotion to the poor emigrants, who had sought these alien shores only to find on them a grave.

But I am not forgetting Father Martin, who had his own heroic share in the labors of those days. I shall let him relate in his own words, far more graphically than I could do, some details of that melancholy period. On the 27th of July, 1847, he wrote as follows to his brother, Father Arthur Martin, S.J.:

"Here there is nothing thought of but the plague which divine Providence has sent upon us. Irish emigration, hitherto regarded as a means of development and of prosperity for the colony, has turned out this year a terrible calamity. The annual emigration, which did not usually exceed 24,000, this year approaches 100,000."

Having dwelt a little upon the nature of the disease and its outbreak on board the ships, he resumes:

"To return to our unfortunate city. It is being turned into a lazaretto. Temporary structures have been put up just outside its limits. They contain, at present, some 1,700 patients suffering from the worst form of typhus-fever. Is not this a terrible misfortune? And to add to the distress comes this additional blow, which must, indeed, leave a painful wound. The emigrants are chiefly Catholics. The priests of St. Sulpice, in whose parish they are, flew to their assistance with a truly admirable and most intrepid heroism. God awaited them upon that field of battle to bestow upon them their reward. Five of them died, seven others are *hors de combat;* it is probable that they will not all recover. Two of the secular clergy have likewise perished in the exercise of their ministry. . . . The city, thus deprived of twelve of its laborers, is in great desolation. Those who remain are bowed beneath the weight of their grief and of labors which are far beyond their strength. They have been obliged to ask Monseigneur for assistance, being no longer able to supply the wants of their parish. Our holy prelate has already taken upon himself the direct charge of ministering to the emigrants, and advanced at the head of his priests to bring them aid.

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"I was giving a mission at Three Rivers when these trials came upon the gentlemen of St. Sulpice. On my return I at once offered that Father Saché and I should stay with them and give them what help we could. Fathers Mignard and H. Duranquet, who had come from New York to assist me in giving missions, were now very useful, but they did not suffice to fill the void made by death. At Monseigneur's request I wrote as soon as possible to our fathers in New York, to ask them for further reinforcements. Father Thébaud, superior of the college in New York, responded generously to my appeal; he immediately sent for new laborers—Fathers Driscoll, Dumerle, Ferard, and Schianski. They were received by the priests of St. Sulpice with fraternal kindness, and were immediately set to work. The hospitals are full and the plague is spreading, though slowly, in the city. I am now staying at the bishopric with Father Saché to attend to the sick in that quarter of the city; we both know too little English to be of any use to the emigrants. Never did I feel more regret at not having applied myself more diligently to the study of English, or that I allowed myself to be drawn aside from it by other duties."

However, the plague, in an indirect way, hurried on the erection of the college. The priests of St. Sulpice were obliged to ask for four English-speaking fathers to attend St. Patrick's Church—then, as now, the great Irish church of Montreal. It had been left desolate by death and the ravages of the fell disease. The parish was large and the needs great. One of the four Jesuits who came to supply its spiritual wants, Father Dumerle, was stricken down while attending a fever-patient, and died. The priests of St. Sulpice, to enable the Jesuits to lead a regular community life while in attendance at St. Patrick's, gave them a small house upon St. Alexander Street. It was close to the Donnegana property whereon the college had been commenced. When the plague began to abate the opportunity was deemed favorable to open some classes, the professors having house-room secured for them with the fathers at St. Patrick's. A temporary structure was put up, and opened as a college in September, 1848. This was the foundation of the present St. Mary's College, now justly ranked among the first in Canada. As its founder, Father Martin has always been considered by the people of Montreal in the light of a benefactor; so closely was he associated with it that it was for a long time popularly known as "Father Martin's College."

But his foundation of it did not end with the temporary structure. He was himself the architect who planned the actual college, the interior arrangements of which were so wonderfully adapted for the varied uses it had to subserve—that of a novitiate, a scholasticate, and a college. Father Martin had the consolation of seeing the dome of St. Mary's arise in mid-air. But

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he was burdened with an immense debt, in a city whereof the resources were small. He had to struggle against odds which would have discouraged almost any other man. Bravely he persevered with unalterable patience and indomitable will. The result was that college which has become historic from the numbers of students who have passed out from its walls into the various professions, into every phase of Canadian public life; from the events with which it has been connected, and the memories which have grown up about it. On the occasion of Father Martin's death numbers of the alumni of St. Mary's hastened to testify their sorrow, to show their gratitude, and to offer their meed of praise to the deceased. Many of them assisted at the Requiem Mass which was celebrated at the Church of the Gesù, Montreal, by Mgr. Fabre, who succeeded Mgr. Bourget, Father Martin's early friend. It was attended by priests who had been his pupils, in some instances his co-laborers. The laity, too, were well represented. Among them were the old, who remembered him in the vigor of middle life; the young, who had been accustomed to hear him spoken of with veneration. Father Martin left Montreal in 1862, having been rector of St. Mary's from its foundation almost to that time. After a short stay in Quebec he left Canada for ever in or about 1862. Returning to France, he became rector of the beautiful college at Vannes, in Brittany, which, by a strange coincidence, had been the splendid donation of his father to the Society of Jesus.

Father Martin was a man of varied acquirements. Of his skill as an architect St. Mary's College would be in itself a proof. But he also gave the plan for St. Patrick's Church, a most imposing edifice, justly the pride of the Irish Catholics of Montreal. He designed the Novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet, and other buildings of minor importance. He was an accomplished draughtsman, and gave lessons in drawing to the pupils of St. Mary's, some of whom have since attained proficiency in the art.

But it is, perhaps, as an antiquarian and a man of letters that Father Martin has become most generally known. His services to historical literature, particularly the history of Canada, have been many and great. He devoted himself, amidst all his onerous duties, to the task of throwing light on the dark places of the past. He was commissioned by government to explore the regions where of old the Jesuits had toiled amongst the Hurons, giving at last to the dusky tribes the priceless gifts of faith. He wrote at this time a work embellished with various plans and

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drawings, all of which remained in possession of the government. He also collected many curious Indian relics.

In 1857 he was sent by the Canadian government to Europe on a scientific mission, and was likewise entrusted with the task of examining the archives of Rome and of Paris for points of interest in relation to Canadian history. In this he was eminently successful. He discovered a number of unpublished documents relating to Canada which would be sufficient to fill a folio volume. Perhaps his most eminent service to historical literature was his great share in bringing out the *Relations des Jésuites*, a very mine of information for the scholar. They are in themselves a monument, prouder than marble or storied frieze, to the early Canadian martyrs and confessors, to the early colonists, to Canada itself—a truly glorious record of glorious deeds. "After a silence of nearly two hundred years," to use Father Martin's own words, "he makes these apostolic men speak"—makes them refute all calumnies, and tell their own story in simple and unvarnished language, leaving it for ever to the admiration of the world.

He discovered and put into print, with preface and most valuable annotations by himself, the *Relations* extending from 1672 to 1679. He added to them two geographical charts. The one, he tells us, was a general map of Canada at that epoch; the other a fac-simile of a travelling-map used by Father Marquette and drawn by his own hand.

Father Martin also translated from Italian to French the *Relation* of Père Bressani, which he published with notes and illustrations, together with a biography of that glorious martyr. His historical works included Lives of Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, of Fathers Brébeuf, Chaumonot, and Jogues. The latter has become known to the American public through the translation made by our foremost Catholic historian, John Gilmary Shea. Father Martin was the friend, adviser, and co-laborer of the eminent Canadian historical writer, M. J. Viger.

He published some minor works of piety, and a beautiful biography of his sister, Mère St. Stanislaus, a religious of Mercy of Jesus, of the Order of St. Augustine, established at the Hôtel-Dieu in Auray. This biography was published in 1886, and was consequently the last which he gave to the public. But up to the time of his death, though close upon eighty-two years of age, he was engaged upon a history of Canada, for which he had collected materials so abundant. For twenty years he had been a sufferer from asthma, which for some time before his death became so severe as to prevent him from saying Mass.

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But the old warrior of the cross toiled on, using his enforced leisure for literary work—toiled amongst his books and papers, the peaceful end of a long, laborious life drawing near. Behind him were the countless missions and retreats, the journeyings in the most inclement of Canadian seasons, the long struggles and weary disappointments in Montreal, the thousands of pupils there, and at Poictiers, and at Rouen, and at Vaugirard, and at innumerable other houses of his order. Before him was the crown. He passed away peacefully on a spot full of holy memories, for it was the identical one on which the sainted M. Olier had founded the Seminary of St. Sulpice. So the links in the spiritual as in the material world are sometimes drawn very close. One cries out involuntarily, What a little earth is this of ours! Father Martin, who had been the friend and co-laborer of the Sulpicians in other days in Montreal, died upon the spot which they of all others hold most sacred.

Before concluding this brief account of that old man who went down to the grave with so much of honor in the closing days of November, 1886, I must translate for the reader a charming little episode told by the Abbé Casgrain, one of our foremost men of letters, with his usual grace and point. Of course it loses in the translation.

On the 25th of July, 1867, he describes himself as arriving in the railway station at Poictiers about half-past seven o'clock on a most delightful morning. He gives a brief sketch of the ancient town, "the city of St. Fortunatus, the poet-bishop, and of the great St. Hilary," and hurries on to the Hôtel de France,

"Where having installed myself," he says, "I asked to be directed to the Rue de l'Industrie, the residence of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, where I desired the pleasure of shaking hands with Father Martin, founder of St. Mary's College in Montreal, and who left such happy memories behind him in Canada.

"After a few moments' waiting the parlor-door opened and I saw the kind and placid face of Father Martin, grown somewhat older, but always luminous with its aureola of white hair. I had not time to mention my name before he threw himself into my arms and embraced me affectionately.

"'What!' cried he, 'is it you, come from the wilds of Canada? How long have you been at Poictiers?'

"'I arrived this morning.'

"'Where are you staying?'

"'At the Hôtel de France.'

"'Well, the rule of the Jesuits forbids them giving hospitality to strangers without permission of the superior. But I am superior here, and I give Father Martin permission to receive you. Porter, go to the Hôtel de France for Monsieur l'Abbé's trunks. And you, my friend, come with me.

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I am going to give you a room next to mine which is usually reserved for the father provincial himself. What a chat we shall have about our good Canada! Fancy, since I left it I have scarcely had any news from there.'

"Having put me in possession of a fine room, the windows of which looked out upon the great trees of the courtyard, we went down to the garden. Whilst we walked up and down the paths, bordered by vines upon which bunches of grapes swung to and fro in the breeze, Father Martin plied me with questions about Canada.

"'How is such a one?'

"'Dead,' answered I.

"'Such another?'

"'Dead!'

"'And still another?'

"'Dead, too!'

"'What!' cried he, 'are they all dead?'

"'Well, yes; nearly all the old men of your time are no more. You see but a few years suffice for a new generation to grow up.'

"A shade of melancholy passed over my old friend's face.

"'I should be nothing more now than a stranger in Canada,' said he, with a sad smile.

"'Oh! no,' answered I. 'Men die, but memories do not die.'

"Our conversation was prolonged for several hours; the men and things of Old and New France came each in turn to our lips. I spent some days in the society of this excellent friend. Father Martin possessed treasures which he had obtained in Rome and in France relating to the history of Canada. With the greatest kindness he permitted me to make use of them all. I worked at night, and by day the good father acted as my cicerone in the town of Poictiers."

Abbé Casgrain goes on to describe some of the sights which he saw in that pleasant company, and gives a most interesting account of his visit with Father Martin to the illustrious Mgr. Pie, Bishop of Poictiers, who invited them both to dine upon the succeeding evening. But I have already given to the reader that which bears directly upon my subject, and which contains besides a charming bit of word-painting—the courtyard with its ancient trees, the old gardens with the grapes dangling from the vines in the autumn sunlight, and the meeting between the two men, each of kindred tastes, brothers in the holy ministry, fellow laborers in the field of literature; the one bringing tidings to the other of a distant scene of labor; the old man asking of the younger news of many whom the grave had already swallowed up in its darkness, and sighing to hear that his contemporaries were passing away so swiftly from the scenes of earth. Almost twenty years were to elapse before Father Martin, too, was to be numbered among the departed, leaving his name, to Canada and Canadians in particular, in that loving remembrance which is the inheritance of the just.

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WHERE HENRY GEORGE STUMBLED.

Progress and Poverty is an enchanting book. As a work on political economy it is the freshest and breeziest of its kind, and no more like a scientific treatise in style than the grandiloquent productions of "Ouida." It reads as if the author had written in the white heat of enthusiasm and indignation, sure of his logic, infallible in his deductions, careless of repetition, profuse in explanation, and proud of the study and investigation so visible in fact, argument, and illustration. Indeed, a scientist might read it with a grave suspicion of the author's fitness for a scientific task. The logical mind is impatient of wordiness and the charms of rhetoric, is careful to check oratorical expression and to conceal sentiment and feeling in a treatise. Here, hung upon statements of the most vital importance to the world, are the jewels of language. Fervor, scorn, hatred, pity, disgust, and indignation shed a rather lurid light upon the bald and venerable axioms of a modern science. Feeling marks every page. The partisan is always apparent. The even-minded judge, seeking delay that reason may escape the mist of feeling, is not evidenced in the book. A writer has given his opinion of it in this sentence: "A *mêlée* of ideas and feelings, and a riot of words!" This was too severe, but not altogether unjust. Impassioned feeling is out of place in a scientific work, and verbiage intolerable. Both tend to weaken the critical faculties.

Nevertheless the first six books of the volume show that Mr. George is versed in logic, can think clearly and acutely, and, with all his enthusiasm and fondness for mere words, can demonstrate a proposition like a philosopher. In our humble opinion nothing in the writings of Smith, Mill, or Spencer can surpass the intellectual feat of the first one hundred and sixty pages, in which, with rare skill and marvellous success, he overturns every theory of political economy concerning the relation of wages to capital, the source of capital and interest, the source of wages, and establishes the correlation of the laws of distribution. The simplest principles of nature and law, at the same time most evident, are often the most inaccessible to the common mind. Genius alone discovers them amid the rubbish of customs and false reasonings, and offers them to the world. Mr. George is unquestionably a genius. His refutation of Malthus is very complete. By faith

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alone Christian men already knew that God had made this world capable of sustaining human life as long as earthly life was necessary to the divine project, but on the ground of human observation and reasoning Mr. George has proved Malthus wrong. He has deserved well of Christianity on this score. The Malthusian theory has perhaps done more to increase the ranks of atheistic thinkers than the philosophy of the eighteenth century. It will be harmless for the future. Mr. George has signed its death-warrant and written its epitaph. All honor and praise to him for this good deed!

One peculiarity of genius is its candor, another its courage. Candor and courage are two shining qualities in Henry George. He hides nothing, glosses over nothing. All difficulties seem alike to him, and he not only invites objection but divines it in the first sentence, and can hardly restrain his eagerness to answer it. He seeks out every possible obstruction, as if with joy to demonstrate the more powerfully his strength in its successful removal. He is afraid of no earthly power. His chances of political success may be ruined, yet he is not restrained thereby from attacking the Catholic Church. The sentiment of the time and the history of the world are against him, but he does not shrink from proposing as a remedy for pauperism a scheme which shocks mankind and makes history a sad blunder from the beginning. In the first chapter of his seventh book he writes: "If private property in land be just, then is the remedy I propose a false one; if, on the contrary, private property in land be unjust, then is this remedy the true one." His success or failure he leaves to a single throw of the dice. This is the courage of a real truth-seeker and the candor of an honest genius. It is not the confidence of a conceited sage, who, in his doubt of retaining his repute, leaves open avenues of escape and faces no contingencies. Mr. George chooses his battle-ground, and proposes to conquer or die. With the same feeling we purpose to meet him on this spot, and modestly hope that we shall see him carried off the field.

The very capacity of genius for large doings implies its liability to large blunders. The teachers of error have never been intellectual fools. After reading the first half of *Progress and Poverty* one is prepared for great things. The logic is so good, the facts so unanswerable, the power of the writer so evidently great, that one is not surprised at the brilliant opening of the seventh book. The man has already accomplished so much that here would be an anti-climax if he did not accomplish more. He

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is about to attack the key of his enemy's position. He must now succeed or fail for ever. Whatever learning, logic, skill, observation he may have hitherto shown, here he must surpass himself in all. He is aware of this, and proudly notifies on-lookers that the supreme test is before him:

"That alone is wise which is just; that alone is enduring which is right. . . . If our inquiry . . . has led us to a correct conclusion, it will bear translation from terms of political economy into terms of ethics, and, as the source of social evils, show a wrong. If it will not do this it is disproved. If it will do this it is proved by the final decision."

He prepares himself cheerfully for the last task, unsuspicious that it is his day of Waterloo. For here Mr. George stumbled. Here his logic went astray. Here he displayed gaps in his learning which must shame a public teacher. It is a bitter disappointment to the admiring reader, this seventh book of *Progress and Poverty*. The philosopher of the first six books appears as a blunderer. It is unaccountable except by the supposition which opens this paragraph.

Here is Mr. George's reasoning:

"What constitutes the rightful basis of property? What is it that enables a man to justly say of a thing, It is mine? From what springs the sentiment which acknowledges his exclusive right as against all the world? Is it not, primarily, the right of a man to himself, to the use of his own powers, to the enjoyment of the fruits of his own exertions? Is it not this individual right which springs from and is testified to by the natural facts of individual organization—the fact that each particular pair of hands obey a particular brain and are related to a particular stomach; the fact that each man is a definite, coherent, independent whole—which alone justifies individual ownership? As a man belongs to himself, so his labor, when put into concrete form, belongs to him."

In this paragraph Mr. George makes the first of a series of woful blunders. As it is the basis of all the others, and the basis of all his reasoning against the justice of private ownership of land, the blunder need only be shown to bring his theories tumbling about his ears.

He asks, What constitutes the rightful basis of property? and answers, The rightful basis of property is the right of a man to himself, to the use of himself, and to the fruits of the use of himself. The answer is wrong, and if Mr. George had consulted the commonest moral philosophy before penning that paragraph he would have seen his error. The answer is wrong, because

1st. *The supposed basis, since it rests upon another basis of wider meaning, is not the true basis of property;* and

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2d. *If the right to own anything rested upon and was limited by a man's right to himself, there would be exclusive ownership of nothing in this world.*

1. Let it be ever borne in mind that in the first chapter of book seventh Mr. George sets out to find and establish the general principle on which exclusive ownership of anything must finally rest. In this paragraph we shall prove that he did not find the said principle, and, proving this, we shall thereby demonstrate the weakness of his entire edifice of logic. Every man born into this world has certainly the right to the use of his faculties—a statement which one has only to make for all men to acknowledge. This right Mr. George makes the basis of all proprietorship. But here enters a question. *Why* has man a right to these faculties, and to all things pertaining to their free exercise? When it is asserted that every man is sole and exclusive proprietor of himself as concerns other men, the query that naturally presents itself to reason is, Upon what basis does this exclusive ownership rest? Why should a man be so entitled to the ownership of his mental and physical faculties that he can say of them at all times, These are mine? Therefore outside of the possessions and properties which nature offers to man we find a possession and properties in which man rejoices, and of which Mr. George makes no mention except to make it the basis of other proprietorships. Back of the question, Why can man own what he produces? we find another question, demanding another principle to give it answer. Now, before any other questions can be asked this one must be answered. Before one may ask, Why can a man own anything? and be answered, Because he owns himself, one must ask, Upon what title does a man own himself? and must be answered. The principle upon which he holds exclusive possession of himself must first be discovered and proved just, before any other principles based upon that possession can be established. This is precisely what Mr. George has failed to do. His reasoning, stripped of verbiage, stands thus: Since a man owns himself he can own what that self produces. This is a sound principle, but it is not a bottom principle. Under it lies the question, Upon what principle does a man own himself? Whence springs the title to possession of himself? Ownership of one thing cannot *always* make the principle of ownership in another thing. Before Mr. George satisfies us of the truth of his axiom, because a man owns himself he can own what that self produces, he must establish the basis of man's proprietorship over himself; he must tell us by what right he

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claims exclusive possession of his human faculties. He has not done this. He has omitted any mention of the existence of such a basis. He has mistaken the second tier of stones in the foundation for the bottom tier, and missed a principle. He set out to answer the question, Why can a man own anything? and answered only Why can a man own some things? He intended to establish the basis of all human ownership. But he took no account of the ownership of mental and physical faculties. He excluded them. He found no basis for them. Therefore, instead of establishing a general principle upon which all human ownerships might rest, he established only the principle upon which *some* ownerships rest.

This is as evident as day. It is a sad blunder for a logician to make, but Mr. George has made it. It vitiates all his after-reasoning, and leaves his famous theory like a gas-deserted balloon or a dismasted ship. One cannot conceive how such a mistake could have been made by a mind so keen and inquisitive. To take a principle of limited scope and give it a universal application is a fault common to the ignorant and untrained. Geniuses err in a contrary way. It must have been clear to Mr. George that men own some things on other and better titles than the fact that they produced them. The title of a child to the clothes and food of a common existence is as strong and binding on other men as if that child produced them. Yet for many years of life the child produces nothing. It can never say of anything, This is mine, on the ground that it has produced it. Still, its title to necessary shelter, clothing, and food is so good that once they are in its possession, whether received or stolen from others, no power on earth can rightfully, by taking them away, leave the child shelterless, naked, and unfed. What is the ground of the child's title? How did Mr. George happen to miss these possessions, properties, titles? It seems as if, in searching for the last analysis of all present social complexities, he had not quite divested himself of his desire to find principles which would suit his land theories. Is it possible that Mr. George, so courageous and candid, deliberately shut his door upon an important but unwelcome principle?

The magnitude of his blunder becomes more striking when the true basis of property is established. As in the last paragraph but one we proved conclusively that he had not discovered the true basis, now in this we shall lay down that basis, the one principle upon which *all* rights of ownership rest It is very simple, as a first principle must be—quite as simple and evident

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as Mr. George's starting-point: Since a man owns himself he can own what that self produces. Moreover, it explains and supports Mr. George's axiom, in so far forth as that axiom is true. We put it in this shape:

The basis of ownership is the right of a man to life. The right of a man to life is admitted and understood by all mankind, and that this right to life is the basis of ownership can easily be seen from this reasoning: Since a man has a right to live he has also a right to all things necessary to support existence. He who has a right to the end has a right to the means. Because of his right to life man owns his mental and physical faculties—an ownership whose title Mr. George did not, perhaps could not, account for. Man does not own his own life. That is a trust from the Creator. But it is his right and duty to support and defend his life, and that he might do it fitly God gave man his mental and bodily faculties; gave him a clear title to exclusive ownership of whatever was necessary to life; made it lawful for him to own as well as possess every natural object essential to life's continuance, *whether produced or not by his own hands.* The earth and all its capabilities are only a means to an end. The mechanism of the human body, so wonderful and intricate, is only a means to an end. The end is life. That must be sustained. Stealing becomes virtue and murder justice when the starving innocent plunges his hands into another's surplus, or takes a life in defending his own. Life must be sustained. Nature is indifferent to ownership. Man may seize land to own or merely to use, and nature treats him alike in both conditions; or land may not be used at all, and nature remains untroubled. If to-morrow it became a necessity of man's existence that the fruitfulness of the earth should be destroyed, his right to life would justify that destruction. Whatever conditions are necessary to support life, those conditions are lawful. Ownership of use alone and ownership of the thing alone are indifferent circumstances. Whatever life requires, that it must have and that it will own, all other secondary principles to the contrary notwithstanding. Nature was made to serve life, and serve it she must, whether as the bond-woman destitute of rights or as the free-woman rejoicing in a sort of independence; and either condition is indifferent to the object of proprietorship.

We may now throw into the form of syllogisms the reasoning of the past few pages, and in brief space may better comprehend the effects of Mr. George's stumble.

Mr. George essayed to find the principle of *all* ownerships:

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But the principle discovered by him does not include the ownership of the mental and physical faculties of man;

Therefore Mr. George did not find the principle of *all* ownerships. And therefore his basis of property is a false basis, and all the reasoning of the seventh book is thrown away—that is, all his reasoning against the justice of private ownership of land is simply no reasoning at all. The seventh book must be rewritten.

Besides, our reasoning may take this shape:

That is the true principle of ownership which accounts for all ownerships;

A man's right to life is a principle which accounts for them all;

Therefore man's right to life is the true principle of ownership.

Deduced from Mr. George's reasoning is the axiom, A man can own exclusively only what he produces.

Deduced from our reasoning is the axiom, A man can own exclusively all things necessary to life.

The lights which reason and history shed upon these principles and axioms show with admirable clearness the truth and beauty of those we advocate, the miserable insufficiency or deformity of those advocated by Mr. George. These have been reprobated again and again by the brilliant and impartial minds of Christianity. It is, we believe, Mr. George's contention that Christianity does not condemn him. Evidently he read Christian moralists with the eyes of his mind shut.

Mr. George may have been an extensive reader, but if so his reading was one-sided. We find no mention of any Christian philosopher in his work with whose writings he may have been familiar, and thus we are the better able to account for the astonishing lapses of logic and learning which occur in the seventh book. An instance of these is contained in our second objection to accepting his basis of property as the true basis. Mr. George had the hardihood to declare that "*as* a man belongs to himself, *so* his labor, when put in concrete form, belongs to him"; to which we replied that, "if the right to own anything rested upon and was limited by a man's right to himself, there would be exclusive ownership of nothing in this world." Over himself and his faculties man has no such power as he enjoys over the product of his own labor. He may do as he will with his corn, his sword, and his book, use, sell, or destroy them, but himself and his powers he can only use. He cannot take his own life, cannot

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dispose of it to any other, cannot make any other accountable for it, except by permission of its Creator—God. He cannot maim or injure himself, or destroy any of his senses, or paralyze his limbs, except by permission of their Creator—God. He can only use these things as he uses borrowed articles. Mr. George's comparison is therefore very unfortunate, and resembles his basis of property in this respect, that it is not a comparison at all worth penning.

He would not have fallen into this simple error had he read the common text-books of moral philosophy. But Mr. George's first stumble sent him stumbling through the whole chapter, whose every page is disfigured by similar mistakes—the mistakes of a man whose mind had been seized and overpowered by one idea before his studies had been completed. "If a man be rightfully entitled to the produce of his labors," says Mr. George, "then no one can be rightfully entitled to the ownership of anything which is not the produce of his labor." And again: "The equal right of all men to the use of land is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air." These assertions may be very clear to Mr. George, but to practised ears they have an indifferent sound. We have upset the first, and good common sense determines how poor an illustration is the other. We have a clear right to the use of land and to the use of air, because both are necessary for that life which God has given us; but whereas the land makes no resistance to private and exclusive ownership, the air of its very nature refuses to be owned by any one.

These and other blunders of the seventh book Mr. George had no right to make. When a man proposes to revolutionize the main feature of human society he is bound to prepare himself for his work by the most extensive study and the most profound research. To make such blunders as those we have exposed is unworthy of a philosopher. The author of *Progress and Poverty* had but to consult any of the common Latin text-books on moral philosophy to learn many things pertaining to his subject which he does not seem to know. It might have been excusable to blunder grandly, but to trip like a sophomore is ridiculous in a great theorist. He has been understood the better by the untrained and the ignorant, but he has exposed himself the sooner to the scorn of thinking men.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

ROBERT BROWNING is the sphinx of modern poetry; as some Egyptologists say the sphinxes were masculine, this metaphor is not so inaccurate as it seems. His last book, *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day: to wit, Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, George Bubb Dodington, Francis Furini, Gérard de Lairesse, and Charles Avison,* is no less sphinx-like than *Sordello.* Mr. Browning probably writes the language of the future. He certainly does not write the English of any past or present time. It is possible that his obscurity is the result of intense thought. It is probable that it is the result of a deliberate intention to be unusual. A great poet is none the less a great poet because his lines cannot at once be understood by all that run and read; a great poet's utterances are worth study; but when any poet, great or small, chooses to wrap his meaning in contorted phrases, he runs the risk of being considered a *poseur.* In *Parleyings* Mr. Browning seems to seat himself in an affected attitude on "Parnassus," to arrange the clouds between him and the multitude, so that a whale may look like an elephant, and then to speak in the guise of Apollo:

"Admetus, I know thee!
Thou prizest the right these unwittingly give
Thy subjects to rush, pay obedience they owe thee!
Importunate one with another they strive
For the glory to die that their king may survive.

"Friends rush: and who first in all Pheræ appears
But thy father to serve as thy substitute?

CLOTHO.

"Bah!

APOLLO.

"Ye wince? Then his mother, well stricken in years,
Advances her claim—or his wife—

LACHESIS.

"Tra-la-la!

APOLLO.

"But he spurns the exchange, rather dies!

ATROPOS.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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This is from the prologue to *Parleyings*. The epilogue consists of a dialogue between Fust and his friends, in which the second friend, speaking of the spread of the art of printing, says:

"Does my sermon next Easter meet fitting acceptance,
Each captious, disputative boy has his quick
'*An cuique credendum sit?*' Well, the church kept '*ans*'
In order till Fust set his engine at work!
What trash will come flying from Jew, Moor, and Turk

"When, goose-quill, thy reign o'er the world is abolished!
Goose—ominous name! With a goose we began:
Quoth Huss—which means 'goose' in his idiom unpolished—
'Ye burn now a Goose: there succeeds me a Swan
Ye shall find quench your fire.'

FUST.

"I foresee such a man."

And thus the book ends, with the clearest passage in it, which is, after all, a very veiled prophecy. Between the prologue and epilogue there is much to be wondered at, much to make one wish that Mr. Browning had furnished a clue to his cipher, and much that is tinged with the glow of poetic genius. For instance, what can be more exquisite in expression—though we do not accept the simile as true—than:

"Morn is breaking there—
The granite ridge pricks through the mist, turns gold
As wrong turns right. O laughters manifold
Of ocean's ripple at dull earth's despair!"

And the lines in "Gérard de Lairesse" are worth pondering:

"Cheer up.
Be death with me, as with Achilles erst,
Of man's calamities the last and worst:
Take it so! By proud potency that still
Makes perfect, be assured, come what come will,
What once lives never dies—what here attains
To a beginning, has no end, still gains
And never loses aught: when, where, and how
Lies in Law's lap. What's death, then? Even now
With so much knowledge is it hard to bear
Brief interposing ignorance? Is care
For a creation found at fault just there—
There where the breaks bond and outruns time,
To reach, not follow, what shall be?"

But Mr. Browning's philosophy, while it acknowledges Law, leaves out the acknowledgment of that previous and greater Fact,

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Love—Love, All-Potent, that diffused and diffuses itself in the creation of man and in his salvation.

Mr. Browning's lyrics are sad, hard-working things compared with Tennyson's:

"Dance, yellows and whites and reds;
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, buds,
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!

"There's sunshine: scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small
On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.

"Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows:
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows."

In "Christopher Smart" there is a glorious description of a cathedral, ending with these acute lines, so sorrowfully true of modern art:

"Hands long still
Had worked there—could it be what lent them skill
Retained a power to supervise, protect,
Enforce new lessons, with the old connect
Our life with theirs? *No merely modern touch*
Told me that here the artist, doing much,
Elsewhere did more, perchance does better—lives:
So needs must learn."

In spite of Mr. Browning's obscurity, which too often seems conscious, we must admit that there are meanings beneath it which are sometimes worth searching for. But, with Wordsworth on our tables, why should we spend time on a newer poet who adds nothing, in *Parleyings*, to what the older ones have said?

A great deal has been said in THE CATHOLIC WORLD about Eugénie de Guérin, but little about that brother who, after God, claimed her heart. The Abbé Roux grew impatient over this waste of love for a semi-pagan dilettante who had neither her genius nor her strength. A new edition of the works of this brother—who certainly had more than her genius, if less than her strength—has reached us. It includes "Le Centaure," that magnificent classic poem, undeservedly so little known, and which makes Maurice de Guérin the only modern rival of Keats in the interpretation of the Grecian time.

Maurice de Guérin, exquisite poet as he was, had not Eugénie's unfailing resource—faith. His education, classic and literary, was the kind that developed Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday and André Chénier. Mgr. Gaume goes too far when he

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traces all the excesses of the French Revolution back to this excessively pagan training. But one is almost inclined to become an utter Gaumist when one watches the result of it as shown in literary France. Besides being weaker mentally than Eugénie, Maurice had suffered from the direction of the unfortunate De Lamennais. He turned his back at last on the Mercury of Praxiteles, that emblem of the pagan delight in the flow of spring sap and the freshness of the spring, and accepted the joy of the Resurrection, which gives the spring new glow and color, new happiness and hope. For in the spring of the Greeks there was no hope: their poets saw no joy in the spring except for the young, and that joy is as transient as earth. Bound with all Maurice de Guérin's works is a very sympathetic biography. We are glad to have the chance, apropos of this book, to show what the character of the author of "Le Centaure," the beloved brother of our beloved Eugénie, was.

The name of Maurice de Guérin was unknown in French literature until a year after his death. George Sand introduced him to the reading public through an appreciative and sympathetic article written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in May, 1840. His great poem, "Le Centaure," soon made its own way; and later the critic Sainte-Beuve joined the three names—De Montalembert, De Musset, and De Guérin.

Maurice-Georges de Guérin came of an ancient but reduced family of the south of France—a family that traced its descent from the Italian Guarini, through the Counts of Auvergne and Salisbury, to the De Guérin who settled at Cayla, in Languedoc, where Maurice was born.

"My birth is honorable, and that is all," he says in a letter, "for poverty and misfortune are hereditary in my family. I tell you this because it may have influenced my character. And why may not the *sentiment* of misfortune be communicated from father to son in the blood, as natural deformities are transmitted? My first years were extremely sad. At the age of six I lost my mother. Witnessing the sorrow of my father and surrounded by scenes of mourning, I perhaps contracted a habit of melancholy. In the country my life was solitary. I never knew those plays or boisterous pleasures that fill the early years of children. I was the only child in the house."

He passed long hours under an almond-tree over the much-thumbed volumes of Rollin's *History*. He watched the clouds and heard voices in the air, which he called the "sounds of nature." At the age of eleven his father sent him to the little seminary of Toulouse. It was intended that he should become a priest. From the little seminary he went to the Collége Stan-

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islas in Paris. He made great progress in his studies, but his vocation for the ecclesiastical state was uncertain. He hesitated. He returned to his family, and it is suspected that he fell in love with one of his sister's friends. Even this did not decide him. He took refuge at La Chênaie, in order to find repose, forgetfulness, and the strength to choose. On Christmas, 1832—he was then twenty-two—Maurice entered La Chênaie. La Chênaie was a kind of oasis in the middle of the Breton steppes, where the unhappy Lamennais lived with four or five young men, who, secluded from the world, prayed, studied, and thought. This year was an epoch in the life of Maurice and in that of his master, Lamennais. The false apostle whom the young men at La Chênaie so loved and admired had just been forced to suspend the publication of his journal, *L'Avenir*, and had apparently submitted to the decision of the pope against his principles. He was meditating his infamous *Paroles d un Croyant*—a book which was to strip him of all the beliefs and practices of his former life and leave him a disfoliaged oak that might "break but would never bend." Wrapt in his political and religious dreams, he did not know that among his young disciples there was one into whose soul nature was pouring floods of freshness and beauty which were exhaling and forming such exquisite pictures as the frost makes in winter. The *Journal* of Maurice de Guérin is sweetest poetry in the form of prose. It is full of the loveliest "bits" of landscape-painting, drawn with a true and more delicate touch than we find in any poet that the world knows. The invisible and the unseen in nature, like a network of threadlike roots supporting a bed of fern, are brought to us in his work. His landscapes do not smell of the paint. You cannot see the brush-marks. And of what poets, with the exception of Keats, Burns, and David Gray, can this be said?

In Scott the exigencies of his rhyme seem often to form and color his landscapes; in Tennyson's pictures one sees the art and admires it; but De Guérin's are clear, wonderfully true, and as apparently artless and unconscious as the song of the nightingale. It is true that De Guérin's descriptions are not shackled by rhythm and rhyme, as those of other landscape poets have been, but he chose his form as they did, and he deserves praise for having selected the form best suited to his genius.

"Thou, Nature, art my goddess," he wrote, quoting Shakspere, at the head of one of his poems, expressing that Pantheism which during his short life was his joy and his torment. He adored Nature in all forms, he studied her with love and reve-

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rence, and yet he was constantly bruising his heart against the bars that guard her mysteries, without accepting the key of our Lord's love with which to penetrate beyond them. He was not content to describe and interpret the things that were vouchsafed to him; he longed to know all the secrets of creation; and when his poetic soul found a deep meaning he quailed before the impossibility of finding worthy expression. This is the secret of that carelessness in his verse which some critics have deplored. It was the carelessness of despair. He was forced to speak of Nature, but he could find no words, no form worthy of her. "Cherchez-vous les dieux, ô Macarée! et d'où sont issus les hommes, les animaux, et les principes du feu universel?" he says in "Le Centaure." "Les dieux jaloux ont enfoui quelque part les témoinage de la déscendance des choses, mais au bord de quel océan ont-ils roulé la pierre qui les couvre, ô Macarée?"

Questions like these haunted him morbidly. He was overwhelmed with a sense of his own impotence as a poet—not in comparison with other poets, but in comparison with that unseen world of which he dreamed and which he longed, with all his strength, to interpret. In one of the letters quoted by George Sand in the *Revue* he says: "If I listened to my better judgment I would never write another line. The more I advance, the more the phantom (the ideal) flees beyond my reach." It was this divine despair which, mixing with all his efforts, filled them with the sadness that broods over a desolate place at night. It is hard for one outside the charmed circle to estimate a poetic temperament, particularly a poetic temperament so intensely subjective as De Guérin's.

Maurice de Guérin did not care for fame. The literary life and its rewards appeared to him inconsistent, and even absurd. He did not write for the world. He believed that there was more strength and beauty in well-guarded thoughts than in the *display* of a whole heaven that might be in him. "Le Centaure" was given to the world after his death. This poem is one of the most remarkable in literature. It is short; it is burdened with no superfluous words; it is sublime in conception, and truer to the spirit of Greek mythology than "Endymion." If De Guérin had been born a Greek of old, this fragment would have been as precious to us as the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles. But he, baptized a Christian, living in a Christian world, has left a sorrowful and inappropriate fragment.

The last of the Centaurs, grown old, stands desolate and melancholy near his cave in the mountains. He looks with pity

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and contempt on a man who asks him questions of his life, for in his eyes a man is only a degraded Centaur. He tells the story of his youth, when the forces of a nature, half-human, half-brute, filled him with mad, wild joy. He spurned the earth, and the winds parted before him as he dashed wildly through the world in those youthful days. You feel the wind, you see the Centaur in his freedom, and you sympathize with the boundless regret with which this last of the Centaurs looks upon the past when the world was new. "Le Centaure" is a poem of only twelve pages, but the reader awakens from it as from a dream, and its impression is not easily shaken off. The gallery of the Louvre furnished its author with other antique subjects, among them a "Bacchante," prelude to a never-finished poem on Bacchus in India. He projected himself into pagan Pantheism, and read the mysteries of classical Greece aright, and produced the wonderful "Bacchante." Writing in French, he was, fortunately, careless about his form in poetry. Though he uses the Alexandrine verse, it is not the intolerable stilted form we generally find in French. His vehicle for expression was ready-made for him; but he, fearing no judgment and doubting his own, followed his inspiration and made a form which, although Sainte-Beuve calls it "unfinished," seems to be the best he could have chosen. His verse never gallops; he had a horror of that, and he warned his sister Eugénie against it. "Thy verse sings too much," he wrote; "it does not talk enough."

His life was short and uneventful in its outward circumstances. He lived in a reverie, or rather in constant conversation with his interior life. He was in this world but not of it. His world was that which the wise among the ancients knew—a world of silent sounds and unseen sights.

Leaving the half-monastic seclusion of La Chênaie, where religion, as he saw it, seemed to possess something antagonistic to his full enjoyment of nature, he went to Paris, and there supported himself by giving lessons. The turbulent life of Paris weakened, though it did not efface, his early religious impressions. While not less of a poet, he became more of a man of the world. He soon learned to lay aside his timidity, and he who had feared to utter his thoughts became a brilliant talker in a society of brilliant talkers. His arduous work in Paris oppressed him; but as he had learned to love Brittany after he left his sunny south, he learned to love Paris, and his worship wavered between the god of cities and the god of deserts.

He longed ardently for leisure and rest, and they came. By his marriage with a lovely and wealthy young creole, Caroline

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de Gervain, he gained that leisure which he had so long desired; and rest came, too—the rest of death. In July, 1839, not a year after his marriage, consumption, which had been insidiously preying upon him, gave him its last stroke. He died at home in the south, consoled by his wife and that rare, tender soul, his sister Eugénie. Of his poems "Le Centaure" is the greatest. One written on the St. Theresa of Gérard and one to his sister Eugénie rank after "La Bacchante." They are in verse. That he wrote little is explained by the fact that he died at the age of twenty-eight. He died in the communion of the church.

It is sad to have to say that this exquisite genius, born in Catholic France, but educated to admire, above all, the masterpieces of paganism, should have exhausted himself in expressing the mood of Wordsworth's when he cried, that he might see the fabled Tritons of the Greeks:

"O God! I'd rather be
A pagan nurtured in a creed forlorn."

But this mood of Wordsworth's had become with Maurice de Guérin a state of mind. "Le Centaure" is a literary legacy as the poem of a pagan. His *Journals* carry an awful warning—a warning to us all that there is no going backward. The poet must not go back, since Christ has died and risen again. He can neither give nor receive strength from the ideals of the ante-Christian world.

We have given a great deal of space this month to the poets, at the risk, we fear, of lessening the interest which many readers have been pleased to show in this "Chat"; but is it not time? Have the poets not been too much neglected of late? Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, himself a poet of undoubted genius, has said:

"We are no friend of indiscriminate adulation and misplaced encouragement. But think for a moment of the deadening indifference which in these days the poet has to overcome. The modern rush for gold is remorseless; drawn with it are many minds who think themselves outside the pressure. The poetical mood and accomplishment are apt to be looked upon in modern society as an impertinence or a weakness. Plastic art, though often ill-rewarded, is fashionable in at least some of its forms; but poetry—we mean the essential thing, not the pretty, printed books that contain it—will not decorate a wall; therefore the æsthetic discussions of our day turn largely on the relative merits of etchings, rugs, or vases, on the latest prize picture or newest statue, but much more rarely on the merits of the latest poem. The only form of art which society cares to discuss is the novel. We do not begrudge the novel the attention it attracts; we merely note the fact that while poetry is praised as perhaps the highest form of art, its serious votary is apt to be regarded by the world at large,

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just so far as he is able to be entirely faithful to his calling and ideal—giving up everything else for that thing—as a being of inferior character and intelligence."

It is time, then, we repeat, that people who pretend to culture should be what they would appear to be, and read fewer newspapers and novels. Dante is only a name to most of us. And the Catholics who know anything about Frédéric Ozanam's book on the poet whom a great painter put among the doctors of the church are not a score in every five thousand.

Miss Churchill, by Christian Reid (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is a pure and pleasant novel of mild interest, inferior to *Morton House* and *A Child of Mary*, but, nevertheless, of sufficient merit. *Lucy Crofton*, by Mrs. Oliphant (New York: Harper & Brothers), is a slight story, not in the author's best vein, yet also not without some delicate character-drawing. *A Zealot in Tulle*, by Mrs. Wildrick (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is an incoherent rhapsody about a treasure buried by Spaniards and a nasty crowd of military people, at whose dinner-table *double-ententes*—the writer makes it *double entendres*—are usual. "A zealot in tulle" is a Ritualistic girl, but the book might quite as appropriately have been named anything else; and under any other name it would have been quite as worthless.

Bret Harte, like Homer, sometimes nods in telling his tales of the Argonauts. But in *A Millionaire of Rough and Ready* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company) he is very wide awake. His crisp, firm, direct style is the best possible medium for the stories he has to tell. In *The Millionaire of Rough and Ready* Bret Harte effectively teaches the lesson that circumstances do not bring happiness, and, above all, that riches may bring worse evils than poverty. The story is a work of art, without the exaggeration that mars some of his other stories and without their false sentiment. A miner named Slinn finds gold at last. But, having tasted by anticipation the joys of wealth, he is stricken by paralysis. Alvin Mulrady comes to Los Gatos, where Slinn was blasted, with the secret of his discovery untold. Mulrady, instead of following the Georgeite theory of the surrounding population and squatting on the land, went to the owner, Don Ramon Alvarado, and offered to manage a farm "on shares." Don Ramon and his son, Don Cæsar, are drawn truthfully and delicately. Their high-breeding gives them even in poverty an incalculable superiority over their rich but vulgar neighbors.

"'They are savages,' said Don Ramon of the miners, 'who expect to reap where they have not sown; to take out of the earth without return-

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ing anything to it but their precious carcasses; heathens who worship the mere stones they dig up.' 'And was there no Spaniard who ever dug gold?' asked Mulrady simply. 'Ah! there are Spaniards and Moors,' responded Don Ramon sententiously. 'Gold has been dug, and by caballeros; but no good ever came of it. There were Alvarados in Sonora, look you, who had mines of *silver*, and worked them with peons and mules, and lost their money—a gold-mine to work a silver one—like gentlemen! But this grubbing in the dirt with one's fingers, that a little gold may stick to them, is not for caballeros. And then one says nothing of the curse.' 'The curse!' echoed Mary Mulrady, with youthful feminine superstition. 'What is that?'

"'You know not, friend Mulrady, that when these lands were given to my ancestors by Charles V., the Bishop of Monterey laid a curse upon any who should desecrate them. Good! Let us see! Of the three Americans who founded yonder town one was shot, another died of fever—poisoned, you understand, by the soil—and the last got himself crazy of aguardiente. Even the scientifico who came here years ago and spied into the trees and the herbs—he was afterwards punished for his profanation, and died of an accident in other lands. But,' added Don Ramon, with grave courtesy, 'this touches not yourself. Through me *you* are of the soil.'"

Don Cæsar falls in love with "Mamie" Mulrady. And the pushing Mrs. Mulrady scarce hopes that the aristocrat will marry her daughter. But Alvin finds the mine that—apparently to the reader—belonged to the paralyzed Slinn. Mrs. Mulrady hurries her daughter away and gradually fits herself to lead in Californian society, and Don Cæsar grows small before the hope of a foreign prince.

Mrs. Mulrady's gradual evolution into that horrible being expressed by that horrible phrase, "society lady," is delightfully sketched:

"It occurred to her to utilize the softer accents of Don Cæsar in the pronunciation of their family name, and privately had 'Mulrade' take the place of Mulrady on her visiting-card. 'It might be Spanish,' she argued with her husband. 'Lawyer Cole says most American names are corrupted, and how do you know yours an't?' Mulrady, who could not swear that his ancestors came from Ireland to the Carolinas in '98, was helpless to refute the assertion. But the terrible Nemesis of an un-Spanish, American provincial speech avenged the orthographical outrage at once. When Mrs. Mulrady began to be addressed orally, as well as by letter, as 'Mrs. Mulraid,' and when simple amatory effusions to her daughter rhymed with 'lovely maid,' she promptly restored the original vowel. But she fondly clung to the Spanish courtesy which transformed her husband's baptismal name, and usually spoke of him—in his absence—as 'Don Alvino.' But in the presence of his short, square figure, his orange tawny hair, his twinkling gray eyes and *retroussé* nose, even that dominant woman withheld his title. It was currently reported at Red Dog that a distinguished foreigner had one day approached Mulrady with the formula, 'I believe I have the honor of addressing Don Alvino Mulrady?' 'You kin bet your boots, stranger, that's me,' had returned that simple hidalgo."

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The bishop's curse seems really to rest on the gold, the discovery of which brings misery to Slinn, and almost equal misery to Mulrady. They are rich at the end of the story—Slinn only for a moment before he dies. Bret Harte has given us one of his most charming and most true sketches of life, with a deep lesson. "Devil's Ford," the other story in the volume, is exaggerated but commonplace.

Jess, by the author of *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*, has only one good quality—a graphic picturing of life among the Boers, who, according to Mr. Haggard's account, have all the faults of the Pennsylvania Dutch without any redeeming virtues. We have to regret, too, an over-sensuousness which was characteristic of *She*, and which is a blot on so many English novels. It is remarkable that in most English novels the God of Christians is not mentioned. We have Fate and the "Unknowable." A series of novels by a great author, written on a sound basis of Christianity, is much needed. As for the so-called "Catholic novel" that is constantly demanded, it would not be read by the people who cry out for it.

A complete and perfect history of the new Irish movement headed by Parnell and strengthened by a band of the noblest young patriots that ever sprang from any mother-land, is found in Mr. T. P. O'Connor's book, *The Parnell Movement* (New York: Benziger Bros.) Readers of the Irish papers are already familiar with the greater part of the matter contained in *The Parnell Movement*. But the author has revised what was hastily written, and elided such statements as were supererogatory in the light of recent events. Mr. O'Connor's style is interesting. It flows clear and bright. Mr. O'Connor is not only well informed—for he has lived through the history he writes—but he seems to have no enemies to scalp and no hobbies of his own to ride. And this, in a chronicler of Irish history, is remarkable. His chapters on O'Connell are just and at the same time sympathetic. His passage on O'Connell's state of mind when the whole Irish nation hung on his breath is a good example of his vivid and plastic manner:

"For it is certain," writes Mr. O'Connor, "that at this period O'Connell knew moments of perhaps deeper anxiety than ever he had experienced during the many checkered years of his previous life. When the last shout had died away; when he had been pronounced, amid such tumults of cheers, the uncrowned king of Ireland, and he found himself once more with a single companion to whom he could show the nudity of his soul, he frequently uttered in a cry of anguish and despair: 'My God! my God! what am I to do with these people?'"

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It has become the fashion to decry O'Connell. This is, perhaps, the result of reaction from unreasoning worship. Mr. O'Connor makes, with that simplicity which is the best way of expressing pathos, these statements:

"His habits at this period throw a considerable light on his motives and on the history of his country. In spite of occasional laxity of moral conduct, he was all his life a devoted member of the Catholic Church; and towards the end of his days his daily life was that rather of an anchorite in a state of ecstasy than of a fierce politician in the midst of a raging and relentless struggle. He used not only to attend Mass but also to receive Holy Communion every morning of his life; and it was remarked as indicative of his whole theory of political duty that he always wore on these occasions a black glove on his right hand—the hand that, having shed the blood of D'Estarre in a duel, was unworthy to touch even the drapery associated with the mysteries of his religion."

Mr. O'Connor's book is exactly what it pretends to be—*The Parnell Movement, with a Sketch of Irish Parties from* 1843. To this book Mr. Robert McWade adds, with the help of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, another, *Gladstone-Parnell and the Great Irish Struggle* (Philadelphia: Hubbard Bros.) It is a careful and sympathetic study of the Irish situation up to the beginning of 1887.

THE FORMING OF THE MOTHER.

NOT only the Peerless
  Conceived without stain;
New Eve for new Adam,
  Pure in heart and brain;

Fifteen years of Maidenhood
  Spotless of sin;
Lily without,
  And Lily within;

Not only the greeting,
  "Hail! full of grace";
Not only the waiting
  For the Blessed Child's Face;

Not only the Nine Months
  With her God alone,
When the Virgin bosom
  Was His only throne;

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Not only Communion
Of heart and thought with Him,
Whereof words are silent,
Imagination dim;

Not the Face only
Of God in human form,
The Face of her Redeemer,
The Face of her First-born;

But wandering in the desert
For David's chosen race;
And Egypt's idol city
For David's royal place;

Home labors of Nazareth
In the cottage-cave;
Hard looks of neighbors,
Fierce tongues to brave;

Three days' loss, the figure
Of the future woe;
Eighteen years' subjection
For one sudden blow;

The sword of Compassion
Piercing all her life;
The peace of the Mother
Plunged in demon strife;

And the Way of Sorrows
Ended by the Cross;
The flow of Blood and Water;
The buried Body's loss.

All these together
Formed the Chosen One,
The solace of the sorrowing,
The Mother of the Son.

So the Queen of Angels
Was nurtured in grief;
So the Queen of Martyrs
Is her children's relief,

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ADDRESSES BY THE MOST REV. DR. WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin. With a collection of his letters on various subjects. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This large volume—over four hundred pages—contains very reliable information regarding the peculiar relations between church and state in Ireland. Since the days of the penal laws, when priests were hunted as criminals, things have changed for the better. But even to the present day, as is shown in the preface to this volume, most persistent efforts have been made by crafty British officials to control the utterances of prominent ecclesiastics on national questions. The agencies by which public opinion is formed have been unscrupulously employed to induce the clergy to cooperate by silence, if not by consent, in the subjugation of an exasperated people. Instead of brute force the policy of deceit was substituted; and after centuries of persecution it is not strange that some have exhibited a desire to purchase peace at the cost of anything less than the denial of the faith.

Any one who has carefully studied Irish affairs during recent years need not be informed that the minions of Dublin Castle have contrived by anonymous cablegrams, newspaper rumors, etc., to send messages dictating what the clergy should do in public affairs. It was expected that as loyal subjects they should take no part in the movement to force heartless landlords into allowing their suffering tenants the necessaries of life. According to the standard of the English press, clergymen in Ireland were accused of being derelict in the performance of a solemn duty if they failed to denounce openly the organizations formed among the people for the constitutional assertion of their rights.

This volume should be read by all who wish to get the exact facts in reference to the opinions held by the late Cardinal McCabe, which have not been endorsed by his successor in the see of Dublin. For those who were disturbed by the conflicting statements circulated a few years ago, it may be now declared as a positive certainty that "a vile plot had been concocted by some contemptible agencies of the English government for corrupting the sources of Irish ecclesiastical intelligence in Rome, and for diverting them into courses adverse to national interests and aspirations at home. The election of Dr. Walsh by the Cathedral Chapter by such an overwhelming majority of their number had amazed and irritated the executive in Dublin, and even some members of the Cabinet in London, and, in their malignity, their insolence, and their folly, they vowed that, let who will be Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh should not." These words are taken from the preface; and, did space permit, we might quote other passages to show how the plans of the conspirators—some of whom were Catholics—came to naught by the wise policy of Pope Leo XIII. Scarcely two years have passed since the installation of Archbishop Walsh, and he has already surpassed the high expectations of his friends in the work accomplished through his ability. Within that short space of time he has

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spoken on nearly all the prominent questions of the day. His addresses show a marvellous knowledge of the practical affairs of life, combined with extensive erudition. Some of his utterances give evidence of a fixed determination to allow no false interpretation of his views to pass unnoticed. Among all classes of his people he is justly regarded as a champion of the church, and an eloquent exponent of that sympathy which the clergy must ever feel for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those who are heavily burdened with the cares of life.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS AND BLESSED OF THE THREE ORDERS OF ST. FRANCIS. Translated from the French of the Very Rev. Father Leon, O.S.F. Two vols. Taunton: Published by the Franciscan Convent.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, AND A SKETCH OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER. By a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares. With emendations and additions by Very Rev. Pamfilo da Magliano, O.S.F. New edition. New York: P. O'Shea.

These republications of standard works treating of the lives of Franciscan saints are timely contributions to devotional literature, especially in view of the zealous endeavors now being made for the propagation of the Third Order of St. Francis. And for another reason also: the bloody chasm between rich and poor may be narrowed by the state in reforming bad laws, but it is closed only by the poverty of Christ; and never was this form of evangelical communism better displayed than by Francis of Assisi and his disciples, and since his day by the inheritors of his spirit. In the holy war waged by the peaceful servants of Christ upon avarice and pride and sensuality the Franciscans, men and women, cloistered and uncloistered, have ever been and yet are among the most courageous soldiers; the standard of Christ's poverty and simplicity of life has never fallen from their grasp. Read the exploits of these poor ones of Christ, and compare them with the maxims of the Gospel, and you will soon acquire a love of the poor and a hearty, practical sympathy, based on the noblest religious motives, for human suffering of every kind.

CÆREMONIALE EPISCOPORUM Clementis VIII., Innocentii X., et Benedict XIII. Jussu editum Benedicti XIV., et Leonis XIII. auctoritate recognitum. Editio Typica. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

This Ceremonial of Bishops is excellently printed and bound, and is the authorized and latest edition of the *Cæremoniale Episcoporum*. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon the publishers for the care given to the preparation of this and kindred books, and for the expense incurred in putting them before the public. Some time ago we had occasion to notice the *Roman Ritual* issued by this same house. The book before us will bear comparison with that beautiful production, and will be found to possess all its merits. We congratulate the publishers on their good taste and spirit of enterprise.

THE RISE AND EARLY CONSTITUTION OF UNIVERSITIES. With a Survey of Mediæval Education. By S. S. Lawrie, LL.D. (International Education Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Lawrie in his preface says that his book is not addressed to historical experts, and that he has not undertaken to instruct them. His reading, however, has been wide, but limited in the main to second-hand authorities. No pretence is made to original research; and even of recent

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publications the author admits that he has failed to study "the most learned work which has yet appeared on the subject of universities"—that, namely, of the Dominican Father Denifle. This being the case, we think it a pity that he has ventured to say that certain statements of Cardinal Newman, and also of Montalembert, will not bear a moment's investigation. We are quite prepared to reject, if need be, any conclusions of these two great writers, but such rejection must be shown to be necessary as a consequence of original study and research. We are inclined to think, too, that the remarks which are made here and there about the ignorance of the clergy spring from the same lack of acquaintance with the primary sources and are nothing more than an acquiescence in the ordinary Protestant tradition. When we have mentioned that our author manifests, as every Protestant must necessarily manifest, an inadequate conception of Christianity, we have said all that is necessary to say in the way of fault-finding.

What we have said in depreciation we have felt all the more bound to say because in other respects the book deserves warm and hearty praise. In view of the new Catholic University the higher education is a subject of much interest at present, and this work cannot but be very useful for all who share this interest or desire to excite it where at present it is non-existent. Many remarks made by Professor Lawrie deserve to be taken into serious consideration, and show, it seems to us, great acuteness and sound practical knowledge of the subject. The style, too, is such as to make it pleasant reading. And so, upon the whole, we have great pleasure in noting the appearance of this new volume and wishing it success.

THE RELIGIOUS HOUSES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. Containing a short history of each order and house. Compiled from official sources. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The progress which the faith is making in Great Britain is well shown by this volume. Every year either new orders are being founded or those which had ceased to exist in the country are re-entering. From this work we learn that the Canons Regular of St. John Lateran, the Carthusians, and the Premonstratensians have returned, while the new congregations of the Basilian Fathers, the Society of African Missions, and the Institute of St. Andrew (not to mention others) have founded houses. The work serves very well its primary purpose of furnishing a complete list of all the houses, missions, colleges, and convents, both of men and women, in the kingdom. It also gives a brief sketch of the history of each order, of its introduction into Great Britain, of its present condition throughout the world, of its rule and constitution. The connection of each house with pre-Reformation times is noted, and is a point of special interest. We are sure that for all Catholics of the United Kingdom this book will be very interesting and useful, and think it probable that interest in it will not be confined exclusively to them.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. Translated from the Italian of Rev. F. Francis da Perinaldo, O.S.F., by a member of the same order. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

An excellent manual of meditations for Lent and Passion-time. The

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mind is assisted to withdraw from distractions and fix its thoughts and affections upon our Saviour as he treads the thorny way of the cross. The matter is assorted with much judgment, not too scantily furnished nor too lavishly, and the devotion rather invited than stimulated. The translation reads smoothly, and no doubt is correctly made.

THE SEVEN LAST WORDS. Seven Sermons for Lent and the Passion-tide. Elizabeth, N. J.: Published by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B.

Here is a little pamphlet-bound collection of sermons very useful for pastors of souls and for private reading during this season of Lent and the coming one of the Passion. We presume they are translations; that part of the work is well done. But we wish most especially to commend the judgment of the reverend publisher in his present selection, as in some of his previous ones we thought the sermons rather dry. These are excellent. They have come to hand too late for a more extended notice.

DIE CHRISTLICHE KRANKENSTUBE. Lehr- und Beispielbuch für Kranke. Enthaltend an die zwei hundert Beispiele. Druck der *Nord Amerika*, Philadelphia.

A very important book for all who have to care for the sick, but especially for priests, whose visitation of the sick is a matter of grave obligation, but may tend to become routine and barren of great results. Though not a large volume, it is in fact an immense repertory of edifying anecdotes, very many of them being really charming, and all of them calculated in greater or less degree to assist those who watch at the sick-bed of a Christian. Here are found numerous consoling texts of Scripture, many beautiful little poems and poetical selections, preparation for and thanksgiving after receiving the sacraments; all in that language which, though it be foreign to us, yet seems to us the best medium for conveying tender affection and loving sympathy from one soul to another.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Dr. H. Von Holst, Privy Councillor and Professor in the University of Freiburg. Authorized edition. Translated by Alfred Bishop. Chicago, Ill.: Mason, Callaghan & Co.

What strikes us about this book is that it is so ably written by a foreigner, so well translated by an American, and so well made up by a publishing house in the new world out West.

Dr. Von Holst seems to have made himself master of the constitutional law of our Union, and that is high praise for one of his nationality and antecedents. Every page is evidence of familiar and synthetic knowledge of our rather complex political system. His reading has doubtless been more than cursory; he is a real student of the American Constitution as it created the co-ordinate factors of our federal public life, legislative, executive, and judicial, and as it daily inspires their action. We are surprised at the author's accurate learning, especially in the Supreme Court cases. His opinions on matters formerly or currently in dispute are those of a mind well trained yet not altogether judicial in its character; for he weighs the arguments on both sides from points of view political as well as forensic.

He has added a treatise on the constitutional and general law of the

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several States which is of much use for reference, but plainly not the result of so much study or, we venture to affirm, such impartial study as that which is the main purpose of the book and gives it its name. As to questions educational and religious Dr. Von Holst is mainly right in his estimate of the powers of the general government, and mainly wrong as to those of the several States. That principle of American politics which he so plainly lays down, and which is of all others, in a legal point of view, the most necessary to a clear notion of the various action of our federal and State authority, he seems to ignore in his reference to State powers in matters of education and religion: that is to say, the principle that all powers not delegated to the federal government by its Constitution are reserved to the States and to the people, and, on the contrary, all powers not reserved *from* the State government by *its* Constitution are granted. So that if *the whole Union* is to be affected by legislation of an educational or religious nature, it must be because of some express power *granted* by the federal Constitution, or, if not expressly granted, at least plainly necessary for carrying into effect one that is. But if *any single State* is to be affected by a State law of a religious or educational or any other nature, the only requisite, so far as technical legality is concerned, is that there is no express or necessarily implied *prohibition* in that State's constitution.

POEMS. By Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

It is doubtful whether the author has acted prudently in publishing her poems all at once in one large volume, at least for readers not already acquainted with her writings. A volume of verse containing over five hundred pages presents a somewhat formidable appearance to the average reader of poetry. It would have been better, it seems to us, for the success of the work from a commercial point of view, to have made a selection of the best pieces for the sake of making a trial of the public taste.

Although the poems in this volume do not attain the first rank, they are for the most part very pleasing. Readers will find the verses technically correct; they will find that they are always characterized by good taste, conjoined with piety and devotion. Here and there they will meet with stanzas of remarkable beauty. The author evidently has a great love for the beauties of nature, but we think that the poems which treat of human feelings are the best—as, for instance, the one called "A Flower in Winter." This we can say with truth (and it is giving this work higher praise than can be given to many of the writers who receive the praise of the world) that no one can read these poems without being moved to love more warmly virtue and faith and goodness.

DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS. By Angelo Heilprin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book is one of the "International Scientific Series." It gives us a summary, and, we believe, a complete one, of the results thus far attained on the interesting subject of the distribution of animal life throughout the globe. The author is an exception to the general run of scientific writers: he contents himself with stating facts, and does not intrude unnecessarily his theories upon us. His treatment of the subject might, we think, be

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more popular. Like many specialists, he is sometimes a little too technical. He talks of "the well-known Globigerina, Orbulina, Spheroidina, Holothuridæ," etc., which are certainly quite sufficiently unknown to the great mass of really intelligent readers to need further explanation; yet this is not such a defect as to lessen the usefulness of the book in the class-room. The work bears evidence of thorough research in its department. Even the copious and minute reports of the *Challenger* Expedition, compiled by Mr. Brady, seem to have been faithfully investigated.

THE POETRY OF SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON. By Mr. Justice O'Hagan. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Years ago Christopher North prophesied that the world would yet hear of the author of the "Forging of the Anchor." The world has heard of this author; knows now that he has died but recently, but does not as yet know him as he deserves to be known. The little book before us is an appreciative study of Ferguson's poetry, and whets a desire to know more of the poet and his work. Copious extracts, especially from Ferguson's longer poems, are given, while their story is told by the commentator, who gives his attention rather to pointing out the beauties of Ferguson's poetry than to criticism upon it. In the preface the author says that he has endeavored to express his sense not only of Ferguson's genius as a poet but of his singular success in giving to Irish legends and traditions, to the manners, feelings, and distinctive features of the Irish race, due expression in the English language.

Mangan and Ferguson have been the most successful of modern Irish poets in interweaving Gaelic modes of thought with their verse. Ferguson has gone over a wide field, "traversing all the ages," to use Mr. O'Hagan's words, "from the shadowy, gigantic forms and mystic lays of the earliest epoch down to our own times, from Cuchullin and Fergus MacRoy to Thomas Davis." He has weaved into his song the manners, religion, laws of the Celt of various epochs. He has performed a great work in assisting to lay the foundations of a distinctive national Irish literature in the English tongue.

THE STORY OF THE MOORS IN SPAIN. By Stanley Lane-Poole, B.A., M.R.A.S., with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M.A. (The Story of the Nations Series.) New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The story of the Moors in Spain is certainly told in a very engaging fashion. We have spread before us a magnificent panorama of Moorish civilization; beautiful palaces, fountains, luxuriant gardens, exquisite bits of workmanship, rise before our eyes; but the narrators have been too much taken up with telling the story to make the work of much historical value. They have simply been carried away by their subject, and do great injustice to the enemies and final conquerors of the Moors, the Christians in Spain. Whenever these two peoples are contrasted it is always to the great advantage of the Moors. To them are attributed what are known as the Christian virtues, while the Christians are represented as a very mean and inferior race—inferior in civilization, in a sense of honor, and in valor. Indeed, one lays down the book and wonders that the Moors were finally completely crushed by so inferior a race. Of course the explanation is that signal injustice has been done to the Christians, while the good quali-

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ties of the Moors have been greatly exaggerated. It is to be hoped that the series will include the story of the Christians in Spain, to offset this very one-sided though undoubtedly entertaining narrative.

THE LIFE AROUND US: A Collection of Stories. By Maurice Francis Egan. Second edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

When the first edition of this charming collection of stories appeared it received our warm approval in an extended notice. The fact that the book is already in its second edition proves that our commendation was well merited, and we are glad to find that our judgment has been approved by the Catholic public at large. The name of the talented author of these tales is becoming more and more a household word among the Catholics of the land.

IRISH SONGS AND POEMS. By Francis A. Fahy. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Mr. Fahy sings the themes dear to the heart of every Irish bard—love and his native land. Hatred of oppression, sorrow for the woes of Ireland, hope for its future, are poured out again and again in both songs and poems.

"Our race, through clouds of gloom and woe,
And years of wreck and outraged trust,
Still lifts its face with soul-felt glow,
Still hopes, still knows that God is just.
Its deeds are of the open day;
Its spirit, scorning prison-bars,
Springs from the grovellings of clay,
And reads its future in the stars."

The poet is at his best when thus moved by patriotic fervor, though there are some pretty lines among his love-songs. The book ends rather strangely with a poem entitled "I wish I were a Poet." By the poems that go before it Mr. Fahy had already proved that his wish had been gratified.

HOFFMAN'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND CLERGY-LIST QUARTERLY. Milwaukee and Chicago: Hoffman Bros. 1887.

This excellent work fully maintains the high reputation for accuracy and ready reference which it has deservedly acquired. In this last issue the alphabetical list of the clergy has been entirely rewritten, and in cities with two or more churches the address of every resident clergyman is added. This greatly facilitates matters in finding addresses. Another improvement is that the necrology is arranged alphabetically, instead of under dates as formerly. The general make-up of this publication is excellent, especially when its very low price is taken into consideration.

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By Samuel Arthur Bent, A.M. Fifth edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

When a work of this kind reaches its fifth edition it is the best guarantee for its reliability and usefulness, and it has become so well known that there is little need of saying anything about it. It is always interesting to know who said some oft-repeated good thing that we hear, and the occasion of it. The "sayings" are confined to oral utterances, though excep-

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tions are made in the case of letters, journals, proclamations, and addresses. The "great men" are arranged alphabetically, and a short biography is given. Their noteworthy sayings follow, together with a review of the occasions which gave them birth. At the end is a complete index of the "sayings," which is very convenient for ready reference.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D., M.R I.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

A very clear little treatise, built upon a simple plan. There are first a number of rules under separate headings, intended to warn the learner against what is wrong and to lead him to what is right. The rules are simply expressed in language easy to comprehend and to remember. Many of the errors pointed out in speaking and writing are peculiar to Irish boys and girls; peculiar idioms that are not heard in this country except among children of Irish parentage. In the second part of the treatise are given a number of abstracts of letters, some examples of letters in full, and a list of subjects for letters or essays. The author collected a number of letters written by students and pupils of schools in various parts of Ireland. The prevailing errors of these were noted, and the rules given are chiefly founded on these errors, committed by the class of persons for whom the book is intended. The mistakes made are so common in general that this very clear and practical treatise may be perused to great advantage upon this side of the water. The examples of letters given are somewhat more formal than boys and girls are wont to write in this country.

MIDSHIPMAN BOB. By E. L. Dorsey. Notre Dame, Ind.: Joseph A. Lyons.

Midshipman Bob was published as a serial in the *Ave Maria*, and has been reprinted in a neat and tasteful form. Its hero is a Catholic boy who enters and graduates from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. A story with a glimpse of the sea in it is always interesting to boys when well told. We are sure that no young Catholic boy can fail to be interested in Bob's struggles and triumphs at the nation's training-school for sailors.

OTHER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

SHOPPELL'S MODERN HOUSES. Co-operative Building Plan Association Architects, Publishers, New York.

RAND & MCNALLY'S OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE, February, 1887. Chicago: American Railway Guide Co.

HANDBOOK OF GREEK COMPOSITION. With Exercises for Junior and Middle Classes. By Henry Browne, S.J. Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF ST. FRANCIS' HOSPITAL, New York.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF LE COUTEULX ST. MARY'S INSTITUTION for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes. Buffalo, N. Y.: Institution Print. 1887.

AMERICAN STATESMEN: Life of Thomas Hart Benton. By Theodore Roosevelt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PASSAGES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOUR EXPOUNDED AND ILLUSTRATED. By Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE PARENTAL BLESSING IN A CHRISTIAN HOME. By a Monk of the Order of St. Benedict. Liége: H. Dessain.

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THE

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JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

BOTH as a poet and a prose-writer Goethe is considered to be the most brilliant phenomenon in German literature of modern times. Though not in every respect the most accomplished, he is the most versatile of German classical authors. His writings contain the most perfect models of style, both in poetry and prose. To bring literary style as near to perfection as human language permits was his aim to the end of his life.*

What greatly adds to the attractiveness of his writings is the fidelity with which he endeavored to copy the real nature of persons and things. He was no recluse or theoretic bookworm, but an enjoyer of life and the real world in which he moved. He drew his inspirations from nature, "with which," as Emerson† remarks, "he lived in full communion." He knew how to select interesting matter for poetry and prose from his own personal experiences, from his manifold and varied intercourse with people, and from the wide universe about him.‡ And, last but not least, he understood how to clothe his sentiments and ideas in the most attractive and fascinating literary forms. Bulwer justly called him a great refractor, receiving light from all directions and dispensing the same again with increased force. The philosopher Schelling even compared him to a pharos illuminating all Germany.§ Yet, considered from a Christian stand-point, Goethe's brilliant literary productions must be considered a

* Alexander Baumgartner, S.J., *Der Alte von Weimar, Goethe's Leben und Werke*, Freiburg, 1886, p. 270.

† Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Representative Men*, Boston, 1885, p. 258.

‡ A. F. C. Vilmar, *Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur*, 1870, p. 488.

§ Alex. Baumgartner, l. c., p. 272.

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curse to the German nation. Frederick von Schlegel no doubt had good reasons for comparing Goethe's tendency to that of Voltaire; and Sophia von Stolberg was hardly guilty of exaggeration when she observed that Goethe had done more harm to Germany than Napoleon I.* Unfortunately Goethe was both irreligious and a man of very questionable morality. Writings coming from such a polluted source cannot but contribute to spread the deplorable contagion of irreligion and immorality.

I.

As to religion, Goethe had about as little of it as his friend Schiller, who boasted:

> "Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen,
> Die du mir nennst. Und warum keine?
> Aus Religion." †

Some have, indeed, taken the trouble to try to show by quotations from Goethe's writings that he was favorably inclined not only to the Christian religion in general but also to the Catholic Church in particular. But such occasional expressions in favor of Christianity or of some Catholic doctrines or practices will deceive no one well acquainted with the general irreligious tendency of Goethe's writings. The Protestant historian of German literature, Vilmar,‡ is no doubt correct in asserting that there exists a "dissonance" between the two great German poets—Goethe and Schiller—and Christianity. Schiller is more inclined to rationalism, deifying man; Goethe more to naturalism, deifying nature. Moreover, both show themselves openly hostile to Christianity: Goethe, indeed, comparatively seldom; Schiller oftener and more decidedly. If they occasionally make some remarks favorable to Christianity or the Catholic religion, they thereby only show their inconsistency.

Alex. Baumgartner, S.J.,§ who has studied the life and the writings of Goethe as but few have done, says of him that already in his early youth he had lost the belief in Christ as the real Son of God, and in his Gospel as a revelation, which all nations and ages are obliged to accept. Without having made the Christian religion the object of any profound study, and consequently without any decided convictions concerning it, Goethe

* A. Baumgartner, l. c., pp. 280–1.

† "What religion do I profess? None of all you mention to me. And why none? Because of religion."

‡ A. Baumgartner, l. c., pp. 508–14. § L. c., pp. 278–9.

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commenced his checkered career as an author. From the various kinds of books which he read and from his own experiences and observations he collected such matter for his writings as happened to strike his fancy, without regard to anything like logical consistency. His views (*Weltanschauung*) changed not only during the principal epochs of his life, but often also every month and every day. If he happened to read Rousseau he was an enthusiastic admirer of nature; if he read Voltaire he fell in love with civilization; if he read Spinoza he dreamed of an intuitive idea of God, by which *the All* could be seen in individual existences; if he read Leibnitz he imagined that he saw monads everywhere. But nowhere he clearly defines what he meant by nature, or civilization, or God, or the intuitive knowledge of God. He followed no philosophical system consistently; he, in fact, detested anything like a system or logical consistency. His mind may be compared to an archive always ready to receive the most contradictory views and theories. Plato and Aristotle, Zeno and Epicurus, Christ and Voltaire, were all equally welcome to him as far as they struck his fancy, but he never took the trouble to come to a consistent conviction concerning any particular religion or philosophical system.

II.

Goethe was a fair representative of the religious and philosophical confusion existing among the majority of the so-called educated non-Catholic Germans of his time. Protestantism had then developed its last logical consequences. The first open revolt against all Protestant forms of mutilated Christianity broke out in England. The English government had protested against the Catholic religion, and established a church of its own by law. Logical Britons, under the leadership of Lord Herbert of Cherbury († 1648), believed also in their right of protesting against this humanly-established church, and proclaimed so-called natural religion.*

The followers of Lord Herbert, called Deists, admitted the existence of God, the immortality of the human spirit, and a just retribution in the life to come, as truths arrived at by reason; but they rejected all belief in a supernatural revelation, in miracles, in the Incarnation of the Son of God, in grace, and in a supernatural destiny of man.

Lord Shaftesbury († 1713) went a step further: he declared

* Dr. Haffner, *Die deutsche Aufklaerung*, 1864, p. 27.

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religion to consist in morally good actions and in developing the naturally good human instincts, especially benevolence.

Collins († 1729) and Chubb († 1747) went still further: they openly denied the existence of a personal God. The former declared God to be an unconscious being; the latter considered the activity, or life, of nature to be God.

English philosophy of this kind soon deluged France,* where various causes had prepared the way. One of these, no doubt, was the great moral corruption which then had been spreading in all directions from Paris. Influential writers, as Helvetius, De Holbach, Bayle, Voltaire († 1778), and Rousseau († 1778), did their best to popularize the new philosophy among the French people.

Unfortunately for the German nation, her rulers and so-called educated classes, at this time, looked upon morally rotten France with admiration and reverence. Since the days of Louis XIV. the court of Paris had been the ideal of all German courts; and during the eighteenth century the moral corruption of the higher society of France gradually spread over all German courts.† Infidel and immoral literature, such as was then fashionable in France, was scattered, especially from Leipzig, broadcast throughout Germany among the admirers of all that was or looked like French.

Soon the consequences became visible; infidelity and loose morality became fashionable in the higher circles of German society, and gradually descended to the lower strata of the people. Even Protestant ministers, as Semler‡ at Halle (1725–91), and Edelmann in 1735, made no mystery of their disbelief in various Christian doctrines. The influential writer Lessing (1774–78) publicly attacked the reliability of the Sacred Scriptures and supernatural revelation in general. He claimed that by doing so he was but acting in the spirit of Luther.

Philosophers like Kant, Hegel, and Fichte (1763–1814) zealously assisted in demolishing what had still been left of the system of the Christian religion.

In the midst of such an atmosphere of religious confusion and moral corruption Goethe had the misfortune to appear.

He was born in 1749 at Frankfort, and brought up a Protestant. The religious instruction he received when young did not satisfy the cravings of his heart. Yet a boy, he had already adopted a peculiar worship of his own—the worship of the light of day.§

* Dr. Haffner, l. c., pp. 33–43. † L. c., pp. 43–52. ‡ L. c., p. 71.
§ W. Lindemann, *Goethe*, 1868, pp. 48–9.

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In later years Goethe's respect for the Christian religion did not increase. He, indeed, came in contact with some prominent Catholics, and travelled for a while in Catholic Italy. If he occasionally took some interest in the Catholic religion it was only so far as he found therein welcome matter for his æsthetic taste. But as a religion the Catholic made no lasting impression on his mind;* he did not take the trouble to study it seriously.

As to German Protestantism, in which he had been brought up, how could this have been expected to exercise a real religious influence upon him? Even candid Protestants like Vilmar† admit that, at the time when Goethe was coming into prominence as a poet and a prose-writer, "ecclesiastical Christianity within the Evangelical Church showed itself only in effete, nearly dead appearances; often and nearly always in tasteless forms; and the Christian faith which still survived was of an extremely subjective kind—as, for instance, that of Klopstock and Lavater."

No wonder, then, that in the midst of such a religious atmosphere the keen-sighted and poetic Goethe grew up and remained, theoretically and practically, an infidel and Epicurean.

III.

What kind of morality may be expected of a man who ignores the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and a just retribution after this life? The answer we find amply illustrated in Goethe's life.

The dominant principles which inspired this brilliantly-endowed poet and prose-writer were no inspirations coming from heaven and leading to heaven, no Christian ideals, but the voluptuous Eros, or the sensual love, of pagan antiquity, and a practical Epicurism which did not care for the eternal and divine.‡ Sensual love, with its pleasures and pangs, pervades a great part of his poetry and prose, as it pervaded a great part of his life.

J. Rickaby§ observes:

"On the sole testimony of his autobiography and of his writings we gather that he was irreligious; that he systematically, for sixty years, trifled with the affection of women, and then left them cruelly in the lurch; that from his early youth he mingled in certain companies and in certain transactions which are utterly incompatible with purity and uprightness of character; and, in short, that he can have no claim to be a model man in a Christian country."

Such, then, is the religious and moral character of the man

* Alex. Baumgartner, l. c., pp. 279–81. † L. c., pp. 513–14. ‡ L. c., pp. 274–5.
§ The *Month*, London, 1876, xxviii. 281 (quoted by Alex. Baumgartner, l. c., 276).

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and writer who has been called "the greatest genius of our modern times";* "a pharos illuminating all Germany with his own light."†

IV.

What are we to say of the perusal of his works? Shall they be ignored by Catholics and Christians generally? Shall the reading of them be condemned without reserve? Or may they, under certain conditions, be read with good conscience and educational profit?

To ignore the works of Goethe is impossible; they are read and highly appreciated not only wherever the German language is spoken, but, by means of translations, they have become to a great extent the public property also of other nations. No man pretending to a liberal education can, to his credit, ignore the works of Goethe.

We are not obliged to condemn the reading of them absolutely by any law of God or of his church. The ancient Fathers of the church did not scruple to read the writings of pagan authors. Their guiding principle in doing so was that laid down by St. Paul (1 Thess. v. 21): "Prove all things; hold that which is good." The same principle ought to guide us also in perusing the works of Goethe and of similar classical authors.

On the one hand we must openly and willingly acknowledge the many beautiful and true sentiments and ideas expressed by them; but, on the other hand, we must not omit to condemn from the standpoint of Christian doctrine, which is the standard of truth, what is false, irreligious, or immoral in their writings.‡

As a rule, the indiscriminate reading of such authors as Goethe should not be permitted to young persons whose religious convictions and moral character are still wanting the necessary firmness to resist the subtle, baneful influences necessarily emanating from such sources.

Father Alex. Baumgartner, S.J., who has lately published several most learned and important works on Goethe, and who is especially qualified to pass a fair judgment on the value of this author, observes:§

"Far be it from us to desire to have Goethe entirely banished from school. His works contain, as far as form and matter are concerned, mani-

* A. F. C. Vilmar, l. c., p. 459. † Alex. Baumgartner, l. c., p. 272.
‡ Prof. H. Wedemer, *Die Literatur und die christliche Jugendbildung*, 1868, p. 32.
§ L. c., pp. 284–5.

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fold materials useful for education, which may be of value in the hand and under the guidance of an able, conscientious teacher of youth. But a poet for young persons Goethe is simply not. No matter how much of the beautiful he may offer in some works, . . . we must decidedly reject the main substance of his views of the world and of life, if Christian sentiment and Christian morality are not to perish entirely. . . . To consider the perusal of Goethe, without any reserve, harmless, is a very wrong conception; and to admire him enthusiastically is possible only for such as either share his errors or, through mental shortsightedness and lack of solid study, do not notice them."

EASTER.

THROUGH all thy Passion time, through grief and sorrow,
With thee, O Lord, I've wept:
When in the garden, shrinking from the morrow,
Thy lonely watch was kept;

When on thy quivering flesh, thy pain unheeding,
They dealt the cruel blow;
When mocked, and crowned with thorns, all faint and bleeding,
Thy kingly head drooped low.

I've followed thee, O Lord, up Calvary's mountain,
An awful sight to see:
Thy thirst, thy agony, thy heart—love's fountain—
Pierced through, sweet Christ, for me.

But now the days, with gloom and sadness teeming,
Like nightly shadows go:
The dawn upon an empty tomb is gleaming:
And Easter lilies blow!

O skies of Easter, ope your golden portals;
Rare flowers, your fragrance shed:
For He, the mighty One, who died for mortals,
Hath risen from the dead!

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OUR CITIZENS ABROAD.

An American gentleman of considerable prominence as a man of learning, who proposed to make a scientific tour in South America, told the writer that he intended to go first to the British West India Islands and get an English passport. I asked his reason for this course, which seemed to me to be unusual, if not in fact wrong, for a citizen of the United States to pursue; and was answered that he might require protection, as he was going to regions not entirely safe from bandits and revolutions, and that no nation was as much respected and feared as Great Britain, no people who travelled with such impunity and assurance of safety as British subjects.

This conversation induced me to examine somewhat the relations, methods, and laws of the United States, especially in non-Christian countries, touching our citizens who might be sojourning or travelling in them, with a view of ascertaining how they were dealt with and how protected. This investigation revealed a series of Congressional enactments, now in force and acted upon, which seemed most extraordinary and as objectionable and outrageous as extraordinary. And, indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that, under these laws, our citizens abroad need protection as much from their own government as from any foreign power. This is especially the case in China, Turkey, and Madagascar, and other non-Christian countries, in all of which we have peculiar ways of making and executing laws for ascertaining and punishing crime.

Two notable instances of the operation of these laws, which do not seem to have received the attention from the press and the public they were entitled to, have occurred recently.

On the 17th of July, 1879, Alexander Dahan, who was a subject of Turkey, a lawyer of prominence and a man of standing and influence, met in the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, one Stephen P. Mirzan, a citizen of the United States. They stopped and engaged in conversation, which soon became excited, and resulted in blows. Dahan, getting the worst of the conflict, endeavored to save himself by flight; but he was pursued by Mirzan, overtaken, shot through the body, and instantly killed. Mirzan was arrested, and, as he was an American citizen, some correspondence took place between our State Department

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and our representative in Turkey. It resulted, however, in an order from the Secretary of State to Horace Maynard, then American Minister at Turkey, to proceed to Alexandria and try Mirzan. Mr. Maynard went all the way from Constantinople to Alexandria, and did try Mirzan—tried him without a jury, constituting in his own person both judge and jury, sole judge of both the law and the facts; without the aid of books, or of counsel learned in the law—and convicted him of murder in the first degree, and sentenced him to be executed on the 1st of October, 1880. From this decision there was no appeal except to the clemency of the President of the United States. He commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life in the American jail at Smyrna, and the prisoner was afterward removed to the penitentiary at Albany, where he now is.

The other case occurred at Yokohama in 1880. J. M. Ross was charged with killing Robert Kelly on the American ship *Bullion*. When arrested he claimed to be a British subject; but the British consul at Yokohama disallowed his claim, and he was tried by the American consular court, convicted, and sentenced to death. But his sentence was also commuted to imprisonment for life, and he also is now in the penitentiary at Albany. In both cases the killing appeared to be the outcome of a sudden quarrel, and lacked the elements to make it murder in the first degree, and neither of the men would have been convicted of that offence, on a fair trial, in any State in the Union.

Our Constitution has these provisions on the subject of crime, trial, and punishment—viz.:

Art. iii., sec. 2: "The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, *shall be by jury;* and such trial shall be held in the State where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State, the trial shall be at such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed."

Art. v.: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

Art. vi.: "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, and be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and have the assistance of counsel for his defence."

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It would seem that these provisions should apply to all citizens of the United States, as well in our own territory as outside of it. There is no reason why it should be otherwise. Wherever consular courts are established or ministers reside, there are to be found American citizens; for the creation of the courts of itself implies the existence of a population subject to their operation. If we have the right to form a court to sit and act and execute its judgments in another country, undoubtedly we have the right to make it conform to our Constitution and throw the safeguards of the instrument around a person charged with crime in the same manner that we do at home. There is no practical difficulty about it. At Alexandria, where Mirzan was tried and condemned to death by one man, and at Yokohama, where Ross encountered the same fate, there are always a large number of American people, nearly all of them men of sense, information, and standing, who could be entrusted with the duties of grand-jurymen, and would certainly make as good jurymen as the average of those who are selected to act in criminal trials here in any State of the Union. And there is no real difficulty in constituting our courts there exactly as they are constructed at home.

It would seem that any form of trial of a citizen of the United States, for a capital offence, in which the requirements of the Constitution were omitted, especially where the means to employ them could be found, would be unconstitutional. The courts have upheld the jurisdiction of the tribunals as now constituted in China and Turkey in civil matters, and this upon the ground that our Constitution is only intended for home use, and that in the outside world we are a nation and have the rights of a nation, irrespective of our form of government or the limitations of our Constitution, and on the further grounds that such jurisdiction is given by treaties and the laws of Congress.

In the case of Davies *vs.* Hale, 91 U. S. p. 13, the question came directly before the Supreme Court, which held that the powers of consuls, as formerly exercised, had been very much circumscribed and diminished "by the changed circumstances of Europe and the prevalence of civil order in the several Christian states; and that it may now be considered generally true that for any judicial powers which may be vested in the consuls accredited to any nation we must look to the express provisions of the treaties entered into with that nation, and to the laws of the states which the consuls represent."

But this decision was confined to the question of jurisdiction

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in civil cases alone, and did not in any manner touch upon criminal affairs. The constitutionality of our laws giving our ministers and consuls in China, Japan, Turkey, Persia, Siam, and other non-Christian countries the right to try, convict, and sentence to death our citizens in those countries for murder or rebellion, in the manner now conferred, remains yet undecided. Neither of the cases of Mirzan or Ross were brought to the courts, the only action taken in either being the commutation of the sentence of death to imprisonment for life. But the subject is important enough to engage the attention of the public and of Congress. Our present laws are a blot upon our country which should be removed at once, and are besides in violation of the Constitution, as the following statement of the substance of them will demonstrate.

Our treaty with the Ottoman Porte, concluded in 1830, provides that

"Citizens of the United States who may have committed some offence shall not be arrested and put in prison by local authorities, but they shall be tried by their minister or consul, and punished according to their offence, following in this respect the usage observed towards other Franks."

Our treaty with China in 1844 conceded to the United States full civil and criminal jurisdiction between citizens of the United States in that country; and treaties with the non-Christian states of Japan, Borneo, Madagascar, Persia, Siam, and the countries in the north of Africa, all had the same provision, and constituted the basis of the subsequent legislation of Congress.

But surely they could not be held to give that body a *carte blanche* to go outside of the limitations of our Constitution and enact statutes irrespective of its restrictions. They could only mean, and be so construed, that the United States had the consent and concurrence of those various governments to provide in their territories for the trial and conviction, according to the principles of our form of government, of American citizens.

The laws on the subject are found in the Revised Statutes, sections 4080 to 4130 inclusive.

Section 4083 recites that in order to carry into full effect the provisions of the treaties of the United States with China, Japan, Siam, Egypt, and Madagascar, the minister and the consuls of the United States in each of these countries shall, in addition to other powers and duties imposed upon them, be invested with the judicial authority herein described, which shall appertain to the office of minister and consul, and be a part of the duties belonging thereto, wherein and so far as the same is allowed by treaty.

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These officers were empowered to arraign and try, in the manner provided by the act, citizens of the United States, to pass sentence upon them, and to issue all process necessary to carry their authority into execution.

The crowning and wonderful feature of this curious and not creditable series of enactments is to be found in section 4086, which is worth quoting in full:

"SEC. 4086. Jurisdiction in both criminal and civil matters shall, in all cases, be exercised and enforced in conformity with the laws of the United States, which are hereby, so far as is necessary to execute such treaties respectively, and so far as they are suitable to carry the same into effect, extended over all citizens of the United States in those countries, and over all others to the extent that the terms of the treaties respectively justify or require. But in all cases where such laws are not adapted to the object, or are deficient in the provisions necessary to furnish suitable remedies, the common law and the law of equity and admiralty shall be extended in like manner over such citizens and others in those countries; and if neither the common law, nor the law of equity or admiralty, nor the statutes of the United States furnish appropriate and sufficient remedies, the ministers in those countries shall, by decrees and regulations, which shall have the force of law, supply such defects and deficiencies."

Match us this in any code or in the works of any legislative body in the world! It is scarcely too much to say that in the whole length and breadth of the United States, which is so fruitful of men of talent, resource, and knowledge, and where such men abound, there is hardly one competent to perform understandingly the duties imposed by this section. The most learned of them cannot and does not know all that the man ought to know who has such a task thrown on his shoulders, and who may be called upon to try, single-handed, a man for his life, under these laws, and laws which he himself has perhaps made. For Congress has gone so far as to delegate the law-making power in regard to the gravest matters that belong to human business and affairs, and delegate it to one man, who, while he is making and executing these laws, is snugly ensconced, perhaps, in Siam, Madagascar, or Borneo! There he sits, not a law-book of any kind near him, making a code of laws as the representative of the United States, and able to invoke the aid of a war-steamer, if there should be one at hand, to enforce it!

But let us see what this minister must be presumed to know when he makes and executes his civil and criminal code.

1. He must know the laws of the United States, both those relating to crime and business; and this is not of itself a small task.

2. But if these are not adapted to the object, or are deficient

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in the necessary provisions, then the common law must be called into requisition, and he must know that also.

3. Congress thought, when it passed these laws, that there might be cases, arising in Persia we will say, in which our citizens were concerned, not covered by either the laws of the United States or the common law, and our minister, in his sanctum at the capital of that nation, must bring in the "laws of equity," which of course he knows all about.

4. But still Congress, in its wisdom and anxiety to provide for every possible contingency and to have a perfect and comprehensive system, considered it possible that the laws of the United States, the common law, the "law of equity," might all fall short of reaching the case, and thereupon added the law of admiralty!

But it is not only the minister who is competent to know all these things and to act understandingly in them, but our consuls are also esteemed fit for such great and onerous duties, as well as our commercial agents. For section 4088 declares that

> "They [consuls and commercial agents] are also invested with the powers conferred by the provisions of sections 4086 and 4087 for trial of offences or misdemeanors."

While our consuls and commercial agents abroad are, as a rule, worthy and respectable men, yet they are not often lawyers, and, when lawyers, have not been a success. Yet they are invested with the great and extraordinary powers and authorities of a minister—may do, in this regard, what he can do. To them also is delegated by Congress the power to enact laws, to hang an American citizen, to be both judge and jury, and where the accused has small, if any, opportunity to be represented by counsel.

Section 4090 gives the minister jurisdiction to try not only cases of murder and of offences against the public peace, which, if committed in the United States, would be felony, but of insurrection against the government of the country to which he is accredited. This is putting our minister on very delicate and dangerous ground.

There is no appeal allowed from the judgments of the ministers to Turkey, Siam, Persia, and the northern States of Africa, but there is in criminal cases from the ministers to China and Japan. From them an appeal may be taken to the Circuit Court of the District of California; but the laws do not allow that appeal to operate as a stay of proceedings, unless the minister certifies that there is probable cause to grant the same. Take

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the case of a man convicted of murder or rebellion: if the minister is so entirely satisfied of his guilt as to take the terrible step of sentencing him to death, he could not honestly and in the due discharge of his duties certify that there was probable cause to grant the appeal. If there is a reasonable doubt of the man's guilt, he should not be convicted; if there was no reasonable doubt on the mind of the minister, how could he give the certificate which alone would give the accused the right to a hearing before the court? The accused has the absolute right of appeal, but not the right to have it heard, and may be hung while it is yet pending. In the United States the right to appeal embraces the right to have the appeal heard, but not so in the case of a citizen of the United States whose business has taken him to Japan or China.

In cases of felony in the United States, less than capital, the law making it punishable prescribes also the punishment and limits the period of imprisonment. But here again our citizen abroad, in the countries to which these flagitious laws apply, does not stand on an equal footing with him at home, because the law provides for his punishment by fine or imprisonment, or both, *at the discretion of the officer who decides the case.* The imprisonment may be for life, the fine may exhaust the entire estate of the unhappy victim, and there is no redress, except in the pardon of the President.

The section 4106 cannot be read without astonishment. It was extraordinary when the power to make a code of criminal law was given to a minister, consul, or commercial agent, but more extraordinary still when we find that this section does not confine the punishment to that prescribed by this code, but absolutely gives the consul the right to affix a different and greater punishment. This is the language used:

"SEC. 4106. Whenever, in any case, the consul is of opinion that by reason of the legal questions which may arise therein assistance will be useful to him, or whenever he is of opinion *that severer punishments than those specified in the preceding sections will be required,* he shall summon to sit with him on the trial one or more citizens of the United States, etc."

He is to summon these parties, of course, before he commences the trial, and after he has already made up his mind, though he has not heard a word of evidence, that severer punishment than that allowed by law should be inflicted on the prisoner. The law already allowed unlimited fines and imprisonment for life; and the question may well be asked what sort of punishment severer than these can the consul make up his mind the prisoner must undergo? Unless the unfortunate was maimed or tortured, what

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punishment severer than imprisonment for life can there be, short of death?

Let it be remembered that all these extravagant powers are given to ministers, consuls, and commercial agents in semi-civilized countries where few understand the English language, and where there are no newspapers. The minister is required first to prepare his regulations, decrees, and orders, and submit them to such consuls as can be conveniently reached, who shall signify their assent or dissent in writing. But the minister, even if all the consuls should dissent, may nevertheless disregard their advice and adhere to his own opinions and action. He is then to cause the decree, regulation, or order to be published, with his signature thereto, and the opinions of his advisers inscribed thereon, and such publication makes them at once binding and obligatory until annulled or modified by Congress; but they remain in force and are operative immediately upon publication. How he is to publish them in Siam, Persia, or Borneo the law does not say; it can't be done in any of those countries in such a manner as to make people know and understand them. Persons who are tried under them are literally tried under laws of which they are in fact ignorant and have no means of learning.

Section 4128 declares that

"If at any time there be no minister in either of the countries hereinbefore mentioned, the judicial duties which are imposed by this title upon the minister shall devolve upon the Secretary of State, who is authorized to discharge the same."

The Secretary of State is for this purpose converted into a sort of deputy or substitute for the minister; but how is he to exercise this duty? A man, we will say, is charged with murder in Siam or Persia, and there is no minister there; must the Secretary of State go there to try him, or must he and all the witnesses be brought to this country? Manifestly the secretary would have to forego his public duties here and go there: he would have no right to try the accused anywhere except in the country where the crime was charged to have been committed.

The President refers to the subject of extra-territorial jurisdiction in his late message. He says:

"When citizens of the United States voluntarily go into a foreign country they must abide by the laws there in force, and will not be protected by their own government from the consequences of an offence against those laws committed in such foreign country. But watchful care and interest of this government over its citizens are not relinquished because they have gone abroad; and if charged with crime committed in the

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foreign land, a fair and open trial, conducted with decent regard for justice and humanity, will be demanded for them. With less than this government will not be content when the life or liberty of its citizens is at stake.

"Whatever the degree to which extra-territorial criminal jurisdiction may have been formerly allowed by consent and reciprocal agreement among certain of the European states, no such doctrine or practice was ever known to the laws of this country or of that from which our institutions have mainly been derived."

The President is credited with something of a satirical vein, and he possibly was indulging in this when he wrote that men of the United States charged with crime in a foreign land should have a fair and open trial, conducted with a decent regard for justice and humanity. He meant that this government would see to it that this was done when the man was tried by the courts of the foreign land; and it would not be amiss, while doing that, to see to it also that the accused should be properly, legally, and constitutionally tried by our own authorities and under our own laws.

This whole subject was considered with a great deal of care and interest by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations during the session of 1882. The bill, however, which was fifty pages in length, was not completed and introduced till the latter part of June, too late and at too busy a period of the session to have it considered. It repealed the entire series of enactments touching this matter, except those which were merely formal, and endeavored to assimilate trials of our citizens abroad to our methods at home—gave them the same safeguards; established regular courts, to which competent judges were to be assigned, with adequate salaries; provided for impanelling both grand and petty juries. It declared, in the language of the Constitution, that no one should be held to answer for a capital crime or other felony except on indictment of a grand jury, and that in all criminal prosecutions the accused should have the right of trial by jury. It affixed terms of punishment for all the felonies, and did not leave this to the discretion of the consul, nor allow a severer punishment than the law directed to be inflicted. The Secretary of State and the attorney-general were required to prepare a code suitable for the purpose and submit it to Congress.

In view of the continually growing importance of our trade and business abroad, and the great number of our citizens who travel for business, pleasure, or instruction, it is the imperative duty of Congress to abrogate the present plan of trying for crime and settling civil controversies, and substitute for it a complete and full code of laws and system of courts.

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THE PATRIOT SAINT OF SWITZERLAND.

AMONGST the many thousands of tourists who year after year visit Switzerland—"the play-ground" of Europe—ascend its snow-capped mountains, and explore the recesses of its picturesque Alpine valleys, few are aware that Switzerland has besides its natural attractions something far more beautiful and more grand to show than even its glaciers and majestic mountains. American patriots cannot but feel veneration for that mountain-land, which, though small in circumference, has, in the midst of great empires, kingdoms, and monarchies, floated aloft the sacred banner of liberty for centuries, and where the American motto, *E pluribus unum*, had taken shape long before it did so on this side of the Atlantic. And yet there is a motive still more sacred and more sublime which impels the Catholic American to make a pilgrimage to "Helvetia sacra"; it is to visit the shrines of so many of God's glorious saints, to pray to God before the relics of the many heroes of Christianity that have hallowed those valleys, mountains, and woods.

The glaring red of Switzerland's national banner, given to the Swiss by Pope Julius II., the founder of the Papal Swiss Guard, is the symbolic expression of heroism and enthusiasm that swells the bosom of this Alpine nation. The snow-white cross that forms the centre of the scarlet flag is expressive of the conspicuous fact of history that the cross of Christ has always conquered tyranny, and that "there is liberty where is the Spirit of God" (2 Cor. iii. 17). Martyrs and confessors, saintly bishops and holy, austere monks, giants of supernatural strength and maidens whose cloistered life was pure as the eternal snow on the summit of surrounding mountains, saints of every class and age and profession, have hallowed the land of the Swiss. Enclosed in, nay, almost buried by, the towering rocks and steep sides of the great St. Bernard in the canton of Valais stands the famous monastery of St. Maurice. It is the oldest church edifice in Europe on this side of the Alps. A time-worn monument, it tells the surviving generations of the baptism of blood by which St. Mauritius and his Theban legion in this valley consecrated Switzerland to the cross of Christ. The psalmodies of pious monks have never since died away; the kings of Burgundy received in this abbatial basilica the royal crown and unction. The purple which yet adorns the shoulders of the

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canons of St. Mauritius speaks of the bloody triumph obtained more than one thousand years ago. In the eastern part of Switzerland, at the foot of the majestic Sentis, in Appenzell, little distant from but high above the level of the so-called "German Ocean," the lovely lake of Constance, another monument of by-gone times, bespeaks the glories of the monks who, coming from Ireland, had with tireless toil and struggle made the desert flourish and the mountain soil fertile. St. Gall's monastery, which for more than one thousand years, as a light-house upon the shores of Lake Constance, has shed its rays of culture, education, and saintliness all over the European continent, has fallen a victim to the French Revolution. The convent is suppressed, but the tomb of the great Irish missionary yet stands glorious, and like two giant guardians the massive cathedral steeples bear the golden cross upon their tops into the cloudy sky. The monks now sleep the sleep of the just in their almost forgotten graves, but the thousands of artistic, illuminated, exquisitely-finished manuscripts yet speak their praises to every visitor that steps over the threshold of that sanctuary of learning—the world-renowned library of St. Gall. Between these two monuments of sacred history, the one in the eastern and the other in the western corner of this unique panorama, what a great number of sanctuaries—convents, monasteries, abbeys, hermitages, cathedrals, pilgrim places—though most of them now desolate ruins or profaned, preach to tourists the glories and the beauties of "Helvetia sacra"!

But it is to neither cathedral nor monastery that I now invite the reader to follow me. The national saint of Switzerland, with whom I now desire to make the kind reader at least partially acquainted, has left behind him neither church nor convent, but as the genuine national saint the whole land is his shrine; he shed the light of his own life, teeming with deeds of holiness and wonders of God, upon the entire region of which he for ever will remain the inspiring genius and heavenly protector.

No other of the many saints of Switzerland can claim so many and weighty reasons to be called "Switzerland's national saint" as the Blessed Nicholas de Flüe. On the 21st of March last it was exactly four hundred years since this saintly hermit breathed his last, and lying upon a rough board, used by him as his bed, returned his soul to his Creator. Switzerland has celebrated this anniversary with universal and public rejoicings. The whole government of the Confederation was officially invited to take part in the veneration tendered to the saintly patriot of by-gone days. The bishops of several Swiss dioceses, and a vast number of the

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clergy and the present generation of the Alpine republic, all united in doing honor to, and imploring the intercession of, this most singular creation of divine grace.

The very name of our saint is indicative of his origin and home, for "*de Flüe*"—or in Latin "*de rupe*"—signifies "*from the rock or mountain.*" Not only the Alpine republic at large, but its rocky centre, the four so-called "forest cantons," the very cradle of Switzerland's national liberty and independence, is our saint's home. Nicholas, the first-born child of the pious farmer-parents Henry and Herma de Flüe, opened his eyes to the light of this world on the 21st of March, 1417. The times were bad, and corruption had already begun to reach even the lower classes of the people, and thus prepared the great apostasy that tore the greater portion of Switzerland from the union of the church. No sooner did the sun shed its light on this child of election than supernatural favors began to diffuse glory around its head. But time and space do not permit us to put down the many testimonies to his saintliness as a boy, as they were given under oath at the first institution of the canonical process. The mystical power which should finally prevail in him, and completely separate him from the world, began already to work and to show itself. One of his former schoolmates tells us that "when they went home from their work in the fields, Nicholas liked to go alone, to let them run while he retired to some lonely spot to pray"; and his own son John describes his father as "in everything fleeing this world and seeking to be alone with God." And yet, to make the spectacle more striking to the eyes of this world, the future hermit was first plunged into the full tide of worldly affairs, nay, into the very tumult of war. The strange boy had grown a handsome lad, and his secret mortifications, fastings, and restraint from all that makes life easy and sweet to the children of this world, had only served to add to his stately appearance something of manlike earnestness. Scarcely had he reached his twentieth year when, in the turmoil of his time, the war-trumpet was sounded and echoed from mount to mount. Obedience to the authorities first compelled him to take up arms in the unfortunate and intestine war which the original cantons of Switzerland then waged against Zürich and its ally, the Duke Sigismund of Austria. In the war of 1436–46 we meet our saint in the array of confederate soldiers; in a subsequent war it is he who carries the white-crossed flag of Switzerland as standard-bearer before the lines of his fellow-patriots. A soldier, and a gallant, courageous, well-disciplined soldier, he must have been. But in the soldier the saint of God and

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future hermit could not entirely conceal himself. In one hand he carried the sword and in the other the rosary. Two of his fellow-soldiers testify that he never did any damage to the foe; that whenever he could he hid himself to pray, and did his utmost to dissuade his companions from harming the people. Not only that, but even extraordinary manifestations of his inward holiness became more and more frequent and showed the elect of God even in the soldier's coat. Once when the Swiss were about to set fire to a Dominican convent of St. Catharine in which a number of Austrians were concealed, not only did our saint strive to save the place, but, in prophetic spirit, he predicted that on this spot in future times great examples of Christian virtues would shine forth. The torches were already brought to reduce this sacred edifice to ashes, when he, with uplifted hands, commanded them to stop the work of destruction. They obeyed, as none could ever resist the Spirit that spoke in him. The cross before which he then prayed is yet shown in this convent. A special medal was afterwards cast in memory of this deed of Nicholas. Glad was he when peace permitted him to quit an occupation so altogether contrary to his inclinations.

But his hour had not yet come, and an unsearchable disposition of Providence now seems to bind him to this world with new and indissoluble ties. Who is, at first, not surprised to see the saintly youth now kneel before the altar and lay his hand into the one of his freely chosen, chaste, and pious bride, Dorothea Wissling? This was his father's wish, and he believed in obeying him that he was fulfilling God's holy will. He became settled in the world. The untiring solicitude of a husband and of a father of ten children, holy offsprings of a holy stock, chained him to this world. In the world he was blessed with prosperity, and as he gained a high reputation for probity, piety, and wisdom among his fellow-citizens, he could not escape the burden of many and toilsome public offices. He shunned them as much as he could, but honor follows him who flees it. All the world's troubles and difficulties, however, could not make him go astray by a hair's-breadth from the path of rectitude; so that he could afterwards confess to one of his most intimate friends, Henry Jurgrund: "I have frequently been consulted in public affairs, passed many judgments, but by the grace of God I never acted the least against my conscience out of regard for persons, or trespassed against the demands of justice." God was continually before him, and he was in constant communion with that divine Majesty which began already to attract him in an altogether special manner. How touching is the testimony

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sworn to by his own son John when he, speaking of the time when our saint was yet as father in his family circle, says: "Every night upon awaking I have heard that my father had again risen and was in the parlor [*stube*] near the stove praying. Such was his custom until he left us for the Ranft."

The time for leaving his own, his house, his relations, the entire world, himself, had now drawn near. The desire, slumbering even in the boy, to be alone with God now began to be fulfilled, and Providence gradually commenced to loosen the bonds that tied him. The heavenly visions that had never left him now became more frequent and more decisively pointing to the step he had to take in separating himself from all worldly environments. For fifty years he had now served the Lord faithfully in the most various stations of life. "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house" (Gen. xii. 1) was now the clear and decisive command of God, made known to him by a mystical voice coming forth from a luminous cloud surrounding him one morning in the hour of meditation. His son Walther testifies that so he heard his father tell; and the external disposition of Providence which influenced his tenderly loving wife to yield in so great and cruel a sacrifice soon confirmed the divine character of his inward direction. It was on the 16th of October, 1467, when the ever-memorable scene of our saint's separation, afterwards recorded by a painting above the main door of his house, took place. He was now fifty years of age. His bodily frame was emaciated almost to skin and bones. A long habit of a rough kind of brown cloth (yet preserved in the parish church of Saxeln, and similar to a Capuchin's habit) was all he borrowed from this world, leaving behind even his shoes, and taking in one hand a traveller's staff, and the rosary in the other. His entire family had gathered together for the solemn occasion. Nicholas left everything that concerned the temporal welfare of his family well ordered. Thanking them for their love and attachment, referring to the mysterious call of God—of which they were all convinced—caressing them for the last time in this world, he lifted his right hand in benediction and bade them adieu for ever. They melted into tears as they saw their dearly-beloved father turn his steps down the Alpine slope and finally disappear. Never from that moment did he again set foot upon the threshold of his house, though, as we shall soon see, he had afterwards to pass it every Sunday when going from his hermitage to Mass in the parish church of Saxeln. He knew too well the admonition of the Lord, so intelligible to a man who had himself handled the plough: "No

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man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke ix. 62).

Giving himself up to the lead of an interior guide, he first went far westwards, and was about to pass the frontier of his country near Liestahl, in the canton of Basel, when he was stayed in his course and forbidden to go farther by a vision of celestial light bidding him to return into the solitude of that mountain valley a few miles distant from his home, and called the Ranft. The writer of these lines has himself visited this remote and woodland valley, formed by a wild torrent named the Melcha. Sheltered from the sun by the thick woods that cover the slopes, it is only accessible by some unfrequented paths. The eye sees nothing but the azure sky above and the dark tints of the wood mingled with the more brilliant verdures of the fields below; the ear hears naught but the continual rush of the foaming waters leaping over scattered stones. Nicholas had already passed some time hidden in these woods when his own brother, Peter, discovered him.

It was shortly perceived that he was practising a total and perpetual fast, abstaining from even the smallest particle of earthly food and drink. At once the people began to flock into the solitude and see with their own eyes this living wonder of an angelic life. So great was the awe he inspired, so miraculous the impression he made, so above every suspicion his subsistence without earthly nutrition, that the people in a public meeting (*Landgemeinde*) passed a resolution to build him in this wilderness a wooden chapel with cell adjoining. The chapel had three altars and was twenty-eight feet long by eighteen wide, whilst the adjoining cell—a real prison, as Bishop John Francis of Constance expresses himself in a letter dated the 14th of July, 1647—was but nine and one-half feet in length and was only six feet high, thus not even permitting the very tall man to stand erect. Two small windows opened, one into the chapel and the other into the open air, whilst a rough board, which was both his resting-place and table, was the only furniture of the locality, all which, in their original shape, may at this day be seen. It involves something miraculous that such a strange mode of life met with unfeigned credit, approbation, and reverence. There the people went on an uninterrupted pilgrimage; there the coadjutor-bishop of Constance, on the 28th of April, 1469, consecrated by public request the chapel to the Blessed Virgin; there Sigismund, Duke of Austria, sent a precious chalice; there so many presents came together that Nicholas was enabled to make an endowment for a priest who should regularly say Mass in his chapel; nay, Pope Paul II., hear-

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ing of the reputation of the saintly hermit, enriched this pilgrimage with various indulgences and privileges; there our saint spent the rest of his life, until, after twenty years of fasting, meditation, and angelic conversation, he was borne upwards to the fields of peace and bliss eternal. There Nicholas lived the ideal life of the anchorets of bygone times, taking rest only a few hours before midnight, absorbed in prayer from midnight till morn, attending Mass and religious services the whole forenoon, whilst the afternoon was given to the exhortation, consolation, and instruction of those who by hundreds came to see him, to listen to him, and to consult him. On Sundays he went regularly to the divine service in Saxeln, passing thus, as mentioned above, his home. There he visited his confessor, and approached with ecstatic devotion the holy table at least monthly. Periodically he made his pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Dark Wood, Mary of Einsiedeln, and to Luzerne.

Blessed Nicholas soon enjoyed the universal reputation of a saint. The Ranft attracted tourists from the most distant parts of Europe, as several bishops of Constance, legates of the Roman Emperor Frederick III. and Sigismund of Austria, the learned Albert of Bonstetten, Geiler of Kaisersberg, and many others, who have left us their accounts of the visit made and the extraordinary impressions received. But notwithstanding his universal reputation, he was and he remained, even as a man of wonders, above all his country's saint and patron, the national saint of Switzerland. We can but touch upon some facts referring thereto. It was on the 13th of August, 1468, when Sarnen, a principal place of the country, was on fire, and a hurricane arose to complete the work of destruction. In utmost despair the frightened inhabitants sent messengers to the holy man, who then ascended the elevation near his cell, where he could have a sight of the raging fire, houses already reduced to ashes, and of the scared people running to and fro. Lifting his eyes and arms to heaven in silent prayer, Nicholas now made the sign of the cross, commanded the element to stop the work of destruction, and the flames obeyed. The miracle was public, witnessed by the whole population, and is yet solemnized by the annual procession to Saxeln on the 1st of August, and is recorded in a fine poem by the famous German, Guido Görres (" Der Brand von Sarnen ").

It was on the 21st of December, 1481, that our Blessed Nicholas proved the angel of peace and reconciliation upon the occasion of a most threatening dissension in his native country, brought about by the strained relations of the city and of the country communities of the republic, and already alluded to above. The

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very existence of the new republic was at stake. The delegates sent to Stanz to negotiate had given up hope, and were about to draw swords, when, secretly requested by the priest of the place, the man of God made his appearance, and, standing before the quarrelling assembly, bade them to come to sense; and "there was a great calm" (Luke viii. 24). Through the reconciling influence of Nicholas the fatherland was saved, peace was restored, the two cities of Solothurn and Fribourg were admitted to the Confederation; and the event of this 22d of December was solemnized by the ringing of the bells and the singing of a "Te Deum" in the churches. This event made Nicholas a personage of national renown in the history of Switzerland and the world. Would that the authorities of the small republic had been more mindful that a Roman Catholic saint it was who proved to be their fatherland's angel of peace! Blessed Nicholas is indeed a celebrated character, and his patriotic deed is praised in all Swiss school-books. But let us not forget that the inward power that inspired the man and gave him the means of conquering the human passions was his holy faith, the *faith of Rome!* Later again in public discordances between Sigismund, the free town of Constance, and Switzerland, he alone proved the angel of peace, the man in whom all parties placed unlimited confidence, the mediator between them.

Not for all these extraordinary qualities, however, no matter how great and resplendent they were, has our Blessed Nicholas attracted the attention of the *whole* world. If his name and fame have become of universal renown, this fact is principally due to his miraculous life of fully twenty years without food and drink. Those familiar with his life know it; unbelievers and sceptics might at first smile in scorn at such a fable or superstitious legend, as they may perhaps suppose it to be, but we deal in facts and with the offer of an indisputable fact we may safely challenge the world to overthrow the arguments based on it. It is not a made-up story that our patriot saint, from the moment of his perfect separation from the world on the 16th of October, 1467, had no longer lived upon earthly sustenance. What we here relate is a fact, an already in *his* time much-examined, spoken of, universally believed and admired fact. Blessed Nicholas had intimated to his confessor, to the parish priest Isner, of Kerns, that so God willed him to spend the rest of his life. The principal motive of the general concourse of the people to this man was the irresistible desire to see this new St. John in the desert, this living wonder whose total abstinence from any nutriment was beyond doubt and suspicion. Upon first hearing of

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his life the authorities had the whole valley and all its accesses watched by a military force, and the most severe scrutiny could not detect the least thing that pointed against the veracity of the fact. The public records of the canton mention this fact repeatedly and solemnly. In the process of beatification one of the witnesses declares this abstinence of Nicholas as true as an article of faith. A Protestant, Mr. Oberster, of Bern, is related by Marcus Anderhalden to have confessed in 1648 "that the fact of De Flüe's abstinence was to him more certain than the daylight." Such Protestants as the famous historians Johann Müller and Bullinger acknowledge the fact without entering upon its explanation. A contemporary, the famous John Trithemius, Abbot of Spannheim, writes in his records or chronicles: "At this time lived in Switzerland Nicholas, a hermit who, as stated on *best* authority, has for years eaten nothing but a small piece of bread which he was once commanded to swallow by obedience to ecclesiastical authority, that wanted to try him." In 1487 he writes that he could prove the great fact by *hundreds of thousands of witnesses* who had come to see the man and assure themselves on the spot. Such authorities as Pope Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., Emperor Frederick III., Duke Sigismund, and the latter's own private physician, Doctor Burcard, of Horneck, had admitted the proof of the fact. Nor is any explanation of this fact by natural causes possible. This miracle is above comparison with the suspicious and ostentatious abstinence of some of our modern fasting cranks. The fact of a total abstinence from every particle of food for fully *twenty years*, examined and admired *during twenty years*, stands alone. Nor was it undertaken by successive or gradual preparation. As an *instantaneous* effect this abstinence dates from the vision our Blessed Nicholas had when, immediately after his separation, he had come near the frontier of his country. Directed by a celestial vision to return, he perceived such a sharp pain in his bowels that he felt, according to his own confession, as if "*pierced with a knife.*" It was after eleven days' abstinence that he made his mode of life known to the above-named priest, and then, with his approbation, continued it to the end of life. If he himself was asked how he could live such an exception to the general law of nature, he smilingly said, "God knows," or "I do not say that I eat nothing," pointing thus to the only nutritive power that sustained him—the communion of the most holy Flesh and Blood of our Saviour, who in this man literally proved the veracity of his words: "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed" (John vi. 56). To the

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above-named priest he intimated on some other occasion that whenever he attended holy Mass and the priest was consuming the most holy Sacrament, he received such inward strength as to be able to live without eating and drinking. Else he could not endure it. Unbelievers may smile, but the veracity of the fact stares them in the face. Scientists may strive in vain to explain by natural causes what defies all attempts at explanation, save the one that God's almighty power wished to set an example of his independence of the ordinary laws of nature, established by the *one* and only supreme law—his holy *will*. With regard to the special relation in which this miracle stands to Nicholas' entire character, the celebrated German philosopher Joseph von Görres has made some remarks that breathe the originality of his genius. "The plant," he says, "takes food from the earth in which it is rooted, and inhales the air by means of the leaves. The animal takes its food according to its specific instinct; and thus nature's law makes all beings dependent on some condition. This is the rule. There are exceptions in the case of animals which in the so called winter's sleep have given up this regular mode of *living*, without having given up *life itself*. How, then, should it be so unintelligible that in some exceptionable case, as this is with our saint, where the animal life was, as it were by anticipation, absorbed and swallowed up by the spirituality of an unseen world, nature was sustained by the strength of an invisible food and drink?" Hence it is that a one-sided consideration of this extraordinary man will never satisfy the observer. His abstinence, more or less the *negative* side of this phenomenon of a higher order, cannot be properly understood without reflection upon the power and vitality of his spiritual life, the *positive* side of this living miracle. If he had ceased to take food from the earth, of which his body was a participant, he inhaled only the more that purer and serene atmosphere which breathed around him from the regions in which his blessed spirit dwelt.

His life in God was not less perfect than his separation from the world. Crucified to this world, he lived in God. The abundance of heavenly gifts was showered upon him. Famous is the vision of the most holy Trinity he once enjoyed, and which he himself recorded by drawing a symbolic picture for his own constant meditation. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament might well be called phenomenal. The Blessed Virgin Mary he loved with most tender attachment, especially venerating, so long before the dogmatical definition took place, her Immaculate Conception, to which he had his chapel dedicated, and of which he said with theological correctness: "She was foreseen by divine

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wisdom, and not sooner predestined than sanctified by God. Before she was conceived in her mother's womb she was conceived in God's mind." It was not a suspicious or unsound rule of ascetic life he followed, but this life of mortification, which is the practice of the cross of Christ and the signal characteristic of all the saints of God. It is given expression in the short prayer composed by him and constantly upon his lips: "O Lord, my God, take away from me what keeps me from thee! O Lord, my God, give me whatever brings me nearer to thee! O Lord, my God, take me from myself and make me belong to thee, make me thy own!" In instructions and exhortations he spoke not like a man, but as one having authority. The spirit of prophecy was in him, and with sad expression and unmistakable precision he foretold the coming of a *new* faith, the falling away of the people from the mother-church; and earnestly he conjured his fellow-countrymen never to separate themselves from the mother of all churches, the Holy See of *Rome*. Thus he had lived up to his seventieth year, when on the very day of his birth, the 21st of March, a painful malady began to loosen the last bonds that tied him to this world.

Comforted by the sacraments of the church; surrounded in this moment of departure by his own family, who hurried to his side at the news of his impending death; lying in his habit upon his wonted resting-place, the rough board, he expired, leaving behind him the reputation of a great saint of God. The entire country mourned for him; public offices were closed; business suspended; a great procession, which was set for the 24th of March in Luzerne, had to be postponed because from far and nigh the Swiss population flocked to the *Ranft* to pay the last tribute of veneration to his remains. The terrestrial life of the man of God was ended, but his glorification, even in the eyes of this world, now entered upon its culminating point. Wonderful cures confirmed the confidence placed in the deceased hermit. Three days after his death he first appeared to his beloved wife, who had so heroically yielded to God's holy will, and now she saw him floating in such dazzling light that she could hardly look at him, his right hand carrying an unfolded, shining, snow-white banner, the symbol of triumph consummated. It is in these two attitudes, first in receiving the vision of the Holy Trinity, and then in his own glorified appearance after death, that the pencil of the celebrated and pious Swiss artist, Paul de Deschwanden, has represented Blessed Nicholas. From that time his veneration has ever increased; bishops, cardinals—amongst them St. Charles Borromeo, 1570—visited his tomb and

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proclaimed him "Blessed." The authoritative voice of holy church finally, after an often-interrupted canonical process, confirmed his veneration by the decree of *Beatification* issued by Pope Clement IX. on the 8th of March, 1669.

He is the true Alpine rose of the Swiss mountains, and its perfume is sanctity. He was the child of this mountain-land. These mountain slopes and ranges and valleys he hallowed, divinely directed back to his home when he was about to leave it. He has impressed upon his character and whole appearance the glorified features of this Alpine population, with its simple faith, loving heart, and austerity of life. He was in life, and proved after he had gone hence, the patron of his native land, canonized not yet by the church, but long ago canonized as the model *patriot* by the Swiss republic and its historians.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

"Happy the Bride the sun shines on,
Happy the Dead the rain falls on."
—OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

"HAPPY the Bride!" Upon her wedding morning,
'Midst holy chant and pray'r,
The sun shall shine and prophesy the dawning
Of a new life and fair.

And bid her hope that if around her gather
Dark clouds in future days,
That He, the Light, the everlasting Father,
Will guide in all her ways.

"Happy the Dead." For, as the grass upspringeth
Beneath the gentle rain,
Weeping soft tears to the sad mourner bringeth
The Peace of God again.

And as they sleep, the sleep that hath no waking
(Our loved ones that have been),
The tears that save our weary hearts from breaking
Shall keep their mem'ry green.

So, on the Bride who goeth forth in splendor
The sun its rays shall shed;
But oh! soft rain, so pitiful, so tender,
Fall thou upon the Dead!

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SO SHE IS, AN EMIGRANT.

"I WILL descend into my churn," said Bawn, "and there seek comfort."

She had already built herself a new dairy, upon improved principles never heard of in the glens.

"That young woman at Shanganagh is going to ruin herself," said Alister to Rory as they met in the village street. "She has taken to building. I hope the girls may get their rent, after all."

"She need not ruin herself if she is industrious and persevering," returned Rory. "She does what most of us here do not: she begins at the right end."

"I thought you would take her up, as she is evidently a reformer."

"Some people seize at once the truth that two and two make four," said Rory, "while others will stick to five till their dying day. The flavor of turf freshly burning is pleasant and aromatic enough to those who like it, but nobody likes it stale, especially on butter. Miss Ingram, in providing herself with a dairy out of the reach of her household smoke, is going the right way about securing the money for her rent."

"The last tenant of the farm could not make it pay," said Alister, "although he lost by no unnecessary outlay."

"Rather because he gained by no necessary outlay," said Rory. "He was too poor, or too faint-hearted, or too stupid, I don't know which, to invest a little capital and trust to his own energies for the increase."

"Has Miss Ingram got capital?"

"She has plenty of it in pluck, at all events. When I last saw Shanganagh it was a deplorable sight. Eheu! the dislocated gates, the corners of land choked with weeds, the holes in the fences! Now there is a change."

"You have been there, then?"

"Yes, I have just been there. I wanted to bring Miss In-

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gram a watch-dog. Not that I imagine any one would molest her; she has already won a sort of enthusiasm from her neighbors and servants. If it be true that the Irish would either kill you or die for you, it is evident that the people of Glenmalurcan would prefer to be victims for Miss Ingram's sake."

"There is a charm about her, I own. Still, I am glad you thought of bringing her the dog."

"So am I," said Rory quietly.

"How did she receive it? I have a notion that she is not fond of being interfered with."

"She received it characteristically, I think. First she declared she had no need of him and would not have him. Then she said she would like him for a companion, if he would promise not to hurt anything harmless. Finally she smiled curiously and said, 'I hope he will take a dislike to Major Batt.'"

"The old humbug!—I mean the major. Has he been selling her any more broken-kneed cattle?"

"She is not one to be taken in twice. But I think you and I ought to look after her a little."

"You appear to have been doing it."

"I am like you: I practise as I preach," said Rory, thinking of the lop-sided gates which Bawn had had to hitch up into their places.

"She is young and fair to see, and has put herself into rather a peculiar position," said Alister. "But of course I will stand by her whenever I can."

"She comes from a country where women are brought up to act like reasonable beings, and where, when they have not been born with silver spoons in their mouths, they proceed to do the best they can with their time and their hands."

"Perhaps she ought to have stayed there. I am not sure. Flora and Manon do not like her, somehow."

"Shana and Rosheen do. Two against two, even among the ladies," said Rory, smiling.

"And Gran?"

"Oh! Gran says little; is for giving her a fair trial—like me," said Rory; and then, a brother landlord and magistrate having come up, the conversation turned on boycotting and other troubles of the times in the disturbed part of the country.

"Rory seems inclined to make an emigrant of Miss Ingram," said Alister smilingly that evening as he sipped his coffee with his feet on his wife's antique brass fender, having, at the moment, one mental eye on improved Shanganagh and the other on his

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new *édition de luxe* of Horace, in the pages of which he had left his paper-knife, intending to find it in them again as soon as he could manage to slip away from the drawing-room.

"So she is, an emigrant," said Shana.

"I wish all our emigrants had her energy," said Alister, who loved every stick and stone in the Rath, and had some misgiving that he would starve and die there, like the Adares in their ruin, rather than be driven out into a new country to put his shoulder to vulgar wheels that any man could turn as well as himself. He had a sneaking sympathy for emigrants, but it took no active form as Rory's did. He would have the people all at home and give them alms, when he could spare any, to keep them alive; but he could not do without his *édition de luxe*, and preferred it to either philanthropy or political economy.

"I wish we all had her energy, for the matter of that. It seems she is making butter already in her new dairy," he added, with a virtuous desire to say a good word for Miss Ingram here, though he had been a little hard on her to Rory.

"I have seen it and tasted it," said Shana, "and if the Danes can do better than that they deserved to conquer Ireland."

"I wish you would speak to Shana, Alister, now we are on the subject, about running so much after that American woman. I have said distinctly that I do not like her, but my feelings and opinions go for nothing. Shana is only too ready to pick up American audacity and impudence."

"Tie a string to her leg, Flora. It is the only thing to be done with young wild animals," said Alister, who was fond of his spirited little sister, and had sometimes asked himself how it would have been if he had been born with her characteristics instead of his own.

"Of course you will take her part; but, mark my words, that Ingram girl will make mischief here yet. There she has Rory and Major Batt running after her already—"

"And Shana, which is much more improper."

"And she orders about her everywhere, and drives over the country, superintends her own buildings, for which she will probably pay no rent—"

"But then we shall have the new dairy, Flora, if she runs away or if we evict her."

"All very fine, while she is setting her cap at Rory or Major Batt—"

"Flora, how can you be so vulgar?" burst forth Shana. "All because Rory was thoughtful enough to bring her a watch-

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dog! I was there at the time, and nothing could be more unlike *that* than her manner."

"As for Batt, I believe she intends to set the dog at him," said Alister.

"If I am to be called vulgar in my own house and in my husband's presence—" began Flora, swelling with anger and injured pride.

"It is a sign you had better let the subject drop," said her husband, rising hastily and thinking of his Horace with a sensation of relief. "Evidently Shana has already been contaminated. We had better begin to kill the goose with the golden eggs, and give this Jezabel notice to quit."

It was the same day on which this conversation had taken place that Bawn had said to herself that she was resolved to look for comfort in her churn.

She acknowledged to herself that she greatly needed comfort from some quarter. The fiction that Rory was not Somerled, with which she had deceived herself, having been fully exposed, she was feeling all the reality of her uncomfortable position. She had come across the world with one settled purpose in her mind, which no counsel had been able to shake, and she found herself opposed by a difficulty of the strangest and most unexpected kind—the persevering devotion of the last person in the world who ought to have taken any notice of her.

Here was a man who fascinated her imagination and constrained her heart in a way that made her indignant with herself, and he was the namesake and nephew of that other of his family whose unfortunate and untimely death had ruined her father's life and cast a stain upon her own name. Somehow the contemplation of this fact seemed to make it suddenly become quite unlikely that she should succeed in the mission she had so boldly undertaken. The inhabitants of that rotting ruin were probably either mad or doting; and even if they had anything to tell, how were they to be forced to tell it, and who would believe them when it was told? Then if she should at some moment find herself obliged in honor to inform Rory Fingall of her identity, what would there be left for her to do but to go back whence she had come, disgraced, and perhaps—who could say?—heart-broken, leaving her task abandoned and unfinished?

Why had she not obeyed her father's wishes, followed Dr. Ackroyd's counsels, and let the past rest, set the current of her life far from the glens of Antrim and the tragedy they knew of?

She might have travelled about Europe, leading a pleasant

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life, in company with some respectable duenna, or she might have stayed in her own country, using her fortune to help those poor Irish emigrants of whom she had lately heard so much. She might have turned her life to account somehow without inviting that heavy tribulation which she began to feel sorely afraid the future had in store for her. It was possible, however, that by sheer force of will she could yet come to her own assistance.

Standing alone in her dairy, so cool, spotless, and scented with the odor of fresh cream, she clasped her hands across her heart and sighed an impatient sigh. There were two ways by which she could help herself: one was by keeping Mr. Fingall at an unfriendly distance; and had she not already got her feet well upon the track of this way? The other was by succeeding in her enterprise and clearing her father's character from its stain. Alas! what a moonshine dream the latter seemed at this moment, looked at with eyes enlightened by the strong sunlight of her new experience of life. And then her maidens came back from their dinner, and the business of the dairy went on, till she was told that Mr. Rory Fingall was at the door, praying her to speak with him for a few moments.

"Tell him I am busy making butter, Betty, and cannot see visitors," she said, startled at his boldness.

"He says he will call back in an hour, ma'am, when the butter is made."

Bawn went on with her work, instructing her half-dozen maidens of the glen, who were half her servants and half her pupils, and all the time striving to keep her heart as hard and as firm as she was assuring her assistants their butter ought to be. What was she to do with him on his return? Great was her relief when another message was brought to her. It was Miss Fingall who was asking for her this time, and, while Shana remained with her, Rory reappeared with his dog. There was now no possibility of turning him away from the door. The question of the dog was discussed; and Sorley Boy, a great, tawny collie, shaggy and silky, with an intelligent muzzle and tender eyes, was finally accepted by Miss Ingram as the champion of her homestead.

Bawn, in her crisp calico gown and snow-white apron, was waiting on Shana, giving the young lady a taste of the delicious butter she had just got a lesson in making; and, in spite of Bawn's stern resolve of an hour ago, the giver of the dog received a cup of well-creamed tea from the milk-white hand which had so recently been busy with the churn.

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"Rory, I wish you had not come," said Shana. "You have interrupted my lesson. I know you will not tell, but I am hoping to go into partnership with Miss Ingram by and by."

"Indeed!" said Rory. "That is your secret, is it?" And he was careful not to look at Bawn, lest she should see dancing in his eyes the assertion that, in spite of all that had come and gone, his own hope was somewhat identical with his cousin's.

Finally Rory went away alone, satisfied inasmuch as he had left the dog behind him, and not very jealous of Shana, though she had remained where he did not venture to remain.

The car was waiting for her, Shana had said, and the day was long. It was known at home that she meant to pay a long and profitable visit to Miss Ingram.

The truth was, Shana had brought a manuscript in her pocket and intended consulting with Bawn as to whether it was worth anything or not—the young authoress being still a little undecided between butter and literature as the means of endowing herself with a fortune before becoming a wife. Rory's provoking visit had foiled her intentions. It would soon be time to depart, and Bawn's interrupted dairy-work had yet to be finished.

"What a pity you could not be here in the evening!" said Bawn, looking at the outside of the manuscript. "Of course it is impossible, but I should then be so free."

"I can wait a little longer," said Shana; and when Bawn reappeared from her dairy in the course of half an hour she found Shana looking quite at home in the little sitting-room, with her hat put away, and glancing eagerly over the pages of her formidable-looking manuscript.

"I have sent away the car, with a message that I am going to remain here all night," said Miss Fingall quickly. "I can sleep on the floor or anywhere."

"But Lady Flora—your family—what will they say?"

"Oh! Flora will say a great deal; but my brother will only laugh, and can hide in his library. Rosheen is at Tor, entertaining the visitor, and so she will not be annoyed in the matter. I shall be freely condemned when I go home to-morrow; but then I am always being freely condemned. People who are constantly grumbling do not produce as much effect, you know, as people who only scold when you do very wrong."

"I am afraid this is really wrong," said Bawn, smiling with pleasure at the prospect of having a companion for so many hours; "but when my lady landlord chooses to sleep under her own roof—well, I cannot evict her."

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The evening passed in the reading and discussion of Shana's novel. With all her boldness, Miss Fingall found it difficult to read her own paragraphs aloud.

"I never felt so with Rosheen," she said plaintively, dropping the pages in discouragement. "But then she is as ignorant as myself, and I am not afraid of her."

"I dare say you have both read more novels than I have," said Bawn, "and you ought to know quite as much of life. I shall only be able to tell you whether I think your story is like life as I have met with it."

"Oh! it can't be at all like that," said Shana briskly, "because it is altogether about things that happened two or three hundred years ago. It is something in the style of Ossian, only in plain prose. The people are chieftains and lofty ladies—"

"Historical?"

"Not exactly," said Shana, changing color rapidly, "except that Sorley Boy—that is, Somerled Bhuee—the hero, was a real man."

"Was he?"

"An ancestor of ours. Yellow-haired Somerled. Rory has named your dog for him. He is named after him himself—Roderick Somerled. Sorley Boy is a contraction for Somerled Bhuee. It suits the color of the dog better than Rory, who is dark."

"But about the story?"

"Somerled Bhuee marries a lady who plays the harp, and of course he is very fond of her; but I am dreadfully afraid there is not enough about that. I want the readers to take a great deal of it for granted, and perhaps they won't. I have some good descriptions, though, and they all say such honorable things. Do you think that will make up? Do you believe it will be a popular novel?"

"I can't tell till I have heard it," said Bawn.

Shana went courageously through her work, which was not very long, after all, though it made a great show of foolscap. When she had finished her face was damp, and red and white in patches, and she dropped back into her chair as if extinguished.

"Well, what do you say? Have you found it exciting?"

"No," said Bawn promptly.

"Not even deeply interesting?"

"No. I would rather have been talking to you all the time."

Shana drew a long sigh of relief.

"On the whole I am very glad!" And before Bawn could stay her she had buried her manuscript in the heart of the fire.

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"I am no longer afraid that I shall be hiding a great talent by sticking to the churn. My heart has inclined to butter, and butter it shall be."

"But, dear Miss Fingall, why should a young lady like you take to butter?"

"I will tell you," said Shana, and her lips softened and her eyes shone. "One supreme effort is enough for this evening. But I will tell you some day when I can get myself to speak."

When Shana was tucked up in bed, and Bawn had spread a pallet for herself in a corner, she went back to her little kitchen and stood looking at Sorley Boy, the collie dog, who sat in a dignified attitude on the hearth in the red light of the sinking turf fire. A gentle snoring told that Betty and Nancy were sound asleep not far off, and Bawn and the dog were alone. She knelt down beside him and stroked his tawny, silky coat. "Sorley Boy," she said to him—"Somerled Bhuee." She admired his acutely intelligent muzzle, and looked in his grave eyes, full of dog-like tenderness. Then she lifted his fore-paws, one after the other, gently, as if asking a favor, and placed them on her shoulders, and laid her hair against his ear.

"You are a fine fellow," she said, "a gift worthy of your namesake, and you and I are going to be friends. There is no reason in the world, this contrary world, why I ought not to love this Somerled, at all events."

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOLLOW PEGGY.

WHEN Bawn had got that churning of butter off her mind and had sent it away, beautifully packed, to London, she set herself to consider how she might penetrate into the recesses of the ruin of Shane's Hollow, and come face to face with its inhabitants. The first step was to make friends with "Hollow Peggy," as Betty called the poor woman who at periodical times went in and saw that the creatures were not starved in their dens. It was easy enough to persuade Betty to bring her to Shanganagh, but not so easy, said Betty, to make her talk of her poor charges to a stranger.

However, Peggy was lured to Shanganagh one evening by Betty, and came stealing in at dusk to the little kitchen, a curious figure, plain and rugged of feature, with a startled look in

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her eyes, but a patient brow and mouth. Her face was weather-stained to the color of oak, her head and shoulders swathed in a woollen shawl. She supped with Betty and Nancy, and Bawn, through the open door of her sitting-room, heard the conversation that passed among them. Peggy, not being very bright-witted, had no idea she was being cross-examined for a purpose.

"You were sarvint wit' them long ago, wasn't you, Peggy?"

"I wuz," said Peggy, who was what Betty called "few-worded."

"Not when they were rich, but?"

"Na. When they were rale grand I wuz too wee. But I mind Miss Mave buyin' me a bonnet with a blue ribbon. She tied it on herself, and I niver forgot it to her."

"It was when they were gettin' poor you lived wit' them?"

"Ay."

"Till they couldn't keep ye no longer?"

"My man tuk me out of it."

"Was the roof off then, Peggy?"

"Troth then it was beginnin' to go."

"An' they always lived by themselves, in separate rooms, then?"

"'Deed an' they did. The men wuz always queer an' had ways of their own. Miss Julia got queer the soonest of the ladies, an' died the soonest. Miss Catherine wasn't long behind her. Miss Mave was the best o' the lot, an' she's not right daft yet; only whiles when the pains does be bad wit' her."

"Are you not afraid the roof will fall on her and kill her?"

"Faix an' I am. Mostly when I go in I do be expectin' to find her killed. But the Lord is good to her."

"You still go every evening to look after them?"

"I do that same, an' does what I can with Miss Mave's bed, an' makes them a sup o' tea, an' brings them an egg when I can, an' a bit o' bread. They don't eat more nor the mice would pick up in a house like this," said Peggy, looking round.

"An' you make up their fires, an' brings them coal and sticks, and leaves Miss Mave a drink of water where her hand can reach it. And then you see no more of them till the next evening again."

"Sure, you know all that."

"An' what do they ever say to you, Peggy?"

"Mr. Edmond sometimes says 'thank ye' humble enough, and Mr. Luke he lets a curse at me. But he would miss me all the same if I didn't go. Miss Julia used to tell me—that's be-

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fore she died—of the grand matches the ladies could 'a' had in the counthry round, only they were too grand for anybody that axed them. Miss Mave sometimes knows me and sometimes she dozzint. She tells me about her sister Catherine that's dead, and thinks she's with her still; an' sure that's great company to her. That's when she's in her daft fits. 'Peggy,' she says to me, 'dear Catherine wakened me early this morning,' or 'she didn't call me till it was quite late. She wanted me to have a good sleep—dear Catherine!' She won't eat no food till I make the same for Miss Catherine, and take it to her. Then she thinks she's going out, and says to her sister, 'Now, Catherine, Margaret will take care of you while I'm away, will give you a cup of tea and an egg, and I won't be long.'

Bawn listened, and thought of the beautiful face of the miniature, and of Arthur Desmond's love, and her heart quaked.

"It turned her brain like when Miss Catherine died?"

"Sure it did. The two was always in the wan room. Miss Catherine's bed is there yet. An' Miss Mave doted on Miss Catherine. When she was dead she had her there for days tryin' to bring her to life again with turpentine. She was feared they would bury her alive. She cried and begged I would not tell outside that she was dead. But I had to tell at last, and the parish took her away and buried her. It had to be done at night. They pretended that she was goin' to the grand old burial place at Toome, where the Adares was always buried by torch-light. They have been fiercer about spakin' to any quality since then, an' Miss Mave got rale light-headed after it."

Here Bawn felt that she could keep hidden no longer, and came into the kitchen and slipped into a chair beside Peggy at the fireside.

"It's only my misthress, Peggy. Ye needn't be afraid of her. She's none o' yer grand quality; only a dacent young woman from America," said Betty.

"You're welcome to my little farm-house, Peggy. Have you had a comfortable supper? Now don't stop talking on account of me. I wish I could do something for that poor Miss Mave of yours."

Peggy eyed Bawn all over and did not seem so scared of her as Betty had been afraid she would be.

"I wish she would let me come to see her, Peggy. She must be terribly lonely in that ruin."

"They won't let no quality near them, ma'am, nor not a sowl at all at all but me."

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"But I am not quality, only a stranger in the country, don't you see. They needn't be too proud to speak to me. I would go as a human creature to another human creature. And I might be able to do something for Miss Mave Adare."

"If she would only look at you there would be no more trouble," said Peggy simply, "an' I'll ax her an' see what can be done. Only I don't think she'll let you cross the thrashel, ma'am."

"An' it would be the risk o' your life to do that same," said Betty.

"But Peggy does it every day?"

"She knows where to pick her steps an' put her feet. Besides, Peggy's an ould sarvint an' friend, an' you're a stranger that has no call to throw away your life on them. I'll say nothing again' Miss Mave, poor sowl, but the rest o' them don't desarve it."

"It's only Miss Mave I want to help," said Bawn, and for the moment every other feeling was swallowed up in pity for this wretched woman.

"But you could not come noways, unless Mr. Luke allowed it," said Peggy.

Bawn was silent, and sat confronting in imagination Luke Adare, whom she considered her arch-enemy, and opposing her will to his.

"Try what you can do, at all events, Peggy," she said gently after a few minutes, "for my heart aches for your poor mistress."

The next evening Peggy appeared, coming towards the farmhouse with a quick step.

"She says she will see the lady from America. It was just as great a wonder to me as if a star out of the sky had dropped into my apron. When I said the lady from America had tears in her eyes talking about her, Miss Mave said, 'Tell her she may come, Peggy.' I went this morning to hear what Mr. Luke would say, and he turned his back to me, and I thought it was all over. But when I was goin' out of the hall Mr. Edmond follyed me an' said:

"'Tell the lady from America that it was always the custom for ladies to visit ladies. Miss Adare cannot call on Miss Ingram. Let Miss Ingram call on Miss Adare.'"

"Mr. Luke said nothing?"

"Nothin' at all, ma'am: but I'm thinkin' he will not put himself in the way."

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Betty threw up her hands. "It's like the end o' the world!" she cried vehemently. "Nobody would ha' believed it."

"Maybe it's death that's comin' near them," said Peggy, "but Miss Mave's wantin' you to go to see her, anyway. An', ma'am, if I might make bould to ask, if you could send her a bit of an ould night-gown, and a sheet or somethin' to dress her up, she wouldn't feel so 'shamed, I think, of your visitin' her."

Bawn turned abruptly away and before long reappeared with various articles of linen and clothing.

"Make her as comfortable as you can," she said; "and where may I meet you to-morrow?"

"At the hall-door in the Hollow, ma'am," said Peggy.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ADARES AT HOME.

NEXT morning Bawn appeared in the lights and shades of the mysterious Hollow, carrying a basket on her arm and with Sorley Boy at her heels. In picturesque contrast to the sombre shadows of the place was her gracious, womanly figure in fresh print dress and coarse straw hat, under which the twists of her golden hair caught fire from the stray sunbeams. In her basket she had various articles of light food, new-laid eggs, fresh butter, cream, custard, etc.

Peggy did not keep her waiting, and, having bidden Sorley Boy lie on the door-step till her return, she found herself crossing the unhallowed threshold and following on the faithful servant's steps into the interior of the ruin. The sunshine pursued them a little way into the wide, low-ceilinged hall, showing the jagged rents in the boards, gaps bridged over by loose planks or pieces of slate, and the open holes, pitfalls for unwary feet, through which one might fall into the cellars below. A great number of tall stakes, young trees lopped and barked, were fixed between floor and ceiling at one side to support the latter, crowding round the rusted fireplace like welcome guests after a winter's journey. Between these the splintered wood and softer stuffing of the upper floor bulged downward through the mouldered plaster. The pillars which separated the front from the back hall shook and tottered if touched, as Bawn found, having laid her hand on one while crossing a dangerous gap in the boards.

Once in the back hall she felt on more solid ground for the moment, and could observe the doors opening off on each side—

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massive frames deep-set in the thick wall—and the passages, dripping with damp and choked with rubbish, wandering away uncannily into the darkness and dilapidation of the lower part of the ruin.

"Down there the gintlemen has their rooms," said Peggy, looking round with awe and whispering as if in a church.

"Rooms?" returned Bawn in a like whisper. "What can be down there but dens and holes?"

"Call them what you like, ma'am," said Peggy; "they're still covered in, at any rate."

"They'll be covered in more completely some day soon," reflected Bawn, and thought with a thrill of dismay of Luke Adare buried alive, and his secret with him.

From the back hall ascended gradually and slantingly a low, wide stair, with a great window gazing down the first flight, and the ascent for so far seemed easy enough. But after that came a shorter flight, slanting forward again to the centre of the house, and, having climbed this and placed her feet on the upper landing, the intruder seemed literally to carry her life in her hand.

The floor was breaking underfoot, and on the totally unroofed side of the house the open arch, seen from without, yawned to heaven. Just below an unroofed passage, barred by half-fallen beams and choked with rubbish, ran between the still covered back part of the house and the open wreck of the left front wing, and at the end of this wild corridor a crazy door hung off its hinges.

"That is Miss Julia's room," said Peggy. "They had hard work gettin' her out when she was dead."

To the right was a corresponding passage, roofed, and with a window at the end, an open lattice prettily contrived but dropping out of the broken wall. Through this a lovely vista of sunshine and greenery was to be seen, making the ghastly interior more deplorable by contrast. Once what a sweet green nook on a hot summer's day, full of reflections from the wavering boughs, and showing a long, delicious vista of moving gleams and shadows through the tunnel of the avenue.

Right in front as they ascended was the door of a hideous, rotting chamber, into which Bawn would have stepped to her death had not Peggy pulled her back. Floor and ceiling were both dropping down from the walls, and the crazy mass of both had hung over the intruders' heads as they entered the building. Miss Mave's room was now close at hand, to be approached by yet another venture up one more flight of shattered stair.

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Through the rents between the wall and the steps, on which they feared to place their feet, the hall below was plainly visible, and a heavy tread might have carried intruder and footholding into the ruin below. Peggy, accustomed to the danger, walked like a bird, and Bawn poised herself on tip-toe with vigilant care, crossing the worst bits of footing with a spring.

Even before this stair was scaled they could hear faint human wails coming through the yet closed door. Peggy pushed it cautiously and entered first, and Bawn stood on the threshold, rapidly taking in this new interior.

Though the room was large the light was obscure, because the fine windows were all blocked up with contrivances to keep out the wind and rain. The ceiling was upheld by young larch-trees stripped and used as stakes as in the hall below, only here there was a greater forest of them crowding all to one side of the apartment, while, in spite of their efforts to delay the descent of the ceiling, it bulged down between them, and the straggling fragments of decay, dropping lower and lower, gave warning of a coming crash.

Under the worst part of the ceiling, planted right among the inefficient props, an old bed, covered with a canopy, was placed, hardly discernible at first in the obscurity, and behind and around it ghostly wrecks of furniture of all kinds, encrusted with dust, rubbish, and cobwebs, mustered in weird array, forming a grotesque, melancholy background for the bed and its occupant.

Advancing a step, Bawn feared to put her feet anywhere, for the floor was not only broken but sunken, sinking away towards the side where the bed stood, settled into a hollow, ready to slide away at any moment into the abyss of rottenness below it. Keeping on the threshold till invited by Peggy to advance, she glanced round the apartment with eyes getting accustomed to the lack of light. In the safest-looking spot opposite the door a fire burned in a rusty old grate; a kitchen table in a window near was littered with a few utensils, a cup and saucer, a plate, some rough needle-work, probably Peggy's. A hole in the floor was evidently used as a sink, and by it were a crock and saucepan, etc.

After one swift glance at the bed Bawn closed her eyes a moment before looking again, and heard a plaintive, shrieking voice wailing to Peggy, and Peggy speaking in homely, comforting tones.

What Bawn had seen in the bed was a creature who looked like a white witch—a skeleton covered with white, fair skin, a

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small, spectral face gleaming under the mouldy old canopy, a pair of fleshless hands like claws, only so white, fingering the wretched bed-clothes.

Oh, what a dire sight! That anything human should so lie here, deserted, from morning till night, and from night till morning again, in the storm, in the rain, with this falling roof overhead and this sliding floor beneath, threatened momentarily with death from above and from below, suffering in the grip of pain, hunger, and cold, and, worst of all, face to face with the memory of joys once present in those very walls! Bawn lowered her head and covered her face; and then she heard Peggy inviting her to come near the bed.

"And this is the American lady, Peggy," said the spectral creature, leaning on her fleshless elbow and looking at Bawn's fresh beauty as if she would shade her hollow eyes from so dazzling a sight. "You are welcome, my dear; welcome to Shane's Hollow. It is but a sorry place now to receive visitors in; but our good days are over here, are they not, Peggy? We had our good days, but they are gone. Peggy, give the young lady a chair and let her talk to me a little. How many years is it, Peggy, since I have spoken to any one outside of this house besides yourself?"

"I am sorry you are so great a sufferer, Miss Adare," said Bawn, striving to speak in the most matter-of-fact manner, to appear as if quite accustomed to sit at bedsides like this, quite unconscious of anything out of order around her, and unaware that they were, all three occupants of the room, in danger of death at any moment from a sudden collapse of the few rotten timbers that supported them.

"I am a great sufferer, my dear. Only for this post," she said, touching one of the larch-trees, that was planted as a support between ceiling and floor at her side—"only for this I should fling myself out of the bed at night; and then there would be no one to pick me up. I hold on by it when the pain is terrible, when the pain is too dreadful to be borne."

Bawn looked at the stake and thought, with a new thrill of dismay, that surely one strong shake of this shaft, which was fastened strongly to ceiling and floor, might be enough to bring about the end, to cause this wreck of a room with its occupant to come down like a house of cards.

"Sometimes I scream out quite loud," the poor ghost went on, "and then my brother Edmond comes up to me. He is a very kind creature is my brother Edmond."

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Bawn looked at the midnight scene as presented to her imagination by these few words, and felt her warm blood beginning to freeze at the horror of it. She wondered did Luke also make an ascent of that crazy stair in the night sometimes on such an errand of mercy? But it was her intention to ask no questions.

"Now, Miss Adare, you must forgive me for bringing you a custard of my own making. We Americans are handy people and think we know how to make sweets. If you don't think it good my pride will get a fall."

"Oh, you are a kind creature; you are a nice creature!" shrilled the bed-ridden woman. "Peggy told me you were, or I should not have allowed you to come here. You come from America, where every one is free, and there are no old families; and you are better without them. Pride is a sin, though some people will never believe it. And some of us must suffer for our sins—oh! oh! oh!" she shrieked, finishing her sentence with a prolonged wail that seemed to express something more awful than the suffering of a body in pain.

"It's the pain that does be had wit' her," explained Peggy, as the poor creature began to wave her skeleton arms, clutching the air and mourning with such cries as made Bawn think of the despair of a lost spirit.

"But God is very good when he has left me Peggy," she added, unconsciously correcting the false impression her agony had produced. "Peggy is a good creature. And you are a good creature. You are very nice—oh! oh! oh!" And again the wailing began, and her eyes rolled in her head, and she forgot everything but her anguish.

"This is dreadful!" whispered Bawn. "What does she suffer from?"

"Och, 'deed, everything," said Peggy, looking up and down. "The damp does be atin' her always, I think." And then a slight noise at the door made Bawn look round, and she saw that a man was standing in the doorway, but so that he could not be seen from the bed.

"It's Misther Rory Fingall from Tor," said Peggy. "O Lord! I hope none o' the gintlemen will see him!"

"Tell him to go away, then," said Bawn, and turned her face to the bed.

"O Arthur Desmond, Arthur Desmond!" suddenly screamed the poor, troubled creature in the bed. "Go away, Luke, and let me speak to him. Let him touch me with his finger and the pain will go away! O Arthur! Oh! oh! oh!"

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Again the wail was prolonged, and Peggy came back from the door.

"It's no use your stayin' any longer now, ma'am," she said. "She's begun to rave, and she won't talk to ye no more."

"But I mean to come again, Peggy. I must take her out of this den."

"Ye'll be clever if ye do that same, ma'am. There's nowhere for her to go but the poor-house, an' the gintlemen would burn the counthry if ye dared to take her there. Sure herself would go anywhere, poor lady; but Misther Luke—"

Saying this Peggy signed to her to go, and, picking her steps to the door, Bawn came face to face with Somerled. She allowed him to help her down the stair and walked out into the open air with him. How sweet it tasted! How lovely was nature's wilderness after that hideous interior!

"Come out of this place!" were the first words that Fingall spoke to her, and, obeying him, she walked silently by his side till they emerged from the dilapidated gate at one end of the Hollow into the open fields where grew the yellow lilies round the sky-blue pools, and where the cattle grazed.

"Are you quite mad?" he asked, suddenly stopping and looking at her with a blaze of mingled tenderness and anger lighting up his eyes.

"Why?" asked Bawn quietly. "Do I look very wild?"

"I will not tell you how you look," he said, feeling, indeed, that he dared not say to her that he had never seen anything look so sane, wholesome, and beautiful, unless he wanted to start another quarrel and was prepared to go seeking for another dog as an excuse for a reconciliation. "It has nothing to do with the matter. You have been wantonly risking your life in that ruined house."

"Not wantonly. I have been visiting a fellow-creature in distress."

"It was not your business. You had no right to go in there," he continued, with concentrated excitement in his voice. His eye was still burning, his heart still shuddering at thought of the danger she had been in.

"I have assumed the right and made it my business," she answered. "At all events, it appears that in doing so I have interfered with no one else, stepped officiously into nobody's shoes. Oh! I am sick of you," kindling into sudden anger and drawing back from him a step, "disgusted with the whole country-side of you! If I had been a man among you I would have walked

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in there and taken that poor creature on my back, and carried her out, and put her somewhere into a habitation fit for human presence. I would not have left her there screaming with pain and rotting alive in a den only fit for rats and owls."

She paused and caught her breath. He had turned quite pale, startled and shocked at her sudden passion. All the indignation had gone out of his own eyes as he watched the opening fire in hers.

"Perhaps we deserve blame," he said, "but not so much as you, a stranger, may think. Will you sit down here," pointing to a fallen tree, "and let me tell you about these strange people?"

"I am not tired. I will not sit down. I am going home."

"You will be tired before you have accomplished your long walk."

"You ought not to have followed me here."

"I did not follow you. I have some work going on over yonder, and this place gives me a short cut homeward. That is how I met you here first, and how I have happened on you to-day. I saw the dog waiting for you at the door, and I went in to look for you, hardly believing that you could be there. Now will you sit down and let us talk a little?"

Bawn yielded and sat on the fallen tree.

"I know probably as much about these people as you can tell me," she said. "I have been hearing of them ever since I came. They have not been good. They are fiercely proud, but still, as they have become old and helpless, I think their sins ought to be forgotten and charity ought to consider their case."

"So it ought, and so it has done from time to time. But you do not understand them. They will starve, rot, die, but they will die the Adares of Shane's Hollow. Once rich, arrogant, unscrupulous, they exercised a power in the country, and for no good. Spendthrifts, they scattered their money; more dropped into their hands, and they spent that too. They acted so that the curses of the people followed them and the sympathies of their own class dropped away from them. In their decadence they were too proud to accept any kind of work that was offered them to do. Little by little they have fallen. One by one their old neighbors and acquaintances—they never had any real friends, I believe—shrank away from them in disgust and suffered them to wrap themselves up in their solitary pride. The people say a curse hangs over them; and, faith, it looks like it, for no effort that has been made has ever been of service to them. And efforts have been made. Some time ago Lord Aughrim

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offered them a comfortable cottage rent free as an inducement to them to come out of the decaying house and live like human beings, but they declined. They preferred their own house even as it was. In the course of years all the lands were sold away, parted with bit by bit, and it is through the charity of Lord Aughrim that they are not driven out of the Hollow. He leaves them the ruin and this piece of land immediately surrounding it—"

"Would it not have been greater charity to have driven them out?"

"Perhaps so. But I suppose he is not strong-minded enough to apply his charity in such manner. The fact is, no one has cared to take the bull by the horns and struggle with their maniacal pride. Men have put money together secretly and had it conveyed to them by subterfuge, pretending it had come to them as a mysterious unpaid debt. But that sort of thing cannot always go on. Doctors and clergymen have paid visits to the house and come out declaring that they could not risk their lives by returning there again, and that something ought to be done to relieve them of such a necessity. And yet nobody could propose the thing to do. Unless one were to set fire to the building and smoke them out they would not come; and nobody likes to take the torch in his hands—"

For a few minutes the silence was unbroken, while Bawn recognized the ring of sincerity in his voice.

"Have they always refused help, openly given, rejected food, clothing, fire?" she asked presently, in her gentlest tones.

"Always, and with such scorn that one fears to insult them in such a way. I have heard that a relative in a distant part of the country (for the credit of the North I am glad to say these Adares do not belong to us, only settled here fifty years ago on an inherited property)—I believe that a relative helps them from time to time by irregular doles, just sufficient to keep them alive and no more. Two or three of them have died. One man who broke his leg was stolen out of the ruin and taken to the poor-house hospital, where he received a little humane treatment before he expired. Another died a horrible death, in a damp hole in the underground story. They said he was eaten by rats. No efforts would induce him to leave his lair. And the end came on him suddenly. But I am making you sick—"

"No; I have heard it all before. I am thinking of that poor Miss Mave. She, I think, can have had no harm in her. What did she mean by shrieking in her pain for Arthur Desmond?"

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She had felt herself coming to this. She wanted to hear Somerled's account of the disaster on Aura.

"There you touch upon a special tragedy, and I think you have had enough of that for to-day. Cannot we talk about something pleasanter, even if it be more prosaic? Are you getting good prices for your butter? Will you promise to let me know if you suspect that any one is cheating you?—I mean the tradespeople outside, for we are honest folks in the glens, as a rule. Is there anything wanting, in or out of your farmhouse, that I can get for you?"

"I dare say there are many things, but at present I only want to know about that special tragedy. I am interested in the woman I have been visiting."

"I do not wonder. Doubtless she had, as you say, no harm in her, except the harm that springs from weakness of character, and weakness sometimes amounts to a crime when the weak person lives among the wicked and makes no effort to do anything but drift with them. It sometimes becomes the crime of women in this way—"

Bawn looked at him inquiringly. Was he going to condemn her for deciding against Arthur Desmond? She held her breath.

"Inasmuch," continued Rory, "as she never appeared to wish to separate herself from the rest, and come forth into the daylight and face her reverses meekly, I hold her blameworthy."

Bawn turned away her eyes again. She knew deeper depths of weakness in Mave Adare than he was thinking of.

"But the tragedy?" she said.

"It is a story in which our family is entangled, and we never speak of it. Not that I have any particular feeling in the matter. I was born about the time of my uncle and namesake's death, but my grandmother still keeps a terribly vivid memory of the occurrence which was the greatest sorrow of her life. For her sake chiefly, and also because ghastly things are best forgotten, we do not refer to the murder of Roderick Fingall by Arthur Desmond, who at the time was engaged to this unfortunate Mave Adare."

"And part of her weakness, the weakness you have spoken of as characteristic of her, her crime of weakness, as you say, was in her allowing herself to be persuaded that her lover had committed this deed."

"Is that your conclusion?" he said, with a smile. "It is a woman's one, and generous, but there was no doubt, I believe, that Desmond was guilty."

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"I have taken up a different impression."

"How? Why?"

"From the moment when I first heard the tale I felt that Desmond had been the victim of a plot."

"You heard it before?"

"From different quarters. I wanted to hear it from you—from a Fingall."

"Then I have had nothing new to tell you. Every peasant in the glens knows the whole history: the crime, its motive, and its consequences. The motive was part jealousy, part greed for money. My uncle stood between Desmond and a fortune—"

"Which actually fell to Luke Adare."

"I see you are really in possession of all the details," said Somerled, looking at her in surprise.

"I have been putting them together and piecing them out. It occupies me when I am lonely in the evenings—when my butter is made. We have no such tales of old families in America, you see, Mr. Fingall, and so you must take my curiosity and earnestness over the matter as a product of the New World. Betty Macalister, who lives with me, is a firm believer in Arthur Desmond's innocence, and perhaps she has bitten me with her faith. Arthur Desmond has become a living hero to me, and I feel some ardor in clearing his good name."

Rory began to feel jealous of this shade of Arthur Desmond. If she would only occupy her evenings in thinking of him, a living man, with no interesting guilt upon his head! But he must be careful to keep such wishes to himself.

"I am sorry for the sake of your romance," he said, "that Mave Adare's lover will not come out of any court, even that of your charitable consideration, with clean hands. Do not look so serious over it. I did not know you felt so strongly—" as an incomprehensible expression of pain contracted her brow.

"Am I feeling strongly? It is my way."

"Is it? I wish it would come my way, then," thought Somerled.

"Well," smiling, "I am going to talk as lightly of the story as you please. One thing you can tell me. Did any one see Desmond commit the crime?"

"Certainly. There was no doubt about that."

"Who saw it?"

"I believe it was some of those wretched Adares. Of course they were respectable then."

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"And good?"

"I cannot swear to that."

"Not after the account you have given of them to me just now? I think—I will make a bet of a yellow lily out of yonder pool—that it was Luke Adare who whispered away Desmond's good name."

"But Roderick Fingall was killed by him."

"Might it not be that he had fallen from the cliffs?"

"Hardly. I am afraid you will have to give up your hero. Desmond, from all I have heard, was a passionate and grasping fellow. He was too well treated, inasmuch as the thing was allowed to slide and he got off to America. I hope, for the sake of the interest you take in his case, that he fared there better than he deserved—"

Bawn had risen up; her eyes flashed, her lips opened to speak; then she abruptly turned away and struggled to recollect herself.

"What a woman to love a man and stand by him!" thought Rory. "Well, if I have no other rival than this poor red-handed ghost, I will e'en try to be patient and bide my time."

And then he watched her as she walked a little apart from him, skirting the edge of the nearest pool, with a look on her face which he could not fathom. As the linen of her dress stirred in the breeze about her shoulders and feet, he thought her perfect enough in form to personate a goddess—Demeter's daughter, fresh and fair; or, even more fitly, Demeter herself, making the corn to grow, and the grass to thicken, and the fruit to ripen wherever she set foot. That look on her face which troubled him and seemed to push him away from her gradually failed from her brows and mouth, and as she stooped to pluck the amber lilies (whose color was in her hair) she looked towards him with that involuntary softening of aspect which was the true source of any hope he cherished. With so much natural kindness in her towards all things, how could she continue to be hard to him? He admitted that she puzzled him more than ever. So little impressionable, so prosaically steadfast to her own simple, homely desires; so strong to conquer the weakness of her heart towards him (for there had been, he insisted, a weakness in her heart towards him that time on board the steamer); so clever in carrying out the intention with which she would not allow him to interfere—a determination merely to live solitary among these hills and to improve the manufacture of butter.

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And yet, in the midst of her serenity and her strength, here she was taking side passionately with an accused man, dead or blotted out from the world, of whom only a dark memory was left to the living whom he had wronged.

This last trait seemed to show her in a new light, as one who would take up fantastic ideas, a creature of imagination, impassioned, capricious; and the surprise of the discovery did not disgust him with her. He liked to think she was capable of change, for might not the next change sway her heart towards his? As he watched her he felt satisfied to think that Fate had drawn her wandering feet unawares and led them into his neighborhood, that out there was her home, while his was over yonder, and that there was time in the years before them to win her love. Now here she was coming back with her gold-headed sheaf, and, nothing could be less flighty, less fantastic, more equable, more serene than she looked. She had forgotten the dreary shade of the unfortunate Desmond.

"Is it not curious to think," she said, "that these lilies have been going on budding and blooming every year all through that tragedy, and so near it, and even now are noway tarnished by it? For the tragedy is not over yet—not while that poor woman lives," she added, to cover her real thought, which was, "not while you and I live, who must remain parted by the cruel, ineradicable belief which exists as to Desmond's guilt."

"They are as fresh and as brilliant"—examining them—"as though no wicked lie had ever poisoned the air that nourished them."

So she was still thinking about it. How persistent she was, whether in making her way to Ireland or in championing a ghost! Only for that look, which, unconsciously to herself, seemed to promise so much yielding where she entirely loved, a man might be afraid of her. Somerled was not afraid of her, though he wondered at her.

"Nature does not afflict herself with our tragedies," he said, replying to her as she stood sunning her eyes in the glory of the lilies. "If she did she could not keep herself so fresh, so tranquil, so ever young and strong for our benefit. We could not lay a tired head in her lap; her hand on the brow would have none of the healing touch it possesses. It is because our passions cannot wither her up, because our atmosphere is not charged with our storms, that her airs and dews have their power to soothe, that her rivers and fountains regenerate us."

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As Bawn listened she sat down again near him. "And yet there is surely a sympathy," she said. "Would you not believe that the trees in yonder knew all about the tragedy of the house and its inhabitants?"

"Yes; but that will not hinder their blooming on through years to come, and sheltering gladly—who knows?—perhaps a troop of sturdy children, a complete contrast to the wretched samples of humanity whom now they screen and pity, long after this hideous ruin has been levelled with the ground. This uncanny Hollow may one day be a singing grove, and people will wonder that human tribulation could ever have harbored in it. I grant you the sympathy all the same, though, for I have often thought it is that sympathy with us, that experience which has enriched without blighting, which gives Nature her mysterious influence over the soul of man."

There was again a long silence of some minutes, during which Bawn was thinking of her father's good name, swept away for ever with those ruins, while the birds sang, and children shouted, and the Hollow bloomed. Presently she said:

"Is it not believed that Mave Adare was convinced of Desmond's guilt, like the rest?"

"Certainly she proved it by her action. She never raised her voice in his defence, so far as I have heard."

"Well, then, in the course of years she has changed her mind."

"How so?"

"To-day she said a few words that carried this conviction to me. She cried out: 'Go away, Luke, and let me speak to him! Let him touch me with his finger and the pain will be cured!' Was it not a remarkable appeal, impossible if she believed him to be a murderer? It was rather like a Catholic's desire for the touch of a martyr—"

"You think she looks on him as a martyr."

"What do you think?"

"That she is a crazy woman now, and that the past supplies her delirium with fancies."

"You are terribly bigoted."

"If it would please you I would almost try to say what I do not think. But you would find me out, and it would not satisfy you."

"Nothing matters but truth."

"Nothing."

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CHAPTER XXXI.

AN INVITATION.

At this moment the sound of voices came towards them—not the tones of a peasant chiding his stray beast, nor of adventurous children who had wandered out of the straight way home from school, but the murmur of ladies' conversation, the last sound to be expected in these solitudes. Before they had time to wonder Lady Flora appeared in company with her young friend Manon, Major Batt following stertorously in their wake. A clump of thorn-trees had hid the approaching party till they suddenly came face to face with Rory Fingall and Miss Ingram.

Lady Flora put up her eye-glass and surveyed them both, especially Bawn, ejaculating, "Dear me!" in a tone of great surprise, while Manon turned away her head with a frown which spoiled the charming effect of her exquisite French costume. Major Batt hastened to pay his respects to Miss Ingram, overheated and almost breathless as he was by having travelled through rude byways to which his feet were unaccustomed. Bawn and Rory had risen from their seat on the trunk of the tree, but slowly, as noway startled or disturbed.

Lady Flora had never yet addressed a word to Bawn, even at Castle Tor, and she was not going to recognize her now, when she had caught her in a most unbecoming and audacious proceeding—taking a solitary ramble with the master of Tor, a gentleman far above her in station of life. She had never liked Bawn, had never meant to like her; intended always to maintain her opinion, and prove it in the end, that the American girl was a bold creature with whom it was unfit that the family of her landlords should associate. She had come to this place at considerable pains to herself, to see whether she could not strengthen her cause against Miss Ingram by finding her in precisely the position in which she had now been discovered. There is no knowing what little bird of the air had hinted to her that Rory and Bawn had already met and conversed in Shane's Hollow, and that to-day they might possibly do so again. Thus it was that Lady Flora Fingall had penetrated to these unfrequented wilds, and now felt herself rewarded for her trouble. That Rory, who, by all the laws that regulate the fitness of things, ought now to be busily engaged in persuading Manon and her fortune to remain in and renovate and adorn his faded ancestral halls, should be

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frittering away his time walking and talking with a low farming girl who happened to have a striking face and that peculiar color of hair which Lady Flora would have given three new gowns a year to possess—that Rory should so behave went to illustrate the fact that men are unaccountable and reckless in their ways, and often need to be managed for by the Lady Floras of the world. She would talk to him by and by, and meantime she thought it no harm that Manon should be a little jealous, just to keep her from tiring of the monotony of life at Tor. At present her object was to humble Miss Ingram and to gain a pretext for barring her out from all future association with the family.

"There must be something in the air to-day that draws the feet of friends one way," said Rory. "First I encounter Miss Ingram in this out-of-the-way place, and now we have another meeting quite as unexpected—"

"I suppose those are your cows," said Manon to Bawn sweetly, having shaken off her frown, and once more making the most of her beauty and her attire, "and you have come here to look after them. That must be a troublesome part of your business."

"I am sorry to say they are not my cows," said Bawn, laughing; "I wish they were—especially that red one. But I cannot indulge in the extravagance of a herd." She would not give any explanation of her presence there. Rory, she thought, had said enough. But Manon was no longer attending to her. She had caught sight of Sorley Boy.

"Oh! what a beautiful dog!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Fingall, it is yours, I know, for I have seen it with you. I am going to ask you to give it to me for my own."

"He is no longer mine," said Fingall, smiling; "I have given him to Miss Ingram. He looks after cows and sheep even better than his mistress."

"Oh! but I am sure another dog will do as well for that, and I have taken a fancy to this one. Miss Ingram will give him to me, of course, if you wish it."

It was her little way of snubbing Bawn. She thought her host could not, even for politeness' sake, refuse anything to a guest in his house. Here would be a triumph, however little it might really mean.

"Can't be done," said Rory quietly. "The fellow would bite any one who attempted the transfer. I will get you a dog, if you wish, Miss de St. Claire."

"I don't care for dogs in general, only this one," said Manon,

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with a splendid fire in her dark eyes as they turned on Rory. "I positively must have him."

Somerled caressed the dog's head. "What does Miss Ingram say?"

"I don't think I could part with Sorley Boy," said Bawn, smiling. "Besides, it is not good manners to give away a gift. You ought to have spoken sooner, Miss de St. Claire."

"You see you must be content without coveting your neighbor's goods, Miss Manon," said Rory. "I will find you a dog."

But Manon had turned away and taken a step towards Flora, who, while pretending to admire the scenery through her eye-glass, had not lost a word of the conversation.

"That young woman must be put down with a high hand," she thought; and then Major Batt, who to-day was a nuisance even to Lady Flora, and had joined her on the road whether she would or not, began to talk.

"Ladies," he said, "I could not have secured a better opportunity—aw—for putting a little proposal before you. The weather is so charming—aw—and Lisnawilly is looking well—a small fête, a garden-party—that sort of thing—might not be amiss. If you will all favor me with your company on Thursday. Lord Aughrim has promised, and one or two others—"

"How delightful!" cried Lady Flora, glad of a diversion; and Major Batt was restored to favor. She rapidly considered what Shana had got to wear. What a nice opportunity for Rory to attend on Manon! "Really, it is sweet of you, Major Batt, to arrange such a treat for us."

"So good of you to approve of my little effort. Miss Ingram, I hope, will also give me her approval and her company?"

Lady Flora's eye-glass fell from her eye, and she remained transfixed with surprise and displeasure. Now or never she must put down this presuming young woman into her place.

"I don't think Miss Ingram's engagements would allow of that," she said slightingly.

Bawn glanced at her. Though her first impulse would have been to decline the invitation, she could not restrain a certain mischievous impulse which urged her to horrify Lady Flora by accepting.

"I shall not be particularly busy on Thursday," she said quietly. "I do not churn till Friday."

Lady Flora made an indescribable movement expressive of disgust.

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"Then I shall confidently expect you," said the major rejoicingly.

"It may rain," said Bawn, "or I may be too busy. Otherwise I shall be happy. Ah! here is Peggy, coming to fetch me home!" as, to her relief and surprise, the woman was seen coming through the dilapidated gate. "My little cart is waiting for me beyond the pass. Good-morning—"

With a bow to all Bawn walked away side by side with the gaunt figure of Peggy. She was aware that by and by she might regret her mischievous impulse, but meantime she was feeling exceedingly glad. Was not Sorley Boy still following on her footsteps? And here was his namesake and former master coming after them.

"You must allow me to put you in your cart."

"What will they say?"

"Anything they like. And mind you keep the promise you were brave enough to make for Thursday. I will see you safely there and safely back."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DR. BROWNSON AND THE WORKINGMAN'S PARTY FIFTY YEARS AGO.*

DR. BROWNSON tells us in *The Convert*, p. 90, that the theories of Robert Owen (not Robert Dale Owen, but that Reformer's father), who came to America during the Presidency of John Quincy Adams, never gained his adhesion. Yet they drew his "attention to the social evils which exist in every land, to the inequalities which obtain even in our own country, where political equality is secured by law, and to the question of reorganizing society and creating a paradise on earth. My sympathies were enlisted. I became what is now called a Socialist, and found for many years a vent for my activity in devising, supporting, refuting, and rejecting theories and plans of world-reform." These

* I am informed that a movement is on foot to erect a monument to Dr. Brownson in Central Park. I am heartily in favor of this, and will give it every assistance in my power. The best monument to Dr. Brownson's greatness is his works (Nourse & Co., Detroit, Mich., and the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York), compiled and published by his son, Major Henry Brownson. They ought to be in every American library of any character.

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theories and plans took shape in the Workingman's party, having an organization in most of the larger centres of population. We called ourselves the genuine Democracy, and in New York City were for some years a separate political body, independent of the "regular" Democracy, and voting our own ticket. I have before me the files of our newspaper organ, the *Democrat*, the first number of which appeared March 9, 1836, published by Windt & Conrad, 11 Frankfort Street. In its prospectus the *Democrat* promises to contend for "Equality of Rights, often trampled in the dust by Monopoly Democrats," to battle "with an aristocratic opposition powerful in talent and official entrenchment, and mighty in money and facilities for corruption." "In the course of this duty it will not fail fearlessly and fully to assert the inalienable rights of the people against 'vested rights' and 'vested wrongs.'" It claims to be the "instructive companion" of the mechanic's and workingman's leisure, "the promotion of whose interests will ever form a leading feature of the *Democrat*." And in the editorial salutatory it speaks thus:

"We are in favor of government by the people. Our objects are the restoration of equal rights and the prostration of those aristocratical usurpations existing in the state of monopolies and exclusive privileges of every kind, the products of corrupt and corrupting legislation. . . . At this moment we are the only large nation on the face of the earth where the mass of the people govern in theory—where they may govern in reality, if they will—where the real taxes of government, although too heavy, are but trifling, and where a majority of the population depend on their own labor for support; yet such is the condition of that large class that the fruits of their toil are inadequate to sustain themselves in comfort and rear their families as the young citizens of a republic ought to be reared."

". . . He is very short-sighted, however, who thinks that a majority of the people, where universal suffrage exists, will submit long to a state of toil and mendicity. The majority would soon learn to exercise its political rights, and command its representatives to carry the laws abolishing primogeniture and entails one step further, and stop all devises of land and prohibit it from being an article of sale. (In a foot-note of the editorial:) We actually heard these and several such propositions discussed by a number of apparently very intelligent mechanics, after the adjournment of a meeting called to consider the subject of wages, rents, etc."

At that time the main question was the condition of the public finances, and our agitation was directed chiefly against granting charters to private banks of circulation. We condemned these as monopolies, for we were hostile to all monopolies—that is to say, to the use of the public funds or the enjoyment of public

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exclusive privileges by any man or association or class of men for their private profit.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Brownson was when he came to New York and delivered a course of lectures in favor of the principles and aims of this party. This was somewhere about 1834. I cannot say just who got him to deliver these first lectures, but the subsequent engagements—for Dr. Brownson gave three or more courses of lectures in New York within four or five years after his first—were left by the managers of the Workingman's party to my brother, John Hecker, and myself.

If it be asked why a man like Dr. Brownson, a born philosopher, should have thus busied himself with the solution of the most practical of problems by undertaking to abolish inequality among men, the answer is plain. The true philosopher will not confine himself to abstract theories. But, furthermore, Brownson at this epoch of his life had lost his grip on the philosophy that leads men to trust in a supernatural happiness to be enjoyed in a future state; and the man who does not look to the hope of a future state of beatitude for the chief solace of human misery must look to this life as his end. If a man does not seek beatitude in God he seeks it in himself and his fellow-men—in the highest earthly development of our better nature if he becomes a socialist of one school, and in the lusts of the animal man if he becomes a socialist of the brutal school. The man who has any sympathy in his heart and is not guided by Catholic ethics, if he reasons at all on public affairs, will become a socialist of some school or other. Says Dr. Brownson in *The Convert*, p. 101:

"The end of man, as disclosed by 'my creed' of 1829, is obviously an earthly end to be attained in this life. Man was not made for God and destined to find his beatitude in the possession of God his Supreme Good, the Supreme Good itself. His end was happiness—not happiness in God, but in the possession of the good things of this world. Our Lord had said, Be not anxious as to what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed; for after all these things do the heathen seek. I gave him a flat denial, and said, Be anxious; labor especially for these things, first for yourselves, then for others. Enlarging, however, my views a little, I said, Man's end for which he is to labor is the well-being and happiness of mankind in this world—is to develop man's whole nature, and so to organize society and government as to secure all men a paradise on the earth. This view of the end to labor for I held steadily and without wavering from 1828 till 1842, when I began to find myself tending unconsciously towards the Catholic Church."

The reader will have seen by the extracts given that we were a party full of enthusiasm. I was but fifteen when our

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party called Dr. Brownson to deliver the lectures above mentioned. But my brothers and I had long been playing men's parts in politics. I remember when eleven years of age, or a year or two older, being tall for my years, proposing and carrying through a series of resolutions on the currency question at our ward meeting. As our name indicates—"Workingman's Democracy"—we were a kind of Democrats. As to the Whig party, it received no great attention from us. At that time its chances of getting control of this State or of the United States were remote. Our biggest fight was against the "usages of the party" as in vogue in the so-called regular Democracy embodied in the Tammany Hall party. This organization undertook to absorb us when we had grown too powerful to be ignored. They nominated a legislative ticket made up half of their men and half of ours. This move was to a great extent successful; but many of us who were purists refused to compromise, and ran a stump ticket, or, as it was then called, a rump ticket. I was too young to vote, but I remember my brother George and I posting political handbills at three o'clock in the morning; this hour was not so inconvenient for us, for we were bakers. We also worked hard on election-day, keeping up and supplying the ticket-booths, especially in our own ward, the old Seventh. I remember that one of our leaders was a shoemaker named John Ryker, and that we used to meet in Science Hall, Broome Street.

If this was the high state of my enthusiasm, so was it that of us all. Our political faith was ardent and active. But if we had been tested on our religious faith we should not have come off creditably; many of us had not any religion at all. I remember saying once to my brother John that the only difference between a believer and an infidel is a few ounces of brains. What a wonderful triumph of the truth! The man who said those words not only became a most firm believer in the mysteries of the Christian religion, but a priest and a religious, and hopes thus to die.

But we were a queer set of cranks when Dr. Brownson brought to us his powerful and eloquent advocacy, his contribution of mingled truth and error. He delivered his first course of lectures in the old Stuyvesant Institute in Broadway, facing Bond Street—the same hall used a little afterwards by the Unitarian Society while they were building a church for Dr. Dewey in Broadway opposite Eighth Street, the very same society now established in Lexington Avenue with Mr. Collyer as minister. The subsequent courses were delivered by Dr. Brownson in

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Clinton Hall, corner of Nassau and Beekman, the site now occupied by one of our modern mammoth buildings. I forget how much we were charged admission, except that a ticket for the whole course cost three dollars. There was no great rush, but the lectures drew well and abundantly paid all expenses, including the lecturer's fee. The press did not take much notice of the lectures, for the Workingman's party had no newspapers expressly in its favor, except the one I have already quoted from. But he was one of the few men whose power is great enough to advertise itself. Wherever he was he was felt. His tread was heavy and he could make way for himself.

Dr. Brownson was then in the very prime of manhood. He was a handsome man, tall, stately, and of grave manners. His face was clean-shaved. The first likeness of him that I remember appeared in the *Democratic Review*, published by O'Sullivan & Langtry. It made him look like Proudhon, the French socialist. This was all the more singular because at that time he was really the American Proudhon, though he never went so far as "*La propriété, c'est le vol.*" As he appeared on the platform and received our greeting he was indeed a majestic man, displaying in his demeanor the power of a mind altogether above the ordinary. But he was essentially a philosopher, and that means that he never could be what is called popular. He was an interesting speaker, but he never sought popularity. He never seemed to care much about the reception his words received, but he exhibited anxiety to get his thoughts rightly expressed and to leave no doubt about what his convictions were. Yet among a limited class of minds he always awakened real enthusiasm—among minds, that is, of a philosophical tendency. He never used manuscript or notes; he was familiar with his topic, and his thoughts flowed out spontaneously in good, pure, strong, forcible English. He could control any reasonable mind, for he was a man of great thoughts and never without some grand truth to impart. But to stir the emotions was not in his power, though he sometimes attempted it; he never succeeded in being really pathetic.

It must be remembered that although Dr. Brownson was technically classed among the reverends, he was not commonly so called. It may be said that he was still reckoned among the Unitarian ministry, owing mostly to his connection with Dr. Channing, of Boston, who took a great interest in the Workingman's party. But I do not think he was advertised by us as

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reverend or publicly spoken of as a clergyman. He may have been yet hanging on the skirts of the Unitarian movement. But his career had become political, and his errand to New York was political. He had given up preaching for some years, and embarked on the stormy waves of social politics, and had by his writings become an expositor of various theories of social reform, chiefly those of French origin. So that the dominant note of his lectures was not by any means religious, but political. He was at that time considered as identified with the Workingman's party, and came to New York to speak as one of our leaders. The general trend of his lectures was the philosophy of history as it bears on questions of social reform. At bottom his theories were Saint-Simonism, the object being the amelioration of the condition of the most numerous classes of society in the speediest manner. This was the essence of our kind of Democracy. And Dr. Brownson undertook in these lectures to bring to bear in favor of our purpose the life-lessons of the providential men of human history. Of course the life and teachings of our Saviour Jesus Christ were brought into use, and the upshot of the lecturer's thesis was that Christ was the big Democrat and the Gospel was the true Democratic platform!

We interpreted Christianity as altogether a social institution, its social side entirely overlapping and hiding the religious. Dr. Brownson set out to make, and did make, a powerful presentation of our Lord as the representative of the Democratic side of civilization. For his person and office he and all of us had a profound appreciation and sympathy, but it was not reverential or religious; the religious side of Christ's mission was ignored. Christ was a social Democrat, Dr. Brownson maintained, and he and many of us had no other religion but the social theories we drew from Christ's life and teaching; that was the meaning of Christianity to us, and of Protestantism especially.

So that if you ask how much religion did he put into his lectures, I answer, all he had, and that was not much, at least in a supernatural sense. It was the kingdom of God on earth. As to the kingdom of God in heaven (which he is now enjoying), he did not pay much attention to it. The extract made from *The Convert* is a true exposition of the general unsupernatural view of the vital question of human beatitude held by the intelligent men of our party, and expounded by Brownson both in his writings and in his lectures in New York fifty years ago.

During each of his courses of lectures in this city my bro-

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thers and I had ample opportunity to form close acquaintance with Dr. Brownson, for he stayed with us at our house in Rutgers Street. After his first lecture my brother John and I met him and invited him to make his home with us during his stay in the city, and he did so, both on that occasion and, I believe, on every subsequent visit. In private life he was sociable. Although cheerfulness was not a marked feature in his character—for his temperament was grave—yet he was chatty and talkative, and often very much so. His conversation with us was always on those political and social questions in which we were so deeply interested. As to religious questions, he only touched on them now and then as being inferentially connected with social problems. He knew that all first principles are rooted in religion, but he did not view them from a religious point of view in their development. Religion had sunk down, not out of sight, but out of practical prominence, and I do not think that our guest ever asked a blessing at our table. But his was a conspicuously philosophical mind, and he was always ready to go off into a metaphysical or other philosophical argument to prove his theories. He never knew any time or place inopportune for such a diversion, often during or after breakfast, dinner, or supper launching us off into the region of high philosophical disquisition.

At this time Dr. Brownson had no fixed principles of philosophy which would lead him into the Catholic Church. He got them afterwards, and they were of such power as to hold him fast and fix his career till death. But when I say he had at this time no fixed philosophical principles I do not wish to be mistaken. Pray do not suppose Brownson was a visionary; no man was clearer-headed or sought more intelligently for those truths which solve the practical difficulties of rational men. But he had not the remotest idea of the Catholic Church at that time; the faintest suspicion of its being a divinely-founded society never crossed his mind nor that of any of us—I am sure not mine. If we had any thought about it, it was the notion that the Anglican Church served the good purpose of keeping sentimental and stupid people out of Catholicity. It was at that very time that the notorious anti-Catholic lecturer, Dr. Brownlee, the Presbyterian minister, was holding forth on the downfall of Babylon in the Old Dutch Church in Nassau Street, the same building used for so many years afterwards as the post-office. The truth is that we did not consider the Catholic Church as

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a factor in solving the social problems. There were, I believe, at that time but four Catholic churches in the city, and the movement that Dr. Brownson advocated was purely un-Catholic in religion and American in nationality.

During the many years that Dr. Brownson was before the public as a political writer and lecturer he never showed any aspirations for office. No man can accuse him of political ambition. His personal convictions were too strong ever to allow him to win that kind of average popularity which would enable him to get office. He was always a powerful man and always made his mark; but his tongue and pen were the servants of a disinterested and impulsive honesty. He never cared for his own material interests when his convictions were concerned, and nobody can charge him with any such vice as human respect. What he said (*Convert*, p. 94) of his openly giving up the profession of Protestant Christian belief holds true of his entire life:

"I had, too, been rendered impatient by the lectures I received from various quarters on my imprudence in not concealing my doubts. I disliked seeming to be what I was not, or professing to believe what I did not believe. . . . Yet I was met with remonstrance. I was not blamed for my thought, but for telling it; and blamed for telling it, not on the ground that it was false, but on the ground that it was bad policy to tell it. I hated what was called policy then, and I have no great fondness for it even yet. A man's life-blood is frozen in its current, his intellect deadened, and his very soul annihilated by the everlasting dinging into his ears by the wise and prudent, more properly the timid and selfish, of the admonition to be politic, to take care not to compromise one's cause or one's friends. My soul revolted, and revolts even to-day, at this admonition. Almost the only blunders I ever committed in my life were committed when I studied to be politic and prided myself on my diplomacy."

Poor material here for an office-seeking politician; but it was a glory and a triumph for the Catholic Church to obtain the conversion of such a man and to hold that free soul in most contented allegiance till the hour of death. And what he said of his own honesty I can say of every one of us who shared his social theories: all of us, like Brownson, would have died for our convictions. We were guileless men absorbed in seeking a solution for the problems of life. Nor, as social reformers at least, were we given over to theories altogether wrong. The constant recurrence of similar epochs of social agitation since then, and the present enormous development of the monopolies which we resisted in their very infancy, show that our forecast of the future was not wholly visionary. The ominous outlook of popular poli-

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tics at the present moment plainly shows that legislation such as we then proposed, and such as was then within the easy reach of State and national authority, would have forestalled difficulties whose settlement at this day threatens a dangerous disturbance of public order.

If the reader asks me whether Dr. Brownson, thus well known by private acquaintance, impressed me as a great man, I answer, Always. Yet he was afterwards, and to some extent is yet, derided and scorned by Protestants. But let any great man among them become a Catholic, he will suffer the same fate. Even Newman was spoken of after his conversion as a sentimentalist and demented, and is deemed great to-day only because he won a second greatness by overthrowing champions in new encounters; and this he was able to do because, more fortunate than Brownson, he adhered in his Catholic public life to the lines of thought Providence had placed him on during his process of conversion. So it would have been with Brownson had he stuck to his native vocation. His influence might not have been great as to numbers, but it would have been great as to the calibre of the individuals. Who now is the representative of the ideas which led him into the truth? In following those ideas he was but faithful to truths which are latent in all Catholic theology and tradition. That as a controversialist of the old school he so greatly distinguished himself only showed his versatility, and his versatility was in this his misfortune.

The conversion of Brownson shows how conformable to the dictates of natural reason must have been that disciplinary force which held a man like him in perfect liberty and complete peace in the best and most enlightened era of human life. This was very evident to us who knew him well both previous to and after his entering the Catholic Church, and could compare his Catholic life with what his life had been before.

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A GARDEN OF MEXICAN SONG, WITH TRANSLATIONS.

IN the great interest which has of late been aroused upon the subject of Mexico we have been led to look with attention upon its different phases as presented by the speculator, the capitalist, and the politician. Our knowledge of its resources has been increased by a host of facts and figures. Through the medium of the press we have learned, with more or less exactness, something of the advantage which might accrue from unrestricted intercourse between its population and ours, of the market which might thus be thrown open to manufacturers, and of the prolific soil which could be made available as a nursery of mineral and vegetable wealth. Or, if the editor has been led to different conclusions either through study or observation, we have been taught the futility of any attempt at closer relationship, and the absolute foolishness of looking for an element of added strength or prosperity to ourselves amid such a poverty-stricken and degraded people. The question of protection or free trade has been discussed by political opponents or zealous partisans in its bearing upon future relations between the two countries, and left where it was, after the proper amount of wrangling. In an overwhelming majority of the books written and statements made the facts have been colored, purposely or unconsciously, either by previous impressions or partial judgments. Neither the eyes of the spirit nor of the body have been able to look squarely at the new land spread before them, or have cared to pierce the seeming inconsistencies which gather, cloudlike, between them and the clear vision beyond. Still, in a certain vague way, the position of Mexico as a basis of investment, and its probable worth on our national table of statistics, has been brought before public attention. As becomes a practical people, it is its market value in dollars and cents, its prospect as a business element in stocks, and its estimate as a trading outpost which have chiefly concerned us. But even with the closest attention to this main and admirable idea it has been impossible to suppress entirely some better understanding of habits and customs among a people and a land so strange in belongings, so rich in novelty. Willing or unwilling, we have been obliged to imbibe some glittering gene-

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ralities of knowledge, and the United States has, upon the whole, a much more definite idea of her beautiful southern neighbor than would have seemed possible even a decade of years ago.

Prejudice, however, dies slowly; and the old exaggerations concerning the weakness and vice of Mexico are but little shaken in the popular mind; a nation stained by ignorance, superstition, and dirt would still express the average sentiment of our people in its regard. Even where this verdict has been set aside among the more intelligent classes there remains an unexpressed feeling of toleration, half pity and half contempt, as of a superior race in judgment upon the affairs of one inferior and subordinate. The Mexican may not be altogether the barbarian or the thief he has been represented, but, at least, he must be taken, like all doubtful morsels, with a grain of salt. And if admiration be awarded at all to his virtues and capabilities, it shall be tempered by remembrance of his many shortcomings. There shall be no rudeness of haste in overthrowing the barriers between us. We reflect that where there has been so much smoke of suspicion there must exist at least some little fire of abomination to cause it; and we persuade ourselves that the stories of physical and moral uncleanliness which have been dinned into ears polite since the first upright American met the first unveracious Aztec must have had some slight foundation in fact before it was permitted to become an English classic.

But to the sentimental traveller whom fortune has allowed to know the beautiful land—that is to say, to the man retaining his human sympathies and observing through their truthful medium the manifestations set before him—there remains always a different mental picture of it and its inhabitants. His rapturous memory of its loveliness is not tainted by indifference or distrust; his fond remembrance recalls poverty, it is true, but poverty so leavened with content that it had lost its sharpest sting, and so permeated by an inbred, fine courtesy that it seemed the masquerading garb of the gentleman. He holds in mind an upper class, cultivated and refined, versed in the minutiæ of etiquette, trained to familiarity with wealth, and bringing to the duties of high station a hospitality of equal delicacy and greater warmth than that to which he had been accustomed at home. He recalls *salons* in which the wit and wisdom of the Old World had been grafted upon the ardent temperament of the New, and where the progressive thought of the age found lofty interpretation and worthy following. Nor can he forget the novelty, the charm, and the grace which the ancient Spanish régime had left

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behind it, and which affects the stranger from the cold North with a sense of surprise as well as delight, like the perfume of an unknown flower or the song of an unseen bird.

The average voyager—leaving his sentimental brother for the present out of the question—is struck first by a distribution of educational advantages which he had not been led to expect. The ragged boy who comes to sell him a dirty handful of opals at Queretaro, or a suspicious collection of dulces at Marfit, will not only read for him, but write, with a swift, clear chirography as attractive as it is unlooked for. He will find in admirable order, and sustained by governmental grants of money and land, institutions of charity and education similar in scope to West Point or the industrial schools of France and Germany.

The Orphans' School at Guadalupe, near Zacatecas, will slightly shock his hitherto impregnable faith in the overwhelming superiority of his own country's methods. Here sixteen different trades, reaching from shoemaking to telegraphy, are taught in a masterly and thorough manner, and at the same time the pupils acquire a common-school education and a practical knowledge of both vocal and instrumental music. In the city of Mexico a Conservatory, also supported by the government, gives special musical training to three hundred children of both sexes, with added endowments for further education in Europe in the case of pupils who show unusual talent and who give promise for the future. Education in general among the higher classes is supplemented by a period of after-study in the different universities of France, Spain, or Italy, so that the Mexican caballero is usually of cosmopolitan growth.

Since the motive of this paper, however, rests rather upon the analysis of a single aspect of interest than upon a résumé of Mexican characteristics in general, it will be more fitting to come at once to the point. Upon reflection it should not appear strange that a country which had grafted the native gentleness of the Aztec upon the fiery imagination of the Castilian should blossom into poetry as naturally as a plant turns toward the light. The love of flowers and birds, which is indigenous here, is always closely allied to that of song in the heart of a nation. So that one should not be unprepared to find evidence of very general poetic feeling in a race whom both history and tradition dower with exceptional qualities of sweetness and tenderness, and which, since the Conquest, has had its native predilections trained somewhat into a higher appreciation of literary art by education and association. Yet it is a pleasant surprise to one un-

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familiar with the modern manifestations of authorship in Mexico to find the Muse so entirely at home in its midst as the little volume which gives its title to this article would indicate. Under any circumstances a book containing upon its title-page the names of fifty poets "of reputation and popularity" might be considered worthy attention, even without a preface apologizing for the ungraciousness of being obliged to choose so few among the ranks of representative writers. A country which can speak of its poets in such wholesale quantities would certainly seem to have more than its average share.

The plan of the work is unique. Eighty or ninety pen-pictures of Mexican women of position, distinguished among their associates for beauty, or talent, or the higher grace of fascination, form the contents. The verses are in no sense love-songs. There is scarce a tinge of passion or a hint of the glowing sensuousness of tropical imagination in the entire book. Indeed, it errs somewhat in the other extreme. Its expression is based upon the colder and more formal models of the early English and French writers, with a certain stateliness of diction and fondness for mythological simile which belonged to the conception of poetry two centuries ago. The verse remains, in this case, almost wholly uninformed by that enthusiastic flame of devotion which often, in old times, rendered the transparent disguise of stilted phraseology incapable of hiding the natural glow within.

The idea of prefixing to each little poem the full name of its subject has a piquancy altogether Southern. We would choose, under similar circumstances, to shoot our arrows of song in the dark, or at best against a shadowy target of initials, leaving our reader to discover their aim—half-annoyed if he should guess rightly, wholly angry if he went astray. These more sincere, or perhaps more artful, people go straight to the mark. The friend or admirer chants his hymn of praise under his lady's lattice and in the open light of day. If this be too unreserved for love it is likewise too personal for friendship. One can judge of the absolute result better by listening to the strain.

The chief value of the book lies in the insight it gives in relation to a phase of Mexican character little credited by the outside world—the appreciation of woman. The preface might be quoted entire for the elevation of its sentiment and the purity of its ideal of the sex. Space allows us to choose only one of its lighter and more graceful thoughts, interpolated in the prose text to give the editor's conception of the theme which inspired the volume:

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"And what is Poesy?" she said,
As laughingly she questioned me.
"The smile upon thy lips; the red,
Ripe bloom upon thy cheek so fair;
The glinting of thy golden hair;
Those flashing eyes that scorn control;
Thy budding form; thy waking soul—
Thou! thou thyself art Poesy!"

The first number is dedicated to Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz, wife of the President. It is in a more hackneyed vein, and neither so graceful nor so expressive as many of the others. We may charitably suppose that the exalted rank of the First Lady in the land somewhat overshadowed the genius of the writer, or that its insertion was an after-thought suggested by policy, and that desire to curry favor in high places from which, alas! even poets are not wholly exempt. This is the more to be regretted since the dark, bright beauty of Señora Diaz ought to be a prolific source of inspiration to the fortunate mortal who chose it as a text. The best lines are in this simile:

"Generous as the stream that spreads
Its rich gifts 'mid garden-beds,
Yet alike through weed and sand
Flows in blessing through the land."

The translations following are taken entirely at random, and given as literally as diverse rhythms, impossible in English, will permit. I notice in particular one oddity of construction which seems to mark a favorite form. The lines, regular in rhyme and length, begin with a small letter; but occasionally, at spasmodic intervals, and without any connection with the grammatical division of sentences, a capital is prefixed:

"TO JOSEPHINA ESPERON.

"From her red lips' chalice fair
Flower-like perfume fills the air,
And her voice, like song of bird,
Thrills the heart at every word.
In her eyes' dark light divine
Glories born of sunset shine,
And in radiant splendor preach
Eloquence that passeth speech.

"If her beauty could but stand
Mirrored by an artist's hand,
Or inspire a poet's theme,
Men would think it but a dream."

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The subject of the next bit of verse has inspired an odd mixture of sentiment and materialism in her interpreter. The combination of the earthly teacher with the numerous heavenly benefactors of the beautiful singer is a triumph of realism. In the original the abrupt transition is even more marked, since the line rendered

"The Muse who presides," etc.,

is written

"El gran Melesio
En el conservatorio"

—a much more mythical personage to the world at large than the character by whom I have replaced him:

"TO VIRGINIA CARRASQUEDO.

"Not hers are her graces;
To gods they belong!
From Venus her charms;
Love lent her his arms;
The Muse who presides
Over harmony's tides
Hath shared with her gladly the sceptre of song!

"Morales, the master,
Doth list and rejoice.
Says: 'More than Ulysses'
My fear and my bliss is;
He heard but the ringing
Of sirens' sweet singing;
He knew not the charm of Virginia's voice!'"

A particularly graceful expression runs through the lines—

"TO VALENTINA GOMEZ FARIAS.

"If he should chant thy wondrous grace,
Dumb would the singer's music be;
If he should strive to picture thee,
Never a line could artist trace!
For of a soul as pure as thine
How could the semblance e'er be true,
If the glad brush that painted you
Had not been dipped in tints divine,
Or if the poet's lyre had known
No tones save those of earth alone!"

Many of the lines are brightened by *jeux d'esprit*, depending for their point upon Spanish words in which similarity of sound or spelling covers a totally different meaning. The archness of

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the little verse which follows is more comprehensible and decidedly epigrammatic:

"TO GUADALUPE DE LA FUENTE.

"Once Cupid's eyes were clear,
Open, and kind;
But, alas! *You*, my dear,
He chanced to find;
Only one glance he gave—
Since then who paints the knave
Must paint him blind!"

Concha is at once the name of a sea-shell and the pretty Spanish diminutive of the name Concepcion. In sober prose it would be questionable whether a pearl was ever found in anything more romantic than an oyster-shell. But who would be such an iconoclast as to overthrow a poetic image for the forlorn comfort of setting up in its place a paltry fact in natural history?

"TO CONCHA MARTINEZ.

"Above the white foam and the azure sea
A gleaming shell doth float,
And the bright sun that glows resplendently
Kisseth the fairy boat.

"The world it glads with beauty doth not know
The treasure in its breast—
The precious pearl that, radiant as the snow,
Within its heart doth rest.

"Sweet Concha! on life's sea thy beauty rides,
And man's applause doth win;
But only we who love thee know it hides
The fair white soul within."

"TO MARIA AMELIA ROMO.

"Earth was a bower of roses rare and pale,
And heaven a starry sea;
Through the soft shadow sang the nightingale
His wondrous melody.
'Twas springtime, and the dewy dawn was wet,
When, from its dreaming stirred,
The flower's soul, in sweetness rising, met
The bright soul of the bird;
And from that kiss thy loveliness was born—
Fair shrine that doth enclose
The song-bird's voice, the brightness of the morn,
The perfume of the rose!"

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In some cases the tribute is paid in prose, in a form which suggests the metrical swing and irregular cadence of Walt Whitman. I transcribe literally a portion of one:

"TO MARIA ALFARO.

"Nature, splendid in all her manifestations, has offered the poet an infinite number of exquisite objects with which to compare woman. But the glowing imaginations of those votaries of Apollo, not content with the enchanting reality of flowers, of stars, of sunbeams, of birds, of palm-trees, of pearls, and of diamonds, have flown from the visible world to seek the forms of seraphs and angels, of celestial powers, and of the marvellous visions with which fancy has peopled infinite space, to discover among these also new graces with which to adorn their idol. . . .

"Amid this wealth of magnificent and brilliant images, and from this universe of real and imaginary beauties, I, who have now reached in my wandering the frigid and narrow zone of old age, desire to choose from my remembrances a flower, a diamond, a star, which may serve as the emblem of a young girl who has flashed across these latter days of my life. . . . Is she a jasmine, blossom-sister to the violet, and, like it, hiding from the profane gaze of the vulgar? Is she Modesty, insensible to the allurements of flattery, and obedient only to the inspiration of virtue? Is she the gentle spirit of cheerfulness? Is she the angel of the fireside? Is she sunshine? Is she perfume?

"I do not know. I question my soul in vain. Neither in one nor in all can I find the exact counterpart of Maria Alfaro!"

In a paper of this kind it is as difficult to know where to stop as where to begin. Before I close I will cull for the reader a few stanzas from the longer poems:

"TO MARIA AUBERT Y DUPONT.

"If 'mid the shades on high
They should meet, nor know her name,
'Beatrice!' would Dante exclaim;
'Leonora!' would Tasso sigh."

. . . . . .

"TO ROSARIO* BARREDA.

"Many a beautiful brown girl splendid,
With eyes of the night and morning blended,
Springs from the soil of Vera Cruz;
But, amid all the loveliest faces,
Show me but one of your height and graces—
If but the gods would let me choose!

. . . . . .

*Rosario is the name of a girl and a rosary.

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"Exquisite rose of perfection! soon
You can no longer hide, and then,
When your bright face from the balcony shines,
Under your window will hang, as at shrines,
Rosaries—made from the hearts of men."

"TO ELENA FUENTES.

"If for beautiful Helen of old,
Chosen by Paris, a city fell,
And heroes of Greece spent life and gold,
How many Troys, under Fate's grim spell,
Would perish by fire and sword for thee,
If each one who sees thee might Paris be!"

It will be seen that although in these songs there is no very marked degree of originality in thought or sentiment, there is yet a most dexterous handling of the similes which have been used to illustrate woman's loveliness through so many centuries, and an aptness of phrasing which often puts them in a new light. There is besides a great cleverness in the use of poetical forms, and evidence of much practical experience in their use—a good stock of tools, and skilful hands in their management. One may regret the want of that freshness of conception which the mind naturally expects in the productions of a people with whose traditions it is unfamiliar, and whose comparative isolation inspires the hope of individuality. But there is still much to be grateful for. It is doubtful whether a subject so exciting to the imagination, and so opportune for the introduction of warmth and sensuousness of expression, has ever before been treated by a guild of poets with an equal delicacy and purity. And, without claiming any higher credit, I think it must be allowed that the blossoms of this Mexican garden show a higher cultivation and a more refined taste than our ignorance has been led to expect from the every-day products of the Aztec soil; and that for this reason, if for no other, they deserve more than a passing sense of pleasure in their beauty and fragrance.

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BISHOP DUDLEY'S REASONS.

THIS right reverend gentleman, the Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky, has, in recent numbers of the *North American Review*, given reasons for the faith that is in him. His purpose was to answer the question, "Why am I a Churchman?" For our own part we do not like the question. It is, to our mind, a question that should not be put. Ask the average non-Catholic why he professes the particular religion which he calls his own, and, if he be candid, he will answer that he has been born in it and that it suits him; or, if not born in it, that he has been led into it by some accident or association, and now likes it; or, if he do not like it, that he feels the need of some religion and has neither the time nor the inclination to seek one that might please him better; or, if he did inquire, deep-rooted prejudice would prevent him from examining the claims of the only religion that could satisfy him. One or other of these answers might accord with truth, but would not look well in the pages of a widely-read periodical. Hence the answer to the question, "Why am I a Churchman?" must be made to look honorable first, accurate afterwards. We should prefer to see the question formulated thus: "Why *should* I and all men be Churchmen?" Such a question might be argued upon grounds non-sentimental and according to the rules governing serious disquisition. But so long as the question is formulated as above, so long as men are asked to give tastes, not reasons, for the faith that is in them, so long will the old rule *de gustibus* silence discussion.

Why, therefore, do we, in violation of the law above referred to (*de gustibus*), comment upon his article? Well, for this reason: On reading his arguments, as we did carefully, we frequently found ourselves so perfectly in harmony with the writer that we were forced to ask, "Is he a Catholic, or are we Episcopalians?" Of course, from time to time, we noticed what appeared to us to be errors and contradictions, but we were willing to attribute them to a lack of thoroughness and finish often noticeable even in good writers. We would now most respectfully submit what we believe to be some of the bishop's mistakes.

Before doing so, however, we wish to assure the bishop that when he appropriates the term "Churchman," we do not cry

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out "arrogant exclusiveness," as some others seem to have done. Since a majority vote of his national Convention has denied his title to a better name, it would be illiberal indeed in us to quarrel with his assumption of this.

Now, we are not entirely pleased with his saying that he is "a Churchman from *principles of expediency*." This wicked world may pervert the meaning of that italicized phrase. Men have grown so selfish that, whatever be the etymological meaning of the word, *expediency* is not considered as necessarily connected with truth and honor. Of course the bishop gives his meaning further on, and that meaning sets his motives right.

He reasons *à priori*. He assumes the Christian revelation, and an abiding witness to the facts therein contained. Then, waiving "the question whether any particular form of organization has been authoritatively prescribed," he asks: "What machinery of organization would our wisdom devise" for the work before us in our age and country? One of the works before us, he says, is "the upbuilding of the temple which shall be the very Body of Christ because composed of 'living stones,' living with his life." Now, it seems to us that he cannot consistently waive the question of "a particular form of organization authoritatively prescribed," and at the same time suppose "the Body of Christ" among us. The "Body of Christ" is a very "particular form of organization," and cannot exist unless "authoritatively prescribed." Nor is it for our wisdom to devise machinery of organization for it. It has, and must necessarily have from the beginning, its own organization and principles of action and development. The mistake the bishop makes is in supposing that the Body of Christ is something entrusted to his care, to be organized and moulded according to his wisdom. Whereas a little reflection would have taught him that he is neither to plan nor to construct, nor even to keep sentinel at the gate, but is to enter the sacred edifice as a living stone, and work in harmony with, and by virtue of, its life.

Though we cannot agree with him regarding the work, we heartily endorse his views regarding the necessity of a worker. A church with the exalted mission of witness to truth is demanded, he thinks through human perversity, we think through man's craving for certainty and fear of deception. However, we are glad that the bishop does not insist upon our being satisfied with "arguments by which the authenticity and genuineness of our books are secured," though he hints that were we not wicked we would be. Nor does he think that, taking things as they are, even "spiritual experience"—which he calls, in an unguarded

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moment we hope, "stronger than proof of Holy Writ"—enough. For men "mock at the unreality and pitiful delusion." So they do, and not without cause. "Is there not, must there not be, a living witness, older than the book?" Certainly, but we do not like your way of coming at it. We do not mean to be profane when we say that it reminds us too forcibly of what in mercantile affairs is called "Jewing." It runs thus: "Take the Gospel on its merits." "No." "Take it, for the criticism of the learned has established its authenticity." "I cannot." "Well, you are unreasonable, but still I can accommodate you. Read it carefully, and from your own spiritual experience you will be convinced of its claims." "I distrust my spiritual experience." "You are assuredly sceptical and on the road to perdition, but, from the abundance of my commiseration for your immortal soul, I will do what may be considered outside my province. My stately sister of Rome has a way of convincing the most exacting mind. If you are not satisfied with the methods I have proffered, accept the Gospel according to hers. There is a living witness, older than the book, who assures us it is the word of God." "Prove that witness unerring and I submit." Now, we venture to affirm that this is not the candid way of dealing with an unbeliever. If you are an authorized minister and "dispenser of the word," you should not withhold the best until the inferior is declined. Though, in all confidence, we do not blame an Episcopal divine for being chary of church authority.

Having both waived and supposed revelation, the bishop tells us that he has not yet brought us to the Episcopal Church. For he can imagine a half-dozen ways in which the proposed work might be accomplished. He is sure, however, that there must be a "regular transmission of authority." And as in human affairs order is preserved by official gradation, so in the ministry there must be different "rank and privilege." Thus unity is secured. But still, he says, we may "look for a limitation of the process of unifying the servants of Christ." Where to strike the "limitation" he does not tell us. If it be portion of Episcopal faith, we should expect at least an attempt to prove it "by most certain warrant of Holy Scripture." But no; this doctrine, upon which Episcopalianism and its Anglican parent stand, is sustained only by the facts that "every hive will have its own queen, each flock of birds its own leader." Because the bird-leader cannot despatch his orders to the uttermost parts of the earth, the Head of Christ's church should not try!

He gives a discreet and timely lesson to the florid and emotional preacher, whose sole aim is to excite the feelings to the

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utter neglect of solid instruction and calm resolve. He does not believe in "passionate pleading," or in the "portrayal of bliss or of the flames that shall burn." He believes in instruction and training, in the "exposition . . . of the noble duty of sworn allegiance." We hope, however, that he does not wish to throw discredit upon the eternal truths as a motive power in the spiritual life. No doubt he holds them in reserve for the recalcitrant. When "the noble duty of sworn allegiance" fails to awaken responsive action, surely he would not decline to invoke the Mighty Four. It may not be good breeding in this theophilanthropic age to refer too picturesquely to that vulgar word hell, and sheol does not terrify; it may sound as a stretch of the imagination—and a dignified Churchman cannot afford to stretch his imagination—to portray in true colors the bliss of heaven to a people whose ideal paradise, as represented by the honors they heap upon their dead, is a veritable "Castle of Indolence," whose chief features are flowers and "rest"; but surely if men are, by their vicious lives, forfeiting some great good and incurring some dire penalty, in charity they should be told of it. We do not believe in the oratory that would fire to warlike action untrained hands, nor do we believe in the cold formality that considers it a breach of etiquette to arouse the sluggish.

By a continued process of differentiation the bishop brings us, as he supposes, to the door of the Episcopal Church. Wanted, a church of organic unity, of apostolic succession, of reverence for antiquity; a church around which Christianity, now in fragments, may conscientiously rally. In the "sober thought" of the right reverend gentleman, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America and "her sisters of the Anglican communion" are that Christianity. Enter, and see for yourself:

Here is an authorized ministry rejoicing in apostolic succession, missing links to the contrary notwithstanding. Here are orders of ministers. Here the "herald" receives from "duly empowered officers," though there have been some uncharitable remarks about power being sometimes transmitted by the unempowered. Here, too, is "the subordination of every part" to—you will find out when grace touches you. Remember, also, that there is no Catholicism here. "Here is no vast aggregation of innumerable subordinates under one chief, such that he cannot even understand the various languages wherein they were born and which they speak." This will explain Episcopalianism's poor success with the heathen. It cannot, according to its organic principles, preach the Gospel to him until his language be-

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comes known to its chief. This "commanding officer" must take in, with "eye and brain and heart," all the work and all the workers. He cannot trust to the wisdom and prudence, nor even to the testimony, of others. These regulations may appear injurious to the poor heathen, indeed impossible in practice, but our argument must not lead to Rome.

The bishop has a word to say to those who deny him the unity which he claims for his church. In their efforts to sneer he says they mistake the non-essential for the essential. He reminds them that "liberty of thought is part of the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." He does not definitely state, and perhaps he would deny our right to infer, that in the glorious liberty of the sons of God we are even free to reject Christ's own word. A little further on we meet a passage for which, to put it mildly, we were not prepared. He says: "Some very Broad-Churchmen will still 'sneer at Scripture, read Greek poetry, and be liberal in their views.' But notwithstanding all these wide differences of opinion, which are lawful," etc. How a churchman, an Episcopal bishop, can call sneering at Scripture a lawful difference of opinion is beyond comprehension. However, in spite of these differences, he assures us they are all one; for no matter what the preacher or priest may hold or proclaim, all must repeat the church's words. Now, what is this church for whose sake men become hypocrites? Is it a dead voice, the voice of the Prayer-Book? Is it the memory of a few who fought so stubbornly against Rome in the sixteenth century? Has it now no authorized living voice? Do those who speak in its name misrepresent it? Must we, then, in order to know what it is, consult its Prayer-Book or its Ordinal, and pay no attention even to its bishops?

Another reason why the claims of the Anglican Church should be admitted is because she gives "true honor to the Holy Scripture," though she permits Broad-Churchmen to sneer at it. She, the bishop tells us, reads more of it at her regular service than any other body of Christians. Perhaps she does, but it seems to us that if lengthy Scriptural readings be a proof of church excellence, any body of men trained to vocal endurance, say pedlars, might establish the best church yet. Above all, we are informed, the Anglican Church proclaims her devotion by inserting among her "Articles of Religion" the following: "The Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or to be thought requisite, or

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necessary to salvation." This church, however, has not yet succeeded in showing where this article itself is contained in Holy Scripture, nor how it may be proven thereby. Hence, according to your own principle, we are permitted to say that "it is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith." Nor is it contained in the Apostles' Creed, belief in which seems to be a sufficient disposition for Anglican or Episcopal baptism.

The bishop's claim to Catholicity cannot be taken seriously. His own misgivings are clearly indicated in the small "c" with which he writes the word "Catholic." But, to make the joke still more amusing, he is "Protestant" also. He tells us that his church "is the only witness to declare unto men what are the books of the Bible, and she bears equal witness to facts of church life to which often but partial and passing reference is made in the sacred records." "She teaches us, and she only, that only the first day of the week shall be kept holy. She teaches us, and she only, that women may partake of the Lord's Supper." That is information surely! Has he forgotten that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary for salvation"? We are afraid that he has forgotten his theme. Dazzled by the splendor of ecclesiastical achievement, he has lost sight of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America and of "its sisters of the Anglican communion."

Another proof of the excellence of the Episcopal Church is that it demands no confession of sins either in secrecy or in excitement. This proof, we think, deserves to rank with the one deduced from the fact that the church is not catholic, but national or insular. However, though no confession is demanded, "if a man cannot quiet his own conscience, as an earnest Christian man surely ought to be able to do, then he may come to some minister of God's word and open his grief, 'that he may receive such godly counsel and advice as may tend to the quieting of his conscience.'" Whether a man could quiet his conscience or not, would it not be well for him to come occasionally to "some minister of God's word" for "godly counsel"? The practice should not be made odious by saying that an earnest Christian should be able to guide himself. Remember there are many men whose consciences are, unfortunately, only too easily quieted. Why not urge these to seek "godly counsel and advice"?

The bishop's remarks upon the Holy Eucharist may perhaps be considered definite when we remember that he assures us his church itself has "nor theory nor exposition" upon that exalted subject. In the administration of the Holy Sacrament

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the church uses a formula which it does not pretend to understand. She witnesses and commemorates a fact the nature of which she does not know. She, however, is certain that it is not a mere sign on the one hand, nor Transubstantiation on the other, but is something between these extremes. Avoiding the extremes, therefore, each person, each child, the bishop tells us, may have his own theory. And so this "only witness" is ignorant of the true nature of the Sacrament of Christ's body and blood, and must consequently fold its arms and gape like an imbecile while children theorize. We are not surprised that the pious bishop should sometimes forget that he belongs to such a church.

There is another consideration upon which the bishop dwells at some length. It is, however, but fair to say that he is not the only one who does. It seems to be the ambition, indeed the hobby, of certain divines of the various denominations to show that their special religions are peculiarly adapted to the age and country. Each one seems bent upon proving that his own faith can best accord with popular prejudices, and at the same time subserve the interests for which our government was established. We are ashamed to see religion parasitic. It should not try to twine round a stronger, for it should acknowledge no stronger. There is too much latent Erastianism among the sects. It is unprincipled, and, what perhaps is a more cogent consideration, it does not pay in America. This government does not seek sectarian alliance, nor should it be sought by it. Religion is intended to worship God, and not any other power. It should not bend a knee before any government. Its duty is to sustain and teach allegiance to lawful authority, to recognize the supremacy of such authority within its own sphere. But in case of state usurpation of rights of conscience religion must maintain its own superiority. It is, therefore, a shame to see religion begging for recognition because it is like or can harmonize with something else. Show that religion is true, that it comes from God, that it is now the same as he gave it, that it alone can save man, and so much the worse for anything with which it does. not harmonize. It does not depend upon natural selection, nor upon political selection either. Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, and the other isms nowhere show greater weakness than in reaching out for a corner of the Constitution's cloak. We admit, however, that it is hard to blame the perishing for forgetting principle in order to grasp at protection.

We much prefer the ring of this sentence, which we are glad to quote from Bishop Dudley: "It must be so, *for so hath the*

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Lord ordained." Yes, bishop, take up and fortify that position, and you may defy the world. What the Lord hath ordained is, that the form of church government should be episcopal. The bishop proves this to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind capable of understanding an argument. He quotes from, and refers to, a work by a Mr. Timlow. Were we permitted to make an amendment we would substitute some one of the many dogmatic theologians recognized as authorities in the Catholic Church. In these you would find the question more methodically treated, with perhaps one or two irrelevant arguments omitted. However, we are willing to admit that the bishop maintains his position, and as against the Presbyterian he has certainly the best of the argument. If the Episcopal Church be the only church rejoicing in bishops, then it is the true church, if the true church still continues. But we must not forget that there is another church which disowns, rejects, and anathematizes the church of Bishop Dudley, and which at the same time lays claim to the "historic episcopacy." It will therefore appear that in this argument in favor of his church, derived from the ordained form of ecclesiastical government, the bishop proves too much, and hence, by a well-recognized rule of logic, proves nothing.

We do not question the bishop's right to say why he is a Churchman. Nor do we doubt the sincerity of his professions. He no doubt follows the dictates of his conscience, and believes because it is impossible. We would, however, remind him that the impossibility which sometimes commands intellectual submission on the part of generous souls is not the impossibility of reason, the incompatibility of two terms. No religion can be inconsistent and true. The God of law and order cannot be the author of contradiction.

The strained logic and inconsequence of argument, so apparent in the Churchman plea, come from the necessity of the case, not from inefficiency in the pleader. If we are mistaken, we hope some other champion of Episcopalianism will come to the defence. It is hard to find justification in reason or revelation for what is born of passion. Hence the trying situation of a Protestant apologist.

Principles of prudence and tact dictate to us the wisdom of learning to like what we have, when we have not what we like. In matters of religion these principles do not hold. For in these matters we can always have the best; we can have what God established, and assuredly it is the best. There is, however, no

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denying that habits, old associations, and treasured memories endear to us institutions which have no other claim upon us. From very generosity we love them for their weaknesses, perhaps for their faults. We rush to their defence, and exhaust our strength in blows that would be well-aimed were it not for the shaky ground upon which we stand. We are not, therefore, surprised that the Bishop of Kentucky, in the ardor of his devotion, should suppose that he has established the claims of his church. He says it comes neither from Rome nor from Geneva, and yet it is both Protestant and Catholic. But thinking men will hardly be satisfied with this demonstration. Affirmation and negation may flatter certain prejudices, but they do not meet the demands of reason nor do they point out the church of God.

INTEMPERANCE AN ENEMY TO LABOR.

THE great battle in our country is between labor and capital. Arrayed in hostile camps, these two great elements of commercial life are working out one of the problems of modern society. Labor, for the first time thoroughly organized, meets its well-armed adversary in open field and demands its full rights. Capital, the outgrowth of labor, handicapped by monopoly, has developed a tendency to tyranny, and now realizes that not only its privileges but even its rights are endangered. The contest is a desperate one, and the consequences are far-reaching. While the principles of justice must ever guard sacredly the rights of workman and capitalist alike, human sympathy almost instinctively declares itself for the weaker element, and thus the workingman finds his cause protected and aided by the church, who is always the friend of the oppressed and the lover of the poor. Her divine Founder came in poverty to teach man that wealth is not virtue nor want a crime; he came to labor, and thus teach the world that work is not the badge of the slave but of the freeman, that independence earned by the sweat of the brow is the noblest reward of manhood. The homes of honest labor have formed the character of many an ecclesiastic in Christ's church whom duty calls to carry on this mission among the toilers. It is not surprising, therefore, that in this country especially labor finds its best champions and truest

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friends in the church. And this is fortunate; for, in the battle for its rights, labor should be wisely guided, and certainly ought not to overlook anything that injures, degrades, or tends to destroy its life or its fruits. Theorists or adventurers in social or economic science find the workingman a convenient tool for all their schemes. His grievances are popular chords to strike, though the benefits promised are seldom obtained. Labor is led to believe that capital is the one great enemy. Crush that and all is gained. But such truths as that one cannot exist without the other; that one is the correlative of the other; that if labor is the soul, capital is the body, of commercial life—these are truths often forgotten in the wrangle for supremacy.

It may not be pleasant to discuss the faults or mistakes of labor, especially in the presence of its powerful antagonist. The athlete, however, training for the contest, wants every weak muscle strengthened; the general in charge of the army must allow no point to remain unprotected, if he would succeed. The lance and probe of physicians are not calculated to create pleasant sensations, but they often save valuable lives. Canker demands the caustic to prevent the spread of disease by the destruction of the part diseased. Social canker often fastens itself upon popular movements, and will cause ruin if not removed. In looking at the interests of labor it has often appeared to me that sight is lost of the ruin wrought by intemperance, and I feel impelled to warn labor to look this enemy straight in the face and give battle to it at once. And it may be well to say that I do so on this occasion viewing the subject mainly from an economic point of view, and will touch but indirectly on the religious aspect of the question.

What does labor demand? Its full rights. What are they? The independence and comfort of the workingman; a reasonable share in the prosperity he has made; a man's earning for a man's work; a full day's wages for a full day's toil. Labor is intelligent now and is organized to win these rights, and society for its own welfare must desire that the day of settlement soon dawn. In the meantime why should not labor make the most of what it already has, both for enjoyment and defence against enemies? Can it afford to waste anything? Let us, therefore, attempt to estimate the havoc intemperance works among the wage-earners. To do this judiciously let us consider the workingman as a capitalist and as an earner. What! the workingman a capitalist? Yes; a limited one, it is true, yet having a capital to invest. What is it? Not money, but, better still, the power to

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produce money. His capital is bodily health, energy, industry, skill. With these he seeks investment in the centres of trade. Moneyed capital hires him and he receives a stipulated dividend. Power of endurance, strength of frame, taste, ingenuity, execution, all tend to make him valuable, and as he becomes useful or necessary to trade he obtains a higher rate of interest on his investment. Now, what in many cases renders his capital unfit for investment and frequently destroys it absolutely? Is it not intemperance? It weakens health, paralyzes energy, warps the brain, and diminishes the skill. How many wrecks of men strew the highways of labor, how many new graves are opened to the youth and manhood of the wage-earners, by intemperate lives? According to many of the best authorities, alcohol impairs the human system, curtails its power of endurance, and shortens life. Insurance companies, who study so thoroughly the tables of mortality, unite in refusing policies to habitual drinkers. Physicians agree that the human system without alcohol is best able to withstand the shock of disease. Army records during the Russian wars tell us that the first ones found dead from exposure were Cossacks who had been addicted to drinking. Dr. Parr, a famous English authority on such matters, speaking of cholera, said that in time of epidemic he would have "Cholera for sale" placed as a sign over all places where liquors were sold.

Who needs to guard his health from danger and protect it more than the workingman? It is his capital; if he loses his health he is bankrupt. It is his source of strength and of happiness, and, humanly speaking, almost his only one. The interests of home, family, and society press upon him so closely that he must protect his labor by protecting his soundness of body. The happiness and prosperity of others are so bound up with him that when he falls others whom he best loves fall with him, and many years are often needed to make up the loss of one year of the workman's illness. Now, as universal experience demonstrates the enfeebling effects of intemperate use of alcoholics, as statistics abundantly prove the injury done to health by excessive drink, the conclusion is inevitable: the workingman whose habits are not temperate is wasting his capital, is squandering every element of value that he can contribute to any enterprise so as to secure a remunerative share of profits, whether it be in the shape of profits or of wages. Who will take the intemperate man's labor as an investment? It is worthless, or nearly so. It is often criminal to allow him to endanger the property and lives of men by managing machinery. He wastes where he should increase;

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he scatters where he should gather; his hand destroys where it should build; his life is a curse and not a blessing; he is a stumbling-block to honest and industrious men, a disgrace to society, and an enemy to labor.

Intemperance is easily seen to be a great enemy of labor, not only by the very fact that it takes away its producing power, deprives man of an opportunity to earn, but because it finally forces him to become an object of the world's scornful charity. What should be the worldly ambition of the workingman? Is it not to elevate himself, to acquire happiness, to be master of his own home so that he may pass his declining years in peace? And, taking a broader view, what is it, after all, that makes the strength of our country? It is not the accumulation of wealth nor the titles of nobility that wealth, if it dared, would strive to enjoy. It is the homes of our working-people which dot the hillsides and fill the plains of our land. It is the cottages built by money earned by labor, wherein are reared the strong arms and honest hearts and clear heads that develop our resources; and here are bred the brave men that would defend our liberties. Will we be blind to the fact that enormous numbers of workingmen and their children are deprived of the blessings of a pure and virtuous family life by the curse of intemperance, which is the leech drawing the very life-blood from labor? For bear in mind that it is not alone in the paralysis of labor as a personal capital that the canker of intemperance appears. This vice is the thief that, robbing the poor man of his hard-earned wages, makes his house a pauper's home. Small at best is the daily pittance grudgingly handed to many thousands; small indeed are the wages of the masses in comparison with the high dividends of the stockholders. Intemperance mercilessly squanders them. No pity for home, no thought of injustice to wife and child, no memory of nature's most sacred duties or of the most urgent wants of life unsatisfied at home. All must be offered in incense to this Moloch. All must be sacrificed that this appetite may be appeased.

I have often wondered why a workingman so seldom asks himself, "Can I afford to drink?" Let any one who is a moderate drinker estimate what it costs in a year, and I think the amount will astonish him. It will not be far from one month's pay out of twelve. Suppose—as I have often stated it to men—suppose it costs an average of fifteen cents a day; and I do not consider that estimate a very high one. Figure it out for a month, or six months, or a year. It would pay the interest on a

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mortgage of $1,000; it would purchase many an article of household furniture; it would bring into the home many a comfort now unknown; it would at least pay many a bill which cannot now be met. Add to this what is spent in a protracted spree, the time lost to work and the wages unearned, the sickness often resulting, the money lost at the gaming-table, and it is safe to say that intemperance robs labor of more than enough to give a decent home to any workingman. I have often asked what would be the language used if a notice were posted in the shops declaring a reduction of fifteen cents a day, and I can readily imagine their answer: "We are working *now* for starvation wages, we find it difficult *now* to keep body and soul together, and here is another reduction. Let us resist it." Secret meetings would be held, district assemblies would take action, a strike might be ordered and a boycott issued. Then why not protest against the blood-tax which intemperance collects? Why calmly submit to this reduction of your small wages? Why not strike against this great enemy of labor and boycott Rum? It is like a grinding capitalist; it crushes man's life, picks his pockets, and uses his hard earnings as a bludgeon to destroy him. Cry out against the corporations that poorly pay your labor, unite against monopolists who seek to get the most possible work for the least possible pay; but cry also for protection against this master Intemperance, who, whip in hand, lashes worse than ever overseer tortured slave.

When will workingmen open their eyes to all the dangers that surround them? When will they be led not only to seek for higher and better wages, but also to protect the wages they now receive; not only to clamor for emancipation from slave-labor, but for freedom from the rule of drink? It is mortifying to see labor not only supporting the liquor-traffic but actually defending and protecting it in political life. The saloon is the enemy of labor, as it is the enemy of home. Capital is called selfish because it seeks to enrich itself. Yet in enriching itself it helps to enrich others, for it is engaged in commerce. But for pure, unadulterated selfishness commend me to the saloon, where men grow rich by impoverishing their friends, and succeed by trampling others under foot. In our large centres liquor-dealers become political magnates, who dictate public policy, make and unmake public men and public laws, and name the candidates freemen must vote for. What is their interest in legislation? Only one thing: the liquor-traffic. What do they care for labor or labor legislation? Their representatives in the

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legislature, elected by the votes of workingmen, may be absent every day, except when it is question of liquor-law amendments, and then they must vote against any and every restriction or be exposed to political decapitation; and it is the same whether it be question of high license in New York or an anti-tenement liquor-bill in Massachusetts. Do you find such pure selfishness anywhere else? Labor called not only to support in idleness and to lift into wealth all who are in the trade, but actually to vote and legislate in their interest and for their protection!

Who support the saloons? Certainly not the wealthy classes; they seldom enter any establishment that may be called by that name. It is the poor, foolish workingman who allows himself to be bled that the liquor-traffic may live. In one of our factory cities in Massachusetts, with 15,000 operatives, there are 375 public saloons, or one in every forty. That is to say, 40 working-people are supposed to support a saloon. When you consider that out of those 15,000 operatives there must be several thousands who never use liquor, you can readily see how heavy this blood-tax is upon the classes that drink. And we can also see why so many are in misery and degradation, perfect strangers to happiness, contentment, or independence, always paying rent, and always in debt.

Workingmen, open your eyes! Protect your labor, save your earnings. You are in a great contest for your rights; you need clear heads; you need manhood, which teaches to make the most of every day, which enables you to earn and to enjoy. Labor is the badge of manhood. Labor is the noblest title in America. It is the key to American success. Intemperance has already swept out of life more than war and famine have destroyed. Its scythe is still deep in the harvest. Men are still falling beneath it. Be men. Break off every chain of slavery. Protect your labor from the tyranny of drink. If you are going to be Knights of Labor and struggle for your rights, be also knights of temperance. Preserve the powers given by God to enable you to labor and to earn, and, when you have earned, to purchase happiness, comfort, and independence, and not misery, misfortune, and slavery, for these are the fruits of intemperance. Labor has too noble a mission to be allowed to become a handmaid of intemperance.

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FESTAL LYRIC,

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EVENTFUL PRIESTHOOD OF POPE LEO XIII.

[Written to the measure and arranged to the music of a Swedish air.]

I.

TWINE laurels for him, the Pontiff and classic,
The statesman and poet, far over the sea!
We waft gratulation
And wreath of ovation,
Pope Leo, to thee!

II.

Years fifty thy palms! In youth the robed valiant
By Gregory sent Benevento to save.
And swept was marauding
And titled defrauding
From castle and cave.

III.

And lo! in thine age, when Europe was arming,
The fisherman's ring was a circlet of calm.
It hushed in the Rhine-land,
And France the fair vine-land,
War's muttering storm.

IV.

Hail, Pontiff of peace, of light and advancement!
With bays and with music thy name we entwine.
God's music supernal
And laurels eternal,
Pope Leo, be thine!

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MAY-SONG TO THE MADONNA.

I.

OF all the queens in month of May
Proclaimed and crowned with flow'rs,
Oh! none could ever once compare
With her we name as ours.
Ave! Madonna, graced o'er all,
The first with us alway.
With pious minds and heedful hands
We crown thee Queen of the May.
Ave! Ave!
Maria, Queen of the May!

II.

O Star of Ocean! bend a ray
To orbs the light that crave.
Our bark is toss'd; oh! intercede
With Him who still'd the wave.
Ah! well-assured celestial aid
By lips like thine implored;
For how were lightly aught denied
The Mother of our Lord?

III.

Sweet month of Mary, festal May,
What joy thy coming stirs!
Yet with our gladness blends a sigh
For lives as pure as hers.
O Virgin Patron of our land,
O Voice for aid to pray!
Ave! Madonna, 'tis thy month:
We crown thee Queen of the May!
Ave! Ave!
Maria, Queen of the May!

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HOEL THE FIDDLER.

I.

LUC PORNIC came from that race of hardy Breton sailors who gave Newfoundland and Canada to France, and, in subsequent years, carried her victorious flag on the numerous privateers that did so much harm to British commerce on the high seas—a race which is not yet extinct, although the merchants of St. Malo no longer arm privateers or send vessels on voyages of discovery.

Pornic was engaged in the cod-fishery. A widower, he had but two loves—the sea and his little son Hoel, whom he intended to take with him on his long voyages as soon as the child should be old enough. Meanwhile the widow of his friend and shipmate, Jean Legallec, took care of the boy and brought him up with her little daughter Guyonne.

The worthy sailor, some time after his shipmate was drowned, had conceived a simple plan which he deemed it his duty to carry out. This was to marry his friend's widow, thereby acquiring the right to support her—she was poor—and securing a mother's care for little Hoel. He was pacing the deck of his vessel on her return trip when this happy thought occurred to him, and it was so well fixed in his mind by the time he arrived in port that he went straight to Widow Legallec's and startled her by the matter-of-fact way in which he introduced the subject.

"Look here, Annaic," said he, "we must go to the rector and get married; you will be a true mother to Hoel, and I a father to your little Guyonne. Poor Legallec's soul will be pleased to see this arrangement, I am sure."

"No, Pornic; Jean Legallec was my first and only love; I will be faithful to his memory."

"But I was his shipmate; he and I were as one."

The widow could hardly restrain a smile at this argument.

"My friend," said she, and her eyes grew sad again, "even if it were possible that I marry again—which cannot be—I would never take a seaman for my husband. That cruel, treacherous sea has robbed me of my happiness; it has ruined my life! I fear it, I abhor it!"

If Luc Pornic did not turn pale it was only because his cheeks

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were too deeply bronzed to betray emotion by a change of color. He drew a long breath, pulled out his twist of tobacco and bit off a huge quid—his usual resource when he had to deal with a knotty case—and, thus fortified, he resumed his argument:

"What! you, Annaic Legallec, the daughter of a fisherman and the widow of as gallant a sailor as ever reefed a sail; you, whose first cradle was a rocking boat—you abhor the sea!"

"You speak of my father: he, as well as my husband, was drowned."

"Well, he would have died on land all the same when his time came," replied Pornic philosophically. "So with Legallec; it was an unfortunate accident. Why, I have followed the sea ever since I was a little chap, and I have not been drowned that I know."

"Those that die in their beds die surrounded by their loved ones," said the widow feelingly; "they receive Christian burial. They rest in peace; their souls don't come moaning on stormy nights, begging for our prayers."

The superstitious Breton made the sign of the cross; but if the recollection of this popular belief staggered him, his native obstinacy soon conquered.

"Bah!" he argued. "If they do they get what they want; people pray for them, and they stop moaning. I take my chances of it, and don't object to a watery grave."

"Don't say that, Pornic; it is tempting God. Think of your boy."

"I do think of him, and that's why I want you to marry me. He has no mother, poor little chap!"

"I need not be your wife, old friend, in order to feel as a mother to him. I love the boy as much as I do my own lassie."

"That you do, you kind woman! But my boy is a source of expense to you. You must let me make you more comfortable. I have laid aside a snug little pile that I don't know what to do with."

"You good Pornic! That's the secret of it. You were trying to find a way to make me take your money."

"Faith, I offered myself to you; but if you won't have me you can have no objection to taking my money. It does not go to sea, though it comes from it. Ah! ah! ah!" retorted Pornic, delighted with his own conceit.

"Lay out your money safely for the boy," replied Annaic, shaking her head; "he is no expense to me."

"Ah! I have it," cried the sailor, bent on carrying his point.

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"I shall buy a little cottage; you will live in it with the children and take care of my property. When I come ashore maybe you will have a warm corner in the fireplace for your old friend to sit in and smoke his pipe."

After much discussion this new proposition was finally accepted by the widow, and Pornic went his way rejoicing.

Annaic Legallec had good cause to hate the sea. The circumstances of her father's death had made a deep impression on her mind, and she had brooded over this sad event until her horror of the sea had become a mania. When, two years later, she lost her husband by drowning, the blow was not unexpected.

The circumstances alluded to were these: Her husband and Ivon Karouet, her father, had gone on one of their long voyages, and their vessel was overdue. Day after day Annaic, carrying her baby-girl in her arms, accompanied her mother to the mole, where, with other women, the wives and daughters of the absent fishermen, they spent weary hours in watching the blue sea. At last tidings came which filled the hearts of these poor creatures with mingled hope and fear. The *Jeanne-Marie* had been shipwrecked; twelve out of her crew of fifteen men had been picked up at sea by a home-bound ship, which had just entered the harbor. But the rescued sailors had made a vow in the hour of danger: if Our Lady of the Sea would help them in this great peril, and they lived to tread once more their native shore, they would not speak or show their faces to friend or relative, not even to a mother or a wife, until they had made their devotions at her shrine.

The ceremony was to take place the next day. This night of terrible suspense was spent in prayer by these poor souls. When morning came the whole distance from the basin to the church was crowded with anxious faces; for the shipwrecked seamen were all natives of the town or of the adjacent country, and sympathy as much as curiosity had brought the people thither.

The church-bells tolled, and the men made their appearance on the quay.

They were bare-footed, their heads were shrouded in black crape, and they wore loose blouses that hindered identification by the figure. Each carried a lighted taper in his right hand. They formed into line in single file and marched slowly to the church, where the clergy met them at the door and conducted them to the railing of the altar consecrated to Mary, Star of the Sea. Here they knelt and remained with bowed heads while a Mass of thanksgiving was being sung. At the conclusion of the service they marched back to the church porch, and, turning

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round, made a last genuflection and received the parting benediction.

Their vow was now fulfilled, and, tearing off the ghastly veils, they opened their arms to the dear ones assembled to greet them.

Three despairing shrieks rang high above the concert of joyful voices; three widowed wives were led away sobbing and bewailing their loss.

Ivon Karouet was one of the missing men.

When his wife reached home, supported by her son-in-law and Annaic—the latter swayed alternately by joy at her husband's rescue and grief for her father's death—the poor woman took to her bed. Brain-fever set in, and in a few days she was gone to meet her husband in the great unknown world beyond the grave.

No wonder that Annaic Legallec hated the sea. And yet she never thought of seeking a home in the interior country. The inhabitants of those rugged coasts of Brittany are perpetually at war with the ocean. True, it affords them their principal means of livelihood, but, not content with robbing them of their sons, it is continually encroaching upon their territory. Here the huge waves lash furiously the rock-bound coast and tear up the fisherman's hut and the good-wife's vegetable garden; there the tide carries thousands of tons of sand upon the flat beach for the sun to dry and the wind to drive far inland, covering up everything and changing the whole aspect of the country.

It has ever been thus. There are places, now covered with water, where stood ancient cities, and beaches where the treacherous sand has smothered the cries of many a victim. The tide-water has not all gone back to the sea; part of it has passed through the sand as through a filter, and settled at the bottom in some hollow whence it cannot escape. Woe to the unwary traveller who, deceived by the uniformity of the sandy surface, steps out of the beaten track into one of these man-traps! He feels his feet sinking, and every effort he makes to free them only tends to increase the force of suction which is pulling him downwards. If there be not help within reach the unfortunate victim is lost. He sinks out of sight and the sandy surface resumes its wonted placid uniformity. A horse and cart sank thus once under the eyes of the affrighted driver, who, by a timely spring from his seat to the harder ground beyond, barely escaped being buried alive.

Withal the sea has a strange fascination for the inhabitant of

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the coast. Its mysterious noises have been his lullaby in childhood; he misses them when he is away. The voice of the tempest brings to him the plaint of the graveless dead; in the shrill whistle of the midnight wind he recognizes the mocking laugh of the demon of the rocks in quest of wandering souls. He shudders, crosses himself, and says a prayer; but these terrors have for him a morbid charm, and even his priest is powerless to show him the fallacy of them. After many centuries Christianity has not succeeded in eradicating entirely the deep-rooted superstitions of the Druidical period. Some of these superstitions, in the course of time, have become blended with the old Christian legends in the popular mind, and the Breton peasant indulges, with sincere faith, in practices of whose pagan origin he has not the slightest idea. When, on the eve of the Feast of St. John, the young people build bonfires, and, after dancing around them, display their agility by jumping over the burning pile, it would be useless to tell them they are imitating the ancient sun-worshippers' celebration of the summer solstice, when

"The sun is in his apogæon placed."

You may tell them that on that occasion the priests of the sun, having put out the sacred fire, kindled it anew, that they danced round the fire to represent the circular course of the stars, and that jumping over the flames was a religious rite by which the jumpers were purified of their former uncleanness. They will smile at your ignorance; they know what they are about! St. John was sentenced to be burned alive, he was tied to the stake; but it was in vain his tormentors applied the torch to the pyre. They could not kindle it; God would not permit that his servant should perish, and St. John was saved. This is the miraculous event they are commemorating.

The mistletoe is no longer the sacred plant of the Druids, yet it is held in great veneration under the name of *Lougou ar groas* (the plant of the cross), for it preserves people from malarial fevers, strengthens the muscles of the wrestler, and is a sovereign cure for various cattle diseases. The Breton peasant crosses himself when he sees the first star twinkle in the sky; he says a short prayer when a shooting-star flashes out of sight, for it is a soul leaving its lifeless body. In such a locality the *menhirs* are wicked giants who were changed into stone for insulting the local saint; in such another they are pillars to which Beelzebub was chained once upon a time, or rocks hurled by the devil in a fit of powerless rage. As for the *dolmens*, they are the

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habitations of hideous but good-natured little black dwarfs, known, according to the locality, as *Cornicouets* or *Poulpiquets*. They were the owners of the land before the advent of Christianity; they refused to be converted and hid themselves under the *dolmens*, where they had buried their treasures. They are kindly disposed towards the tillers of the soil, and there are stories of hidden treasures being found by peasants to whom these elves were particularly friendly; but they play sad jokes sometimes, and more than once the belated drunkard who has staggered upon a party of humorous *cornicouets* has been compelled to dance with them until he has fallen in a dead faint from sheer fatigue.

Belief in those old superstitions, however, is rarely met with nowadays. The efforts of the clergy and the spread of education have at last conquered. But the Breton is fond of the supernatural; many of the religious practices to which he clung so long were harmless, though condemned by reason; they were dear to the poor and the simple, to whom they brought hope and patience. What benefits will modern teaching bring to replace these precious gifts?

Pornic was not slow to carry out his new plan. He found a roomy cottage, with a goodly patch of ground, midway between Le Vivier and Cherruex, and not far from the great sandy beach of St. Michel. There were certain drawbacks: the cottage was on the very edge of the marshy waste which extends as far as Dol—an unhealthy locality; the situation was lonely and the prospect dreary enough. But there never was such a bargain offered, the notary said; the owner, a recently-widowed fisherman's wife, was going to her relatives, some distance away, and did not wish to remove anything. Why, there was the furniture, the kitchen utensils, a nice little Breton cow which gave famous milk, two old apple-trees, the garden in a good state of cultivation, and a patch of buckwheat! Quite a little farm! And high ground, above tide-mark, yet close enough to the sea!

When Pornic left the notary's office he was a landed proprietor.

The worthy man gave himself no rest until he had seen the Widow Legallec and her young charges duly installed in their new home and made as comfortable as possible. Then, free from care, and with the proud satisfaction of a kind-hearted, hard-headed man who has done his duty and carried his point, he returned to his beloved ship, which was soon to recommence ploughing the waves in search of cod.

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II.

Widow Legallec was a fair specimen of the thrifty, indefatigable *Bretonne*, who, be she the wife of a small farmer or the wife of a fisherman, is the true helpmeet and mainstay of her husband. According to the old Breton custom, *he* is the *master*, who must be obeyed and waited upon; but the wife is the true head of the family, who plans, manages, and saves, who brings up her children in the fear of God and the love of mankind, and teaches them how to be honest men and virtuous women. Humble and loving, she does not assume to dictate; she wins consent. If her husband maintains his dignity by a certain sternness of manner, he worships her in secret, and in the hour of trouble and sorrow the strong man comes to her for comfort and consolation. The Breton peasant-woman may be ignorant, hard work may have robbed her of every feminine grace and elegance, but she is the guardian-spirit of home, filling it with peace and love. There are many poor families in Brittany, but unhappy homes are few.

Under the widow's care Pornic's purchase very soon showed a wonderful transformation. He hardly recognized it on his return home. The house was a miracle of cleanliness; the old oaken furniture was made bright by constant polishing; the household linen was as white as the driven snow. The trim little garden yielded vegetables in abundance, and was made gay with bright flowers; the gentle Breton cow's shiny coat showed the care bestowed on her—care paid back tenfold in rich milk, from which butter was made that would have commanded a premium in the Paris market. The soft-eyed animal was the pet of the children.

These two grew apace. Guyonne was a blue-eyed, fair-haired little creature, with pretty features always wreathed in smiles, and a graceful figure. She was full of little womanly ways, very gentle and very loving.

Hoel was tall for his age, but not strong; neither did he have his father's jovial disposition. His dark, handsome face wore usually a dreamy expression akin to sadness. He seldom mingled in the noisy games of the little fisher lads on the beach. He preferred Guyonne's company or a book. For he could read, and was very fond of his books. Annaic had taught him his letters, and the good old rector of Le Vivier had encouraged the boy's studious disposition and had taken pains to teach him. This

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quiet, silent country boy was as well informed as most city boys of his age.

Study, however, was not Hoel's only passion; a still greater one made him forego even his books. He had found an old fiddle in the garret, and was continually scraping it. The old priest, himself a good musician, discovered his young pupil's aptitude for music, and, to Hoel's delight, offered to teach him. The boy's progress was very rapid. He astonished every one that heard him. Pretty soon his fame spread to the neighboring villages, and when there was a wedding or a christening Hoel was always asked to come and bring his fiddle. But this was not the kind of music he cared about; gay tunes seemed to afford him little pleasure.

Of an evening the lad would take his violin and sit on the doorsteps or walk slowly in the little garden, discoursing sweet music, "such as the angels hear," Guyonne said as she listened rapt with melody. Hoel's instrument seemed alive; it sang in an unknown tongue, it sighed, it prayed, it moaned so sadly as to bring tears to the eyes of the listener. Where the boy had found the secret of these melodies no one could tell. He had seen but little written music, and that of a religious character; he had never attempted to write the simplest tune. Hoel composed by inspiration; he could not have noted down those wonderful strains. The overflowing poetry in his nature found an outlet in his instrument; he played as he might have spoken his thoughts: he was a born artist.

When Pornic for the first time saw his son with a fiddle in his hand he patted him on the head approvingly.

"That's right, my boy," said he; "a sailor who can scrape a hornpipe is always welcome in the forecastle. Give us a tune."

Hoel turned pale, but he complied silently with his father's request.

Annaic looked up quickly, but said nothing.

A little later, the young people having gone to see to the cow, Pornic remarked to Annaic:

"The lad is pale and doesn't look strong. All this book-study is no good. I must take him along with me next trip."

"Take him to sea! Do you want to kill him?"

"How kill him? I want to make a man of him. He is fifteen years old, and it is high time he should come a-fishing. He should have gone two years ago but for you saying he was delicate."

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"You don't intend still to make a sailor of him, do you?"

"Of course I do! Why, what else can he do but come with me? Then I feel lonely sometimes and I want the little chap aboard."

"Have you no eyes?" cried Annaic hotly. "Don't you see that Hoel dreads the sea?"

"What! my son afraid of the sea! It is you who have put those notions into his head, Annaic."

"I swear to you," replied she, "that I have never tried to influence him. It is born in him, this fear. Remember, Pornic, that time your ship was so long getting back and we gave her up for lost. Your wife was almost distracted; she mourned for you day and night. Her child, Hoel, was born with the stamp of this great sorrow upon him. This is the secret of his sadness, of his horror for a seaman's life. I have watched him; I know, and I tell you, Luc Pornic, that you will kill him, your only son, if you force him to follow your calling."

"As far back as I can think we have all been seamen," groaned Pornic; "he will be the first to give up the sea. And what will he be—a land-grubber?"

"He has shown no preference," replied Annaic gently. "He helps me willingly in the garden-work, and does it well, but he seems to think only of his fiddle. The rector says he may turn out a great musician some day."

"A fiddler, when he could be a fisherman! He, my son!"

"Let us not borrow trouble, Pornic; Hoel is yet but a child. Leave it all in the hands of God. He knows what is good for the boy."

"Yes, wait till he is too old to learn," objected the seaman; "your true sailors are those who begin early. Well, Annaic, I won't be too hard on him," he added, after he had sought counsel with his tobacco-pouch. "I'll leave him ashore this time, but he must come on the next voyage and try how he likes it. I wager he won't care so much for all this fiddling and book-learning after he has once tasted salt water. 'Tis in the blood, you see—all seamen, the Pornics!"

"Man plans and God leads him," said Annaic sententiously, and the subject was dropped for the nonce.

Hoel never made his trial-trip. When the ship came home Pornic was brought ashore with a broken leg.

He was tenderly nursed by Annaic and Guyonne. Hoel was untiring in his loving care for his suffering father, and the latter felt his boy grow nearer than ever to his heart. Pornic recov-

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ered, but he remained irremediably lame. His sea-going days were over.

"If only my son could step in my shoes!" the poor fellow sighed when his fate was made known to him.

"I suppose I shall have to leave you now," said he to Annaic one day after he had begun to limp about. "I shall go and live at Cancale with the oyster-fishers."

"Why should you? This is your house. Tending the garden will be an occupation for you."

"You know very well I can't live here, with you as housekeeper. People might talk about us."

"I shall go to Cherruex," said the widow; "I have an aunt living there."

"Yes, and separate the children, poor things! We should manage finely, Hoel and I, without a woman in the house."

"You can hire one."

"To spoil all you have done in these long years. Nonsense! I'll tell you what, Annaic, this is *your* home; you love it, and you know it would make your heart sore to leave it. You sha'n't do it, I say. If you don't want to see me go like an old castaway, there is only one thing to be done—marry me."

Annaic rolled the corner of her apron and blushed as though she were still a young maiden. She raised many objections, all of which were promptly met and overcome by her impetuous suitor. Time had softened her grief, and she was not blind to the real goodness and many noble qualities of this tender-hearted, rough fisherman. For all these reasons, and for the sake of the children, she told herself, she consented and they were married.

"We might as well have done that seven years ago," the incorrigible Pornic said as they were returning from the church. "You would have married an able-bodied seaman then; now you must put up with a dilapidated landsman!"

"Yes, but I shall not have that hated rival, the sea, to fear," replied Annaic; "she can't follow you here."

Pornic's constancy—or obstinacy shall we call it?—was rewarded. Annaic made his home so pleasant to him that he ceased to regret his seafaring life. He would hobble down to the beach, "to get a sniff of wholesome sea-air," he said, or drive to St. Malo—he had bought a cart and a Breton pony—to have a chat with his old mates. But pretty soon he began to take quite an interest in the garden; he stayed more at home and made himself generally useful.

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Hoel, no longer oppressed with the fear of being sent to sea, devoted himself more and more to his music. He was known all along the coast as "Hoel the Fiddler," and he and his fiddle were much in demand. Even the rich city folks at Cherruex sent for him. A generous old gentleman who heard him there one day offered to send him to Paris to study under some good master; but the young man had no such ambition. When he mentioned the offer to his parents Pornic shook his head and Annaic crossed herself; they knew by hearsay of the existence of such a place as Paris—a place of perdition, where no Breton could live without danger to his soul. Guyonne, who had listened in silence, seemed much relieved when the family council decided that Hoel should not go.

The taciturn boy had grown to be a handsome, sad-eyed, gentle-mannered young man. All at once he began to show signs of a restlessness quite foreign to his nature; he was moody, silent, and petulant by turns. At night he would take up his violin and walk out by himself on the lonely road, and melodious strains would come floating in the air, soft and pleading, with occasionally a passionate outburst so wild and thrilling that Pornic remarked one night to his wife:

"That boy is unhappy; he has something on his mind that troubles him. I must question him."

"Better not," replied Annaic; "this will pass away." And, as usual, her wiser counsel prevailed.

About this time, too, there was a change in Guyonne. Her blithe voice no longer resounded in gay carols as she sat spinning, or she walked about the garden, picking vegetables for the table or watering her flowers. She, too, was moody, now laughing hysterically, now plunged in thought, her eyes suffused with causeless tears.

Her mother never questioned her.

Pornic was alarmed. Had some witch cast a spell over the two young people? What could be the matter with them?

One evening Hoel was out on the road playing the violin. Guyonne, leaning with her elbows on the garden gate, was listening. She bowed her head on her hands, and the stifled sound of a sob reached the old couple sitting on the door-step.

Pornic slapped his forehead: he had just made a discovery.

"These two are in love," he whispered mysteriously to his wife; "we must get them married."

"Let things take their own course," replied the discreet mother.

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And the course things were to take shaped itself soon after this without interference from the parents. A well-to-do tradesman of Cherruex presented himself as a suitor for Guyonne's hand. As in duty bound, he applied to the parents for permission to come a-courting. They asked for time to consider the question, their daughter was so young!

When Annaic broke the news to her Guyonne burst into tears, and, leaving her mother abruptly, sought the seclusion of a small vine-clad arbor at the end of the garden—her favorite resort since she had become fond of solitude.

Hoel was at work close by; the girl did not see him, but he heard her sobs, and, after some hesitation, came to her.

"What is the matter, Guyonne?" he asked tenderly.

She shook her head impatiently and neither looked up nor spoke. She was leaning against the arm of the rustic seat, her face hidden in her apron, weeping silently.

"What is it that grieves you? Will you not tell me?" he insisted.

"It is nothing that you would care about," she said at last.

"I care about everything that concerns you," said the young man passionately. "Have I, then, become such a stranger that you conceal things from me—you, my little playmate, who used to run to me with all your joys and troubles?"

"Marcou, the grocer, has been here," sobbed Guyonne, unable to resist this appeal.

"Has he been rude to you? I'll break every bone in his body, the miserly shopkeeper!" exclaimed Hoel fiercely. "Tell me, what has he done?"

"He—wants—to marry me," stammered the girl, and her tears flowed afresh.

"He wants to marry you?" Hoel repeated slowly, after a moment's silence, and his voice sounded strangely husky. "And you, Guyonne—what did you say to him?"

"I didn't speak to him at all—I didn't see him— He called on mother, and she told me—"

"Does Annaic wish you to marry him? Do *you* wish it, Guyonne?" He spoke almost in a whisper and his voice trembled.

"No. I hate him. I don't want to marry. I wish he had not come. Now you know all about it—let me alone—go!"

"Guyonne!" He took her cold little hand in his and held it captive. "My little Guyonne! can you learn to care for another? Will you love me, my own, my darling?"

His arm had stolen around her waist; he drew her to him

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unresisting. Her head rested on his shoulder. She remained passive, trembling like a frightened dove.

"Guyonne, I love you! The thought that you might marry another drives me mad! Darling, may I speak to your mother? Will you try to love me?"

"I have loved you all the time, I think," said the artless girl.

"Why did you avoid me and treat me so coldly?"

"I did not know what was the matter with me—and I thought you hated me."

"Hate you! Good heavens! Did not you see how miserable I was?"

"Why did you act so strangely—never smiling, never saying a pleasant word to me?"

"I thought you looked upon me as a brother; that you did not care for me as I wished. I was afraid I should betray myself. But now, Guyonne, I may speak. I love you! I love you!"

Thus did these two innocent children learn each other's secret.

When they returned to the house, hand-in-hand, Hoel with head erect, radiant with joy, Guyonne with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, old Pornic startled them by crying out: "That's all right, children! I said it would be so. We'll have a famous wedding pretty soon."

Guyonne threw herself into her mother's arms.

"What! father," asked Hoel, disconcerted, "you know—"

"That you love each other? Why, you simpleton, we knew it even before you did. I thought you would never come to the point, you chicken-hearted landsman! You don't take after your father, Hoel; I didn't go mooning about, but showed my colors at once, like a bold seaman. Didn't I, now, Annaic?"

But Annaic and the happy Guyonne had left the room.

"But I did, though," affirmed again the jolly tar. "And what's more, I didn't gain the victory in the first attack, as you have done, you lucky dog, but had to wait seven years for my wife—that's Annaic, not your mother, poor thing—as Jacob did in the Bible story our rector tells about. When your mother and I fell in love with each other we were young, and it was short work." And Pornic gave a sigh to his first love, buried these many years.

III.

They had a "famous wedding," as Pornic had predicted. Notwithstanding that Hoel lived under the same roof as his

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fiancée, the old Breton ceremonial of "taking home the bride" had to be observed in all its features. In obedience to the French law, the young couple had contracted the civil marriage before the mayor. Then the religious rites had taken place, with the solemnity becoming the occasion, at the church of Le Vivier. The bride had been escorted to her mother's house, but Hoel was not permitted to follow her. His friends took charge of him.

Evening came at last. The doors and windows of the cottage were closed and barricaded, as though the inmates were preparing to stand a siege. Pretty soon the squeaking of a *biniou*—the Breton bagpipe—and the discharge of firearms announced the approach of the enemy. It was the bridegroom, escorted by a troop of young men. They had donned their best clothes for the occasion; streamers of gay-colored ribbons were tied to their hatbands, and huge nosegays were fastened to the left lapel of their long vests. Some of them carried pistols and guns, which they fired from time to time amid loud huzzas. An old piper, blind of an eye and a notorious wag, led the way. They called a halt before the cottage, and, after a preliminary discharge of firearms, sounded a parley.

The besieged were prepared for the emergency. They had secured a spokesman fully able to cope with the smart piper. This was a whimsical old shipmate of Pornic's, whom the latter had fetched with much secrecy from Cancale and smuggled into the house the night before.

This old tar showed himself suddenly at the garret-window armed with an immense speaking-trumpet, through which he bellowed: "Ship ahoy! Where bound?"

The piper, taken aback at first by this unexpected summons, was rejoiced on recognizing the seaman, whom he knew well. He would have to deal with an adversary worthy of his steel.

He had come, he said, to see justice done to his young friend, whose bride was unlawfully detained here and held captive by a set of pirates and robbers.

There was no such craft here, the jolly tar replied, but honest seamen and their families. His blind friend had better look elsewhere.

No, the piper insisted, he had good reasons to believe the girl was here. If they were such honest folk they would not object to a search.

This was a base insinuation which the ancient mariner repelled with scorn. But what sort of girl was that they sought? Was she not a little hunchback, crooked as a drunkard's elbow?

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No; why, she was tall and graceful as a young sapling, straight as a spar.

Perhaps it was the sallow-faced daughter of the piper, she whose eyes looked askew?

The laugh was against the piper, but he continued, nothing daunted: The girl he sought was as fair as the lily, her eyes were as blue as the sky, her hair had the color of ripe wheat; she could look straighter than a sailor can walk out of a tavern.

Thus the two men went on bandying jokes, the one describing the most whimsical caricatures he could think of, the other tracing a portrait which, however exaggerated, was unmistakably that of pretty Guyonne.

At last the defender of the stronghold consented to admit the bridegroom within its walls and let him see for himself. Hoel entered, escorted by the piper. Four girls were sitting close together on a low bench; a large sheet was spread over the four concealing effectually their features and their forms. This was the last ordeal; the lover must guess which of these four veiled figures is his sweetheart. He paused, hesitated, then, stepping forward, laid his hand upon one of the covered heads. A general clapping of hands proclaimed his success, and Hoel clasped his blushing bride to his breast.

The doors were thrown open now, and the whole party outside were free to enter. This they did with due solemnity, four stout lads bearing the *armoire*, or clothes-press, the presentation of which is the occasion for another ceremony. For this heavy oaken press is the principal piece of furniture in the Breton peasant's cottage. It is symbolic of the union of the "two made one" by the holy sacrament of marriage. Its capacious shelves will receive the clothes of the newly-married pair, the piles of household linen spun and woven by the bride's mother during the long winter evenings in prevision of this occasion. Here the pair will store their hard-won savings, their little fineries, the garments of the children with whom God may bless their wedded life. In this *armoire* they will keep all the mementoes, sweet or sad, of the family, from the faded wreath of orange-blossoms which the young bride wore on her wedding-day to the piece of black crape which reminds them of death and mourning.

The *armoire* had been hauled on a gaily-decorated cart, even the harness and the horse's mane and tail being decked with bright-colored ribbons. It was lifted up by the four young men and laid down in the entrance. Annaic, as mistress of the house, spread over it a white table-cloth, upon which she placed two

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huge dishes of *crêpes*—a Breton dainty dish much like our pancakes—a jug of wine, and a silver drinking-cup. A weather-beaten fisherman, the oldest relative of the bridegroom, filled the cup and handed it to the most venerable member of the bride's family, Annaic's aunt from Cherruex, inviting her at the same time to partake of the *crêpes*. She tasted of both, and then returned the compliment with much dignity of manner. The treaty of peace and amity between the two families having been thus sealed, the relatives of the young people invited the other guests to enter, and the *armoire* was placed in a prominent position in the sitting-room amidst the plaudits of the company, who were now ready for the merry-making. This involved copious libations of cider; grog was also prepared, in more moderate quantity, for the old salts. The festivities were prolonged till a late hour in the night. Pornic got himself "half-seas over" at the outset, and remained in that pleasant condition to the end. He was not intoxicated—those hard-headed Bretons can stand a good deal of drink—but he managed to keep himself in a state of supreme jollity, which had a most exhilarating effect on the company. One or two old fellows went further and got royally drunk in honor of the bride. They sang the Celtic wedding-song, and won applause rather than blame, for every Breton knows that it is of bad omen for the newly-married pair if nobody has got *ciaud de boire* at their wedding-feast.

The noise and revelry ceased, however, when an old matron rose to sing the "song of the bride," the closing scene of the bridal festivities. This is not properly a song, but a plaintive chant addressed to the bride. The matron tells her to bid adieu to the joys and gayeties of girlhood; she must now assume all the responsibilities of a wife, in whom all levity is unbecoming; she must so behave that the breath of scandal shall not tarnish for one moment her fair name; she must be the loving companion, the faithful servant, and true comfort of her husband; but, above all, she must look up to God in her trials and her joys, and teach her children to love and obey him. Full of wise advice and practical good sense is the old Breton *Chant de l'épousée*, which for being told in homely words is not the less solemn from the religious feeling which pervades it and the sobering effect it always produces on the company.

The young people continued to live with their parents in the dearly-loved cottage, and a happier household could not have been found on the coasts of Brittany.

Guyonne's song was now heard all over the house, as in her

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girlhood days. Hoel's violin no longer gave forth those melancholy strains so full of sadness. The soul of the player had passed into his instrument, and it sang a perpetual hymn of joy and gratitude. The young musician was seldom idle. He was often called away to distant places, and, though loath to leave his fireside, he felt that he had assumed new responsibilities and he must not throw away a chance of earning money.

In another year the young couple's happiness was made complete by the birth of a baby. Old Pornic was wild with joy.

"A boy!" he cried—"a fine boy. Hoel, we will make a seaman of him. I let you have your own way, but one Pornic a landsman is enough; this one will redeem the name!"

Hoel smiled and Guyonne shook her head, but they concluded, wisely, to let the old man have his say. The future seaman, sleeping unconscious of his importance, would not be ready to embark for some years to come.

Pornic went about, hailing every acquaintance he met with the question: "Have you seen my grandson—my fine sailor-boy?" He brought all his old shipmates to the house, and the wonderful baby's health was drunk in many a *pichet* of cider.

Then, having exhausted himself and the list of his acquaintances, and being warned by a slight twinge of rheumatism, the old fellow settled down and betook himself to carving little boats and building miniature ships for his grandson.

Annaic told him that, at the rate he went, he would have more vessels afloat than the King of France by the time little Ivon was old enough to play with them. But, on the other hand, the industrious grandmother cut and sewed such a quantity of baby-clothes that her husband asked her whether she thought the child would never grow bigger.

They were a happy family, those Pornics.

. . . . . .

One day Hoel had gone to a christening several miles down the coast. A strong wind blew during the forenoon, and the tide rose to an unusual height. Just before dusk Guyonne took her baby in her arms and set out to meet Hoel, as was her wont when she knew the hour for his return.

"Keep close to the beach, where the soil is firm, daughter," said Pornic; "the sand has drifted with this wind and high tide. And look out for that bad place at the turn of the road. It is well named the Devil's Pit. But you will not go so far—"

"It is not likely that I shall, father; I shall meet Hoel nearer home, I think. But even if I did not, there is no danger; I know

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the coast well." And she went singing gaily and dandling her baby, who crowed and clapped its chubby hands.

"I wish Hoel was home," remarked Annaic to her husband; "I dreamed last night that I was sewing a shroud. That's a bad sign."

"Tut! tut!" replied Pornic. "You were working at those sheets the whole evening, and it made you dream of a shroud. Now, if you had dreamed of muddy water, or of a ship sailing under bare poles and no wind blowing, there would be some reason for your fears."

And the old couple got into an argument about dreams.

Meanwhile Guyonne went tripping down the bleak coast. She saw nothing of Hoel; he must have been detained. It was getting late, but the moon had come out and its pale rays flooded the sandy beach with mystic light. Little Ivon had fallen asleep and the young mother had ceased singing. She walked on, absorbed in thought and unconscious of the lateness of the hour and the distance travelled. She was thinking of her girlish days, of that sweet courtship which had been but the harbinger of a greater bliss. He was so kind, so devoted, her Hoel! And her baby, what a treasure! Yes, she was perfectly happy. Her soul was lifted up in thanksgiving to her Maker.

Suddenly she heard on her left the faint, distant sounds of a violin. Looking up, she discerned far away in the moonlit, winding road the dark outline of a man. It was he—it was her Hoel! She quickened her pace, keeping her eyes fixed on that dear form, as the mariner of old steered his course by the North Star.

But what is it that impedes her progress? What makes her feet so heavy? As she lifts one the other sinks. The horrible truth flashed upon her. She had left the road and got among the quicksand holes; she had stepped over the edge of the Devil's Pit! She struggled desperately to free herself, and every effort she made, displacing the sand, caused her to sink deeper. It is up to her knees now; a demon force is pulling her down, down into the bottomless pit. Clutching her baby to her breast, she gathers her strength for a supreme appeal:

"Hoel! Hoel!"

The wind brings to her the soft sounds of the violin. Hoel is playing a hymn, a song of joy composed on their wedding-day.

"Hoel!" she cries again desperately. The sand is up to her waist now.

He has heard. He recognizes the dear voice, and knows that Guyonne is in danger. He pauses and with anxious eyes

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scans the dimly-lit landscape. He sees her, and he bounds over the damp, sandy soil.

"I come! I come! Keep up, Guyonne; I come!"

Too late!

She had ceased calling for help. She knew that death was inevitable, and she accepted her hard fate. The old legend comes to her mind. A pious Breton family returning from a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Help got lost in the quicksands. The husband took his wife on his shoulders and bade her hold the child aloft. He sank, and the cruel sand hid him from the eyes of the weeping wife, to whose feet he still clung. She thought not of herself but of the child, whom she prayed to the Holy Virgin to save. Even as she disappeared in her turn her faith did not waver. A few moments later and nothing would be seen but two little dimpled hands protruding from the sand and raised heavenwards. But Mary has heard the appeal; she has witnessed the sacrifice of maternal love and measured the faith which wavers not even in the presence of death. She descends from heaven, she grasps the two little hands, and lo! the child emerges from its living tomb; next comes its mother still clinging to it, then the heroic father, who had devoted himself to prolong those dear lives, if only for a few minutes. Sustained by the hands of the Virgin Mother, they ascended to the heavenly abode, where her Son will give them eternal life.

Guyonne thought of this legend as she held up her baby. She prayed that it might be spared; she prayed for her own soul, but her eyes were riveted on the man she loved, on Hoel, who came rushing towards her as if he were borne by the wind, only to see her die. She sighed; life was sweet and pleasant, and she was young.

She kissed her baby, her darling boy, and, with cautious movements, lifted him up high above her head. He at least shall be saved! Her husband is but a few yards off now, but the sand is up to her neck.

"Good-by, my Hoel! Love, good-by! Save our child!"

With a last effort, which hastens her doom, Guyonne throws the child at Hoel's feet just as he arrives panting at the brink of the fatal pit, and she sinks for ever from his sight.

The sand settles quickly and all is silent.

The horror-struck young man stood transfixed, appalled, gazing with dilated eyes at the treacherous sand, so smooth and even, where but a moment ago a living being, his wife, had

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stood. Where should he search? In what precise spot was the grave of his heart's treasure? Like the sea, the sand guards its secret; unlike the sea, it never gives up its dead.

The cries of the poor bruised baby lying at his feet attracted his attention. He took the child in his arms, held it close to his breast, but made no attempt to console it. The hours flew and he was still there, rigid as a statue, gazing stupidly before him. The child had ceased crying and moaning. The moon was fast sinking below the horizon, and the waning light gave a ghostly aspect to surrounding objects.

Waking suddenly from his stupor, Hoel looked round, uttered a wild shriek, and, clutching the child to his bosom, fled from the spot.

Darkness had succeeded the evening twilight, and the children came not. Annaic, standing at the cottage door, was peering with anxious eyes down the night-shrouded road. Gloomy forebodings filled her heart, and Pornic tried in vain to cheer her.

"The silly things are young," he said, "and the evening is bright and pleasant. They have tarried on the way to speak their soft nonsense and play with the baby, and probably forgot the time till the moon went down."

But as the night wore on and no tidings came of the absent ones, the good man began to share his wife's anxiety.

"I'll go and meet them," said he, taking his hat and stick.

As he reached the garden-gate the wailing cry of an infant caused him to stop and Annaic to rush out to his side. Through the gloom they discerned dimly a moving form. On it came, with hurried yet uncertain steps, and the parents recognized Hoel.

"Alone!"

"Where is Guyonne?"

These exclamations burst simultaneously from the lips of the alarmed couple.

"Guyonne! Guyonne!" repeated Hoel faintly, as he fell exhausted at their feet.

Annaic caught the poor baby as it rolled, crying piteously, out of its father's arms, while Pornic, with superhuman strength, lifted the unconscious body of his son and carried him into the cottage.

Restoratives were applied, and after an hour of suspense, which seemed an age to the distracted parents, Hoel opened his eyes; but the light of reason had fled from them. He was de-

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lirious, and amid his vagaries came continually the words, "Guyonne! dear Guyonne!" and "The Pit!—O the cruel Pit!"

"She has fallen into the Devil's Pit!" cried Annaic, horror-stricken. And she fell on her knees, moaning and praying alternately.

"Stay with him. I'll go and find out," said Pornic.

Bracing himself up, the sturdy old seaman brushed away the tears that dimmed his eyes, cast a lingering look upon his son, and, taking a lantern with him, sallied out in the night. He stopped at the first cottage on his way and asked his neighbor to come with him, whilst the latter's young son would run to the village and fetch a doctor. Although Pornic's soul yearned for that son, who might die ere he returned, he did not hesitate; he knew how much Annaic was wrapped in her daughter. Guyonne must be found, or she too would die.

The two men, and others whom they called up as they went, scanned carefully every foot of the road. The young woman might have fainted on the way, but they found not the slightest indication until they reached the Devil's Pit. Here, after much cautious groping round the treacherous place, a clue was found at last. The rays of Pornic's lantern fell upon a small red object lying on the white sand—one of the little woollen stockings worn by the baby.

"This is the place!" he called out hoarsely, and he stuck his stick upright in the sand to mark the spot.

His companions grouped round him, and, advancing as far as they could do with safety, they plunged their arms into the moving sand, they probed it with their long sticks, the old Breton *penbas* with its crooked end. It was of no avail; the sand kept its secret. But near the little stocking they had also recognized the deep imprint of Hoel's feet, where he had stood rooted to the spot by the awful vision of his sinking wife. Exploring a little farther they came upon Hoel's violin and bow, which he had dropped on discovering Guyonne's danger. The whole drama became clear to them now; no need of Hoel telling the story.

After marking the fatal spot by means of several sticks tied together at one end, while the other was planted into the ground so as to form a triangle, the little party retraced their steps, Pornic abstracted and silent, his companions respecting his grief. These rough fishermen and peasants possessed that innate delicacy of feeling which warns us not to offer empty words of sympathy to one who is crushed under a remediless sorrow. They

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accompanied their friend as far as his gate, where they shook hands with him, and, with a "*Dieu te garde, mon gas!*" left him to fulfil alone his sad mission—to tell a mother of a daughter's cruel death.

Annaic was beside herself with grief. "O the sea—the relentless sea!" she cried. "Has it followed me even on the land to rob me of my last treasure?"

"Your God is the God of the sea and the land," spoke the grave voice of the rector, who had come with the village physician on hearing of the terrible misfortune which had befallen his favorite pupil. "Nothing happens but through his will. Question not his wisdom, daughter, but remember that for every woe, however great, he has a balm. Lay your grief at his feet, and be comforted."

"Comforted! Ah! father, you forget that I am a mother; that it is my only child who has suffered this cruel death."

"And you forget that a Mother stood once weeping at the foot of the cross to which her Son, crowned with thorns, was nailed; that that Son died in great agony to redeem mankind. Your grief is natural, daughter; but think of Mary, of Our Lady of Seven Dolors, and your heart shall cease to rebel against the divine will."

The poor woman fell on her knees and prayed aloud to Mary, *Consolatrix afflictorum*, who is never deaf to the appeal of the sorrowful. A flood of tears relieved her heart, and, hearing her little grandson moan in his sleep, she clasped the child to her bosom. "It is all that I have left of Guyonne," she said; and, fervently, "O Virgin Mother! intercede for me that I may keep him. I place him under your protection. Guard him, O Mary!"

Meantime Pornic, with bent head and knitted brows, was watching the doctor ministering to Hoel. The poor man awaited the verdict as though his own life depended on it. Big drops of sweat pearled upon his forehead, and anon a tear rolled down his bronzed cheeks.

The doctor held a hurried whispered consultation with the rector, and the latter, coming up to the old seaman, took him by the arm and led him aside.

"Be strong, my friend, and prepare for the worst—"

"My son—"

"Unless God wills it otherwise, Hoel will leave us before many days."

"Hoel!—going—after Guyonne—" muttered brokenly the old man; and, as one dazed, he returned to his son's bedside,

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knelt, and, taking one of Hoel's hands in his own, remained there, silent, motionless, gazing with burning eyes, that shed no tears now, upon the pallid face he loved so well.

During three days Hoel was delirious; on the fourth the fever left him and he recognized his parents, but life's fire had burnt out during that fierce struggle. The doctor shook his head sadly. "The end will soon come," he said.

The worthy rector, who had not failed to visit the cottage every day, bringing the comforts of religion and of loving sympathy to Pornic and his wife, heard the confession of the dying man and administered the last sacraments to him. Hoel was quiet and free from pain. Death had no terrors for him. He begged his parents' forgiveness for any sorrow he had ever caused them, and urged them to go and take some rest. Seeing him peaceful and disposed to sleep, the old couple went downstairs to take some slight refreshment and to talk over their fears and hopes. Pornic insisted that the doctor's fears were unfounded.

"He is better," he said; "the fever has left him; all he wants now is strength."

Annaic shook her head, but made no reply. She did not want to rob the good man of that last hope. But she pressed little Ivon more closely to her breast, and a tear dropped upon the face of the sleeping child.

Suddenly the sounds of a violin were heard. Can it be Hoel playing? Impossible! And yet who else could make the instrument speak so? It wept, it prayed, it told of sufferings unbearable.

Annaic fell on her knees. Her lips moved in prayer, but her vacant gaze told of the awful terror that filled her soul.

"I can't stand this any longer," cried Pornic, as if awaking from a trance. And he sprang up to go to his son's room.

But the music had changed now. It was a song of joy, a hosanna fit for the angelic choir. It sang the praise of a God of mercy, gratitude for prayers answered. All at once it burst into a glorious song of triumph. The harmony swelled and rose, so awfully grand that the two listeners stood breathless, motionless, spell-bound. Then came a last cry of triumph, a crash, and silence reigned.

Coming at last to their senses, Pornic and his wife rushed upstairs and entered the sick man's room. Hoel lay on his bed as if he had fallen back from a sitting posture; his eyes were upturned as though they were gazing at some beautiful vision, his

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lips parted in a sweet smile, and his wan features wore an air of beatitude. He was dead.

The violin, with all its strings broken, had fallen on the floor by the bedside.

. . . . . .

The last time that I visited the Breton coast I called at the cottage by the marshes. Pornic was sitting on a bench in the sunshine outside the gate. His long hair, now quite white, and his flowing beard gave a patriarchal expression to his kindly features. He was still quite robust, and, if his legs were not as strong as of old, his hands had lost none of their vigor, as I found out when he grasped mine.

"*Et le petit gar?*" I asked.

"There he is with his grandma," replied the old man. "Did you ever see a finer sailor-boy?" And love, pride, and delight beamed out of his eyes.

Annaic, a little bent and very gray, was coming up from the garden leaning on a handsome young lad who wore the blue shirt and smart glazed cap of the French merchant navy. It was Ivon, Guyonne's baby.

"So he will be a seaman like his ancestors?" I asked the good woman as we sat, later, by the chimney-corner. Pornic and his grandson had left us two alone for a few minutes.

"The boy wished it ever since he began to toddle about, and it makes his grandfather happy. It was God's will."

"You must be worn with constant anxiety?"

"No; I have learned to trust in a higher power. I have committed my boy to the keeping of the Blessed Virgin, and somehow I do not feel my old dread of the sea. I cannot say that I am not sad when he is away—my darling! he is such a comfort, so good and kind, and he loves me and Pornic so much! Did you notice?—he has his mother's eyes."

The two men returned.

"Now, monsieur, we will go to the grave, if you are ready," said Pornic.

The Devil's Pit has lost its name. A pile of stones surmounted by a cross marks the dangerous spot and warns the traveller. At the foot of this tumulus is a tomb of masonry-work covered with a granite slab. There rests Hoel the Fiddler, guarding the approach to Guyonne's grave.

Pornic bought the fatal strip of land, the rector consecrated it and obtained special permission to bury the faithful young husband near his wife—the victim of maternal love.

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The peasants still cross themselves when they pass the place, but they no longer turn away in terror: they kneel and say a short prayer.

AUMALE AND CHANTILLY.

THE magnificent domain of Chantilly, once the celebrated seat of the great house of Condé, is now a French national property, thanks to the generosity of its lawful owner, the Duke of Aumale.

Chantilly is a neat little town of the Department of Oise, on the river Nonnette, and distant from Paris only twenty-four miles. To art-loving Americans, who are wont to make light of distances, and mind less jumping from New York to San Francisco than the average Parisian would from New York to Yonkers, it must be pleasant to know that next summer they will find, at what they will surely call the very doors of Paris, a new public property to enjoy and a new museum to visit, compared to which most of the French wonders will sink into relative insignificance, not to say insipidity.

In view of this fact the following unpretentious pages, written by one who knows Chantilly as an old hen its family roost, may be, to prospective tourists, of an artistic as well as an historical and practical interest.

A few words about the illustrious donor will not, I trust, be out of place. Everybody knows—in France, at least—that Henri-Eugène-Philippe-Louis d'Orléans is the fourth son of the late King Louis-Philippe; that he was born in 1822, distinguished himself in Africa under Marshal Bugeaud, was appointed in 1847 governor-general of Algeria, received the submission of brave Abd-el-Kader, and, after the Parisian political earthquake of 1848, exchanged all his previous honors for twenty-two years of the sad life of an exile in England, where he is now again, by the grace of President Grévy, in spite of his having lived in France since 1872 the unobtrusive life of an Academician and of a law-abiding citizen and soldier.

But what is not so generally known is the way he came to be Duke of Aumale, and, later, the arch-millionaire landlord of Chantilly.

Aumale is a French town of some three thousand inhabitants, situated in the Department of Seine-Inférieure, on the river

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Bresle. English historians still call it *Albemarle*, its ancient name when it was the chief town of an earldom which was created by William the Conqueror in 1070, then returned to France in 1203, and finally given by Philippe-Auguste to the French counts of Dammartin. From that time the title of Earl of Albemarle, and that of Duke of the same name conferred by Charles II. on the distinguished military commander, George Monk, have been merely nominal in England.

Owing to the custom which prevailed in France and elsewhere, before 1789, to give away large tracts of land, together with the people on them, as dowries to marriageable daughters of royal or noble blood, the title and property of Albemarle—which we will now call by its true name, Aumale—were transferred with Jeanne, daughter of Simon de Dammartin, to the house of Castile, then in 1340 to the Harcourt family, and in 1417 to the house of Lorraine, for which it was made a dukedom. Anne of Lorraine, however, having become the wife of the Duke of Nemours, brought it with her into the house of Savoy, and there it remained until 1675, when Louis XIV. bought it for his legitimized son, the Duke of Maine. It was through the marriage of the granddaughter of that prince with Louis-Philippe-Joseph d'Orléans in 1769 that Aumale was finally settled upon that house, and, although there were no longer any real dukedoms after the French Revolution, the fourth son of Louis-Philippe d'Orléans—himself the son of Louis-Philippe-Joseph—found in his cradle, in 1822, the empty title of Duc d'Aumale, under which he has since been known to the world.

Fortunately for him, in 1829, when he was but seven years old, he was chosen as prospective heir to an immense fortune by Louis-Henri-Joseph, Prince of Condé, whose only son, the young, gallant, and unfortunate Duke of Enghien, had been put to death by Bonaparte on the 21st of March, 1804. So-called historians, like Louis Blanc in his otherwise interesting *Histoire de dix Ans*, say that in July, 1830, the Revolution which gave the throne to Louis-Philippe so disgusted the Prince of Condé that he repented of his intended bequest to young D'Aumale, and thought of revoking it altogether. But death, boldly though unwarrantedly ascribed to foul play countenanced by King Louis-Philippe, overcame this design, and on the 30th of August, 1830, D'Aumale became all of a sudden vastly richer than any of his four brothers, Orléans, Nemours, Joinville, and Montpensier; for among the princely estates which accrued to him from the unexpected demise of the last of the Condés were the

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thousands of acres of fertile land and gold-yielding forests which, together with the "Petit Château," then constituted the unique domain of Chantilly.

As far back as the sixteenth century we find the castle and domain of Chantilly spoken of by historians as among the most magnificent in France. Lords were then no longer looking for inaccessible heights on which to build gloomy but substantial fortresses. Haughty dungeons, with their king-and-sky-defying gables, were making room for elegant towers gracefully reflected by the quiet waters of a lake or a river. Constant military excursions to Italy were instilling into the minds of noblemen a desire for bric-à-brac, statues, paintings, fine walks and gardens. Bastions and draw-bridges ceased soon to make a lord of their owner, who, to maintain his right to his title, was compelled to call to his help the best sculptors and architects of this glorious epoch of the "renaissance" of art.

The fifteenth century had been fairly launched when Chantilly—then a mere dungeon lost in endless forests—fell to the ownership of the powerful family of Montmorency, first heard of in the middle of the tenth century, and which has since borne the proud title of "first Christian barons and first barons of France." Long indeed would be the list of constables, marshals, and other illustrious servants given to its country by the Montmorency family. To narrate their exploits would be to write half the history of France.

Constable Anne de Montmorency, who was the companion-in-arms of Francis I. (1525–1526), was also the first enchanter who created Chantilly and began to make it an earthly paradise. Under his own supervision, when the battle-field did not summon him to more important duties, fine walks were cut open through the unexplored forests, and in 1530 the "Great Castle" was inaugurated with pomp and princely grandeur, throwing open to all its vast galleries and gorgeous halls, which, according to Ducerceau in his book, *Les plus excellents Bâtiments de France*, contained admirable examples of both antique and modern art, "filled with arms of all descriptions, Flemish tapestries, medals, statues, bronzes, and rare books."

It is much to be regretted that Ducerceau, as a contemporary of Anne de Montmorency, did not deem it necessary to give to posterity the names of the architects who were the skilful co-laborers of the great constable. We know, however, that one of

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them was the celebrated Jean Bullant, who also built a part of the Paris Tuileries, begun in 1564, by order of Queen Catherine de Médicis, on a ground previously occupied by a tile-kiln—hence its rather strange name for a kingly mansion. Bullant superintended more especially the drawing and construction of the "Little Chantilly Castle," afterwards added to the great one, and the only *corps-de-logis* now existing of all the work of Constable Anne, who fell gloriously, covered with wounds, in 1567 while fighting and defeating the Calvinists on the plains of St. Denis.

Sixty-five years later Henry de Montmorency, Anne's grandson—so brave that he was made an admiral when but seventeen years old—was unfortunate enough to incur the displeasure of Richelieu by harboring in Languedoc, of which he was the governor, Gaston, Duke of Orléans, then in arms against his own brother, King Louis XIII. Captured by royal troops at Castelnaudary, Henry was brought to Toulouse and sentenced to death by the Parliament of that city. In vain did the whole country, which admired and loved him, plead and entreat for his pardon. Richelieu's policy was to crush the nobility and to establish the absolute power of the king; and in 1632 the most powerful house of France saw the last of the first ducal branch of the Montmorencys decapitated as a vulgar felon—he whose godfather had been Henry IV., who never called him otherwise than "my son"!

By this sad event the vast estate of Chantilly fell, in the French parlance, *en quenouille*—that is to say, became the property of Charlotte-Marguerite of Montmorency, Henry's sister, who brought it into the house of Bourbon when becoming the wife of Henry II., Prince of Condé, and the mother of the "Great Condé," by whom the domain was so transformed as to rouse the wrathful jealousy of the over-pompous and over-sensitive "Roi-Soleil." It was in 1675 that, after numberless victories, Louis II. de Bourbon chose Chantilly for his haven of rest. He respected the work of Bullant, but in 1679 replaced the "Great Castle" by a more modern one of far larger dimensions. The famous architect and landscape-designer André le Nôtre superintended the laying-out of the lawns and gardens with so much taste and success that Louis XIV., struck with admiration at their sight, conceived at once the project of the Versailles Park.

From that time to the death of the Great Condé, which occurred on the 6th of November, 1686, Chantilly was a fit succes-

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sor to the celebrated hotel of Rambouillet—situated in the street of St. Thomas du Louvre, in Paris—which from 1610 to 1648 contributed so much to the refinement of French manners, taste, and language. To the regal abode of the hero of Rocroi came Racine, Molière, Boileau, and a host of great men and women, all anxious to recite in his presence the masterpieces of their overflowing genius amid the plaudits of all the beauty and chivalry of France in the seventeenth century.

But as for the "Great Castle" built by Constable Anne, one must go to the National Library of France and hunt up old engravings in order to understand how splendid was the one built and embellished by the Condés. The awful year of 1793 passed and left nothing of it but the "Little Castle," which became a horse-barrack and thus escaped being also razed to the ground by the French vandals of that tempestuous epoch.

It is the privilege of historical seats to speak to the soul, to evoke reminiscences of the past, to call back to life the solemn array of bygone centuries, together with their heroes whose noble deeds have engraved their names on the brass tablets of fame.

None more than Chantilly has a right to the thoughtful admiration of the lover of history. Through the scented roads of this immense oasis, during the lovely month of May, strolled once arm-in-arm Charles Quint, the mighty, and the gallant Francis, who lost all but his honor at Pavia. Through its deep woods, where deer and boar still roam in countless herds, sported Charles IX., the weak-minded abettor of the St. Barthélemy massacre, the most illustrious victim of which, Admiral Coligny, now peacefully sleeps on Chantilly grounds.

There it was that Henry IV., the witty king of *la poule au pot*, took his amusing revenge upon the Duke of Mayenne, whom he had signally defeated at Arques and Ivry. The duke, who was very stout and tipped the scale at more than three hundred pounds, used to spend, so says the *chronique*, more time at table than Henry of Navarre in bed. So in 1596, when he at last made his peace with the *Navarrais*, then King of France, the latter received him at Chantilly, had him provided with a bountiful dinner, and after several hours of high feasting invited "his dear cousin" to a walk and began climbing up a very steep hill. Henry was forty, but comfortably lean and light-footed. The duke also was forty, but uncomfortably fat and considerably the heavier for his Gargantua-like junketing. Etiquette compelled him, nevertheless, to keep pace with his new master and to an-

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swer him back as best he could. It is useless to say that when they reached the top of the hill poor Mayenne was considerably blown. "Well, cousin," exclaimed Henry, turning to him with a hearty laugh, "this is the only harm I'll ever do you. Good-by!" And he nimbly rushed down the hill, leaving the ex-chief of "the League" to pant and digest in peace before attempting the same feat.

All this and a great deal more young D'Aumale learned from his tutors. No wonder that his imagination was struck by the many interesting reminiscences coupled with the heroic deeds of the Montmorencys and the Condés. He was but fifteen years old when he conceived the project, which he has since so remarkably accomplished, not only to write the history of the "Great Condé," but to restore to Chantilly its pristine splendor and to make it a lasting monument, commemorative of a period of French glory the annals of which would be written on the walls, in the galleries, in the collections and archives, and even in the gardens laid out again from Le Nôtre's designs and once more peopled with the statues of hundreds of heroes who had been made to bite the dust by the wily beheaders of Louis XVI.

Haunted night and day by the generous thought, he summoned to his presence in 1840—he was then entering his eighteenth year—a celebrated architect, M. Duban, and ordered him to prepare, from the treasures of his own and of the National Library, a complete plan of restoration, to the execution of which he has devoted more than eight millions of francs. One by one, on the very foundations of the tenth century, reappeared the constructions to which the counts of Senlis and the Lavals had formerly contributed. Then rose towards heaven the towers of the mediæval dungeon destroyed in the fourteenth century. The Bullant castle, erected in 1522, was repaired and transformed into a private mansion for the prince and his young wife, a Neapolitan princess, whom he married in 1844. In this *corps-de-logis* is "La Galerie des Batailles," in which the Belgian master, François van der Meulen, son-in-law of another master, Charles Lebrun, the rival of Poussin and Lesueur, immortalized all the Great Condé's victories.

The Revolution of 1848 stopped suddenly the reconstruction of Chantilly. The duke was then contemplating the rebuilding of the "Great Castle," which he wished to devote to a museum and to the holding of grand and princely receptions. In order to prevent any scheme of sequestration or spoliation during his exile, he caused a fictitious sale of the whole domain to be made

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to a syndicate of English bankers. But in 1875, when he became once more a French citizen in the full possession of his rights, he called to Chantilly a distinguished architect, M. Daumet, who, note-book and pencil in hand, listened for three hours to the plans of the prince, and then declared himself ready to carry them through to the letter.

The work was at once begun. The old foundations of the "Condé's Great Castle" were scrupulously preserved and built upon, and the result of M. Daumet's exertions was and remains a perfect revival of long-lost and almost forgotten marvels of architecture.

No lover of true art can help being struck with admiration and wonder, as if suddenly brought face to face with the realization of one of Gustave Doré's dreams, when, coming from the racing-grounds—established at Chantilly by the Duke of Orléans in 1832, with a hippodrome twenty-five hundred yards in circumference—he stands in the presence of the now skilfully united "Little and Great" Castles, with their entrancing perspectives of cupolas, lofty roofs, rotundas, graceful towers, countless steeples and spires, out of which rises the nave of the central chapel, surmounted by a statue of St. Louis, while on the vast esplanade facing the stately entrance court, called *Cour d'Honneur*, towers the imposing figure of Constable Anne of Montmorency.

But, grand and costly as the exterior may appear, and really is, it is nothing compared with the unique treasures accumulated, with Oriental lavishness and thoroughly French patience and taste, in the galleries, *loggias*, and apartments of Chantilly.

Wherever you may go you find yourself confronted with truly rare and beautiful works of art. You ascend the broad flight of steps that leads to the second story, and your eyes are fascinated by a forged iron baluster of exquisite finish, in which fleurs de-lis are curiously blended in brass with the delicately-moulded monogram of D'Aumale. Now you are in the "Galerie des Cerfs," and find yourself dazzled, as well as puzzled, by the still gorgeous Gobelin tapestries made more than two hundred years ago for the Prince of Condé. But here is the chapel, and, even if it were not the house of God, you would feel ashamed to stand otherwise than bareheaded in the presence of so many marvels of human genius. The main altar was sculptured by Jean Goujon, whom posterity has called the French Phidias. These renaissance panels were carved by the best artists of an epoch so profuse in arabesque foliage and grotesque animals, extended

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into scroll-work and interlaced to suit the most capricious fancies of the Philibert Delormes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through the sacred edifice a mysterious and soul-stirring light is delicately shed by two genuine stained-glass windows of that time, representing respectively Constable Anne and his four sons, and his wife and four daughters, all on their knees and praying. Step a little further and you are in another chapel in which are kept the hearts of those who were the Condés. Everywhere masterpieces are in profusion, whether they be statues, bronzes, or paintings. There are also many historical trophies: here may be seen a flag won at the battle of Denain by the "Great Condé," together with his own fanion, the sword he received from Louis XIV., his pistols, and several other mementoes of his military life.

One of the handsomest *buen retiros* in the "Little Castle" is the library. The most fastidious bookworm could find nothing to criticise either in the arrangement for the enjoyment of the reader or in the method which has been exercised in gathering up so many rare manuscripts and richly bound books of all descriptions, embracing every branch of ancient and modern literature, scientific or otherwise. These have cost the distinguished collector an immense amount of personal research, as well as a large amount of money.

Much could be said of the galleries of paintings, tapestries, bronzes, arms, statues, and artistic furniture which occupy the whole part of the "Great Castle" overlooking the stables and forming the top angle of that triangular construction.

There, as everywhere else, one feels the all-pervading determination of the prince to possess nothing but masterpieces characteristic of various civilizations, and to group around them the best works connected with the national history of his own country. Side by side with the "Three Graces" of Raphael and the "Joan of Arc" of Annibal Carrache, many a time have I admired, under a magnificent ceiling painted by the lamented Paul Baudry, who died in January, 1886, the portrait of the most eminent historical painter of our time, Jean-Dominique-Auguste Ingres, painted by himself; the famous and only portrait of Molière, attributed to Pierre Mignard, who for twenty-two years was the favorite of the popes before being the principal painter of Louis-le-Grand; the no less remarkable portrait of Bonaparte, as First Consul, by François Gérard, a pupil of the celebrated David, whom many think he ultimately surpassed; the "Assassination of the Duke de Guise," by that "Girondin"

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of art, Paul Delaroche, the painter of the vast Hemicycle of the "Palais des Beaux-Arts"; the "Réveil de Psyché," by Prud'hon; not to speak of hundreds of other famous portraits and of the invaluable series of three crayon drawings from Clouet, Quesnel, and Jean Cousin, each of which, as relics of the sixteenth century, is worth bags of modern gold. It would take several volumes to describe at length, and several months to admire at leisure, the collections of Chantilly, the loss of which—although their actual cost may not have exceeded fifteen millions of francs—would be irreparable, should blind elements or still blinder revolutionary cranks happen to destroy them.

When it was publicly announced last autumn that the owner of Chantilly had willed his beautiful estate to France, it caused a genuine sensation in the French capital. People were not wanting who thought it a good joke, indeed, to have termed "a long-planned one" the decision arrived at by the duke. Smart politicians saw nothing in it but a shrewd move on the part of the then exiled prince, who, being childless and one of the largest landholders in France, could well afford, they thought, to sacrifice even so fine a piece of property as Chantilly as an inducement for his being called back to the free enjoyment of his other numerous farms and castles. But it was soon proved that as far back as June 3, 1884, D'Aumale had entrusted to M. Fontana, his private counsellor and attorney, a holographic testament which contained the following self-explaining clause:

"As it is my wish to make France at large the ultimate owner of the entire domain of Chantilly, with its forests, lawns, water-works, edifices and all their contents, such as trophies, pictures, books, archives, and art works—which, in their *ensemble*, form a complete and diversiform monument of French art in all its branches and a history of my country through periods of glory—I have resolved to entrust it to the keeping of an illustrious body which has done me the honor of calling me into its ranks in a double capacity, and which, while being subject—as are all societies—to certain unavoidable transformations, is nevertheless free from partisan passions, and, as such, less liable to suffer from the sudden and violent changes brought out by political outbreaks."

The illustrious body herein referred to was the National Institute of France, born on the 25th of October, 1795, of the union into one harmonious whole of the remnants of the academies and art institutions destroyed by the revolutionary storm of the last century. It now consists of five academies—namely, the French Academy, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, that of the Sciences, of the Fine Arts, and of the Moral and Political

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Sciences. The owner of Chantilly could not have chosen a more distinguished and responsible heir than this world-renowned body, whose only aim is to promote—with the help of the most celebrated scholars of all nations, who consider it an honor to become its correspondents—such scientific and literary undertakings as would tend to the welfare of mankind.

On the day following the announcement of the deeding of Chantilly the French people heard of another incident which had taken place on July 14, 1886. In the morning of that French national holiday the Duc d'Aumale was at his mansion of Nouvion-en-Thiérache, in the Department of Aisne, in consultation with M. Limbourg, a well-known lawyer of the Paris Court of Appeals, whom he had requested to draw in a legal form a codicil fully and definitely confirming the dispositions contained in the above-quoted will of 1884. Suddenly, as they were thus engaged in the private study of the prince, a valet entered bearing the card of a visitor. By request of the duke, M. Limbourg went to the parlor and there found M. Isaïe Levaillant, the under-chief of the national police.

"I am here," said the representative of the French *gendarmes*, "to formally notify the Duc d'Aumale of the issuing by President Grévy of a decree ordering citizen Henri-Eugène-Philippe-Louis d'Orléans to leave French soil within twenty-four hours, on account of his blunt protest against his dismissal from the army."

"No more significant day could have better suited the communication of such an order," courteously answered M. Limbourg, "and I shall at once acquaint the duke with the motive of your early call."

A few hours later D'Aumale had rewritten and signed the codicil prepared by M. Limbourg, and crossed the frontier to join in his exile the Count of Paris and his eldest son, Robert, Duke of Orléans, born in 1869 from the marriage of the count with his cousin, Princess Marie of Montpensier.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences was the first to listen officially, on October 2, 1886, to the reading made by its perpetual secretary, M. Jules Simon, of the documents relating to the donation of Chantilly. On the 27th of the same month the Central Administration Commission of the five academies submitted the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"The National Institute of France, assembled in full congress at the Mazarine Palace, having taken cognizance of the various documents pertaining to the donation made to them of the domain of Chantilly by the

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Duke of Aumale, beg to convey to him the expression of their deep gratitude for so generous and patriotic a liberality, and invest their Central Administrative Commission with full power to take the necessary steps towards the legal acceptance of said donation."

To understand the term "legal acceptance," it must be known that in France no municipal councils, hospitals, or other corporations are permitted to accept any donations without having previously obtained the assent of the National Council of State.

A special commission was accordingly delegated to call on Senators Bocher and Denormandie, and M. Edmond Rousse, a member of the French Academy, to whom on August 29, 1886—according to a ponderous document—"Mgr. le Duc d'Aumale, *général de division*, membre de l'Institut, grand croix de la Légion d'Honneur, domicilié de droit à Paris, rue de Varenne, No. 59, et résidant actuellement à Woodnorton (Angleterre)," had given collectively, in the presence of M. Perrette, chancellor of the French Consulate-General in London, a full power of attorney for the formal transfer of Chantilly to the Institute of France.

The transfer was duly executed in Paris on the 30th of October, and laid by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts before the Council of State, which approved it in the beginning of December.

Finally, on December 20, 1886, the following decree appeared in the columns of the *Journal Officiel*:

"*The President of the French Republic, the Council of State having been heard, decrees:*

"ART. 1. The Institute of France is authorized to accept, with the clauses, charges, and conditions imposed, the donation between living parties irrevocably made to it by Henri-Eugène-Philippe-Louis d'Orléans, Duke of Aumale, according to acts of October 26 and December 3, 1886, quoted above, of the usufructuary property of the domain of Chantilly, together with the books, collections, art works, and furniture gathered up in the castles thereof.

"At the expiration of the usufruct (that is to say, after the duke's death), due reserves having been made for the payment of the yearly bequests instituted by the donor, the revenues accruing from the domain will be devoted to the keeping in good order of the buildings, parks, gardens, and collections; to the development of the library and galleries; to the establishment of life pensions or allocations on behalf of learned men, literary men, or artists in need; to the foundation of prizes aiming at the encouragement of those who devote themselves to arts or letters; lastly, to the various expenses which might result from the opening to the public of the parks, gardens, and artistic galleries and collections, which will take the name of 'Musée Condé.'

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"ART. 2. The Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts will see that this decree be put in full force.

"(Signed) JULES GRÉVY."

Among the yearly bequests mentioned in the above decree are found sums varying from one to ten thousand francs given *in perpetuum* to hospitals, churches, colleges, schools, and boards of charities of the departments of Oise and Aisne, and to the Paris "Lycées" Fontanes and Henry IV. It is also provided that three members of the Institute of France shall form a supervisory board, the president of which shall be a member of the French Academy. They will have a right to private lodgings at Chantilly, as well as a subordinate officer entrusted with the keeping and maintenance of the museum and collections.

To give a positive estimate of the intrinsic value of this splendid donation would be impossible, the historical and art collections being in themselves invaluable.

Suffice it to say that the 22,370 square acres of forests, arable lands, and pastures represent 20,000,000 of francs, while the buildings are worth at least 15,000,000, making a grand total of 45,000,000, which may be made to yield to the Institute of France an annual income of more than 600,000 francs over and above all charges stated in the contract.

But although the donation is, in the mind of the donor, an irrevocable one, it must not be lost sight of that the final stipulation of the ponderous document which has been mentioned above positively states that should, at any time or for whatever cause, the Institute fail or be prevented to fulfil one or the other of the charges imposed by the testator, said donation would be instantly and *ipso facto* revoked and returned, in its integrity, to the donor or his lawful heirs.

Haters of the church who, among the French Radicals, would be tempted to close the Chantilly chapels or to deprive the churches and schools of Oise and Aisne of their just bequests, will do well to impress this stipulation upon their minds.

Commenting upon the splendid donation, Edouard Hervé, the distinguished Academician, has said: "The Tuileries are no more. Chantilly will be something more than the Tuileries; not because of its destination, but because of the unity of thought and the excellence of supervision that presided over its creation, its disposition, its ornamentation. A mob of madmen burned the Palace of the Kings; to the Duc d'Aumale we owe now the Palace of the Nation."

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SUNSHINE.

TWO PICTURES FROM A SANCTUARY OF OUR LADY OF GRACE.

I.

In the gray morning, ere uprose the sun
  And silent shadows fled before the day,
  Twin candles burned a blessèd life away
Where offered up Himself, the Holy One,
Amid the throng of hidden seraphim
  And prayers of faithful souls that humbly sought
  His blessing on the day's each deed and thought—
This moment's memory to light the dim
And lingering work-day's hours that should bring
Each soul more near its perfect blossoming.

Slowly the sun mounted the eastern sky
  With promise of his coming golden grown,
  Softly through crevice of choir-window shone,
Dimmed not the candles wasting holily,
Nor touched the altar whereon shone unseen
  The Eternal Sun; but clothed with sudden light
  Foligno's Holy Child, blessing from height
Of Mary's knees—His royal Heart's dear queen,
Whose mantle blue e'en bore sad Calvary's shade
While on her arms the Sun of Justice played.

II.

Shone through the open window sky of June
  Flecked by the fresh green maple-boughs, wind-swayed,
  Where sunshine played at hide-and-seek with shade,
While sparrows twittered to the wind's low tune.
Token of earthly bliss the vision seemed—
  Calm-hearted rivers that the blue looked on,
  White daisy-fields light rippling in the sun,
Swift-opening roses that by salt waves gleamed;
O'er all, to earth scarce seeming to belong,
Rising the shy brown thrush's golden song.

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Sudden, earth's visions paled in light divine
Shining from hidden depths of downcast eyes
Where, dusky shadow 'gainst the glimmering skies,
Knelt black-veiled sister; on her breast the sign
Of Infinite Love in flame's red blazon wrought.
Blue skies grew dim, more dim June's blossoms seemed,
Deep-hearted streams in shallow rapids gleamed,
Earth's glamour broken by the holy thought
Filling with peace the brown-robed sister's face,
Tuning her heart to silent song of grace.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE novel-reading public ought by this time to be weary of Russians—the Russians depicted in the fashionable translations. Turguéneff, a master of style, was weakened in the estimation of some of the "cultured" by the fact that he wrote so much in French. Nevertheless he was the best of them. Then Tolstoï was introduced to us in an English dress, and people who found Sir Walter Scott tiresome pretended to be enthusiastic over his interminable *War and Peace*. Now the leading man is Fedor Dostoieffsky, and not to know him well and his fellow-Russian, Lermontoff, a little is as fatal to the pretensions of the literary *fât* as not to know Schopenhauer was a few months ago, or not to have an opinion on the *Nirvâna* is now.

Dostoieffsky is a realist—that is, he looks carefully for the gloomy, criminal, mean impulses and acts in life. He drags up the dregs of human nature and muddies his stream with them. The stream may be placid, limpid, or sparkling, and graceful shadows of green trees may pass over it; but Dostoieffsky never sees these things. Above all, he never sees anything that brings humanity nearer to God. God, if he exists, according to Dostoieffsky is a being who laughs at the inexpressible vileness of the man he has created vile: therefore he is a "realist"; he draws things as they are; he is Great, and Mr. Howells is his prophet! Dostoieffsky's *Crime and Punishment* and *Injury and Insult* are the two novels most talked about just now. In *Crime and Punishment* the interest eddies around a mad and lurid creature, Rodia Raskolnikoff, and in *Insult and Injury* Natash, a woman of brutal

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passion, is the central figure. Both novels are powerful and unhealthily interesting. If Russian life is what Turguéneff, Tolstoï, and Dostoieffsky represent it to be, Russia must be a sad place, whose people are divided between idiotic glee and unrestrainable delirium.

Mr. Edmund Downy is another weird and mysterious writer. The romantic and ghoulish fashion in novels, which Mr. Rider Haggard, following Mr. Robert L. Stevenson, made popular, finds a clever disciple in the author of *In Our Town* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) Mr. Downy combines both the gifts of Mr. W. Clark Russell, whose *Golden Hope* (Harper & Bros.) we have just received, and of Mr. Haggard, whose gruesome and super-sensuous *She* is as popular as his better work, *King Solomon's Mines*. Mr. Downy's *House of Tears* is a novel born of dyspepsia. The author probably imitated Mrs. Ratcliffe's method of helping her imagination, and ate a raw beefsteak before he conceived his plot. *In Our Town* is pleasanter. There is one of those queer Yankees in it that never existed on earth; there is evidence of an acute observation of sailor life.

The success of *She* has fortunately revived Thomas Moore's novel, *The Epicurean*, which, like Gerald Griffin's *Invasion*, has been underrated by modern critics who have deigned to notice it at all. *She* is said to resemble *The Epicurean*. It does—at a respectable distance; but where Moore gave us the impressive and picturesque results of deep reading, Mr. Haggard gives only the appearance of erudition by the introduction of inventions and facts drawn from ordinary travellers' books. Moore's description of the Egyptian priestly mysteries, once read, can never be forgotten. Mr. Haggard's pictures, in rough colors shown by red light, are coarse compared with those drawn by Moore in *The Epicurean*.

Of the same class of writers as Mr. Haggard, but higher, finer, more poetic, more literary, is Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who is a type of the spirit of this earnest, playful, cynical, mocking, yet sympathetic nineteenth century. He is a faun who has taken to literature. His *Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables* is in line with the first short stories that began to make his reputation. It will disappoint those who look for another allegory, like the terrible one of *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde*. "Olalla" is the most powerful of these short stories. Olalla is a Spanish girl, whose proud race has dwindled mentally because of intermarriage. Her mother is a maniac, her brother an idiot. She has escaped the curse, but she refuses to marry a young Eng-

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lishman who proposes to her, and whom she loves, for fear of perpetuating the evil. Mr. Stevenson has had the good taste and the good sense to show that this Spanish girl's self-sacrifice was the result of religious belief and practice. The padre, the confessor of the young girl, nobly clings to the isolated family—avoided as if they were lepers by the ignorant villagers—and Mr. Stevenson admirably depicts his grave gentleness. In the last scene, after Olalla has renounced the young Englishman, the two meet accidentally near a roadside crucifix.

"'I have laid my hand upon the cross,' she said: 'The padre says you are no Christian; but look up a moment with my eyes, and behold the face of the Man of Sorrows. We are all such as he was—the inheritors of sin; we must all bear and expiate a past which was not ours. We are all such as he was—the inheritors of sin.'"

Mr. Stevenson makes a lapse here. No Spanish woman well versed in her religion could have said that our Lord inherited sin, since the Immaculate Conception is a dogma of the church.

Mr. Stevenson concludes his story effectively with the final parting of the lovers. He gives us a glimpse of the feelings excited in an irreligious man by the sight of a crucifix in a great crisis of his life:

"I looked at the face of the crucifix, and, though I was no friend to images, and despised that imitative and grimacing art of which it was a rude example, some sense of what the thing implied was carried home to my intelligence. The face looked down upon me with a painful and deadly contraction, but the rays of a glory encircled it and reminded me that the sacrifice was voluntary. It stood there crowning the rock, as it still stands on so many highway sides, vainly preaching to passers-by, an emblem of sad and noble truths: that pleasure is not an end, but an accident; that pain is the choice of the magnanimous; that it is best to suffer all things and do well. I turned and went down the mountain in silence; and when I looked back for the last time before the wood closed about my path, I saw Olalla still leaning on the crucifix."

"The Treasure of Franchard" is a delightful bit of froth. An eccentric doctor, whose wife has induced him to bury himself in a remote hamlet to save him from bankruptcy, preaches continually of his contentment and the saving quality of his philosophy. But the moment he discovers a large amount of money he sinks to the level of other men. How he and his wife were saved from ruin by the theft of this treasure and the loss of all they had in the world is the purport of this quaint and paradoxical story.

It is remarkable—if we may take a conclusion from many novels—how well women love fools. From *Waverley*—may its

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shadow never grow less!—to *Lothair*, and from *Lothair* to the newest batch of novels that will be celebrated, the same lightness of character, the same inconsistency, are the most salient characteristics of heroes of romance:

> "One foot on sea and one on shore,
> To one thing constant never."

And yet the ladies, in spite of Shakspere's warning, go on sighing to the end of the novels, and perhaps afterwards. Orion, the hero of Georg Ebers' new romance, *The Bride of the Nile* (New York: William S. Gottsberger), is what the English call a "cad." In the beginning he commits a theft, connives in the most cowardly way at what might have been a murder, tries to secure the punishment of an innocent man for a crime he had himself committed, and to throw a lie he had himself told on the shoulders of a woman he pretends to love. He swears eternal fidelity to one woman, promises to perform an heroic action, and then meets another woman, becomes her slave, and sneaks from the promise he had made. He induces still another woman to tell a lie for his sake in a court of justice, and then coolly casts her off, though he has been betrothed to her. He is punished frightfully, but at the end he marries the heroine and is left with a prospect of happiness.

Paula, the heroine of *The Bride of the Nile*, is one of the most forceful characters depicted in recent fiction. She has all the spirit of Sir Walter Scott's Catherine Seton without her pertness—a stanch and honest heroine, who never disappoints the reader by falling below her level. She cannot brook injustice; she cannot remain silent when wrong is made to appear right. And, as deeply as she loves Orion, her love does not blind her to those qualities in him which she hates with the same hatred as she hates the devil.

We praise Georg Ebers' romances with a reservation; but *The Bride of the Nile* is the best, the purest, and the most powerful of them. According to expectation, he admires the Moslems; his sympathy seems to tend more towards the crescent than the cross, and man himself is represented as the one source from which goodness comes, for Ebers is a humanitarian. Nevertheless these blemishes are not prominent; and Paula never could have been as she was, pure and noble, had the spirit of Christianity not directed her.

The Bride of the Nile opens in the seventh century. Egypt, half-Christianized and partially corrupted by Greek schisms and

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darker sects, had fallen into the hands of the Arabs. Khalif Omar ruled this late appendage to the Byzantine Empire, and the Mukaukas, the representative of the emperor, was governed by the agent of the Khalif on the other side of the Nile. Orion was the son of the Mukaukas George, and Paula is his niece, who has been thrown on the protection of her powerful relative by the supposed death of her father in one of the struggles that convulsed Egypt. Orion, handsome, accomplished, gallant, versed in all the social arts of the court of Constantinople, has returned to Egypt. He is, like his father and mother, a member of one of the sects of the Monophysites, who held that there was one nature in our Lord. Paula is a Melchite, holding fast to the Catholic doctrine in opposition to that condemned by the Council of Chalcedon. Melchite means a "royalist," so called because the Church of Constantinople and the Byzantine emperors had remained orthodox. Later, when the emperors lapsed into the Greek schism, the Melchites went too. But to-day in Palestine they are among the largest and wealthiest of the former schismatics now merged in the body of the church. As the time of Ebers' novel is laid in 643—two hundred years before the fatal usage of imperial power on the part of the Empress Theodora's son, which originated the deplorable Greek schism—one can sympathize with Paula as a good Catholic, and rejoice in Orion's conversion to the Melchites as a guarantee that the influence of the true church may strengthen his inconstant nature.

Ebers makes one of his Egyptian Monophysites say that he would turn Moslem before he would acknowledge that our Lord is true man as well as true God. This is a reflex of the proud spirit that led Christian Egypt deeper and deeper into heresies and deeper into degradation. We are introduced to a representative of the ancient Communists in the person of Rustem, the Muskadite, who held views that approach closely to Mr. George's doctrines, and to whom the old Moslem merchant says: "Let us abide by the old order, my Rustem; and may the Most High preserve you your good heart, for you have but a foolish and crotchety head."

This old merchant sells part of a bejewelled hanging to the Mukaukas. Among the jewels stitched on the tapestry, which the Mukaukas, nearing death, buys for his church, is a magnificent emerald. Orion has made love to a rich young widow of Constantinople, Heliodora; but the moment he sees the stately Paula, on his way from a little coquetry with Katharina, he falls in love with her. Paula admires him; but his mother, Nefortis,

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who detests the Melchites, warns him that he is expected to marry the little Katharina, and he very amiably and weakly agrees. Paula's pride is alarmed, and she snubs Orion, much to the delight of every well-constituted reader, and does not hesitate to speak her mind. The old Moslem merchant ventures to express an opinion in favor of the benevolence of his people, in the presence of the Mukaukas. Paula gives him an opportunity to hear her views:

"'You—you, the followers of the false prophet!' she cries, heedless alike of the astonished and indignant bystanders—'you, the followers of the false prophet; you, the companions of the bloodhound Khalif—you and Charity! I know you! I know what you did in Syria! With these eyes have I seen you and your bloodthirsty women, and the foam on your raging lips. Here I stand to bear witness against you, and I cast it in your teeth. You broke faith in Damascus, and the victims of your treachery—defenceless women and tender infants as well as men—you killed with the sword or strangled with your hands. You—you the apostles of compassion—have you ever heard of Abyla? You, the friend of your prophet, I ask you: What did you, who so tenderly spare the tree by the wayside, do to the innocent folk of Abyla, whom you fell upon like wolves in a sheepfold? You—you and Compassionate!'

"No wonder Orion, the weak and unstable, said to himself in horror and enchantment, 'What a woman!'"

The Mukaukas buys the tapestry; but while the bargain is carried on, Paula, her heart bursting with her wrongs, the sense of injury done to her by the aunt who despises her, and insulted by Orion's change of tone, goes out, to find that some news of her father has arrived. She sees her nurse, Perpetua, and, knowing that her uncle, kind as he is, will advance her no more money to search for her father, she persuades her freedman, Hiram, to take an emerald she possesses and to start for the place where her father is supposed to be concealed. In the meantime Orion resolves to steal the big emerald from the tapestry. He wants to send it as a gift to Heliodora in Constantinople. But as he is gliding from the room with his treasure, Mandane, a slave-girl, who has been crazed by his desertion of her, attacks him. His ferocious hound mangles her. He makes off—seen, however, by Paula, who finds the slave-girl bathed in blood. Then follows a fine scene, in which Orion's mother, Nefortis, Orion, and Paula are the speakers. Paula is convinced of Orion's utter baseness, and she stings him with her words. It is certainly very pleasant, in these days of half-hearted novels, to meet a heroine with whom one can always sympathize, and who is surè to be as quick in defence of herself and her principles as Katharine the shrew, or Beatrice, the tormentor of Benedick.

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The loss of the emerald makes a great stir. Orion sends it off to Heliodora. But Paula's, sold by her freedman, is found in a Jew's shop. The freedman is dragged before the judges, and Paula is confident that by showing the locket from which she has taken the emerald the man's innocence will be proven. Orion, who is the principal of the judges in his father's absence, manages to substitute a valuable gem for the gold framework from which Paula has taken the emerald. Paula has two witnesses who have seen this framework, Katharina and her clever and stanch little relative, Mary. Orion, who began his downward career gaily, now finds himself obliged to go from one crime to another. He feels sure that Paula's story will be disproved by her not being able to produce the setting of her emerald. Hiram may die through his falsehood, but he will cover up all traces of his crime. The trial is admirably managed. Paula fights like a lioness. She appeals to Katharina, whom Orion induces to lie; she appeals to the little Mary, but Nefortis will not permit her to be a witness. She is foiled at every turn by the villany of Orion.

"She unhooked the onyx"—the almost priceless gem Orion had left in place of the emerald—"and flung it towards Gamaliel, who caught it, while she exclaimed: 'I make you a present of it, Jew! Perhaps the villain who hung it to my chain might buy it back again. The chain was given to my father by the saintly Theodosius, and rather than defile it by contact with that gift from a villain I will throw it into the Nile! You—you, poor deluded judges—I cannot be wroth with you, but I pity you! My Hiram, and she looked at the freedman, 'is an honest soul, whom I shall remember with gratitude to my dying day; but as to that unrighteous son of a most righteous father, that man—' and she raised her voice, while she pointed straight at Orion's face."

Orion's crime finds him out. At the death-bed of his father the child Mary reveals the truth about the emerald, and the Mukaukas dies almost cursing him. His character begins to develop towards the light. Paula and he are reconciled; he meets Heliodora in Memphis, and this leads to a catastrophe that almost destroys both Paula and himself. The Nile refuses to rise. Famine and plague visit Memphis. The bishop dies. The Egyptians are persuaded by the son of a priest of Isis to offer a human sacrifice to the Nile. He does this in the hope of killing Paula, whom he hates for having attracted his friend, the physician Philippus. He almost succeeds, when she is saved from being the bride of the Nile by a very brilliant *tour de force*. The interest is stringent until the very last page. It is full of strong and unexaggerated dramatic feeling. At the same time

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it has a strong moral force, accentuated by the natural play of well-drawn and gradually-developed characters. To have created so noble yet so human a character as that of Paula will cause many to forgive Ebers the existence of some of his other novels.

A passage in *The Bride of the Nile* throws light on the "fruit-bearing sycamore" we marked with an interrogation-point in our criticism of *The Martyr of Golgotha*. Of Pulcheria, an admirable housewife, Ebers writes:

"She did not notice him as he went in, for she was busy arranging grapes, figs, pomegranates, and sycamore figs—a fruit resembling mulberries in flavor, which grow in clusters from the trunk of the tree—between leaves, which the drought and heat of the past weeks had turned almost yellow."

Mr. Hugh Ewing, of Lancaster, O., has been so kind as to send this note on the subject:

"Châteaubriand, in the *Martyrs*, says at the mouth of the Nile the sycamores were laden with figs. 'Sycamore' is properly applied to no tree but the 'fig.' In some parts of this country we miscall the 'plane' tree the 'sycamore.'"

When a man writes a good book he ought to be pensioned on condition that he will never print another, with liberty, however, to write as many as he choose. Before us are two examples of the failure of authors to equal themselves. Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, put him on a pedestal from which his head almost touched the base of Thackeray's. He invented English peasants as quaint and impossible—in England—as Shakspere's clown, and the mechanism of his fable seemed oiled with genius. *The Woodlanders* is his latest novel. It has the quaintness, the delicate landscape drawing, and the clear English of the first novel. The yeomen and peasants are just as abnormally capable of smart aphorisms, but the story is coarse, unhealthy, and forced. The supper which the rustic Giles Winterborne gave to Grace Melbury, the accomplished young woman just from school, and her parents, is described in Mr. Hardy's best Flemish manner. Creedle, the bachelor retainer of the bachelor Winterborne, soliloquizes:

"'Oh! yes. Ancient days, when there was battles, and famines, and hang-fairs, and other pomps, seem to me as yesterday. Ah! many's the patriarch I've seed come and go in this parish! There he's calling for more plates. Lord, why can't 'em turn their plates bottom upward for pudding, as they used to do in former days?'"

After the feast Creedle nods in the direction of the departed guests, and thus consoles the host:

"'I'm afraid, too, that it was a failure there.'

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"'If so, 'twere doomed to be so. Not but what that snail might as well have come upon anybody else's plate as hers.'

"'What snail?'

"'Well, maister, there was a little one upon the edge of her plate when I brought it out; and so it must have been in her few leaves of wintergreen.'

"'How the deuce did a snail get there?'

"'That I don't know no more than the dead; but there my gentleman was.'

"'But, Robert, of all places, that was where he shouldn't have been!'

"'Well, 'twas his native home, come to that; and where else could we expect him to be? I don't care who the man is, snails and caterpillars always will lurk in close to the stump of cabbages in that tantalizing way.'

"'He wasn't alive, I suppose?' said Giles, with a shudder on Grace's account.

"'Oh! no. He was well boiled. I warrant him well boiled. God forbid that a *live* snail should be seed on any plate of victuals that's served by Robert Creedle! . . . But Lord! there, I don't mind 'em myself—them small ones—for they were born on cabbage, and they've lived on cabbage, so they must be made of cabbage. But she, the close-mouthed little lady, she didn't say a word about it; though 'twould have made good small conversation as to the nater of such creatures, especially as wit ran short among us sometimes.'

"'Oh! yes, 'tis all over!' murmured Giles to himself, shaking his head over the glooming plain of embers, and lining his forehead more than ever. 'Do you know, Robert,' he said, 'that she's been accustomed to servants and everything superfine these many years? How, then, could she stand our ways?'"

Fitzspiers, the hero, with whom three women, including the heroine, fall desperately in love, is one of the meanest creatures ever depicted by a novelist. The plot is nasty, and borders on the license for which the virtuous British public is continually blaming the French. Mr. Hardy's people have certain traditions of right and wrong, but no religious principles. Grace Melbury, having married the scoundrel Fitzspiers, runs away from him and seeks refuge with Winterborne, who gives her his hut and dwells outside. He catches a fever and dies. Then Marty, a woman who loved him, and Grace indulge in the only bit of religious conversation in the book. Under the circumstances it is natural and even pathetic:

"To check her tears she turned, and, seeing a book in the window-bench, took it up. 'Look, Marty, this is a Psalter. He was not an outwardly religious man, but he was pure and perfect in his heart. Shall we read a psalm over him?'

"'Oh! yes, we will, with all my heart!'

"Grace opened the thin brown book, which poor Giles had kept at hand mainly for the convenience of whetting his penknife upon its leather

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covers. She began to read in that rich, devotional voice peculiar to women only on such occasions. When it was over, Marty said: 'I should like to pray for his soul.'

"'So should I,' said her companion. 'But we must not.'

"'Why? Nobody would know.'

"Grace could not resist the argument, influenced as she was by the sense of making amends for having neglected him in the body; and their tender voices united and filled the narrow room with supplicatory murmurs that a Calvinist might have envied."

Grace goes back to Fitzspiers—evidently because the latter, whose female friends have departed, has to "settle down."

If Mr. Hardy's first novel caused him almost to touch the base of Thackeray's pedestal, what shall we say of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone?* That story "caught us all by the throat." It was a revelation of a new genius. It was a masterpiece. It put the author head and shoulders above any living novelist. It had the simplicity of Miss Austen, all the romantic interest of Scott, the art of Hawthorne. To-day the author of *Lorna Doone* gives the public *Springhaven* (Harper & Bros.) The pernicious English practice of forcing novels into three volumes is doubtless responsible for the length of *Springhaven*, which is very long. Mr. Blackmore introduces us to a fine old Admiral, his two daughters, Faith and Dolly, several male characters, including Lord Nelson, Napoleon, and a French spy named Carne. The seafaring people in the book are all rough, true, and natural. The scene is laid in the early part of this century, and the pages of description have a faint scent of an old-fashioned *pot-pourri;* but, in spite of Faith's goodness, of which the author talks continually, Dolly's coquetry, Carne's heartless intriguing, the talk of the seafaring-men, and even Erle Twemlow's African adventures—during which a beard is made to grow on his face by means of a gold-colored powder, the roots of which beard are so thick as to deflect the course of a bullet—*Springhaven* is hard to read. It ends happily for everybody except the Admiral and the villain. Cheeseman, the smuggling and treacherous grocer, is very well done. Under fear of impending misfortune he tries to hang himself.

"'Why don't you cut him down, you old fools?' cried the Admiral to three gaffers, who stood moralizing, while Mrs. Cheeseman sat upon a barrel, sobbing heavily, with both hands spread to conceal the sad sight.

"'We was afraid of hurting of him,' said the quickest-witted of the gaffers; 'Us wanted to know why 'a doed it,' said the deepest; and, 'The will of the Lord must be done,' said the wisest.

"After fumbling in vain for his knife, and looking round, the Admiral ran back into the shop, and caught up the sharp steel blade with which the victim of a troubled mind had often unsold a sold ounce in the days of happy

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commerce. In a moment the Admiral had the poor church-warden in his sturdy arms, and with a sailor's skill had unknotted the choking noose, and was shouting for brandy, as he kept the blue head from falling back.

"When a little of the finest *eau de vie* that ever was smuggled had been administered, the patient rallied, and, becoming comparatively cheerful, was enabled to explain that 'it was all a mistake altogether.' This removed all misunderstanding; but Rector Twemlow, arriving too late for anything but exhortation, asked a little too sternly—as everybody felt—under what influence of the Evil One Cheeseman had committed that mistake. The reply was worthy of an enterprising tradesman, and brought him such orders from a score of miles around that the resources of the establishment could only book them.

"'Sir,' he said, looking at the parson sadly, with his right hand laid upon his heart, which was feeble, and his left hand intimating that his neck was sore, 'if anything has happened that had better not have been, it must have been by reason of the weight I give, and the value such a deal above the prices.'"

Mr. Blackmore's style of telling his story is rich and mellow. But when he told *Lorna Doone* he left himself no other story to tell.

Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell is not ashamed of being an Irish landlord. And the fact of her existence makes us almost feel that Gladstone and Parnell ought to deal leniently with Irish landlordism—at least until this charming woman of the world dies. Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell has gathered the journals and letters of an Irish writer, "Attie" O'Brien, into a book which she calls *Glimpses of a Hidden Life* (The Catholic Publication Society Co.) Miss O'Brien had, at the time of her early death, "developed a noble and beautiful character, done a great deal of good among those who came within the scope of her influence, and cultivated a charming talent which was just beginning to make itself felt in Catholic literature." She was a poet, a sensitive and exquisite mind, loving Ireland and the Irish, shrinking almost morbidly from the faintest suggestion of coarseness in her reading, a devout client of Our Lady and yet enjoying to the utmost the movement of modern times, broad-minded and sympathetic, living a retired life in a small town, dying by inches, yet never ceasing to work and to hope. Mrs. O'Connell's appreciation of Miss O'Brien's character gives these *Glimpses* double interest. Miss O'Brien's journals could not have had a better editor. Every now and then Mrs. O'Connell supplements the narrative with sympathetic or racy comments, which, in spite of her intention to keep out of sight as much as possible, are delightfully graphic, individual, and witty. These *Glimpses*, outside of their value and suggestiveness as the record of a noble life, are

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valuable for their graphic pictures of domestic life in Ireland among the classes of which we learn so little in Irish literature. The handsome Irish-English officer, the wicked agent, the virtuous peasant girl, the buffoon with a brogue, the ruined abbey, and the meeting of Invincibles, have become wearisome; therefore glimpses of Irish domestic life among the middle classes—which we have reason to believe is among the pleasantest possible phases of life—are very welcome. And Mrs. O'Connell gives us many of them in these journals, for which we are grateful.

"Attie" O'Brien thought much of that problem which puzzles nearly every Catholic writer who wants to influence those nearest him; consequently the most interesting passages in the book are the letters between her and her best friend, editor of the *Irish Monthly*, Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.—we write his name with reverence. Mrs. O'Connell says:

"She was always thinking of young people out in the world and wanting something they would read, and the reverend editor was thinking of his own safe and sure little public, of schools, and quiet families, and clergy, and how the reverend mothers would not have their dovecots fluttered by precocious notions of billing and cooing. Each was right in his own way; but I own my sympathies are with the woman who would rather her hand would wither than pen a doubtful line, but who would have a Catholic magazine deal with the wider problems of life—the old story of love and marriage, treated in the pure and chivalrous fashion such noble themes demands. Perhaps there should be two *Irish Monthlies*, one for Father Russell's boys and girls, and one for young men and maidens of elder growth."

"'I often wish,' writes 'Attie O'Brien' on the same subject, 'that you had a *stirring* serial tale in the *Irish Monthly*, like "Castle Daly" or "The Princess of Thule." "Ellenor" is very pretty, but I would like deeper feeling, more power, what would strike the masses. The thoughtful, pious people will read holy, good things, but touching them would not content me. I would like to cast a lasso on the "wilder animals." I would lead them with a story of human emotion and action, and then they may read on and swallow it all; for it is a certainty that even moderately good persons, particularly Catholics, will not take up a magazine that is out-and-out religious. They want to be amused as well as elevated and instructed.'"

And later, still harping on this need of the times, she says:

"'Will you think me very wicked if I say that I think the *Irish Monthly* has a tendency to be too religious? I suppose there is nothing human nature objects to more than a religious story which has an ostensible moral (I mean by human nature the great reading public, whose palate is not over-delicate). Even very good people will conclude such stories are stupid. It is good to give children their powders in a spoonful of jam. Rosa Mulholland gilt the Catholic pill to a Protestant family here.'"

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She quotes from the *Dublin Review*:

"'We Catholic writers are much too fond of bringing religion into our stories, and so defeat our own ends, throwing readers back on Protestant magazines.'"

Miss O'Brien's characterization of George Eliot's poetry as "magnificent cut stone" is a flash of genius.

Mrs. O'Connell interludes the latter part of the journal with this glimpse of the difficulties of life among the small proprietors:

"There was one good thing for poor Attie. Though an orphan, away from all of her name, she was loving, and therefore beloved. As her aunt said, 'Whatever else she wanted for, she never wanted for love.'

"It was really beautiful to see that fragile creature, who was literally fading away week by week, full of delightful plans of literature and music. She seemed happy and busied with all sorts of pleasant, graceful fancies, and possible stories and books of sacred verse; and still happier and still busier planning out in the wisest and most practical way how Marcella's beautiful voice was to be trained. And all this in a remote country village, far from every kind of culture and encouragement, and under the most depressing surroundings. No persons felt the first of the bad years so much as the smaller landowners, who also farmed more or less extensively. They were, of course, unable to help their tenants to tide over periods of distress as large proprietors could do; the relations of landlord and tenant thus became earlier strained between them, and all the thousand dealings of rural neighbors, the perpetual buyings and sellings which go on among us all, ceased to be carried on in the old friendly way. Labor became dearer with emigration, just as people had less cash to pay for it, and the successive bad, wet years made the saving of hay, corn, and turf much more expensive. A profound dejection seemed to seize on every one except the prime movers and officials of the Land League. I really think the state of chronic depression Mr. Gavin fell into hastened his death, which occurred about two years after poor Attie's. And it was in this atmosphere of gloom and depression, when numbers of excellent people thought Mr. Gladstone was going to take away the rest of our interest in our lands, and when every single product connected with rural economy, except horses, was at its lowest ebb. that this brave woman worked at her double scheme—interrupted by death in her own case, never carried out in her cousin's [she became a nun], but changed for so widely different a career."

This is a fascinating book. It will not do to quote any more from it. We have tried to excite interest in a remarkably pure, elevated, and elevating character.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ABANDONMENT; OR, ABSOLUTE SURRENDER TO DIVINE PROVIDENCE. Posthumous work of Rev. J. P. de Caussade, S.J. Revised and corrected by Rev. H. Ramière. Translated from the eighth French edition by Miss Ella McMahon. New York: Benziger Bros.

Father Ramière in his preface summarizes the doctrine of this little book as follows: "First Principle: Nothing is done, nothing happens, either in the material or in the moral world, which God has not foreseen from all eternity, and which he has not willed, or at least permitted. Second Principle: God can will nothing, he can permit nothing, but in view of the end he proposed to himself in creating the world—*i.e.*, in view of his glory and the glory of the Man-God, Jesus Christ, his only Son." Father Ramière then proceeds in his preface—which is in that distinguished author's best style, and which one ought carefully to read before using this book—to explain how Quietism, or any kind of fatalism, can have no place or part in the principles or practices advocated by Father Caussade.

The work is that of a man who had attained to a high degree of liberty of spirit. How he attained to so great a fulness of the liberty of God's children we do not know—most likely by a process more or less similar to what he has outlined in these pages; but very few men have ever given better expression to the fundamental doctrines of the spiritual life. It is indeed worthy to be the inseparable companion of the very many souls called to serve God according to its special way; for if it is not a book for everybody, yet we feel entirely certain that there are great numbers, both in religious communities and living in the world, for whom it will be simply indispensable. We know of no other book like it, or so well able to open the door of the cage and bid the imprisoned spirit be free. We would not recommend its indiscriminate use, and some who can use it with safety will find a weak dilution of its strong doctrine all that they can at first profit by. Yet nearly all can somewhat profit by its perusal, for it shows that the interior divine guidance of each particular moment is the highest to be attained; that God fills every moment with the special direction of his Holy Spirit, if we but have our eyes open to perceive it.

The publishers are worthy of every praise for getting out such works as this and a recent one by Dr. Scheeben entitled *The Glories of Divine Grace*. We can think of no motives for their so doing except high supernatural ones. The same may be said of the translator, whose work has been well and intelligently done.

WHY AM I A CATHOLIC? By Rev. S. M. Brandi, S.J., Professor of Theology in Woodstock College. From the *North American Review*. With an appendix containing a short summary of what Christians ought to know and believe. Woodstock College Print. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The line of argument adopted in this little pamphlet, as is explained in its first sentences, was not the choice of the writer, but of the editors of the periodical in whose pages it first appeared. It might in reality be called Why I am not a Protestant. We think that, in the busier and more intelligent sections of America, Why I am not an Agnostic would

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have better suited the actual difficulties of those of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens who care enough for religious controversy to read about it. Yet all the heresies at present in organized shape are met by Father Brandi, and their fundamental errors refuted; if most of their adherents are but Christians in name, there are yet many earnest souls among them for whom these pages ought to be of much help towards finding the true church.

THE HEART OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES. Thirty-one considerations upon the interior virtues of this great saint. Edited by the Very Rev. George Porter, S.J., Archbishop-Elect of Bombay. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This pretty little book is the very best companion to choose for your purse or your memorandum-book in your pocket; for it is the wisdom of that saint of modern times who seemed to know best how to live in this world and in the next world at one and the same time. A glance at these pages is a glimpse of heavenly wisdom. Take it with you in the horse-cars, for five seconds' reading in it refreshes the heart as much as meeting a dear friend, and it will save your neighbors the dreary stare of your vacant face. Take it with you to your business, for it will be to the soul what your luncheon is to your body—nourishing food. If we ought to carry the consciousness of the divine presence in our daily round of duties, we may well choose just such a little book as a reminder.

LIFE AND SPIRIT OF J. B. M. CHAMPAGNAT, Priest and Founder of the Society of the Little Brothers of Mary. By one of his first disciples. Translated from the French. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is in many respects a book of very great value. The story of the heroic soul's life and labors is told with great simplicity, yet with much skill, and reads like pages of a diary. It is from first to last filled with personal reminiscences, actual conversations, extracts from letters, together with a full and intelligent explanation of the principles of the spiritual life by which Father Champagnat was guided. We notice copious explanations of the rules and methods for training children, which, making proper allowance for differences of nationality, are worthy the study of all who are called to the high vocation of Christian instruction.

We have seldom seen a better printed and bound volume than this. A special feature is that it contains some creditable illustrations.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH; or, Henry George vs. Archbishop Corrigan. By Rev. Willibald Hackner, priest of the diocese of La Crosse, Wis. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

This pamphlet came too late for us to read it all. We read enough to be able to pronounce it one of the most solid, in our opinion, that this controversy on the land question has produced. It is, of course, on the side of the archbishop and the church. Read it.

RECORDS RELATING TO THE DIOCESES OF ARDAGH AND CLONMACNOISE. By Very Rev. John Canon Monahan, D.D., V.F. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The ancient sees of St. Mel and St. Kyran are among the most interesting of the ecclesiastical divisions of Ireland. Their history carries us

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back to the early dawn of the nation's faith, and every page of their religious records is replete with interest.

The diocese of Ardagh finds glory in the fact that its first bishop, St. Mel, was the nephew of St. Patrick and the spiritual guide of St. Bridget. And a succession of saints sat on its episcopal throne, which, when the days of persecution came, also furnished many martyrs for the cause of Christ. The territorial extent of the diocese of Ardagh is large, comprising as it does the greater part of the counties of Longford and Leitrim, together with portions of the adjoining counties.

In the early part of the sixteenth century it was one of the most considerable of the Irish dioceses, and long before his apostasy we find Henry VIII. meddling in the appointment of its bishops. The Protestant Reformation never gained much of a foothold within the limits of the see of St. Mel. The people, with few exceptions, remained steadfast in the faith, and when the revival of religious enterprise that followed the Act of Catholic Emancipation set in, the ancient diocese of Ardagh was not slow to manifest in external works the spiritual life and energy that sustained it. New and graceful structures soon replaced the old churches, convents were multiplied, and a stately college and a massive cathedral were erected to perpetuate the name and the patronage of St. Mel. Bishops worthy of their sainted predecessors have watched over and guided its recent progress, and they have found comfort and support in an efficient body of diocesan clergy. The old missionary spirit of the diocese has also revived, and has sent forth in the present generation upwards of one hundred priests to propagate the faith in foreign lands, some of whom are among the most successful and respected members of our American clergy.

The glory of Clonmacnoise is monastic rather than diocesan, and its history centres in the cloister more than in the cathedral. It seems to have been the custom in the early Irish Church for the abbots of large monasteries to receive episcopal consecration and exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the territory adjoining. This is how Clonmacnoise came to be the seat of the bishopric. This famous sanctuary by the Shannon was founded by St. Kyran in the middle of the sixth century, and in an incredibly short time became one of the greatest seats of science and sanctity in Christendom. Charlemagne sent gifts to its shrines and courted its scholars; students from almost every country in Europe flocked to it, attracted by the fame of its schools; the Vikings heard of its riches away over the northern seas, and came and plundered and burned its churches; and at last the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century cast its withering blight upon it, so that in the beginning of the last century it lost even its ecclesiastical autonomy and fell under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Ardagh. Its monuments and its memories alone remain. They are immortal. The round towers and ruined churches of Clonmacnoise reflect a nation's glory, and the most hallowed traditions of a nation's faith are associated with its storied past.

The history of Ireland is yet to be written, and it is from such records as these that the material for writing it must be gathered. We therefore recognize in the researches of Canon Monahan not only a service loyally performed to his own particular diocese, but a service also to the general cause of Irish history.

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THE THRONE OF THE FISHERMAN, built by the Carpenter's Son, the Root, the Bond, the Crown of Christendom. By Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This work came too late to secure the attention it deserves. A glance through its pages impresses us with the fact that it is in all probability the crowning work of the author's career as a controversialist. We must have more time to get acquainted with its merits, and will return to it in a future number.

THE CATHOLIC HOSPITAL; or, A Collection of Prayers and Readings for the Sick and the Afflicted. Preston E. Buller & Son.

This reprint of an old work will be of great service to both priests and people. The time of sickness and approaching death, we need not say, is one when the soul should be led to think of God "in goodness," but there is a lack of suitable works in English fitted to cherish such thoughts. The prayers and acts in this little book, while fervent and devout, are sensible and reasonable, and not unreal or extravagant. The title *Catholic Hospital* is, however, misleading.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON MORAL TRAINING, especially addressed to Parents and Teachers. With Preface by Father Gallwey, S.J. Second edition. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This little work was not written for the sake of making a large volume; and, in fact, it is only a small one. It is, however, the work, not of a speculative theorist, but of one whose life has been spent in actual and successful teaching, and whatever it proposes has consequently been put to the test of experience. The fact that it has met with the approval of so experienced a guide of souls as Father Gallwey, and perhaps we may add the fact that it has passed through one edition—a thing which, when it is a question of a Catholic book, is worth noting—ought to be sufficient to recommend it to all who are placed in charge of the young.

GETHSEMANI. Meditations on the Last Day on Earth of our Blessed Redeemer. By Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. S. Preston, V.G., LL.D., Domestic Prelate of His Holiness Leo XIII. New York: Robert Coddington.

Gethsemani is a companion to *The Watch on Calvary*. And when we say that it is written in a manner similar to that in which *The Watch* was written, we have said enough to recommend it to all familiar with that little book. *Gethsemani*, like its fellow, is full of beauty, suggesting to the devout thoughts that uplift the soul from the grossness of earth and bring it close to the loving Heart of Jesus.

HOME RULE; or, The Irish Land Question. Facts and arguments. By C. Higgins, M.A., F.R.S.L. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.

This is a very clear and excellent treatise upon Home Rule, written by an Englishman who is entirely in sympathy with the movement, and who at times becomes really eloquent over the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland, and is always clear and logical. In fact, the book is a most convincing argument throughout for Home Rule, which has all the more weight coming from one who has been led to make it, not from interested motives, but from a sense of justice. The fearful injuries and sufferings wrought by English laws from early times to the present day are reviewed, and some

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terrible instances of suffering are given in the chapter on evictions. Statistics of agrarian outrages are presented which show how wofully exaggerated are the cries that come from the English press. Indeed, as regards fewness of crimes, Ireland will compare most favorably with any country in the globe, notwithstanding the poverty and oppression which grind down the people. At this time, when English Tories are crying for coercion, it is well that a clear, dispassionate treatise built upon facts, such as the one before us, should be in the hands of every one interested in the struggles of an oppressed race for better things.

PETROLEUM AND NATURAL GAS. What the boys and girls learned about these things during a holiday excursion among the oil and gas wells. By "A Man," of the Great Rock Island Route. Chicago: The J. M. W. Jones Stationery and Printing Co.

This little book, the third of the series of holiday gift-books presented to the boys and girls of the United States by the Great Rock Island Route, tells us in an interesting way a great deal about petroleum and natural gas. Few things have been such great sources of wealth, and have done so much to revolutionize trade and manufacture, as these two wonderful products of Nature's great laboratory. Petroleum has been known for some time, but it is only within the last few years that natural gas has come into extensive use, and the changes it is now working in and about Pittsburgh, where it has been introduced into the foundries, are marvellous. To read about these things in the way this little book presents them to us is certainly very entertaining.

HAND-BOOK FOR ALTAR SOCIETIES AND GUIDE FOR SACRISTANS AND OTHERS HAVING CHARGE OF THE ALTAR AND SANCTUARY. By a Member of an Altar Society. New York: Benziger Bros.

Without saying that this neat little volume is accurate in all respects, we can recommend it as an excellent practical guide for ladies having charge of altars and sacristies, and for the general purposes for which it is designed.

OTHER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS, with reflections for every day in the year. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. New York: Benziger Bros.

FIFTH BIENNIAL REPORT OF THE KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE to the Legislature of the State for the years 1885–86. Wm. Sims, Secretary State Board of Agriculture. Topeka, Kan.: State Publishing House.

MEDITATIONS ON ST. MARY MAGDALENE which may be used as a Novena for her Feast. London: R. Washbourne.

ST. JOSEPH, ADVOCATE OF HOPELESS CASES. New accounts of spiritual and temporal favors, etc. Translated from the French of Rev. Father Huguet, Marist. New York: Benziger Bros.

MEMOIR OF FATHER VINCENT DE PAUL, RELIGIOUS OF LA TRAPPE. Translated from the original French by A. M. Pope, with a Preface by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cameron, Bishop of Arichat. Charlottetown, P. E. Island: John Coombs, printer.

EVANGELIZATION. A paper read before the National Council of Congregational Churches, October 17, 1886. By George F. Pentecost.

A THOUGHT FROM ST. IGNATIUS FOR EACH DAY OF THE YEAR. Translated from the French by Miss Margaret A. Colton. New York: Benziger Bros.

DR. CHANNING'S NOTE-BOOK. Passages from the unpublished manuscripts of William Ellery Channing, selected by his granddaughter, Grace Ellery Channing. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS: NEW YORK. The Planting and the Growth of the Empire State. By Ellis H. Roberts. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HEINRICH AND LEONORE. An Alpine Story and other Poems. M. J. Barry. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.

AMERICAN STATESMEN. Life of Thomas Hart Benton. By Theodore Roosevelt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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THE

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WHAT IS THE NEED OF FUTURE PROBATION?*

PROGRESSIVE orthodoxy, in the sense of the Andover professors, contains a constant and a variable element; the constant taken from dogmatic and historical Christianity, as they understand it, the variable being a development in the apprehension and use of Christian doctrines. As Protestants, they take the doctrines of the Reformation as being substantially the genuine doctrines of apostolic and catholic Christianity; and their specific form of Protestantism is the Puritan type, which gave character and form to the primitive New England theology. The Unitarian rationalism which arose and spread in Massachusetts was regarded as a movement of progress; but it had no appearance of being a progressive *orthodoxy—i.e.*, a development of the New England form of Calvinism. It was a renunciation of the entire system, and a falling back upon philosophical Theism, with an infusion of a diluted Christianity.

The Andover Seminary was founded for the purpose of resisting the Unitarianism of Cambridge and maintaining the old Puritan orthodoxy. A very strict and minute creed was formulated, as an obligatory standard of doctrine for the instructors in the Seminary, and the tenure of the large property bequeathed by the founders was made to depend on the faithful preservation of this doctrinal standard. The present controversy between Dr. Park and his adherents of the old school on

* *Progressive Orthodoxy:* A Christian Interpretation of Christian Doctrines. By the Editors of the *Andover Review*, Professors in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

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one side, and the five professors, with their adherents of the new school of progressive orthodoxy, on the other, turns on the question whether this new theology is really orthodox or heterodox. By orthodox is meant conformed to the doctrinal standard of Andover; and by heterodox, divergent from this formula. The plea in defence of the new theology does not pretend that it is literally and in all respects in conformity with the formula, but merely that it is in conformity with its substantial doctrines. It is claimed that the substance of orthodoxy, as held by the Reformers, received in Puritan New England, and embodied in the Andover creed, is the constant element in the new theology of progressive orthodoxy. On this plea the profession of holding and teaching the Andover creed, and the retaining of the property of the Seminary, are justified, although the theology of the professors is, in a sense, new; because the new is a development of the old theology, and orthodoxy itself is the subject of the progressive movement. I will not go into this question of litigation. A deeper and more generally interesting question is that of the conformity of the new theology with genuine, apostolic Christianity. Its advocates profess to seek for this conformity, and they think that by their progressive movement they are gaining better interpretations of the ancient and original faith delivered by the apostles to the church than those of their forerunners in Protestant theology, or even of those of the early Fathers and Doctors whom they hold in reverence.

I have no fault to find with the notion of progressive orthodoxy in the abstract. In the concrete it is necessary to determine, first, what genuine orthodoxy is, and then what kind and method of progress is meant, before any clear and definite judgment can be pronounced upon any particular system of theology which is called progressive orthodoxy. I firmly believe that the creed which the church has received and handed down is the basis and foundation of an orthodox theology which is, by its very nature, progressive. In other words, I believe in a development of Christian doctrine in the church, in the Catholic sense. Philosophy is progressive, every other science is progressive, from first principles, from ascertained truths and facts, along scientific lines of development and improvement. So, also, theology, as a science, is progressive.

It is quite possible, therefore, that intelligent and studious Protestants, in their investigation of doctrines which have been retained in their theology from the ancient tradition, may attain to some better interpretations of these doctrines than those

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which were heretofore current in the religious bodies to which they belong. They may also ameliorate the errors which have been mixed with these doctrines, so as to make them less obnoxious; or even eliminate some of them entirely. The Calvinistic system, above all others, is incapable of remaining long in a quiescent state. The mind of New England was always restless under its disturbing influence, and has been making a continual effort to adjust its doctrines into harmony with the dictates of reason and the grand Theistic and Christological conceptions which have been disclosed by revelation. The present Andover professors are only working out an inherited tendency. It is simply impossible that a creed, formulated by a few worthy and benevolent old gentlemen and ladies in the early part of the century, should have power to secure perpetual immobility of doctrine in a place like Andover, where there is so much learning and intellectual activity. Whether or no the property can be legally held, or the subscription to the creed be justly made, by a wide interpretation of the intentions of the founders, thus much is evident. It is evident that the old theology of Dr. Porter, Dr. Woods, and Dr. Park cannot be held and taught by theological professors from any other motive than personal conviction. Whichever way the dispute may be settled about the right of domicile of the new theology at Andover, progressive orthodoxy cannot be put down by authority, and it is bound to hold its ground against the unprogressive orthodoxy, or even to gain ground upon it.

There are two reasons for this. One is that the old theology is unsatisfactory, so that there is a mental necessity for seeking a new one. This is the reason why the Unitarian rationalism met with so much success. Unitarianism is, to use a common expression, played out. Even Carlyle could see that the faith of the Nicene Creed is the only genuine Christianity, and that the only alternative to this kind of Christianity is no Christianity at all. A new theology cannot attract or make a strong impression upon religious-minded Protestants, unless it presents itself under the guise of orthodoxy as well as in the attitude of progression.

This is the second reason why the new theology has a great present advantage over every other scheme or form of religious teaching in New England, whether professing to be distinctively orthodox or distinctively progressive. The very name which it assumes is taking, attractive, and full of promise. If it fulfils its promise by vindicating its claim to orthodoxy, while at the same time opening the way to a really progressive advance to-

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ward a more rational and satisfactory apprehension and presentation of Christianity, it is likely to achieve a decided and wide success in winning the adhesion of thoughtful and religious-minded Protestants, and to become generally popular.

As to its orthodoxy, it certainly does retain and lay at its foundation some essential doctrines which are contained in the Catholic theology and are acknowledged also by the so-called orthodox Protestants as fundamental parts of their own theology.

As to its claim of being progressive, I am free to acknowledge that it is an improvement, in some respects, upon every form of Calvinism.

It is a matter of no moment how far it conforms to or diverges from any of the Protestant Confessions of Faith or the Andover creed. They pretend to very little authority, and possess none at all. How far it conforms to the genuine orthodoxy of Catholic theology I do not intend to discuss with a view to a thorough and minute comparison. It approximates in several points closely enough to the Catholic doctrine, and in other respects harmonizes sufficiently with very probable doctrines of Catholic theologians, to warrant the admission that it is orthodox by comparison with either Calvinism on the one side or Unitarianism on the other. It is a system, or a germ of a system, of doctrine, which cannot develop into pantheism, pure rationalism, or agnosticism any more than it can revert back to the original type of Calvinism. It presents the Theism on which Christianity is based in such a way as to bring into prominent view admirable conceptions of the divine perfections and the relations of the creation to its Creator. It confesses the Trinity of Persons in God, and it places the Incarnation of the Son—confessing that in this mystery he unites in his person the divine and human natures—as the corner-stone of the whole structure of doctrine which it attempts to build. With the doctrine of the Incarnation are united those of the universal atonement for sin and the redemption of mankind. There are also certain views respecting the universal mediation of Christ which I will presently notice, and in general a very elevated and broad Christology, which justly entitles this new theology to call itself, as it does by preference over every other designation, "Christocentric." It is plain that there is no tendency toward Unitarianism in such views. Yet some obnoxious doctrines of Calvinism have been eliminated or ameliorated which were the great stumbling-blocks over which the original Unitarians tripped and fell. It would not be surprising, therefore, if many of those who are wearied of that jejune substitute for

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Christianity—viz., Unitarianism—should be won back to a belief in the true divinity of Jesus Christ by the new theology.

Its corner-stone, as I have said, is the doctrine of the Incarnation. This is no new doctrine, but the very dogma which the new theology inherits from the old orthodoxy as the basis of that orthodoxy which it claims to hold in common with it and with the doctrine of the ancient Christianity. Nevertheless, it presents this doctrine and inferences from it in such a way that it furnishes the elements of a system of theology and religious philosophy so different from even the latest modification of Calvinism as to give rise to the appellation of new or progressive.

The idea which the Andover professors present of the reason and motive of the Incarnation makes it to be, so to speak, of the original and primary intention of God in the creative act. The atonement for sin was a sequel of the first intention of the Son of God to become man, as a mediator in a wider and more universal sense than that which is involved in the office of a redeemer. Christ did not come solely in order to die for men, but he died for men because he was to come, and sin made it necessary that he should come to die and rise again for their redemption and salvation.

Moreover, the Incarnation is not exclusively for the exaltation and glorification of humanity, but for all angels, for all rational creatures, and for the entire universe. The Incarnate Word is universal mediator, bringing God into union with all creatures, and all creatures into union with God, so far as each kind is capable of union. He is for all, and all are for him. As the greatest of God's works, the crown of creation, the Incarnation is that which God chiefly intended, all else being in a relation of subordination to this final term of creative wisdom, power, and goodness.

Even Janet, a mere Theist and no Christian, saw, as through a glass darkly, something grand in this idea:

"To solve this problem Malebranche had uttered this *singular and profound thought*, that the end of creation was the Incarnation of JesusChrist. It was in prevision of the Incarnation that the world had been made. The Incarnation, in place of being a miracle, on this hypothesis, was reason itself, the ultimate law of the universe. 'God,' he says (*Entretiens Métaphys.*, ix. 1), 'finds in the Incarnation of the Word a motive, not invincible but sufficient, to take the part of creator, a part little worthy of him without this *dénouement* which he finds in his wisdom to satisfy his goodness.'"*

* Janet's *Final Causes*, last chapter, Edinb. Translation.

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The view of the Incarnation above briefly stated is not an invention or discovery of the Andover professors, neither was it of Malebranche. It was the doctrine of the entire Scotist school and has been embraced by other eminent theologians. I have no time to dwell longer on this fascinating part of my subject, but must proceed to show how the Andover professors have deduced from premises derived from the universal relations of the Incarnation their peculiar views of probation.

Since Christ came on the earth because he was the predestined head of the human race, and not merely because he willed to redeem and save a small number of elected men, he is the Redeemer and Saviour of mankind *as mankind*, and his atonement is universal. The universality of the atonement is a Catholic doctrine. As every human being, as such, is a descendant of Adam, so every one, as a descendant of Adam, is a relative by blood of Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, through his human nature by which he is the Son of Man. And, as such, he is capable of receiving the application of his atonement.

The Andover professors say, very truly, that no individual man is actually made a son of God by adoption, or made secure of salvation, by the mere fact of the universal redemption of mankind. Each one, singly for himself, must come into a personal relation to the Redeemer, and must be personally sanctified, in order to be saved. The immediate, universal effect of the atonement is to make all mankind capable of salvation from sin and its consequences, and capable of inheriting everlasting life. Here comes in their doctrine of probation. What is peculiar in it is just this: that no individual of the human race can be saved unless he is placed in a state of probation in which he can, by intelligent and voluntary acts, appropriate to himself the grace of the Redeemer, with freedom and power to the contrary. When his final choice is determined, then his probation is over and his destiny is fixed for eternity, either to be with Christ in his kingdom for ever, or to be shut out for ever into the outer darkness. Those to whom the Gospel is preached have their probation in this life. But a great multitude of human beings die before they are capable of receiving the Gospel, or without having had an opportunity of hearing it, and of either receiving or rejecting the grace and salvation proffered to all men by Christ. It is inferred from the universality of the atonement that it ought to be made known, with the offer of pardon, grace, and salvation through the atoning Lamb of God, Jesus Christ, to every single human being, without exception, before his eternal destiny is irrevocably fixed.

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Consequently, those who have not a fair and sufficient probation in this life must have one after death, before the Last Judgment, which is the final term of the present order.

This is a very plausible plea, but there are a few preliminary difficulties to be settled before it can be admitted.

In the first place, it is taken for granted that all human beings, even infants and idiots, would necessarily be doomed to everlasting misery but for the provision of mercy which is made for them through the atonement. Why is this? Because they are supposed to be all sinners, to whom this doom is justly due. Moreover, they are incapable of repentance of themselves, and unable to do anything but to keep on sinning. But how is it that all mankind are sinners from the beginning of their existence in this helpless way?

The answer of the Old Calvinists is clear and prompt, and is too well known to need repetition. The Neo-Calvinists, having rejected the old explanation, can only answer this difficult question in a vague manner. They say that the sin and fall of Adam caused some detrimental change in the condition of the human race, by reason of which all men infallibly and unavoidably begin to sin as soon as they can, and keep on sinning until the grace of God takes effect upon them, when they are morally changed, and begin to act from holy motives, so that they are in the way of becoming eventually perfectly sanctified and attaining their final salvation.

Now, the New Theologians hold to the distinct individuality of each soul in its ethical state and relations, and they deny all possibility of transfer of merit and demerit, righteousness and guilt. They affirm the freedom of the will as necessary to a veritable probation, and, in short, disown altogether the old notions of the guilt of Adam being imputed to his posterity, and his sin being transmitted as a depraved nature by generation from parents to children. They have, therefore, no ground to stand upon from which they can logically advance to the position that mankind as a unit is in a lost and helpless moral state, from which it needs redemption by the atonement of a divine Saviour. The notion of a set of rational creatures being created in an environment so ill-adapted to their nature that they must unavoidably do nothing but sin from the beginning to the end of their life, is absurd; and it is totally subversive of the doctrine of free will, of a moral order, and of a just and benevolent Providence.

There is no way out of this labyrinth without abjuring root

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and branch the whole Lutheran and Calvinistic system, and reverting back to Catholic theology.

The starting-point of all these errors is in the ignoring or denying the essential distinction between the natural and the supernatural orders; between those relations of rational creatures to their Creator which are established by the creative act, and other relations of the same creatures to God as the author of grace which are established by a gratuitous elevation of the subjects of this grace into the plane of a supernatural destiny.

Adam received preternatural endowments giving an integrity and perfection to his nature far above its essential dignity. He received sanctifying grace and supernatural gifts which elevated and adorned his intellect and will in a manner worthy of a son of God and an heir of the kingdom of heaven. These gifts he received not merely as a personal possession, but also in trust for mankind, as the origin, founder, father, and head of the human race. Their continuance and transmission were made dependent on his obedience and fidelity under the test of a probation in which he failed, sinned, and fell, thus forfeiting the higher and supernatural life for all mankind. In consequence of this sin we are all born mortal men and in a state of privation of the grace of God, which is the supernatural life of the soul. It is in this sense that we are all said to have sinned and fallen in Adam, and in this sense it is true that "if One died for all, then were all dead." Hence the need of atonement and redemption, if men were to be restored to their lost inheritance.

I come now upon the question of probation. No doubt it lies in the plan and purpose of God that for all rational beings of whose existence and vocation to a supernatural destiny we know anything positively, the goal of final attainment should be reached by the way of probation. The angels passed through a probation by which a multitude of these exalted spirits have attained to celestial glory and beatitude, while another multitude have forfeited, by disobedience and rebellion, the crowns which were proposed to them. Adam and Eve were placed in a state of probation when they were created and constituted in the state of original righteousness. If their posterity had inherited their original birthright, doubtless each one would have had his own individual probation to undergo. In the present state of lapsed and repaired nature, all men who attain the due development and use of their rational faculties come under the conditions of a moral probation.

The Andover professors seem to think that this general law is

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a necessary law which springs from the very nature of a finite rational being. There is no foundation for such an assumption. It is just as easy for God to create a perfect world, a perfect animal, a perfect spirit, instantaneously, as it is to produce the final result he intends by a gradual process. He could easily have placed any number of pure spirits, and any number of embodied spirits, in a state of perfect holiness and beatitude, with the Incarnate Word reigning over them, in the kingdom of heaven, without any probation, in the first instant of creation, if he had willed to do so. It is impossible to point out in such a way of proceeding anything incongruous to the divine perfections. Doubtless the way he has chosen is one in which the divine wisdom has found a sufficient reason for preference. Doubtless God has a sufficient reason for subjecting rational creatures to a probation with all its incidental risks to individuals, and all the foreseen consequences of sin and suffering which actually follow. But we cannot infer that his choice was limited to the alternative of not creating at all or of creating according to his actual plan.

In like manner, we cannot infer from the general law of probation which actually prevails that this law has no exceptions. In respect to human beings, there is no reason for supposing that there is no way open for infants, for those adults who are morally on a par with infants, for idiots, to receive the grace of Christ and to attain to everlasting life, except by giving them some extraordinary chance by the way of probation.

In point of fact all such who receive baptism are regenerated, and, if they die without attaining the use of reason, are translated to heaven, without having concurred in any way, by any acts of their own, with the grace of God. So, also, whatever provision was made for infants before the Sacrament of Baptism was instituted sufficed for them to rescue them from original sin and its consequences.

As for all those who are left in the condition in which they are born, without any means of attaining salvation, until they die, there is no reason for supposing that their final destiny is one of everlasting misery. Where there is no actual sin there is no demerit, nothing which exacts from justice the privation of that natural perfection and felicity which are due to rational nature as such, and for which it has essentially an exigency and an aptitude. This class of human beings may be left out of the discussion altogether. We have, then, to consider only those who actually attain to the full use of their rational faculties, and who are therefore necessarily in a state of probation. These are divided into two classes—

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those to whom the Gospel is distinctly proposed and to whom the ordinary means of grace are offered, and those who are destitute of these privileges. It is admitted that all who belong to the first class have their probation only in this life. The rest of mankind, it is maintained by the advocates of progressive orthodoxy, have no sufficient opportunity of receiving the benefits of the atonement in this life. But as Christ has died for all men, there ought to be a way of salvation open to all. Therefore they to whom the way is not opened in this life must have a probation and an opportunity of salvation after death.

Let us suppose now, for the moment, that the acquisition and exercise of that faith which is necessary for salvation to an adult who has the use of reason are impossible to the great multitude of the heathen. Why is it that our friends of the new theology revolt so strongly from the supposition that they may be left to the light and the moral force which belong to their nature, and to the destiny hereafter which corresponds to their moral conduct under the natural law? It is chiefly because they look on them as being unavoidably sinners, incapable of attaining to a state of intellectual and moral rectitude, and doomed to a state of perpetual and helpless misery, unless a way of forgiveness and reconciliation to God through Christ is opened to them in the next world. It is chiefly this notion of rational creatures being pressed down into a state of perpetual sin and misery by an irresistible force from without, which makes any doctrine which seems to contain it so abhorrent to them.

I agree and sympathize with them in this sentiment. But I deny altogether that men as they are now born, in the state of nature denuded of grace, are under any such pressure upon their free will that they are unable to keep the precepts of the natural law, and are always sinning in their moral acts. It is a fact that a large proportion of men do commit mortal sins, that many are great and habitual sinners, and that the world is full of sin. But I deny that all men have grievously sinned. Many of those who have received the grace of Christ in their infancy have even lived to old age in perfect baptismal innocence. Human nature before regeneration is not depraved and bad. It is weak, liable to sin, and, if totally abandoned to itself, would be unequal to the effort of keeping the whole natural law for any long time, in face of the difficulties and temptations which are incident to human life as its current actually runs in this present state of things. Nevertheless, man can, by his unaided power, keep any precept of the natural law which is binding on him. He can do acts morally good. He

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is not, in any single instance, under any necessity of sinning; and if he does sin, he sins by a free, self-determining act of his will. Even habitual sinners do many good moral acts, and, unless they are very wicked, they do more good acts than bad ones. Besides all this, no man is abandoned to himself and left without help from God, unless he wilfully resists and rejects grace. Because man is naturally liable in his mind and his will to error, because he is weak and frail and surrounded by difficulties and dangers, therefore God has compassion on him and gives him that help which makes him equal to the task he has set him and to the combat to which he has left him exposed. So then, if the heathen have not sufficient grace for faith and salvation, they must have it at least in their power to attain to a future state of natural perfection and felicity. Undoubtedly many of them have never sinned grievously. And if they have sinned and wish to repent, why should they not repent by the aid of grace, so far as to regain natural rectitude before God?

The moral condition of heathendom assuredly presents a dark aspect. But so does that of the whole world from the beginning until now, Christendom included. Nevertheless, good predominates over evil in this world. There has been and there is a great amount of moral virtue in the heathen world. And if there have been a great many virtuous heathen who have at least deserved natural felicity in the next world, and if they have all been able to become virtuous and to gain this happy destiny hereafter, even though they have failed in the majority of cases by their own wilful fault, why should we not go further?

Why should we not say that they have all received sufficient grace to merit the kingdom of heaven, and that those who have corresponded with this grace, those who have done what they could by keeping the natural law, have obtained not merely natural felicity but supernatural beatitude? I do not, assuredly, maintain that men can merit grace and salvation by merely natural virtue. But it is a fair inference from the universality of the atonement that the grace of God reaches all men, unless there is a natural obstacle which hinders their receiving it. It is said that we see no evidence of any work of grace in the hearts of the heathen. We know nothing personally of the majority of those who have lived since the great mass of mankind, by a more or less gradual lapse from the patriarchal religion, fell into heathenism. What knowledge we have does not enable us to penetrate into the interior of their minds and hearts. Still less are we able to trace the hidden workings of the Spirit of God. Can we say that the

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aspirations of nature towards its Author, in all men who have attained the full use of reason, have not been so aided and elevated by a secret grace of the Holy Spirit that they were enabled, if they made an effort to follow the light they had and to obey the dictates of conscience, to make those acts of faith, hope, love, and contrition which are necessary to salvation? Can we know what has passed between their souls and God at the hour of death? Granted that we cannot find any reasonable evidence that the majority have escaped the doom of final impenitence; is that sufficient to prevent our cherishing a pious and reasonable hope that a large minority have been gathered into the family of the children of God out of all nations and during all ages? Is it sufficient to warrant the conclusion that all have not had a fair probation, sufficient grace, and an opportunity of salvation which they have missed only by a wilful perseverance in sin? As for tribes or individuals so ignorant and degraded that they have never awakened out of the slumber of their rational faculties, they are on a par with infants, are incapable of probation, and therefore not liable to the Judgment.

Future probation in another life has no countenance from Catholic theology. The notion of probation implies that the intellect is not irrevocably determined to the contemplation of the sovereign good, and the will to complacency in and choice of the same. This determination is freely made under the influence of grace in the state of probation, and is made irrevocable when the trial is over and the soul in the state of grace has gone to the world of spirits. But this does not exclude a state of preparation after death for souls not yet fitted to receive the light of glory and to enjoy the beatific vision. In this state souls which have been imperfectly enlightened, purified, and united to God during their earthly probation can be detained under a passive discipline until the divine spark which they have brought with them has completely pervaded their being with celestial light and fire, until their gold has become refined and purified from all dross, and they are made perfectly fit for the inheritance of the saints in light. The intermediate state is therefore the complement of earthly probation; it finishes and perfects the active exercises of the purgative, illuminative, and unitive way which the soul began in this life, but left unfinished; expiates its sins, and gives it that lustre of spotless sanctity with which it can appear before the angels and before God without shame. The souls of all the just before the resurrection of Christ went into the state of existence called in Hebrew Sheol and in Greek Hades. If they had need of puri-

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fication by suffering, they underwent the temporal punishment due to them, as in like manner all souls of the faithful departed who leave the world in the state of grace but in debt to the justice of God undergo the pains of purgatory. This explains what our Lord meant by alluding to forgiveness of sins in the world to come—viz., that the pardon of sin which has not obtained its full effect in a complete liberation of the soul from all the penalties which it deserves, in this world, is completed by the purgation of the intermediate state. If the souls of those who departed this life in the state of justification, before Christ had opened the gates of heaven to men, were so purified from sin that they needed no further expiation, yet they were capable of receiving an increase of light and grace. They could learn more of God and Christ than they knew in this world. And when the Soul of Christ descended into Hades, his blessed presence and the revelation which he made to them may fitly be called a preaching of the Gospel to the dead. The sinners drowned in the deluge of Noah who had turned to God with repentance when they were overwhelmed by its waters, a multitude of others who have lived and died apparently in darkness and alienation from God, many who have turned to God only at the hour of death, though judged in the flesh according to men, have been made by the mercy of God to live, and after death have received the clear disclosure of the Saviour, the assurance of forgiveness, the enlightening and purifying grace which has prepared them to live to God, and with God, through the merits of Christ, in his everlasting kingdom.

The Andover professors seem to have a difficulty in apprehending that the effects of the Incarnation could be produced before its actual accomplishment, or before it was made manifest in its reality to the intellect as a present object of contemplation. They aim at constructing a Christocentric theology. It is a part of such a Christocentric view of the relation of the universe to God that moral probation should be made to turn around this central point of the Incarnation. But there is a confusion of the natural with the supernatural order, and of the ideas of efficient and final cause in regard to the Incarnation, which blurs and distorts the whole view.

A purely natural order attains its end through intellectual beings who know, love, praise, and glorify God as he is manifested in the visible and invisible works of creation. The elevation of intelligent beings to the immediate, intuitive knowledge of the essence of God, with a corresponding love and thereby a participation in the very beatitude of the divine nature, is a new,

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distinct, and gratuitous act of pure goodness, and is wholly supernatural. It effects a kind of apotheosis of created, intellectual nature, both angelic and human. It does not depend on the Incarnation as efficient cause for its realization, or necessarily exact and require as its final cause that any hypostatic union of divine and created nature should be effected. The Incarnation is another and a more sublime communication from God to created nature of the good which he has in plenitude, or rather which he is, by his essence; an apotheosis of created nature in the highest possible mode.

We may believe that God did freely determine, as his principal object and end in creating, to bring to pass this masterpiece of wisdom and love; that, in view of it, he planned the universe in all its parts, and its entire order. We may believe that, in view of the merit of the acts of the Eternal Word in his human nature, and for his sake, he gave all the gifts of nature and grace to all his creatures. And, moreover, since from eternity sin was foreseen and the atonement for sin determined; since the coming of the Mediator was never decreed except in the character of a humiliated, suffering, crucified Redeemer of the world, we can believe that it was on account of his foreseen obedience to the death of the cross that all the riches of the divine power and goodness have been poured out from the beginning upon all creatures in the universe. The glorious cross of Christ is, therefore, the centre of the whole creation. And the probation of angels and men alike may well be regarded as appointed for the specific and express purpose of determining the relation which they should freely assume toward Christ as the predestined king of the universe. A final cause determines the whole preceding series of causes and effects, not as being prior to them in act, or producing them by efficient causality, but as existing ideally in the foresight and intention of the Being who is First Cause. The allegiance and obedience of the angels to the Incarnate Word could be tried and determined by a revelation of the future Incarnation. So, also, the probation of men before the advent of the Redeemer could be accomplished by means of a more or less explicit revelation and promise of his coming. An implicit revelation, to those who have not received an explicit one, suffices, if only there is given to them scope and opportunity for the exercise of faith, hope, and charity, which have necessarily and always for their final object, not the created and human nature of Christ, but the veracity of God, the mercy of God, and the infinite perfections of God. St. Paul de-

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fines the faith which is absolutely necessary to salvation: "Without faith it is impossible to please God. For he that cometh to God must believe *that he is, and is a rewarder of them that seek him*" (Heb. xi. 6). We have no right to require more of any to whom more has not been revealed. One who believes from a secret illumination and inspiration of the Holy Spirit in God, hopes to find in him the sovereign good, and loves him supremely, does really and in principle, though only implicitly, believe in all that he has revealed through Christ, trust in that mercy which is actually manifested in Christ, and give the allegiance of his will to that Sovereign Lord who has actually become man by the Incarnation. The spirit and likeness of Christ are in him; he belongs to Christ, and is prepared to join the universal society of the faithful in adoring him, as soon as he becomes conscious of the relation in which he stands to the Lord and Saviour of men, and looks upon the face of the one who in his own human nature is truly the God whom he has worshipped, and from whom he has implored pardon and mercy.

It does not appear that there is any need of future probation in order to vindicate the doctrine that Christ is the universal Mediator between God and the world. Nor does it relieve the new theologians from the real difficulty they are struggling with. That difficulty lies in the idea of the final and hopeless failure of a great number of rational beings to attain their proper destiny, to reach their end. But it lies in the nature of probation that the proposed end should be of difficult attainment. The angels had their probation under the most advantageous conditions compatible with its nature, as involving risk and difficulty, and giving an opportunity for the gaining of transcendent merit and glorious victory. Yet a great multitude of them failed and fell finally and for ever. The same is true of Adam and Eve, except that their fall was not irretrievable. Many of the greatest criminals who have ever lived in sin, and died apparently impenitent, have been persons who have had the best opportunities for forming a virtuous and holy character. How can the advocates of progressive orthodoxy, in consistency with their own theology, make it appear probable that a majority of those to whom the Gospel has been preached have made such a use of the time of their earthly probation as to warrant the hope of their salvation? If there is a probation for the rest of mankind, to whom the Gospel has not been preached, hereafter, it must be a genuine probation, essentially like that which decides the destiny of those who have their trial here. And what reason is there to expect from it any more favorable issue? I believe that the outcome

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of this doctrine of future probation will be universal restoration, a term towards which there is a general tendency among Protestants. It is only the Catholic doctrine of the essential difference of the supernatural order from the natural which effectually closes the door against it. There is no natural power to gain or to regain supernatural grace and life. Before it is given it can no more be acquired by an effort than one can give himself a soul; and when lost it can no more be regained by an effort than a dead man can raise himself to life. Therefore, when the day of grace is over, there is no possibility of restoration.

The probation of angels and men is substantially a way by which beings who have received an inchoate supernatural life are to develop it by their acts; it is a road in which they are to walk toward their final term of perpetual and inamissible beatitude. The chief end of probation is the gaining of this term by merit. The essential and substantial penalty of that sin and demerit which are final and decisive is the failure to gain the end, loss of beatitude, final exclusion from the kingdom of heaven. Considering the infinite height of such a destiny above all exigency and capacity of any created nature, it is not strange that the probation by which it can be gained should be arduous and dangerous. Christ himself went through a Red Sea of blood and fire to his coronation with glory. No wonder that it should cost much suffering to mankind to follow the Captain of their salvation to victory and glory. It is not strange that out of a countless multitude who have been called to share with him in his birthright as the Son of God, only a certain portion should be numbered at last among the elect whose names are written in the book of life.

When the last word of human wit has been spoken, humanity still remains a Sphinx's riddle which no Œdipus can solve. To penetrate into the mysteries of divine Providence, and explain the details of its action in respect to mankind so as to show how the ways of God are all directed by justice and goodness tempered with mercy, is impossible. It is necessary to fall back on the truth that God could as soon cease to exist as do an injury to any rational creature. This suffices. But the infinite distance between us and God makes it easier for us to look at the ideas and volitions of God as they are translated into finite and human terms in the created and human intellect and will of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is easier to trust in God when we regard him as having become man and died for men on the cross. It is impossible for him to make the eternal destiny of any man dependent on any probation except a fair one. He is the final judge,

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and he cannot condemn any one except for sins which he has wilfully and freely committed, or sentence a sinner to any punishment which is not in proportion to his demerit and demanded by the moral order of the universe which has been violated. No one can be consigned to everlasting misery by a doom which has come upon him without any act or fault of his own, without any possibility of escape.

Privation of the vision of God is not such a doom for those who have not committed any personal, actual sin, and need not exclude them from special benefits given through the atonement of Christ. The universality of the atonement does not determine an equal and universal application of the graces merited by it. The application is by a gratuitous act, and remains always a grace, altogether beyond any debt due to nature in any individual. Adam forfeited life by his sin, in so far as the threatened penalty of death involved the extinction of that mode of life to which the death he incurred is the opposite. God might have taken his life, as a man, from him immediately, and with it the virtual life of his posterity which lay in him as its source. On account of the predestined Redeemer and his atonement he gave him a respite from death and a promise of resurrection. This brief and impaired human life, with its remnant of the blessings of Paradise and with the certainty of future resurrection, all his posterity receive, even those who perish before birth or in infancy. If these undeveloped human beings do not receive regeneration and a restoration of the lost right to the kingdom of heaven, they at least receive *immortality*, in a state which is exempt from all liability to sin, sorrow, or any physical evil, and replete with all that can constitute a perfect natural felicity. Nay, more, although they cannot see God in his essence, it is allowable to think that they may see Christ in his human nature, the angels and the saints, and thus behold the most perfect images of the Godhead, splendid reflections of the glory of the Adorable Trinity. The sole and chief end of the Incarnation is not the completion of the natural universe in its own order. But this is a sequel and an accompaniment of the grand consummation of the plan of God in the kingdom of heaven. All creation shares in the glory of the hypostatic union of the humanity of Christ with the divine nature in his Person, each part of the universe according to its own measure. If the universe is to be filled with other orders and species of rational beings, they may behold the glory of God in the Face of Christ. And, as has been above explained, all this may have been intended and decreed from the beginning in view

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of the blood which was shed upon the cross, and by which, according to this view, which is perfectly consonant with all that the Faith teaches, the whole universe is sprinkled and blessed.

Unda manat, et cruor;
Terra, pontus, *astra*, *mundus*
Quo lavantur flumine!—(Hymn, *Lustra Sex.*)

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

IN ETHER SPACES.

SOMEWHERE in space there is a realm where lingers
Each word that ever fell from lips of man,
All music stirred to life by touch of fingers,
All sounds since time began.

Rumble of quaking earth and plains upturning
Creation morn; the sullen beat of rain,
The coo of dove with olive leaf returning,
The stir of life again.

A Child's soft treble in the temple, heeded
By doctors who about him listening drew;
"Father, forgive them," on dark Calvary pleaded,
"They know not what they do."

The songs are there which echoed through dim ages,
And chants of kneeling priests at pagan shrines,
The speech of prophets writ on history's pages
In God-directed lines.

There dormant dwells the roar of battle royal,
The clash of arms amid war's furnace flame,
Victorious cries of warriors brave and loyal,
A people's loud acclaim;

And words that gladdened hearts of earliest lovers,
With curses since night's robes trailed Eden's sky,
While vague as half-remembered dreams there hovers
Each mother's lullaby.

O sounds afar in ether spaces dwelling,
In mighty minstrelsy awake! Unite
In chords the story of the æons telling
Since stars first gemmed the night.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

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PICTURESQUE MEXICO.

IN these days, when a passion for travelling has become one of the manias of American civilization, and people seek the excitement of novelty in despite of difficulty and danger, it is not strange to find that fashion so tempers fancy as to set the tides of desire flowing in special directions, while equal or greater attractions are left high and dry outside the current of sentimental regard. Thus it comes to pass that where thousands cross the seas to gain a more or less superficial acquaintance with the main points of European scenery, one could reckon within the limits of as many hundreds those who become in any degree familiar with the wonderful beauty which Nature has lavished upon our own land. It is evident that many instincts of love, of remembrance, and of affection naturally go to increase pilgrimages to the shrines of the Old World. But when every allowance has been made, there still remains an unaccountable lack of curiosity and knowledge concerning that portion of the world which is essentially ours.

This being so, it is small cause for surprise to find near us, united to portions of our southern country by ties of common origin, customs, and language, a land almost unknown, much misunderstood, and wholly misrepresented. A country picturesque beyond description and beautiful beyond belief; with traditions of the past to interest the antiquarian, and problems of the future to occupy the progressionist; with the fascinations of a strange tongue and a strange people, and with that indefinable charm which those indolent, lotus-eating lands exercise always over the sterner and colder nature of the northman—Mexico lies among her mountains, almost as far removed from human ken as the Enchanted Beauty before the Prince kissed her sleeping eyes.

Separated from Texas at El Paso only by the Rio Grande—which may be forded during a large part of the year—the traveller enters Mexico at El Paso del Norte with no more consciousness of change than if he were passing from one portion of the town to another. But in five minutes' time it is as if a magician's wand had been lifted. On the other side of the river he left the busy, bustling American town, thriving but commonplace, sub-

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stantial but ugly; on this he has entered upon a new world. Through the brown, dusty plains stretch winding, narrow lanes, outlined by high walls of dried mud; behind these, in February, are pale pink masses of peach-blooms or scarlet tipped hedges of cactus-spikes. The low, flat-roofed adobe houses fit into the blank wall with only the relief of an occasional heavily-hinged door, or stand in the midst of the bare, dry fields as cheerless and desolate as they. On either side shallow streams, brought for purposes of irrigation from the hills or from hidden springs, run in narrow ditches which cross the roadway at intervals in covered sluices. Here and there a carpet of delicate green, the drooping grace of a plantation of young cottonwoods, or the checkered squares of some thriving market garden show where the precious water has been freely used—for here, as all through the country, the most barren tract blossoms like the rose at touch of moisture. The field-laborers are dressed in white cotton, fashioned usually into short trousers and sleeveless shirt. The women move shyly, covered to the eyes in the long blue scarf, or robozo, which is part of the national costume. Half-naked children, with dark skins and glorious eyes, play about grated doorways which open into the small patios beyond, bright with flowers and shrubs. The men, in wide-rimmed hat and gay serape, lounge, or work, or walk about with a grave, dark-eyed imperturbability that contrasts strangely with the curious, inquiring vivacity of their class at home. The blank, white walls of the old cathedral, with its broken belfry of adobe, rise across the fields; down one narrow lane comes a caravan of enormous covered wagons, each drawn by sixteen mules with jingling bells and bright trappings, and driven by swarth muleteers in costumes that seem borrowed from "Carmen"; around another corner dashes a mounted caballero, sitting his small but fiery horse as if the two made but a single creature full of superb motion. The man wears a broad sombrero brilliant with silver braid; his short, loose velvet jacket is bright with rows of silver buttons, as are also the wide velvet trousers which lose themselves in the stirrups of fringed leather. The animal is resplendent in silver-mounted harness, with embroidered saddle heavy with inlaid work; across his neck is thrown a folded blanket of scarlet wool; over his flanks falls a long fleece of silky black fur; and the Centaur-like grace of steed and rider flashes before one's delighted eyes like a touch of enchantment, to disappear as mysteriously again behind the jealous hedges.

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Under a mesquite-bush by the wayside one may see an Indian woman scouring a tall earthen jar, preparatory to swinging it, fresh filled from the well, upon her shoulder in the old Biblical fashion; under another a couple of wrinkled crones are washing clothes in a shallow ditch, and spreading the wet pieces upon the cactus-plants to dry. Now and again a drowsy little tienda shows one or two unhurried customers at its narrow counter; or a corner cantine has its inevitable handful of quiet pulque-drinkers; or a silent brown group, their glowing eyes alone showing trace of excitement, gathers around a pair of fighting cocks. The sky above is blue as Colorado; the air is pure and sweet with the softness of a late May day; and between you and the matter-of-fact, work-a-day world you left a few hours ago are a thousand miles of distance and a lifetime of difference.

Every step into the new territory to the southward deepens the Oriental impression which this first glimpse at people and country makes upon one. The table-lands, separated by long, parallel mountain chains, now approaching and now receding, are full of infinite variety. Aside from the loveliness of the heights themselves, which, rich in mineral dyes and exquisite in outline, make a fresh beauty for eager eyes at each opening of the landscape, an hundred forms of interest and novelty offer a constant series of surprises. It is now a hacienda—one of those enormous properties covering square miles of country, divided into villages and hamlets, rich in corrals and sheepfolds, watered by streams, luxuriant in gardens and fields of springing wheat. Across the plains mounted shepherds drive flocks of white, silken-fleeced goats and immense droves of cattle; long lines of trees follow the curves of the water-courses; the dome of a church rises amid the foliage; groups of burros and horses follow their Indian keepers through the fields; and the manifold industries belonging to a great and rich estate gather about the central court-yard, with its hollow square surrounded by massive stone buildings. Or it is a break in the hills, through which one looks down into some exquisite valley, deep with purple shadow, faintly luminous with dreamy light, and a glint of water shooting like a silver arrow through the pale green foliage. Or it is a silent city far away on the horizon, its domes and towers tinted in soft shades of pink and blue and warm amber, its tiled roofs flashing, its low gray walls, with masses of drooping trees behind, barely rising from the white level of the plain, like an oasis in the

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desert. Or it is a forest of cactus, stretching for miles in every form of contortion known to that reptile of the vegetable world; or a waste of Yucca palms, each stem tipped by a Hercules' club of waxen lilies; or a plain of unfamiliar flowers, gorgeous but scentless, stretching like a Persian rug to the base of the wonderful, glowing, mystical heights beyond. Always a sudden change when one least expects it, and each change as splendid as the one before, which seemed perfection.

The towns, like the country, are full of surprises; each, while strongly marked in general characteristics, is rich in an individuality which sets it apart in memory. Chihuahua, Leon, Silao, Marfil—what quaint but delightful impressions they leave behind them! The narrow, cobble-paved, exceeding clean streets, swept every morning with hand-broom and dust-pan; the open market-places, with picturesque groups of buyers and sellers under gigantic umbrellas of palm-leaves, or cotton awnings stretched over notched poles; the plazas filled with strange flowers and trees, and splashing fountains falling into carven basins, from which the water-carriers fill their great red jars; the long Alamedas, with sheltered walks shaded by avenues of cotton-woods, and high-backed stone seats like those in Alma-Tadema's pictures; the Oriental houses with all their brightness gathered inside about the court-yard, and only the nearly blank wall, stained with rich color, turned towards the street, until the narrow ways shone like opals in the opulent sunshine! Outside their small shops the trades-people work on platforms raised a few inches above the sidewalk—the jeweller with his brazier, the cobbler at his last, the tailor cross-legged on his low table. And inside what queer assortments of oddities and queer entanglements in money matters! What novelty in finding business men who would rather sell one bit of merchandise than a dozen, and who, if compelled to barter at wholesale, retaliated by charging a tlaco or two more for each article! Up and down the lane-like, winding thoroughfares glide, with noiseless, sandalled feet, the kindly, grave people, dressed in a bewildering variety of novel costumes; or shaggy burros, laden with immense hampers, climb over the uneven ways, driven by Indian boys as unkempt, as overworked, and as patient as themselves. Recalling the respectable but monotonous pavements of New York and Boston, where mistress looks like maid, and man is but a tawdry reproduction of master, this kaleidoscope of changes throws one into a daze of pleasurable anticipation. Anything delightful and un-

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foreseen is possible. We are walking through the days that follow the Arabian Nights.

Each class wears the garb which is the uniform of its occupation. The water-carrier, in armor of leather, bears his heavy jar suspended from a band around the forehead; the ochre-man, stained like a terra-cotta image from head to foot, carries his package of brick-colored clay above his matted, gory locks; the fruit-vender, crying his luscious wares in sudden, shrill monotone, balances his enormous pannier on his head and steps as airily as if he were beginning a fandango. Under the open arches of the Portales the crockery merchant sits before his pile of Guadalajara jars and brightly-glazed pottery; Indian women carry their double load of baskets and babies, with the superb indifference to fatigue which marks their race; dealers in "frozen waters" call their sherbets in prolonged, piercing notes like those of a midsummer locust; sidewalk cooks squat on their haunches beside small fires of mesquite, over which bubble earthen dishes of stewed vegetables, frijoles, or crisp tortillas; and flower-girls surrounded by piles of glowing poppies, pyramids of heliotrope and pansies, baskets of scarlet cactus blossoms, and tangled heaps of superb roses magnificent in color and perfume, fill the very atmosphere with brilliant beauty. No wonder the winter world at home looks pale and cold by contrast!

The large cities repeat in a higher key the tones and tints of the lesser; all the difference lies in an added proportion of size and grandeur. The fountains are finer and more numerous. The exteriors of the great, palace-like houses show façades splendidly ornamented with bas-reliefs and tiling, with finely-carved gargoyles supporting the rain-spouts beneath the flat roofs, and windows barred by light, trellised balconies shaded by light awnings. The churches, beautiful in all cases, become superb both in dimension and detail; new types in architecture, the massive stone walls enriched with bold carving. Usually two towers on the front, one slender and lofty, the other more like the square campanile of the old English cathedrals, offset a central dome which rises, mosque-like, from above the transepts. Spires, walls, and arches are elaborated by masses of infinitely complicated arabesques, medallions, and floral designs, chiselled with much delicacy over every inch of surface until the effect is as fine as lace-work. Against the intense, radiant sky these massive elevations are often startlingly lovely. I remember, from the upper gallery of the governor's palace at Zacatecas, a glimpse

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caught in this way of the three towers of the cathedral, one a Moorish dome tiled in pale blue and yellow, one a low, square belfry, and one a soaring, exquisite shaft of deep red stone, so fretted and carved that the solid mass looked delicate as a jewel set against the enamelled sapphire sky.

The interiors of these beautiful edifices hardly carry out the promise of the exteriors. A crudity of color in the somewhat barbaric decorations makes itself felt, which is dissipated in the dazzle and largeness of the outside atmosphere. The high altar rises always beneath the great central dome. Connected with it is the choir-room, placed in the nave between two great organs, rich in carved woods or metals and wrought screens. Silver railings and candelabra about the sanctuary, rare tapestries, and paintings by all the old Spanish masters, enrich many; but their effect is spoiled by the neighborhood of poor and tawdry ornamentation which disguises the real treasures. In many cases some low canon of art had caused the beautiful original stone carving of the walls to be covered by wretched prettinesses of stucco; but the revival of better taste is already beginning to demand a return to the earlier purity of design. Still, with all its incongruities, the ensemble is always forcible and picturesque. A dim light falls from the small windows placed high in the lofty walls; from dawn to dark the slow, monotonous chanting of some office of the church floats in alternate antiphon and response between the priests within the sanctuary and scarlet-gowned, shrill-voiced choristers half-hidden behind their tall music-stands; the people, reverent and silent, glide in for a moment's prayer in the pauses of the day's duties; and a certain mystical atmosphere of religious solemnity, which seems to belong by right to the place, forces itself upon the most material sense.

So, in a constantly increasing climax of enthusiasm and delight, one reaches the crowning scene of all in the Valley of Mexico. In the natural order nothing more wonderful than this for loveliness in the wide world; nothing more calculated to intoxicate the soul with the simple glory of living, since earth still holds such beauty for eyes of man! How can one ever hope to bring before the sense that has not known it that fair green plain stretching from the marble terraces of Chapultepec forty miles away to the dim horizon? How paint that foreground of majestic cypress-trees, draped in shadowy moss which adds an intangible softness to the dim forest aisles beneath; the long, bright fields of

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grass or grain, divided by hedges of shrubbery or walls of cactus, until the surface resembles an inwrought tapestry of emerald interwoven in myriad gradations of tint; the magnificent avenues of stately trees, converging from every point toward the walls of the great city? The city itself, a mass of towers and spires and glowing, richly-tinted domes; the scores of villages embowered in leafage and nestling within shadow of the foothills; the sparkle of water on the distant lake; the grand stone arches of gray aqueducts crossing the country from the heights beyond; the wonderful encircling line of mountains, deep with amethystine shadow, that stand like guardians of the Happy Valley's peace; and farthest away, but most omnipresent of all, the eternal majesty of Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl, cleaving the blue and silent air, lifting their radiant white summits like luminous clouds up to the very gates of heaven, awful in sublimity, as if belonging to the supernatural world, yet tempered with the tenderness of earthly beauty—who can paint the surpassing glory of this entrancing scene for eyes which have not been touched by itself with the anointing chrism of vision?

Puebla and Mexico, the two principal centres of the country, share more than other places the cosmopolitan character of European cities, as well as the extremes of riches and poverty. While nothing is more superb than their palaces, few things are more squalid than the hut of the peon at their gates. The homes of the rich are on a magnificent scale of luxury. An arched driveway leads from the street to the central courtyard tiled with marbles, bright with flowers, statues, and fountains, surrounded by all the appliances which wealth can suggest to indolence. Around this inner pleasaunce the house rises in a series of light-arched galleries resting on carved pillars, communicating by broad outer stairways of stone, and opening into every room by windows and doors of plain or stained glass. Vines and hanging plants cover the low stone balustrades; gilded cages of mocking-birds and parrots snare the sunshine under the cool arches; and inside the broad, dimly-lighted salons and chambers whatever luxurious taste can bring to aid comfort is lavishly supplied. A host of servants divide among them those more personal services which our rigid aristocrats prefer to render themselves, and a clap of the hands brings instantly a swift and silent attendant. Below under the arches, on the ground-floor, horses stand in their open stalls; there are carriage-rooms, store-houses, and servants' quarters; so that when the great gates leading to the street are

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closed, all the elements of luxurious living are complete within. I say all the elements; and yet these lavish establishments lack many things which we have been accustomed to consider necessaries for even moderate comfort. Neither chimneys for smoke nor grates for fire in the tingling mornings and nights; neither hot-water pipes, nor set bowls, nor spring-beds, nor kitchen-ranges, nor scores of other common things belong to the ménage of a Mexican nabob. As a partial recompense their women do not break down before thirty-five with nervous prostration. There is no cloud but has its silver lining.

The very poor live within four walls of dried mud, on a floor of the same material. Anywhere upon this a fire of mesquite-wood may be kindled to bake the universal tortilla—almost the sole food of a large class. A few crockery utensils for cooking and eating, a hand-brush for sweeping, some water-jars and baskets, perhaps a bundle of maguey-fibres for a bed, and the furniture is complete. The serape is cloak by day and covering by night; the floor is at once chair and table; the smoke flies out of open door or four-paned window as it listeth—and that is all. Or rather it is not all. For with it stays patience, kindliness, and content—three graces hard to account for with such meagre plenishing.

Broken by a succession of mountain-chains into almost parallel divisions, the seemingly barren table-lands of which the surface of the country is mainly composed burst into a wilderness of bloom whenever and wherever water touches the soil. This sharp contrast between luxuriant fertility and bare gray plains is universal. The great isolated volcanic peaks, perpetually snow-crowned, are so situated that some one among them always dominates the landscape in the eastern or southern portions. Turning toward Puebla, fields of maguey—a species of the century plant of our greenhouses—cover the soil for hundreds of miles, a striking and most novel sight. Going still farther in the same direction, on the way to Vera Cruz one passes through an experience that can have few equals on the face of the earth. After breakfast at La Esperanza, with the mighty shadow of Orizaba rising but seven miles distant, and the beautiful but stern form of Malinche still nearer, one begins the descent toward the Terras Calientes. In the early morning there is frost upon the roads, and frost in the clear air tingling with cold from the snowy summits. At noon the coffee plantations within the tropics are reached. The atmosphere is redolent with fragrance of orange-blossoms; golden

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balls are glowing through the glossy foliage; the banner-like leaf of the banana waves above great clusters of ripening fruit; perfumed pineapples hide in the midst of their spear-like sheaves, and the thermometer is ninety-seven in the shade. The high, conical roofs of the thatched huts reach to within a few feet of the ground, half-hidden in tangles of rich vegetation; great scarlet flowers splash the boughs with patches of brilliant color like a flight of gorgeous tropical birds, and spicy shrubs make the languid air as full of odors as zephyrs blowing across the Vale of Cashmere. A world is about one as distinct from that of the morning as that differed from the March skies and frozen fields of New England.

On the passage between these two points a succession of wondrous views holds one entranced. At El Boca del Monte the train emerges upon what we would call a trestle-bridge, but which has been christened by these imaginative people in a phrase which explains itself—El Balcon del Diabolo. The steeply sloping mountain-side leaps at one swift bound into the valley of La Joya—the Gem—three thousand feet below. A miracle of loveliness, full of deep, verdant beauty, its rich fields stretching far up the precipitous sides of the opposite heights, with the tiny village of Maltrata, a mass of softly-tinted walls and tiled roofs gathered around the spire of the parish church, it glows like a jewel in the sunshine. Down the spurs of the hills cataracts of stunted pines and grizzly cactus-bushes sweep like dark avalanches, broken in their course by splintered rocks; and Orizaba, a fillet of white cloud bound beneath its shining brow, fills the eastern sky with glory.

Twelve miles below, having left this peaceful scene, the road passes through a succession of wild gorges, with the noisy Rio Blanco leaping from rock to rock, and the dark majesty of cloven precipices making its name of El Infernillo—the Little Hell—only too appropriate.

In an opposite direction, going toward the fertile valleys of Toluca, scenes of almost equal beauty discover themselves. The Nevada de Toluca, instead of Orizaba, becomes monarch of the scene; the Arroya de las Cruces takes the place of the Blanco; the houses have wide, projecting roofs, held down in Swiss fashion by great stones. But the same smiling fields creep nearly to the top of the mighty mountains; the same small villages nestle lovingly in their midst; gray aqueducts stretch their long lines of arches through the plains, and the soft-voiced, melan-

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choly-eyed natives gather by the wayside to offer you wealth of beautiful, unfamiliar fruit and flowers.

It is difficult to understand why artists, who have usually such a quick eye for opportunity, have made the mistake of overlooking the treasures awaiting them here. The glow of local coloring, the strange Oriental architecture, the barbaric splendor of the churches, and the wonderfully effective costumes would be mines of wealth to those capable of working them. So would be the passing trains of shaggy burros, the plazas, the fountains, the merchants crying their wares under the low arches of the Portales, the great stone seats which belong to every part of the country. The long windows, with carved stone balconies and bright awnings, brighter still at evening with their groups of dark-eyed señoritas; the beauty of inner courts flashing through the dark setting of the archways; the trumpeters blowing their long silver bugle-calls outside the palace gates as the refrain of each passing hour; the Teocali of the Aztecs, with their summits still strewn with broken relics from the altars of the gods; the wayside shrines; the mingled reminiscence of Morocco and the Holy Land; the superb abundance of flowers—each goes to add its soupçon of novelty to the delightful whole we call Mexico, and all await their interpreter.

The courtesy of the people is charming beyond expression. To the slightest gesture of greeting lowest as well as highest respond with a swift, flashing smile which illumines the dark visage like a gleam of heart-sunshine. The fine teeth and lustrous, shining eyes transform faces that would otherwise seem too deeply tinged with sadness. And the soft, lingering sweetness of the Spanish tongue, with its courtly phrase and delicate flattery, lulls with its musical cadence, until one believes in the story of the disguised princess whose lips dropped pearls and diamonds with each word.

It would be impossible to close the most trivial sketch of picturesque Mexico without some word of reference to the most picturesque figure it has known in modern times. At every new step into the country one is struck by the idiosyncrasies which the grafting of so-called republicanism upon the old monarchical system has produced. The struggle of democratic measures with caste prejudice and predilection produces results fairly puzzling to the observer. Indeed, it is hardly right to speak of republicanism. Under this fair title they have succeeded in grafting the worst form of military despotism upon the old root

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of power; and the reins of government, so far, have been mainly held by hands strongest to grasp and most unscrupulous in retaining. In compassing the death of Maximilian the country took, to my mind, a false step which it will require fifty years to retrace. He brought to his mission as leader an admirable self-repression, an earnest purpose, and a pure enthusiasm which were full of promise. By nature, education, and ambition he was prepared to foster and to protect, confident that the result would prove his wisdom. The state of Mexico to-day, torn by twenty years of internal dissension, overrun by contending factions, preyed upon by mercenary or despotic rulers who alternately scourge and rob, is commentary sufficient on the methods which have been pursued. Broken in credit, nearly bankrupt in hope, she has all but lost that integrity of self-respect which is the vital spark of a nation's courage and dignity. Maximilian would have taught her people self-government; he would have led them to understand their own resources and position; and upon this corner-stone might ultimately have been erected that structure of liberty for which Hidalgo and Morelos, and a thousand other patriots, had given safety and fortune, and sweet life itself. The art of self-government is as far from being understood by the mass of this people to-day as it was when the first birth-throes of revolution shook the land in 1810. On the lonely hillside of Querétaro, where the three sad crosses mark the place of execution, one cannot help feeling how many hopes besides those of the unfortunate monarch came to an untimely end by that fatal bullet.

It would be equally impossible before closing to avoid speaking a word of protest against the prejudices we, as a nation, have imbibed concerning this country and people. We have been warned about their vices and weaknesses until we have ceased to believe that much virtue could dwell in them. What I, by observation, found was: Plenty of idleness from want of employment, but no trace of laziness; a great deal of personal dirt, with quite as striking an amount of cleanliness, in much of their work and surroundings; a touching kindness and interest on the part of subordinates, which yet never degenerated into familiarity or boldness, and an honesty which was altogether exceptional in our fairly wide experience in travelling among countries which put forth many louder claims to civilization and Christianity.* Not yet advanced beyond the first stages of

* I am tempted to give in this special connection an incident which would be of note in determining the moral standing of any country, but which is of especial weight in view of the

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infancy in many vital matters, it has yet so many advantages in climate and position, in beauty and resources, and, above all, in the delightful traits of its most courteous and interesting people, that the supplying of its present needs can be but a brief question of time, now that the entering wedge of progression has been clinched by the railroad. But pray Heaven that the change may never become so radical that, in gaining comfort and material prosperity, she may lose the rarer qualities which have taught those who love her that, of all the delights which soul can offer sense, few are more precious than a glimpse of Mexico!

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

prevalent opinion regarding Mexican ideas on the rights of property. At Guanajuato two members of our party were commissioned by the rest to buy postage-stamps. When we reached the City of Mexico, seven or eight days later, we were met by an official document which had been sent after us, and which was finally delivered through the good offices of the editor of the *Financier*. The envelope was directed in Spanish, as follows: "Para aquel caballero gordo de los dos que compraron sellos de correo, que viniron à Guanajuato en compánia de varios viageros Americanos, el dia 14 Marzo de 1885"—"For the stout gentleman of the two who bought postage-stamps, who came to Guanajuato in company with several American travellers, March 14, 1885."

The letter itself was as delicious for its English as for its probity, and on both accounts deserves to be preserved, as it carefully is, by its recipient:

"POST-OFFICE, GUANAJUATO, 14 March, 1885.

"DEAR SIR: I sell you—

6 post-stamps of 6 ct. are	$0 36
10 " " " 2 " "	0 20
	$0 56
I receive one dollar	1 00
The change is	0 44
I give to you per mistake	0 14
I must to pay to you	0 30

"I send to you of this letter five post-stamps of 6 ct. Please to make not attention at this mistake and the improper of this letter.

"Respectfully,

"THE CLERK OF THE POST-OFFICE.

"G. M. L."

With this letter came another, in flowing and eloquent Spanish, directed to the editor in person, and begging his kind assistance in forwarding the note to its destination, as well as in translating the outside address so that it would be sure to reach the hand of the "consignataria."

This was but one of several instances of exceptional conscientiousness. It might be increased by many others—the return of a pearl ring dropped in one of the courts of the Iturbide, and not missed for hours; the finding upon the table of loose coins which had been picked up by the camarista in sweeping; most wonderful of all, the safe keeping of a cane and an umbrella which had been carelessly left in a street archway. It would be marvellous if such occurrences took place in an American city, but in this age of materialism miracles seldom happen.

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MATERIAL MEXICO.

"THE art and beauty of historical composition," said Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo, a lieutenant of Cortez, "is to write the truth"; and from the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and seventy-two, when, "in the residence of the royal court of audience," the Spanish historian finished his narrative, down to our own days, there has been only one story of the pictorial aspects of Mexico. The vivid and accurate description which a charming writer gives in these pages of "Picturesque Mexico"* is not surpassed for precision, for taste, for sympathy, by that of any earlier writer of all who may say with Mrs. Blake, as Bernal Diaz said of himself, "This is no history of distant nations nor vain reveries; I relate that of which I was an eye-witness, and not idle reports or hearsay: for truth is sacred."

But whoever undertakes to write of material Mexico, even though he can say with equal truth that he was an eye-witness and holds truth sacred, will find himself falling into vain reverie. "Reports" he may procure, but, in more senses than one, they are "vain"; hearsay he will find copious and contradictory; and although hundreds of authors have travelled the country and left their impressions on record, out of the mass of their labor little that is of absolute value can be extracted.

Diaz himself complains of the elegance and untrustworthiness of the earlier work of Francisco Lopez de Gomara. The Abbé Clavigero, who wrote of Mexico one hundred and fifty years later, enumerates forty Spanish, Italian, and Mexican historians from whose pages he derived his own narrative; and he alludes somewhat doubtfully to a long catalogue of French, English, Dutch, Flemish, and German writers of whom he is not willing to admit that they held truth sacred. His patience was justly exhausted by one among them who described native princes going on elephants to the court of the Montezumas. One is impressed, however, in reading the literature of the past about this strange and still only dimly understood country, with the permanency of nearly everything in it. Bernal Diaz himself was not less affected than Mrs. Blake by the wondrous beauty of the landscape; while others, of a later date, have written about the manufactures and customs of the country in phraseology which

* The present writer had the pleasure of reading Mrs. Blake's article in MS.

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we, who were there only yesterday, as it seems, would scarcely alter. Don Antonio de Solis, for instance, "secretary and historiographer to His Catholic Majesty," tells us that he saw cotton cloths "well wove, and so fine that they could not be known from silk but by feeling." "A quantity of plumes," he continues, "and other curiosities made of feathers, and whose beauty and natural variety of colors (found on rare birds that country produces) so placed and mixed with wonderful art, distributing the several colors and shadowing the light with the dark so exactly, that, without making use of artificial colors or of the pencil, they could draw pictures and would undertake to imitate nature." The same work contains an excellent woodcut of Mexican women making bread. The process, the utensils, the implements are precisely the same as those which Mrs. Blake describes as now in use.

Writers in the present century only repeat the narratives of those of the preceding ones. *Notes on Mexico* in 1822, by "A Citizen of the United States," and printed in Philadelphia, might have been written two hundred years ago or last week. Mexico is in many things the unchanging country of this continent. The American acknowledges his debt to the works of Lorenzana, Alzate, Clavigero, Boturini, Mier, Robinson, and Humboldt; but by far the most interesting portion of his volume is his unadorned tale of what he saw and heard.

The arcades in the neighborhood of the cathedral, in which we spent a good deal of time, existed in his day. "They resemble the bazaars of the East, and are furnished with every variety of goods." Costumes have changed no more than the making of intoxicants.

In 1836 Charles Joseph Latrobe wrote *The Rambler in Mexico.* If we should take his account of scenes during Lent it would be unnecessary to alter a word. Mexican piety is somewhat theatrical and realistic during that holy season. On Maundy Thursday, for instance, they fill the air with the cricket-like sound of rattles, made in all manner of designs, of wood or silver, the substitute for bells; and on Good Friday they disport Judases of all shapes and sizes, filled with gunpowder, which at the proper moment explodes. On Palm Sunday they fill the churches in their indescribable variety of gay and striking costumes, bearing in their hands tall yellow palms, making a much more impressive sight, and closer to the narrative of the Gospels, than our colder climate enables us to have. Captain G. F. Lyon, who went from England to Mexico in 1828, examined closely the labor, espe-

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cially the mining, of the country. Herdsmen received five dollars per month and agricultural laborers seven pence per day. Wages have slightly risen since then, but, unfortunately, so have the prices of food and clothing. *Mexico as It Was and Is*, by Brantz Mayer, was written in 1841–2 by the secretary of the American Legation. He sought especially to collect data from authentic sources upon commerce, agriculture, manufactures, coinage, mines, church and general government. He is obliged to add: "In many instances I have only been enabled to present estimates." Two recent writers, Thomas A. Janvier* and David A. Wells,† have been similarly engaged. They have produced useful but differing compilations. In many instances they have been able only to present estimates. During our stay in the City of Mexico we examined all the book-stores and endeavored to enlist the interest of kind friends there for the procurement of statistical publications upon material Mexico. The result was two books—one, *Atlas Metodico*, by Antonio Garcia Cubas, from the title-page of which it is apparent that there is a Geographical and Statistical Society; but this atlas contains only local geographical information and maps, with two pages of questions for teachers and students. The other book was *Annuario Universal*, editor Philomena Mata, and the issue for 1886 was the eighth annual publication. It is a well-printed duodecimo, two columns to the page, a thousand pages solid nonpareil; and the total of the statistics in it occupies less than four pages. The custom-house claims the rest.

Partly from observation and partly out of authorities selected from various groups—in an effort to keep clear of partisans against Mexico—and with the understanding that in statistics estimates must be employed often in lieu of ascertained facts, I venture to offer some brief considerations.

"For the commission was to be extended no farther than barter and obtaining gold."

In that sentence, written by Bernal Diaz, is compressed the whole story of the Spanish invasion of Mexico, its scope, its motive, its object. The part that religion played in it is acknowledged by the same unquestionable witness with like candor. When Cortez was ready to set out upon the expedition he caused to be made a standard of gold and velvet, with the royal arms and a cross embroidered thereon, and a Latin motto the meaning

* *The Mexican Guide.* By Thomas A. Janvier. Scribners.

† *A Study of Mexico.* By David A. Wells, LL.D., D.C.R. Appleton.

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of which was, "Brothers, follow this holy cross with true faith, for with it we shall conquer." The occasional words of the Spanish captains to the natives concerning religion appear to have been called forth more by the shock of seeing human sacrifices and hearing that children's flesh was served upon the table of Montezuma, rather than by any earnest desire to induce the Mexicans to embrace Christianity. If they had any such desire their own conduct was more than sufficient to account for the refusal of Montezuma to act upon their suggestion; and the letters of Cortez himself, as well as the writings of many of his companions and contemporaries, show that what defects the visitor in Mexico may see to-day in the social organization are precisely of the kind of Christianity which the Spaniards taught by their example. The vices their chroniclers denounce in the emperor and native princes on one page they themselves adopt on the next; and the most revolting practices, abhorrent to faith and ruinous of the most firmly organized society, find avowals in language intermixed with prayers and ejaculations of devotion. They charge the natives with superstition—they were themselves superstitious. They charge the natives with low morals—they added lower ones, if lower were possible. They charge the natives with cruelty—they set up the Inquisition among them to enable the state to be cruel, while the name of the church was borrowed to wear the responsibility and carry down to our own time the reproach.* They charge the natives with treachery—they taught them masterly tactics in that vice when they procured entrance into the palace and confidence of Montezuma.†

No matter who, after Cortez, ruled Mexico for Spain, he carried out the original design of the governor of Cuba who planned the invasion. Barter and the obtaining of gold, with the employment of religion as a means to that end, is written over every chapter of Spanish rule; and the traditions of despotism, the bigotry against commerce, the hostility towards foreigners, the avarice and sloth which politicians infused into the religious orders for their own ends, resulting at last in a great crisis, are all directly traceable to the rapacity, the hypocrisy, and the feudalism of the invaders.

It would have made no difference if the invader had been England and the new religion Protestantism. The Spanish domina-

* Janvier, p. 27.

† Mr. Wells seems a little unfair to the military character of the Mexicans when he directs attention to the fact that Cortez conquered the empire with so insignificant a force. Treachery on the part of the invaders and hospitality on that of the natives had as much as arms to do with his success.

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tion in Mexico lasted for just three hundred years, from 1521 to 1821. "The government or viceroyalty established by Spain in Mexico seems to have always regarded the attainment of three things or results as the object for which it was mainly constituted, and to have allowed nothing of sentiment or of humanitarian consideration to stand for one moment in the way of their rigorous prosecution and realization. These were, first, to collect and pay into the royal treasury the largest possible amount of annual revenue; second, to extend and magnify the authority and work of the established church; third, to protect home [*i.e.*, Spanish] industries."* Is not that the description of the English domination in Ireland? The consequences are curiously correspondent. The land in Mexico, like the land in Ireland, is owned by a ridiculously small number of proprietors. The tillers in Mexico have no more interest in the results of their toil than had the tenants in Ireland prior to the beginning of the land-reform era forced upon the English government by the people of Ireland. The Mexican landlords reside abroad in large numbers, like the absentee landlords of Ireland; and the money produced by the soil flows out of Mexico in exports of bullion for these absentees and their creditors, precisely as the crops and money of Ireland are carried from her to replenish the purses of her landlords. The native manufactures of Mexico, slight as they were, were discouraged by the Spanish administration for the same reason that England destroyed the more vigorous industries of Ireland as rapidly as they appeared. Mexico was to buy only from the manufacturers and merchants of Spain; gold and silver, woods, and a few products of soil and labor combined she was required to give in exchange for what Spain had to sell. Ireland and India have been required to give products of labor and soil combined in exchange for English manufactures. Religion in each case was degraded into the uses of the conqueror. Human greed was the passion in both cases; the sleep of Mexico, disturbed at intervals by hideous convulsions, was the result on this continent. A more muscular race made a more persistent resistance to England, and Ireland has begun the recovery of her complete rights. India's day is not yet at hand.

It is a droll satire upon political economy that Spain accomplished her purpose by protection in Mexico, and England by free trade in Ireland and India. There is no abstract theory yet devised by man superior to natural avarice enforced by arms.

A patriot priest, the divine instinct of nationality carrying

* David A. Wells.

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him above the dreaming masses of his fellow-countrymen, at length arose against the Spanish domination. He paid with his life for his devotion to his country; but the death of Hidalgo blew the breath of liberty into Mexico. His country relapsed for a time under the old oppression. In another decade she made another desperate and more successful but far from sufficient effort; and when the flag of the Republic was unfurled in 1821, the symbol upon it was that of the old native race—the eagle and cactus—the emblems of the Aztecs. A people without means of inter-communication, of different languages, and in whom the poetry of paganism was often mingled with a dull understanding of Christian principles, whose more subdued classes scarcely cared to be awakened to exertion, and whose intellectualized caste was filled with selfishness; a people who had no interest in their land, no manufactures, no education, whose wants were simple and easily supplied, who knew little of arms and possessed none—it was impossible that such a people should be eager in seizing upon chances for the erection of representative government on the ruins of hereditary despotism; hereditary, that is, not in the line of the viceroys, but in the ideas by which Mexico was held under foreign rule. It is not wonderful that revolution followed revolution. It is not surprising that province attacked province and faction collided with faction.

With the expulsion of the Spaniards new foes came in from without. England, the usurer of the world, advanced money upon what she intended to be, as in the case of Egypt, the security of the entire country. The United States was beguiled into an invasion by which Mexican valor was made to stand a superb test against soldiers who, unlike Cortez and his companions, defeated the Mexicans by arms but not by treachery. Not the worst misfortune which befell Mexico in consequence of the Northern invasion was the increase of her obligations to England. A direct consequence of her bankruptcy was the intrigue of France, Spain, and England for the invasion of Mexico after the breaking out of our civil war. The progress of that struggle convinced two of the copartners that the contemplated enterprise would be perilous, with the Monroe doctrine still vital, and a considerable army of experienced troops, North and South, to answer with equal alacrity the call of their common country to expel European despotism from this continent. Louis Napoleon, desperate for new delusions to postpone his fall, resolved to take the chances, and the last invasion of Mexico was the child of his ambition.

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It is true that Maximilian was not the designer of his own ruin. It is unquestioned that he was anxious to win the good-will of the Mexican people, and that it would have been the highest happiness to him and his amiable wife to have ruled Mexico for her own good. The earth is not yet ready to dispense with the luxuries of royalty, and large aggregations of the human race are persuaded that it is wise to pay for the glitter and mockery of thrones. And it may be true that a monarchy in Mexico, constitutional and conservative, maintained with just firmness, would have afforded that tranquillity essential to national development. But experience, human nature, and the reconsolidation of the United States were all opposed to Maximilian—experience, because there is no instance of genuine or enduring national development under a ruler representing political and industrial interests opposed to those of the people he tried to rule; human nature, because his own blind and deceitful course rendered it certain that he should fail; and the reconsolidation of the United States, because the spirit of the American people, calm after the conflict and purged by the effacement of slavery from their own soil, would not suffer Old-World despotism to repeat in our own day the story of earlier ages.

Maximilian and the still more deeply and deservedly pitied Carlotta have been the cause of much denunciation of the Mexican people. To refuse sympathy to Louis Napoleon's hapless and beautiful victim, whose reason toppled after her heart was broken, is surely beyond human power. The sternest heart cannot tread unmoved the lonely cypress paths of Chapultepec where her sad feet sought to escape the troop of sorrows that encompassed her husband. Toussaint l'Ouverture, the emancipator, dragged from his farm in Hayti by the treachery of the great Napoleon and starved to death in the dungeon of Joux on the bleak and snowy Jura, is the companion-picture for the demented daughter of the king of the Belgians, widowed and crazed by the last of the Napoleons. Maximilian had the misfortune to follow too closely the example of his patron. His assumption of the crown of Mexico was made contingent upon a popular vote of approval; but the assembly of reactionaries who went through that ceremony for him no more represented the people of Mexico than the people of any other land. The pretext served its purpose; but he speedily freed himself from those who had been the aiders of his fortunes. The spoliation of the church by the republic, ruthless and undiscriminating, had created a conservative party, not blameless altogether, but

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yet honest, and to that party Maximilian was pledged. To that party he owed his crown. He cast them off in the expectation that he could succeed better by making friends of their enemies. At the same time, acting, it is charged, upon the advice of Bazaine, and defying the best sentiment of all classes of the people, defying humanity itself, he issued a decree which would have revolted Cortez himself. He ordered that all persons found in rebellion against his pretensions should be shot as outlaws. This appalling order sealed his own doom. The mercy he showed to Mexico, Mexico showed to him. It was a noble impulse which induced our government to plead for his life on condition that he should leave the country whose soil, as a pretender to a crown, he had no right to touch. It would have been better heeded had Mexico been able to recall to life those who, loving their native land and justified in resisting foreign invasion, he had relentlessly sent to unhonored graves.

Could Mexico have hoped for much under a ruler who sought to force a monarchy upon a people who had heroically established a republic; from a prince whose exemplars were Napoleons, whose first step after his enthronement was the betrayal of those who had enthroned him, whose second was an order for the massacre of political opponents? What is there in the traditions of crowns won by invasion, maintained by treachery, and spattered with the blood of massacres to justify the expectation that Maximilian would have taught the Mexicans self-government?

The only way for a nation to learn self-government is to practise it.

The present government reflects in form the progress of all nations, and in spirit the troubled past of Mexico. Its constitution is modelled upon that of the United States, and in its present form was adopted in 1857. All persons born within the republic are free, and, if slaves, become freemen by entering it. Personal liberty, with its full significance, is guaranteed, including liberty of the press, "with this reservation, that private rights and the public peace shall not be violated."* The press-law, many of whose provisions are admirable, has been administered in a manner to discourage enterprise. There are, we are told, fifteen daily papers in the capital. Only two of them printed news as we understand the word; but an association was being formed to effect a connection with our press associations for the procurement of at least a summary of European and the princi-

* Janvier.

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pal American intelligence. Financial reasons, traditions, and custom make news important in Mexico in this order: first, English; second, Spanish and Continental European; lastly, North American. The papers are very partisan, in that respect imitating the press generally of all countries. The *Times* of London, in its "opinions," is no broader than the narrowest faction print of Mexico; and the news upon which its editorial utterances are based, in affairs political and religious, is quite as trustworthy as its opinions are unbiassed. Last summer it printed from Rome a story that the Jesuits had poisoned the Pope, and that they alone possessed the antidote by which his life could be saved. They consented to save it on condition that he should issue an encyclical restoring to the order its full privileges, etc. This romance was printed with perfect soberness in the telegraphic columns, and an editorial, ponderous and a column long, declared that the Jesuits ought not to be blamed, but that the vanity of the pontiff in consenting to save his life at such a price was deplorable. We never saw that matched in any publication in Mexico.

The constitution of Mexico recognizes every right recognized by our own organic law. In some respects it is superior to ours. For instance, it prohibits the making of treaties for the extradition of persons accused of political offences. Capital punishment for political crimes is prohibited—a monument to Maximilian. The federal power is vested in three departments, as with us. The legislature consists of two houses. The members of the Chamber of Deputies are elected every two years, one for each 40,000 of the inhabitants. There are two senators for each State, half of them elected every two years. Congress sits from April 1 to May 31, and from September 16 to December 16. The president, whose term is for four years, without the right to be his own successor, is aided by a cabinet composed of ministers of foreign affairs, of internal affairs, of justice and instruction, of public works, of finance, of war and marine. The judicial power resides in the supreme court and in the district and circuit courts. Formerly the chief-justice succeeded to the executive office in case of the death or disability of the president. Now the succession passes to the president and vice-president of the Senate and the chairman of the standing committee of Congress—a small representative body peculiar to the political organization of Mexico. It sits during the recess of the legislature. The justices of the higher courts are elected for a term of six years, and associated with them are an attorney-general and a public prosecutor, similarly selected.

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The State governments copy the constitution of the federal government so far as their relative position permits. The president is commander-in-chief of the army and navy. The former is composed of three sections—the active army, nominally 68,000 men, actually at present less than half that number; the reserve, 24,000 men, and the general reserve, 70,000. The cavalry arm is well equipped and there is a small artillery branch. The national military school at Chapultepec is one of the best institutions of the kind existing, and receives its students after the example of West Point. The navy is limited to three or four small vessels incapable of other than coast patrol service. The national sentiment which the government seeks to promote is indicated by the national festivals—February 5, adoption of the federal constitution in 1857; May 5, victory over the French in 1862; May 8, birthday of the patriot priest, Hidalgo; May 15, capture of Maximilian in 1867; September 15 and 16, declaration of independence by Hidalgo, 1810.

The area of the country is 778,590 square miles—estimated, for there has never been a complete survey; with a population of 10,000,000—estimated, for there has never been an authentic census. The political divisions are four States on the northern frontier, five on the gulf, seven on the "grande oceano," and eleven in the interior; with one Territory, and the federal district corresponding to our District of Columbia, except that the federal district is represented in Congress as a State.

While the form of the government is thus approvable, the spirit of it is represented as more or less despotic. Nor is it clear how it can be otherwise. I found it everywhere asserted that the masses of the people take no interest in politics, and the official vote for president sustains this. Why, then, should not the administration be despotic? The fountain will not rise higher than the source. The people are not homogeneous; their languages serve to keep them from understanding each other; the mutual hostility of church and state widens the chasm. Free public assemblies for the discussion of political matters are as yet unknown and must be impracticable for some time longer. "Public opinion" is the expression of class interest, and class means now, in Mexico, the landlords, the professional men, the practical politicians—who are generally old soldiers and young lawyers—the students, and the generals of the armies. We were told by patriotic persons that the federal government is so unscrupulously centralizing that it practically controls all the State governments. On the contrary, Mr. Wells came to the conclu-

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sion that the State governments are less under federal control than in the United States. This contradictoriness embarrasses the visitor at every turn and in every thing. Many of the most intelligent Mexicans we met expressed poignant regret over the fate of Maximilian and the erection of the Republic. We put to two gentlemen of equal intelligence and undoubted candor, but of different pursuits, this question: Which would the people prefer, the empire or a republic? They answered simultaneously, but one said the empire and the other said the republic. Each was confident that the other was mistaken. He who preferred the empire was a German and a manufacturer. The advocate of the republic was a professor of mathematics.

The fact remains that the Republic was born of Mexican ideas, has been maintained exclusively by Mexican arms, is based upon sound principles, and must gradually awaken the entire people into a healthful and independent interest in its perpetuation. Charges of dishonesty are freely made against men in high administrative place, as well as against government officials generally. We had no means of ascertaining how much truth might be in these assertions. If they be true, Mexico cannot be accused of isolation in that, at least. No judgment upon the government would be reasonable which does not take into account the configuration of the country; its immense foreign debt, for which the present government should be held not responsible beyond certain moderate limits; the enormous expenditure required and the inconsiderable revenue obtainable; the sources whence the revenue must for the present be derived; and the social state, due almost entirely to the effects of foreign misrule. "Barter and the obtaining of gold" for Spain has left a stamp upon Mexico which one generation of comparatively tranquil independence cannot be expected to efface. A traveller who passed through the country many years ago saw a face peering out of a window upon a vista of wonderful beauty. Whether prisoner or recluse he knew not, but said through the grating, "How beautiful!" "Transeuntibus," was the laconic answer—"To those who pass by." So has it been with Mexico. Beautiful to those who robbed her, beautiful to the tourist, her real condition is one which depresses her own people, whose poverty, ignorance, and loneliness make them the most pitiable, as they are certainly the most kindly and polite, people on this continent.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS AND AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

THE following is the address of Cardinal Gibbons as published in the daily papers, on his taking possession of his titular church in Rome, March 25:

"The assignment to me by the Holy Father of this beautiful basilica as my titular church fills me with feelings of joy and gratitude which any words of mine are wholly inadequate to express. For as here in Rome I stand within the first temple raised in honor of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, so in my far-off home my own cathedral church, the oldest in the United States, is also dedicated to the Mother of God.

"That never-ceasing solicitude which the Sovereign Pontiffs have exhibited in erecting those material temples which are the glory of this city, they have also manifested on a larger scale in rearing spiritual walls to Sion throughout Christendom in every age. Scarcely were the United States of America formed into an independent government when Pope Pius VII. established therein a Catholic hierarchy and appointed the illustrious John Carroll the first bishop of Baltimore. Our Catholic community in those days numbered only a few thousand souls, and they were scattered chiefly through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. They were served by the merest handful of priests. But now, thanks to the fructifying grace of God, the grain of mustard-seed then planted has grown a large tree, spreading its branches through the length and breadth of our fair land. Where only one bishop was found in the beginning of this century there are now seventy-five exercising spiritual jurisdiction. For this great progress we are indebted, under God and the fostering care of the Holy See, to the civil liberty we enjoy in our enlightened republic.

"Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his luminous encyclical on the Constitution of Christian States, declares that the church is not committed to any particular form of civil government. She adapts herself to all. She leavens all with the sacred leaven of the Gospel. She has lived under absolute empires, under constitutional monarchies, and in free republics, and everywhere she grows and expands. She has often, indeed, been hampered in her divine mission. She has often been forced to struggle for existence wherever despotism has cast its dark shadow, like a plant shut out from the blessed sunlight of heaven. But in the genial atmosphere of liberty she blossoms like the rose.

"For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say with a deep sense of pride and gratitude that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the ægis of its protection without interfering with us in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the Gospel of Christ. Our country has liberty without license, and authority without despotism.

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She rears no wall to exclude the stranger from coming among us. She has few frowning fortifications to repel the invader, for she is at peace with all the world. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her good-will toward all. Her harbors are open to welcome the honest immigrant who comes to advance his temporal interests and find a peaceful home. But while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps we do not receive the credit that belongs to us for having also a strong government. Yes, our nation is strong, and her strength lies, under the overruling guidance of Providence, in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens, and in the affection of her people for her free institutions.

"There are, indeed, grave social problems now engaging the earnest attention of the citizens of the United States; but I have no doubt that, with God's blessing, these problems will be solved by the calm judgment and sound sense of the American people without violence or revolution or any injury to individual right.

"As an evidence of his good-will for the great republic in the West, and as a mark of his appreciation of the venerable hierarchy of the United States, and as an expression of his kind consideration for the ancient see of Baltimore, our Holy Father has been graciously pleased to elevate its present incumbent, in my humble person, to the dignity of the purple. For this mark of his exalted favor I beg to tender the Holy Father my profound thanks in my own name and in the name of the clergy and the faithful. I venture to thank him, also, in the name of my venerable colleagues the bishops, as well as the clergy and the Catholic laity of the United States. I presume to also thank him in the name of our separated brethren in America, who, though not sharing our faith, have shown that they are not insensible—indeed, that they are deeply sensible—of the honor conferred upon our common country, and have again and again expressed their warm admiration for the enlightened statesmanship and apostolic virtues and benevolent character of the illustrious Pontiff who now sits in the chair of St. Peter."

Cardinal Gibbons' office is one that outranks all others in the church in America, and his interpretation of our American institutions is worthy of his position. The convictions he has expressed have doubtless animated his whole life as a Catholic and a citizen, and all his countrymen will rejoice that he has uttered them with so much emphasis and bravery, and that he has done it in the centre of Christendom. Americans will thank him for it, and accept him as their representative there, for he is fitted by his thorough-going American spirit to interpret us to the peoples and powers of the Old World. Americans do not want the pope, at the head of the most august assembly in the world, representing the whole Christian Church, to speak in favor of empires, monarchies, or republics: that we do not want. What we want is the American cardinal to do what he has done; to have the courage of his convictions there and everywhere else,

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as becomes our cardinal, so far as he represents the American Republic.

It reminds one of Benjamin Franklin championing our cause in Europe before and during the Revolutionary era. What Franklin maintained was that we were not in rebellion; the American colonies were not guilty of that kind of revolution which is a crime. They were fighting for principles which had always been an Englishman's birthright, and, I may add, part of the inheritance of all Catholic peoples. Franklin held that the rebels and revolutionists were the members of the British government. And the fact that that was an intense personal conviction with him added immensely to his force as our ambassador.* The Americans never intended to be rebels; they were not rebels. Nowhere in their fundamental law will you find rebellion erected into a principle. So, like Benjamin Franklin, the American cardinal holds, if not officially yet morally, a like place as representing America to those monarchists of Europe who are suspicious of us and who do not appreciate our institutions. The cardinal will be accepted as an American representative, locate him where you please—Rome, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, or London. His office constitutes him our high commissioner, and his utterances are in the serene atmosphere of the Roman Curia, itself not unknowing of liberty and equality in their true sense. St. Augustine's words have ever described the church's view of human authority, civil or ecclesiastical:

> Christians in office "rule not from a love of power, but from a sense of the duty they owe to others; not because they are proud of authority, but because they love mercy. This is prescribed by the order of nature; it is thus God created man. For 'let them,' he says, 'have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every creeping thing which creepeth upon the earth.' He did not intend that his rational creature, who was made in his image, should have dominion over anything but the irrational creation—not man over man, but man over the beasts. And hence the righteous men in primitive times were made shepherds of cattle rather than kings of men, God intending thus to teach us what the relative

* The following is an extract from Franklin's examination before the House of Commons: "*Question.* How, then, could the Assembly of Pennsylvania assert that laying a tax on them by the Stamp Act was an infringement of their rights? *Answer.* They understood it thus: by the same charter, and otherwise, they are entitled to all the privileges and liberties of Englishmen. They find in the Great Charter and the Petition and Declaration of Rights that one of the privileges of English subjects is that they are not to be taxed but by their common consent; they have therefore relied upon, from the first settlement of the province, that the Parliament never would nor could, by color of that clause in the charter, assume a right of taxing them till it had qualified itself to exercise such right by admitting representatives from the people to be taxed, who ought to make a part of that common consent" (Bigelow's *Life of Franklin*, vol. i. chap 4).

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position of the creatures is, and what the desert of sin; for it is with justice, we believe, that the condition of slavery is the result of sin" (*City of God*, book xix. chap. 14–15).

And how often soever the Holy See may have counselled men to respect legitimate authority, her great battles have ever been with those who have abused authority.

The Catholic Church has flourished under all forms of government. Her divine Founder has given her an organism capable of adjustment to every legitimate human institution. She tends to make the people loyal to the reasonable authority of the state, and her influence will strengthen them in the virtues necessary for the public welfare; she has always done so. But the form of government of the United States is preferable to Catholics above other forms. It is more favorable than others to the practice of those virtues which are the necessary conditions of the development of the religious life of man. This government leaves men a larger margin for liberty of action, and hence for co-operation with the guidance of the Holy Spirit, than any other government under the sun. Speaking of the affirmation of human rights set forth in the Declaration of Independence, the present writer has said that—

"They are divine inasmuch as they declare the rights of the Creator in his creature; they are fundamental, for without the enjoyment of the natural rights which they proclaim man is not a man, but a slave or a chattel; they are practical, for man is, or ought to be, under his Creator, the master of his own destiny and free from any dominion not founded in divine right. The Creator invested man with these rights in order that he might fulfil the duties inseparably attached to them. For these rights put man in possession of himself, and leave him free to reach the end for which his Creator called him into existence. He, therefore, who denies or violates these rights offends God, acts the tyrant, and is an enemy of mankind. And if there be any superior merit in the republican polity of the United States it consists chiefly in this: that while it adds nothing, and can add nothing, to man's natural rights, it expresses more clearly, guards more securely, and protects more effectually these rights; so that man under its popular institutions enjoys greater liberty in working out his true destiny" ("The Catholic Church in the United States," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, July, 1879).

The Catholic Church will, therefore, flourish all the more in this republican country in proportion as Catholics in their civil life keep to the lines of their republicanism. This proposition will still be true even should the New England mind become the prevailing type among us.

In the light of these principles it is an error, radical and gross, to say that the basis of the American character is the spirit of

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political and religious rebellion. The character that is formed by the institutions of our country and the Catholic character are not antagonistic. American institutions tend to develop independence, personal independence and love of liberty. Christianity rightly understood is seen to foster these qualities. For what other object did the martyrs die than to establish their personal convictions against the decrees of emperors? "You keep the laws of your sovereign," said the martyr St. Lucy to the Roman official; "I keep the laws of my God. You fear Cæsar; I fear the one true God, whom I serve. You are desirous of pleasing men; I desire to please Jesus Christ alone. *Do you pretend to deprive me of the right of acting according to the dictates of my reason and conscience?*" Said Sts. Perpetua and Felicitas, as they entered the amphitheatre to be martyred: "We have willingly come hither, *that our freedom might suffer no interference.* We gladly lay down our lives to avoid doing anything contrary to our holy religion." And in like manner the peaceful triumphs of Catholic virtue have had no other motive than an heroic purpose to serve God alone in true liberty of spirit, whether as hermits in the wilderness, or Benedictines in the abbeys that were the centres of religious and civil life in the destruction of the Roman Empire and the rushing down of the barbarians, or in the various orders and societies, founded since then, in which the church has ever offered a method for souls to combine together for freedom and peace, for their own and their neighbor's sanctification.

What we need to-day is men whose spirit is that of the early martyrs. We shall get them in proportion as Catholics cultivate a spirit of independence and personal conviction. The highest development of religion in the soul is when it is assisted by free contemplation of the ultimate causes of things. Intelligence and liberty are the human environments most favorable to the deepening of personal conviction of religious truth and obedience to the interior movements of an enlightened conscience. Mr. Lilly, in one of his brilliant essays, affirms that the question of the hour is the existence of the supernatural. This is well said for agnostics; but for a well-ordered mind I should say that the question of the hour is how the soul which aspires to the supernatural life shall utilize the advantages of human liberty and intelligence.

We do not need the imperial or kingly ideas of the Old World as aids to our spiritual life as Catholics, any more than we want its anarchical ideas as helps to civil freedom as citizens. Neither do we wish to plant our American ideas in the soil of

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other nations. The mission of the American Catholic is not to propagate his form of government in any other country. But there is one wish he cherishes in respect to his fellow-Catholics abroad: he wants to be rightly understood, and that is a wish not easily granted. You, reader, if you had been brought up in a monarchy and sympathized with its institutions, as you naturally would have done, would not easily understand other forms of government. In such things most men are what their surroundings make them—you might say all men are, if by the word surroundings you take in the sum of influences, external and internal, to which they are subject. Where will you find a man whose most potent teachers have not been his race and country? Honest men in Europe feel about democracy as we feel about monarchy. And how do you feel about monarchy? Your truest answer must be, "I don't understand it." And, unless you made your home there, you might live in a monarchy for years and not understand it, and you would not wish to understand it. It does not belong to you. The place is not your home; your home is far away and far different, and you expect sooner or later to go back there. Therefore you are not to be blamed for not understanding them, nor are they to be blamed for not understanding us. When we are abroad, unless called upon to speak, as the cardinal was, it is better for us to keep our mouths shut. So should foreigners act when in this country.

I do not blame Europeans for not understanding us. I only wish to call attention to the many difficulties in the way of getting into the minds of Europeans true views of American affairs. These difficulties Cardinal Gibbons has known how to cope with. He has been able to express the American idea in such terms as not to be misunderstood. And this was not the triumph of diplomatic cunning, but rather that of sincerity and frankness—the true cunning of honest souls. He has carried his point by the simplicity of his thought and the earnestness of its utterance. There is often more in the courage of saying the thing than there is in the thing itself: there is both in Cardinal Gibbons' address. For what is a commonplace in this country is striking and singular elsewhere, especially in a state of society so differently organized. It took courage to say what he did. It was needed to be said long ago, but others did not say it. Was it lack of courage on their part, or indifference to the providential lessons of the times?

In such cases courage is genius, and we now rejoice in its triumph. It was fitting that the best expression of the good of

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civil freedom as a favorable human environment for the development of the religious character should be left to be made by an American cardinal in the centre of Christendom. And if I were asked in what the American system of government contributed most to this development, I should say that it is by declaring itself incompetent in spirituals. That is what Europeans, especially men in high station, cannot or will not understand.

"Philip II. of Spain," says Baron Hübner in his *Memoir of Sixtus V.*, vol. ii. chap. ii., "looked upon himself as a civil vicar of Christ. Whenever, in the fulfilment of this imaginary mission, he met with a doubt, he sometimes laid it before his ministers, but he preferred to submit it to his confessor, or to theologians, or to committees specially appointed to examine it, or to congregations composed of doctors of theology. He believed he had two missions to fulfil. He was king and also a little of a pontiff; just as the pope is first a pontiff, then king. In this groove ran all his ideas. Sixtus V. indignantly rejected such pretensions. . . . The deeply-rooted conviction that he was the civil vicar of Christ on earth can be frequently traced in Philip's letters, and is reproduced in the language of his agents."

Potentates wished, and still wish, to be pontiffs. When dynasties give place to oligarchies, aristocrats wish to be on a par with cardinals. When the tide of atheistic revolution has swept them all away, and blasphemers of the prime verities of reason and revelation are floated into power, they in turn feel under obligation as civil rulers to care for the supreme interests of religion. King Philip and Gambetta, Louis Quatorze, the two Napoleons, and Bismarck and Paul Bert, must nominate bishops; each must play *censor deputatus* for catechisms and theologies; monarchy, aristocracy, bureaucracy, anarchical and atheistic democracy, each inherits from its predecessor the craving for ecclesiastical authority. The Throne of the Fisherman has not had authority enough to publish in Catholic countries its own apostolic decrees without an incessant diplomatic war over the state's placet. In Joseph II.'s case this meddling of the state with spirituals was carried into the very sacristy. Without wishing to go too far the other way, I affirm that this interference by government can never be imposed on the American people. We are glad to see the American cardinal of the same mind. When church and state were brought into contact in Philip's reign he posed as the Constantine of Christendom, and Louis Quatorze did worse. Here in America, when church and state come together, the state says, I am not competent in ecclesiastical affairs; I leave religion in its full liberty. That is what is meant here by separation of church and state, and that is pre-

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cisely what Europeans cannot or will not understand. They want to make out that the American state claims to be indifferent to religion. They accuse us of having a theory of government which ignores the moral precepts of the natural law and of the Gospel. Such is not the case, and never has been from the beginning. That is a false interpretation of the American state. By ecclesiastical affairs we mean that organic embodiment of Christianity which the church is in her creeds, her hierarchy, and her polity. The American state says in reference to all this, I have no manner of right to meddle with you; I have no jurisdiction. By morals, on the other hand, we mean those influences of natural and revealed religion whose sway is general among the vast popular electorate of our country, uniform and definite enough to be a quickening influence upon our public life. To disregard this has ever been deemed a crime against good government among us, and punished accordingly.

The cardinal's address, taken in connection with other events in Pope Leo's pontificate, marks an epoch in the world's history. If, as many think, democracy will soon assume control of public affairs, the question is, What kind of a democracy will it be; what influence will be powerful enough to guide it morally aright? No sectarian form of Christianity can be the guide of mighty human forces. So far as men are sectarians, so far do they deviate from the universal truth; and only the universal principles of reason and revelation grasped and wielded by such an organic world-power as the Catholic Church can guide aright the tumultuous masses of mankind when the transition from one phase of civilization to another has begun. The power that could tame the barbarian ancestors of the civilized world exhibits in such men and such utterances as have been herein considered a force competent to guide to its proper destiny the baptized democracy of our day. And we may say in passing that it is difficult to exaggerate the majesty and power a body of men representing the whole Catholic Church, as the Council of Trent intended the cardinals to do, would possess and exert the world over; the decision of such a body, with the Pope at its head, could not fail to be final.

I. T. HECKER.

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LACORDAIRE ON PROPERTY.

IN his thirty-third conference on the church Father Lacordaire treats of the influence of Catholic upon natural society with regard to property. The famous preacher was first a distinguished member of the French bar, then a priest and a monk, but a man always of democratic principles, and even a member, while a Dominican monk and priest, of the Assembly of the Second French Republic, in 1848. Let us hear his views:

The opponents of Christianity, he begins by saying, assert that, after so many centuries of its sway, property is not equitably distributed; some have too much, many not enough to support life. But the church has consecrated this inequality, sanctioned it, placed it under the protection of God's commandment.

First the orator admits the merit of those who thus concern themselves about their poor brethren, and, seeking to find a remedy for their sufferings, are carried away by their lack of knowledge so far as to assail even the church, as if it were partly her fault, and then proceeds to answer and enlighten them to the following effect:

God gave the earth to man, and with it an activity to fertilize and render it obedient and productive. The primitive gift, therefore, is double: there is proprietorship of the soil and proprietorship of labor. Proprietorship of labor is first in order, because evidently a man owns himself before he gains possession of anything else. According to the tradition sanctioned by the Gospel, God says to man: "Thou art master of thy labor; for thy labor is thy activity put in practice, and thy activity is thyself. To take from thee the domain of thy labor would be to take from thee the domain of thy activity—that is to say, the possession of thyself, of that which makes thee a living and a free being. Thou art then master of thy labor. Thou art also master of the soil, of that portion of it which thy labor may have fertilized; for thy labor is nothing without the soil, and the earth is nothing without thy labor; the one and the other are sustained and quickened reciprocally. When, then, thou shalt have mingled the sweat of thy brow with the earth, and when thou shalt thus have fertilized it, it will belong to thee, for it will have become a part of thyself, the extension of thine own personality; it will

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have been enriched by thy flesh and blood, and it is just that thy domain over it should continue, so that it may belong to thee. I have, it is true, the primary title to it as Creator, but I give it up to thee; and by thus uniting that which comes from me and that which comes from thee, the whole is thine. Thy proprietorship will not even end with thy life; thou mayest transmit it to thy descendants, because thy descendants are thyself, because there is unity between the father and his children; and to disinherit these from thy patrimonial lands would be to disinherit the toils and the tears of their father. To whom else should that land of thy pain and thy blood revert? To another who has not labored upon it? It is better for thee to survive, and to keep it in thy posterity."

Such, says Lacordaire, is the primitive right consecrated by the evangelical law. The answer of the reformers, he continues, is this: "But do you not perceive the frightful inequality which will result from that position which is apparently so simple? In a certain time, whether from incapacity of some, or from infirmity for which man is not accountable, or from other circumstances, favorable for these, unfavorable for those, the land, become too small and limited for its inhabitants, will be found in the possession of a few men, who will consume it in luxury and surfeit to the prejudice of numberless unfortunate beings reduced to earn their bread day by day, if even so much as the bread necessary for each day be assured to them. Is not this a result which condemns the principle of individual proprietorship? If the consequence be selfish, the principle is inevitably the same. We must, then, if we love mankind, have recourse to another distribution of property, and boldly proclaim, because it is a duty, that labor and the land belong to society. Labor and the land form the funds of society, the common property, the very substance of the country; we should all devote ourselves to the common weal, and, as the only recompense of our efforts, take a part of the fruits proportioned to the merit of our labors. In this way the arbitrary distinction between the poor and the rich would cease; if any irregularity should still exist it would be due to capacity and virtue, and not to the chances of birth, which have pounded up together in the same vase sloth, abundance, pride, selfishness, all vices and all rights.

"Have you not yourselves, O men of the Gospel, in your days of holy inspirations, have you not realized that divine republic? When your missionaries founded the famous 'Reduc-

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tions' of Paraguay, did you not, in the name of the Gospel, decree community of labor and of possessions? Was Paraguay anything else than a united family, in which each member labored for all, all for each, and in which the social power, itself also laboring, distributed the fruits of its peaceful activity to its children in the most equitable measure? The whole world will admire that creation of the Gospel which brings back again its primitive times. But, although capable of conceiving and of accomplishing this between two great rivers of America, you have not been capable of establishing it as a general law of humanity; you have been without courage; you have retreated before human egotism. And we, sons of the nineteenth century, trained, it is true, in your schools and nurtured by the milk of the Gospel—we are obliged to remind you of your mission and to perfect the law of justice and of charity."

Having thus stated the case for both sides, Father Lacordaire goes on to say that the scheme of the "sons of the nineteenth century" would be the establishment of universal servitude, the consecration of an inequality without bounds and without remedy—of such servitude and inequality as no despotism has ever approached, even in imagination. For what is this "society" that is going to be the sole proprietor of the soil and of labor? Let it be called monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy—what you will—it is always represented by a few, two or three individuals, who are raised to power by the course of human affairs, and are made the depositaries of authority. It is necessary, he argues, to defend the private citizen against those autocrats by certain invincible positions, and chiefly by giving him an inviolable standing-place of his own in a portion of the earth, or at least the control of his own labor, for he that has neither of these is a slave. If the government owns all the land, then whoever does not take care to be in accord with the government—that is, with those few men, or with their successors in case there be rotation in office—has no independence nor assurance of being left in his home; if it owns all the labor, why then he is no better than a human chattel. He then illustrates by quoting the then condition of things in Russia—that is to say, previous to the emancipation of the serfs, which took place only in 1863.

But, he asks himself, will not the equality in such a system compensate for many inconveniences? Far from it, he replies. Even a communistic society must have high and low positions, occupations more or less desirable, which must, nevertheless, all

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be filled: there will be hewers of wood and drawers of water, as well as physicians, editors, priests, postmasters, judges, and policemen; think you that the rulers will give to each one the place that nature fitted him for, or rather that the whole state will not be filled with favoritism, corruption, bribery, and oppression? As we have it now, I may be poor to-day, but I have the consolation of knowing that to-morrow I may be better off; that no official brand has been placed on my brow, appointing my rations according to my phrenologically ascertained grade of intelligence and usefulness. Inequality now is accidental and temporary; then it would be logical and fixed, and every one would be rooted in his place by insolent officials, without liberty to try to raise himself by exercising some other faculties, as is the case now.

No doubt, he continues, communism is an evangelical idea, but, as history tells us, it must be voluntary in the first place, and this does away with servitude; then in the inequality of the offices there is self-sacrifice, and thus there is no outrage. It is true the inconveniences of proprietorship are great; they were so great in heathendom that a revolution was called for, the larger part of men being despised slaves of the shrewd, capable, and wicked. Jesus Christ was the author of the revolution. How so? The soil is limited, and every man cannot have a part of it. But the land will not yield the obedience of fertility without labor; hence labor holds half the sceptre of the world, and riches depend on poverty as much as poverty on riches. The passage from the one to the other will be frequent, owing to luxury on one side and thrift on the other; the condition of both will be to help each other mutually and to engender reciprocal relations. With the proprietorship of his labor a man is always a man—can never be a slave. Christ preached this. He declared God's will to be that all men should become brothers, and thus made the poor an object of necessary interest to the rich, since the latter, unable to get on without them, were yet not to own their labor; and no land has ever flourished more than under the hand of the poor and the rich united by this understanding, stipulating by their alliance for the fruitfulness of nature. Fortunate it is for those who declaim against property that the principle of fraternity laid down by Christ is still respected. If his cross should vanish like a falling star, morality would soon go, and with its disappearance would arise effeminacy, license, plunder, anarchy, despotism, and slavery in logical succession. It is the constant inculcation of

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his doctrine that saves men, for on account of the original fault, or the natural inequality of human nature, men seem even to prefer serfdom of some kind or other, as we see by their attachment to political parties, and especially to kings, lords, and leaders; these would become once more dictators, imperators, or triumvirs, only that the Gospel still reminds men of their equal manhood.

But, the orator goes on to explain, the proprietorship of labor is not of itself sufficient for the poor. There is sickness, weakness, old age, as well as the impossibility sometimes of carrying the labor to the land that needs it. "Jesus Christ then created another property besides labor. Where was he to find this? Evidently it could only be found in the land. But the land belonged to the rich, and that right cannot be touched without reducing the human race to communistic servitude. Christ has solved the difficulty. He has taught us that property *is not egotistical in its essence*, but that it may be so by the use which is made of it, and that it is only necessary *to regulate and to limit* that use in order to assure to the poor their share in the common patrimony. The Gospel has established this new principle, which was yet more unknown than the inalienability of labor: *No one has a right to the fruits of his own domain, other than according to the measure of his legitimate wants.* God, in effect, has given the earth to man only because of his wants, and in order to provide for them. Every other use is a selfish and parricidal use—a use of sensuality, avarice, and pride: vices reprobated by God, and which, beyond doubt, he has not desired to strengthen and consecrate in instituting the right of property.

"Man's wants vary according to his position in society—a thing infinitely variable—hence the impossibility of saying at what point the proper use ends and the abuse begins; but the Gospel law is not the less clear and constant: *Wherever the legitimate want expires, there expires also the legitimate use of property. That which remains is the patrimony of the poor, in justice as in charity; the rich are but the depositaries and administrators of it.* If luxury or avarice prevent them from paying their debt to the poor, 'Woe to you that are rich!' (St. Luke vi. 24)."

Hence, he continues, the blossoms of Christian charity, of which the ancient world had no idea, which opulence gives to misery: hospitals, asylums, almshouses, and refuges; those personal visits to garrets and hovels, with their message of flowers and love; that communion of riches and poverty which from

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morn to eve, from the age which ends to the age which commences, mingles all ranks, all rights, all duties, all ideas—the theatre with the church, the cabin with the mansion, both with death, engendering charity even in crime, and drawing forth even from prostitution its tears and its alms. Have you seen popes, cardinals, and princes wash the dirty feet of the poor peasant-pilgrims on Holy Thursday? Have you seen the rich, educated, gentle-mannered members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul caring for all kinds of distress? Wherever the church gains footing she brings this charity, which blesses the poor and reflects blessing on the rich.

Where this influence of Christ, he says in conclusion, does not prevail and rule men, envy furrows every brow and lights up all eyes. There the property of the poor is diminished by the avarice or egotistical indifference of the unchristian rich; the dignity of the poor is lessened by the carelessness or contempt in which *the poor man Christ* is held; the blessedness of the poor is shortened or taken away by persuading them that money is everything and happiness the daughter of the purse. All this is false and injurious. The most grievous evil of our time is perhaps that rage for material prosperity which causes all men to rush down like famished wolves upon that lean and sickly prey which we call earth. Return to the Infinite; the Infinite alone is vast enough for man! Neither railways, nor machines, nor steamships will add an inch to the extent of the earth; and even though it were as vast as the sun, it were still a theatre unworthy of man. The Infinite alone has food for all and joy for an eternity. Give back Jesus Christ to the poor, if you desire to render to them their real patrimony; all that you may do for them, without Jesus Christ, without practising his charity, will but increase their inordinate desires, their pride, and their misery.

Let us sum up the teaching of the great French preacher, and add a few kindred ideas.

1. There are two distinct ownerships in the world, that of land and that of labor; one is as real and inviolable as the other.

2. The ownership of land is attended with some inconveniences and drawbacks, one of which is that the clever and strong are likely to obtain more of it than suffices for them, and to crowd the others to the wall. But society has a perfect right to limit the extent of private ownership in this regard: one man's right ceases where it infringes on another's, or, much more, on the common good. If it be asked, Why not do as the Jesuits did in Para-

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guay? the answer is, Because the population there were simple savages just emerging from barbarism, for whom modified servitude or tutelage was the only proper system; they were children as yet unfit for liberty and independence. Besides, their caretakers were men vowed to poverty, chastity, and obedience, totally different from the political bosses and their heelers that too often reach the control of affairs, even in the republics of the nineteenth century. Under such men there would be universal servitude, wire-pulling, shirking of duty, lying, licking-of-spittle, crushing of the weak, the modest, the conscientious—oppression such as never existed in the world—unless the individual could say: "This is my land; you 're a trespasser! This is my house; get out of it!" Look at England before the Habeas Corpus! Look at Russia before the emancipation of the serfs! Look at Germany in Cæsar's time! Look at China to-day! Not that these were examples of out-and-out communism, but they were enough so to show the working of tenantry instead of ownership in fee simple. Now, the mere tenant will always make the most out of his holding, will impoverish its soil, cut down its lumber, fish-out its waters; whereas the man whose own it is will do all in his power to preserve and to increase its fruitfulness and beauty for himself and his children. Private ownership of the soil is the first condition of thoroughness, perseverance, and individual and national progress.

3. But wouldn't it be better at least to make a general and equal division of the land? No. In the first place, there isn't enough to go round, just where people would be willing to take it. Men are gregarious and want to live in towns, as close as possible, even when they are free to scatter. They prefer a quarter-section of a floor in a Mott Street or Fifth Avenue tenement at a high rent to a *quarter-section* of rich land gratis in magnificent Nebraska. Then all are not qualified for farmers; and, moreover, we need professional men, clerks, storekeepers, factory-hands, mechanics, and helpers of all kinds. There is only one good farmer in one hundred average men, and he would possess all the land of the rest in one year by the just, natural course of trade. If he can, it is clear that God did not intend all those others for independent cultivators; they must work under his guidance and control, or else in some other sphere. Hence some heathen philosophers went so far as to say that slavery was natural, inasmuch as many men are born incapable of self-maintenance, and, if they need to be supported by others, it were but

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fair that they should obey these. Taking men, women, and children, weak, sick, insane, prisoners, etc., three-fourths of mankind depend on the other fourth. So much for this theory of equal division.

4. The communism of the early Christians lasted a very short time, and was purely voluntary even then (Acts v. 4). That of religious orders is a vocation of individuals who shear themselves of all right of property, of marriage, and do not enjoy complete autonomy, but are controlled by the ordinary power of the regularly-organized church. There is no place in such a system for the family, the political power, nor for any but a peculiarly-constituted kind of men and women, who would be at least much less useful to society and to themselves in the normal state.

5. While private property in land, therefore, must be maintained, at least as a lesser evil, private property in labor offsets it. The poor man, under the Gospel, has a right to dispose of his labor, without which the land is useless to the rich. Labor is also useless without land. Hence mutual dependence and hence mutual interest.

6. But, after all, labor is less independent than land; there is not absolute equality. Capital can stand out longer, even if it has nothing but what the earth spontaneously brings forth. Hence something further is necessary where interest fails to make the rich consider the poor. This is the law of charity: Whatever is not required for the temperate, legitimate needs of the rich must be given to the poor, because we are all brothers, children of the same man and the same God, with the same right to live on this earth. But wouldn't it be better to divide by law? to limit the amount of the individual's riches? This were a problem in applied mathematics and political economy impossible of solution on account of the endless variety of the relations, legitimate tastes, offices, and duties of men. Let things find their own level. That is the best government which governs least. The first requisite is to receive Christ's Gospel, recognize the laborer as our brother, love him as such, and let love do the rest. Love will make and carry out just and proper laws. Rich and powerful men can evade any law if they despise the law of Christ. Yet, as far as we can, if the rich neglect to provide for the poor and needy, we have a right to force them, because "*in justice as well as in charity, whatever remains after the legitimate wants of the rich are supplied belongs to the*

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poor." Hence our taxes for almshouses, etc., are just, though of course it would be far better for the rich as well as for the poor if the former cared for the latter as their brethren, and did not look on their maintenance as a legal burden. The voluntary work of well-to-do persons, and the personal interest they take in their poor or weak or erring brethren—as in the organizations known as Sisters of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul societies, etc. —this is what the church brings about. If, however, labor generally should not be able to find employment, of course society can force a subdivision of the land or impose forced contributions on its owners, because God intended man to live by this proprietorship of labor, which is useless without land to work on. Hence the justice of public works begun in times of scarcity, to give employment and support to the laborer. Nay, if need be, the government can fix the just amount of rent, as well as put a price on the necessaries of life at which they must be sold. Such laws, called sumptuary, though just, are not deemed expedient in our country; we believe in domestic free-trade and desire no "paternal government."

7. But the inequality still remains? It must. It is natural. No two men are equal in endowments, and an attempt to enforce equality of this kind is resistance to the evident design of nature and of God, who gave men their respective talents to be used for him and for society in all its manifold requirements. It would be the most absurd tyranny as well as waste. It is better to leave men free to find their place; this leaves them hope, spirit, and enterprise. The alternative were intolerable slavery, and would ignore the chief glory of our republic, that it gives a "fair field and no favor" to ability and industry, and enables the rail-splitter, the mule-driver, the tailor, and the tanner, as well as the owner of ancestral acres or the legal pleader, to rise to the highest place in the government.

8. But then the poor are set down as inferior and in disgrace? No. Jesus Christ has dignified poverty by becoming a poor man. Besides, poverty has its uses. It disengages the soul from objects which, after all, are but transitory and less worthy of her powers and aspirations. She is made for an infinite possession and for everlasting life. Even here she expands better when freed from embarrassing riches. Hence so many of the philosophers as well as of the saints voluntarily abandoned riches and their concomitant enjoyments. Hence the ideal even of earthly happiness is found by the best judges always among

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the poor and simple; and a saint is inconceivable whose heart is bound up in mere material things.

> "O wealth unknown! O veritable good!
> Giles bares his feet, and bares his feet Sylvester
> Behind the bridegroom, so doth please the bride!"
> (*Paradiso*, xi. 82, Longfellow's translation.)

9. Therefore poverty (labor), as opposed to wealth (capital), is natural, is allowed by the providence of God, as well as riches. And the best way is to persuade all people, the rich as well as the poor, to seek happiness in a contented mind and a good conscience, and, having sufficient food and decent clothing, to be satisfied during the little time we have to spend in this world—the poor, because they would much better not chafe and fret at the unattainable, which, even when reached, will not make them happy; the rich, because whatever they have made by their God-given abilities over and above a becoming provision for their families must, in justice and charity, be given to the poor. Let the rich feel satisfied and honored in being the stewards of God's gifts, and the poor more so because their vocation brings them nearer to Jesus Christ, the Son of God made man.

10. But this doctrine of contentment will put a stop to all progress? No. Progress is secured by the natural pressure of need, the cares of family, the looking out for the future, the dependence on self, the desire of improving one's own property, etc., as well as by the teaching of the Gospel that the Lord will demand a strict account of the use we have made of our various talents, and will punish the idle just as he will the positive delinquent. Besides, look around! Is it not Christian nations that have made most progress? Are not exemplary Christians conspicuous among the most advanced in every art, trade, science, and profession? *Solvitur ambulando.* In fact, as Leo XIII. declares in the very first sentence of his encyclical "Immortale Dei" (Nov. 1, 1885), "The church, although directly and of its nature looking to the salvation of souls and the happiness to be attained in heaven, is nevertheless the source of so varied and so great utility, even in things purely of this earth, that more or greater could not be, if first and principally it had been instituted to safeguard the prosperity of the life which passes away."

EDWARD MCSWEENY, D.D.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH AND "THE MERRY WIVES."

IN its issue of July, 1877, THE CATHOLIC WORLD reviewed a volume which in many ways was a notable and unique work. Attention had often been called to the fact that in the plays and poems of Shakspere all the lofty sentiments, honorable deeds, and noble aspirations are credited to the nobility; that he is the poet of the lofty and not of the lowly; that it is only royal and titled personages he selects for his heroes—for embodiment of the passions, impulses, tendencies, virtues of human nature; that in them alone does he extol honor, courage, faith, charity, obedience to marriage vows, while the child of the people never appears in any exemplary rôles save those of submission and of service, and then only as a bounden duty to be performed without reward. But *Shakspere from an American Point of View*, by George Wilkes,* first elaborated the charge that Shakspere cared nothing for the masses—for the people, their rights and interests; devoted his pages entirely to the affairs of kings, courts and noblemen, field-marshals and generals, passing the people over always with slur, sneer, and lampoon, if, indeed, they received any notice whatever. Mr. Wilkes backed up his indictment with an array of quotations from the plays and poems that left apparently nothing to be said on the other side. I will endeavor to indicate (so far as I can discover, for the first time) the real plea in abatement, if not answer to the charge. That plea was that in Shakspere's day the right of the subject could only come from the permanence of institutions. Shakspere was no agitator screaming from a corner, or reformer circulating in cipher philippics against whatever he found established. He was the proprietor of two theatres, mounting what he wrote publicly upon his boards, under the vigilant eye of a sovereign whose definition of treason was notoriously elastic, and with the Tower and the block unpleasantly close at hand to suggest prudence in meddling with the recognized order of things. The dramatists

* It is, I think, to be regretted that Mr. Wilkes tampered with his book by committing it—in the third edition (1882)—to J. Payne Collier's claim to the discovery of a new play of Shakspere's, *A Warning to Fair Women* (1599). The very fact that the characters are not patrician (their names are Master Drewry, Anne, Brown, Sanders, etc.), as contrasted with the personages of the Shaksperean drama—which involves, by the way, the exact point Mr. Wilkes wrote his book to prove—ought to have put him on his guard. Mr. Collier was ninety years old when he made the assertion, and it attracted no attention from Shaksperean critics.

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of Elizabeth's day were only too happy to be on the safe side when they mentioned the throne and the ruling classes. The strolling player of interludes had become a nuisance and an offence, and statutes were framed to suppress him. The only companies allowed to give theatrical representations were those fortunate enough to secure the patronage of some nobleman—such as the bands known respectively as "Lord Strange's Servants," the "Earl of Leicester's Servants," of the first of which Shakspere himself was a member. (Later on a troupe known as "The Queen's Majesty's Servants" appeared.) But without the warrant of a lordly name the pillory and the stocks were the least of penalties for the vagrom player of Elizabeth's later days. Under these circumstances it was hardly likely that sentiments expressive of popular liberty and subversive of the title of birth and rank should be very liberally put into the mouths of the members of these companies. It was only natural that, as the fact was, the playwrights competed with each other in maligning and belittling, in lampooning and slandering, the lower classes; and it was not singular that Shakspere surpassed them in that, as he did in everything else, in degree. Indeed, so far did Shakspere go upon the safe side that he deliberately falsified the story of the Cade uprising, as Mr. Wilkes points out. That uprising was not rebellion; the insurgents called themselves his majesty's subjects, insisted only that the throne was badly advised by the court, demanded only reforms conceded to be so just that the insurgents themselves received terms from the king. Yet Shakspere could find no language too contemptuous, no epithets too scornful, for men who questioned whether men nobly born could possibly have given bad advice to a king. But then Shakspere had a larger stake than his fellows. He was not only an actor but a proprietor, and he found his privileges of operating two theatres near her majesty's court quite too lucrative to neglect to preach (as indeed did Goethe two centuries later) the doctrine of the established order of things, and to merit Lord Tennyson's verses:

> "Not he that breaks the dams, but he
> That through the channels of the state
> Convoys the people's will, is great."

And then, again, it is to be admitted that Shakspere, although with a personal motive, really had much of true policy on his side. The masses in Tudor days were certainly not ripe for enjoyment of an enlightened liberty; and an overthrow of existing

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social institutions could only have meant license, anarchy, and ruin. And so it happens that Shakspere is the poet of humanity rather than of nature, Milton to the contrary notwithstanding. There are no "native wood-notes wild" in the Shaksperean opera. The music is that of camp and court, of tourney and assemblage, and of crowded city streets. Only kings, queens, dukes, lords, and titled ladies move in the action of his dramas. The people, the masses, are only his accessories and supernumeraries. It is only when a patrician is to be represented in exile or retirement that we have the pastoral or the rural—Perdita among the oafs and shepherdesses, the forest of Arden, Prospero's magic island, or eulogy of any life that is "exempt from public haunt." I desire in this paper to point out what seems to me a most singularly suggestive exception to the rule, as an instance (and, so far as I can find, the only one) in which Shakspere used a titled personage for a butt, and brought a nobleman to grief in his pages. And if my explanation of Shakspere's possible motive and reasons for so doing is esteemed too finical or far-fetched, at least I am only sharing with my fellow-students the ordinary penalty of Shaksperean study—viz., an over-tendency to surmise and conjecture—and no great harm is done where all are warned. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakspere's rule of adulation for and adjuration of rank is, for the first and only time, suspended. For the first time his personages are common people—tradesmen and villagers, a schoolmaster, a publican, and a French doctor; and, most marvellous of all, a knight for their butt!—ordinary human beings poking fun at a knight! Certainly so abrupt and radical a change seems to warrant tradition in asserting that William Shakspere wrote that comedy, not of his own motion, but under direction of a higher will and edict than his own.

Two statements, referred back to this tradition, appear to have been generally conceded without much examination: first, that Queen Elizabeth ordered William Shakspere to write a play in fourteen days for the purpose of showing Falstaff (with whom her majesty had already become acquainted in *Henry IV.*) "in love," and that *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, as printed in 1623, was the result of that order; and, second, that the 1602 quarto version of *The Merry Wives* is a shorthand transcript of the 1623 version surreptitiously captured from the actors' mouths. But why should Queen Elizabeth—who was the most scrupulous of monarchs to keep her people from thinking, least of all from prating, about a change in the chartered order of things—why

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should she, of all persons, order Shakspere to make fun of a person of quality? These questions sound as if the answer might involve a paradox. But let us see if we cannot demonstrate the existence of a state of affairs (which, however curious, would not have been unnatural or improbable) which will render Shakspere's and the queen's action perfectly in accordance with the known policies of both. Unwilling as most of us are to take for granted in a field where so much is claimed and so little verified as the field of Shaksperean biography, I have come to the conclusion that this first proposition is not only founded upon facts, but that Shakspere's departure from his habitude, and selection of only middle-class characters for his personnel, was the result of his effort to obey the letter of the queen's order. Another curious result of the reasoning by which such a conclusion may be arrived at is that, if the play written to meet the order was hurriedly prepared in fourteen days (plenty of time for so disjointed and careless a production as the first—1602—quarto, especially to a dramatist who composed with the facility which Jonson ascribed to Shakpere), then the comedy, as we possess it in the 1623 folio, is not a monograph at all, but a growth, composite in character, the result of twenty-one years' performance of the play by actors who were allowed every freedom of interpolation and local allusion. This evidence—if it be evidence—is so remarkable that, whether it be peculiar to this play or of possible value in studying the origin of other (or of all the other) Shakspere plays, I am tempted to schedule, for what they are worth, and "for the benefit of whom it may concern," certain reasons (as they appear to me to be) why the story of Queen Elizabeth's or her lord-chamberlain's order for "Falstaff in love" is to be examined with very great care before we discard it completely.

If the sounding Shakspere plays, so over-full of religion, politics, philosophy, and statecraft, had been up to this date presented publicly in London, their reputation must have reached Elizabeth's ears. Now, the "Lion" queen did not care to have her subjects instructed too far. She proposed keeping them well in hand. Even her clergymen she was in the habit of interrupting if they happened to touch on matters concerning which she had not been previously consulted. ("To your text, Mr. Dean—to your subject!" she shouted when poor Dean Knowell, preaching before her, ventured to touch upon the employment of images in public worship.) And in this policy, in whatever else she wa-

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vered, Elizabeth persisted always. Indeed, it is difficult to see how (as they stand in the First Folio) these particular plays could have been performed at all, in Elizabeth's day, without some very rigorous pruning at their first rehearsals. One of Elizabeth's first decrees concerning the public economy forbade the performing of any play wherein "either matters of religion or of the government of the Commonwealth shall be handled or treated." A royal proclamation was not to be lightly disregarded. But the queen, it seems, was familiar with *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* Surely in those two plays alone matters of government, if not of religion, enough to have closed the Blackfriars on short notice, had been "handled or treated." Perhaps the forged Bridgewater manuscript of 1835, purporting to be a "certificate of the Blackfriars Players" (Burbage, Shakspere, and others), in which it was set forth that they had "never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays matters of state or religion," may have closely followed some lost memorial of this date which Elizabeth graciously considered as purging that particular play-house of contempt of her decree. The queen and her ministers were only too ready to "snuff treason in certain things that went by other names." Let the people have their fill of amusement, but let them not meddle with philosophy and politics. So there are things more unlikely to have happened than that Elizabeth, through her lord-chamberlain, should have intimated to Manager Shakspere to give them something more in the run and appetite of the day. Shakspere took the letter of his instructions perfectly, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was in due time prepared. But somehow or other their spirit was bettered in the performance. The salaciousness Elizabeth wanted was all there, as well as the transformation scene; but after a while there was inserted at the end a rebuke to lechery and lecherous minds not equivocal in its character —"This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking throughout this realm," says Falstaff—and a reproof to the queen herself (who certainly deserved it) in the line, "our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery," that is scathing in its satire.

But why should Shakspere have treated a "virgin" queen to a homily upon purity and continence in a play not ordered by her for any such purpose? It does not seem to have occurred to her majesty that, to be comic as of old, Falstaff must be unsuccessful in his love-making, and that, for a courtier to be unsuccessful, the untitled must resist the titled. But Shakspere saw it, and the

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departure he must make to contrive it. Finding himself pressed for time, it would not have been unnatural had he (as is alleged) adapted the 1592 play known as the *Jealous Comedy* (belonging to Lord Strange's Company, but not now believed to be extant), or found new incident for his old piece-men. If the latter, it was only natural that, lacking the leisure to overhaul his books or the unused manuscripts handed in at the play-house door, he turned for the first and only time to the scenes of his own boyhood and early youth. It seems to me as if Shakspere revenged himself for thus being obliged to preach an uncongenial moral by gibing at the queen herself and the tastes she thus confessed to. Even without the unmistakable drift of her order or the previous record of Falstaff, there was certainly precedent and temptation enough for making the catastrophe run the other way. Of course the fat knight is no more "in love" at Windsor than he had previously been shown in Eastcheap. The pen that created Ophelia and Desdemona, Imogen and Juliet, if seriously ordered to delineate a libertine controlled, reformed, and ennobled by the passion that drives out self, would have been swift to recognize a field for its genius. But that was not the royal mandate. Shakspere knew his queen. If Falstaff was still to titillate the fine humors of Elizabeth, he must be concupiscent as always, but this time thwarted, baffled, and put to rout. Since the poor old man, once banished from courtly favor, was no longer to make others the foils of his wit, he must be a foil himself; and so perforce, for the nonce in a play for Elizabeth's eyes, and within the exigency of the letter, even as against the spirit, of her royal order, must wifely honor live outside of noble birth, and virtue walk in homespun. But why should the name of "Sir John Fastolffe" have been selected for the title of a nobleman who was to be mocked by tradesmen? In writing the series *I.* and *II. King Henry IV.*, Shakspere was perfectly justified in making Sir John Oldcastle one of the reckless and profligate companions of Henry, Prince of Wales. For that such was the fact we have history to testify. But this Oldcastle in later life reversed the lightnesses of his youth, and, marrying into the Cobham family, became, in his wife's right, a Lord Cobham. And there can be no doubt but that the Cobham family raised a clamor of protest when the *Henry IV.* was being acted at Shakspere's theatres, and were powerful enough at court to secure an order from the lord-chamberlain that the name of their ancestor—if not the character—should be removed from the stage; and Shakspere was very glad to save himself by compliance.

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Fuller, in his *Church History*, says:

"Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial roister, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place."

—which is corroborative of what, indeed, from circumstantial evidence alone, could not be doubted. Shakspere seems to have found out that, according to Monstrelet's *Chronicle*, one Sir John Fastolffe, a Knight of the Garter, had at the battle of Patay been struck with terror at sight of Joan of Arc at the head of the French troops, and taken to his heels—or to his horse's—and ran away, his whole command stampeding and leaving the French in possession of that field. Now, the campaign in which the Maid of Orleans led the French was a disastrous one always for the English; and there is absolutely nothing in history to hint or suggest that Sir John Fastolffe was degraded from the order of the Garter for the particular reverse suffered under his command. On the contrary, the records of his order show that he was in attendance at its chapters for years thereafter, and kept his station at the English court. The year after Patay he was made lieutenant at Caen. In 1432 he was English ambassador at Basle, and was afterwards sent by his government to conclude a peace with France. He retired honorably from service, built himself a castle at Caistor (about three miles north of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, where there is still an inconsiderable village of the name). In his retirement he seems to have given some attention to literature, for he ordered a translation of the *De Senectute* made at his own expense, and printed by Caxton in 1481. He founded a college for seven priests, but the foundation seems to have perished in the lapse and waste of years. Dying in 1459, he was buried in the priory of Broomholm. But Shakspere, hearing of the retreat at Patay, seems to have revised history (as again in the case of Cade), and made Fastolffe to be not only defeated, but degraded as a coward on account thereof. (In the folio editions his name is spelled Falstaff and Falstoffe indifferently.) At I. i. 131, *I. Henry VI.*, occurs the following:

"*Messenger.*— . . . If Sir John Fastolfe had not played the coward:
He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre."

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Again in III. ii. 103, the scene being France, before Rouen—

"*An Alarum—Excursions. Enter* SIR JOHN FASTOLFE *and a* Captain.

"*Captain.*—Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

"*Fastolfe.*—Whither away! to save myself by flight; we are like to have the overthrow again.

"*Captain.*—What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

"*Fastolfe.*—Ay, all the Talbots in the world, to save my life."

Again at IV. 1. 9 we have:

Paris. A Hall of State. Enter the KING, GLOSTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, *the* Governor of Paris, *and others.*

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

"*Fastolfe.* My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

"*Talbot.* Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.

(*Plucking it off.*)

. . . Pardon me, princely Henry and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away."

Which is the last appearance of Sir John upon the Shaksperean stage until, in *Henry V.* and *The Merry Wives*, he takes the place of Sir John Oldcastle and his name is changed to Falstaff. But there is such a conspicuous irregularity in the spelling of the old folios, both of common and proper names, that on that alone we cannot assume a difference of character.

Fuller does not appear to have heard of the representation of Fastolffe as a coward in *I. Henry IV.*, but he is quite as indignant at this latter employment as at the former use of Sir John Oldcastle as a butt:

"To avouch him [Fastolffe] by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright; though since the stage has been over-bold with his memory, making him a Thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valor. True it is Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt, being made the makesport in plays for a coward. Now, as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in, to relieve his memory in this base service, to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Now, is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Folstafe (and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry

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V. to abuse), seeing the vicinity of sounds entrench on the memory of that worthy knight and few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling? He was made Knight of the Garter by King Henry VI., and died about the second year of his reign." *

It seems to me that here is a historical problem, nor can I suggest but the one explanation. I know that the English love military and naval valor above everything. Their great names are not Shakspere, Milton, Hampden, or Cromwell, but Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington; and their (the Englishmen's) test of greatness is, not prowess or patriotism, but success. They care little even for their kings besides victory in war, and Nelson's tall monument in Trafalgar Square looks a long ways down on several bric-à-brac Georges and Henrys and Charleses. General Gordon was great but unsuccessful, and so was abandoned, and has been already forgotten. And so perhaps, since here was a nobleman who had no record of success behind him, Shakspere felt at perfect liberty to do as he liked with the name (which, since the character to be named had been in a prince's company, and so not plebeian, must be that of a nobleman). I am aware that it has been doubted whether Shakspere himself wrote the "Epilogue spoken by a dancer," at the end of *II. King Henry IV.*, which stipulated to "continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff [Oldcastle no longer] shall die of a sweat." But he was probably not wont to be far off when such promises were made. If, however, the high theme to which the era of *Henry V.* led him precluded the by-play of the fat knight, so that only so much of the agreement as promised to kill Falstaff off in a sweat was redeemed, then it appears to me not unreasonable to believe that the comedy of *The Merry Wives* was the performance of the remainder. And that it was the royal order rather than the Shakspere taste which decreed that wives, instead of purses, were to be filched, and rural rather than city precincts selected for the cruise of Falstaff when running to his social, as he had previously to his military, downfall, I think there is some warrant beyond the tradition for believing; and that it was by reason of the Patay stampede that Shakspere felt at perfect liberty to take the name of Sir John Fastolfe, and do as he pleased with it —even so much so as to inflict upon that nobleman, on the stage, a punishment which he certainly did not receive at the hands of his superiors.

* *The History of the Worthies of England.* Endeavored by Thomas Fuller. Tegg's Edition, ii. 455.

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The strongest internal evidence that the play was thus written to order is, I think, the fact that in no other Shaksperean play is there such an entire absence of action, speech, or allusion, introductive of the characters presented, as distinguishes this comedy of *The Merry Wives*. The audience is supposed at the outset to be perfectly familiar with them. Dame Quickly is imported from Eastcheap and made the mother of a rather backward schoolboy—in the French doctor's service, to be sure, but still for the purpose of ministering to Falstaff's uses. Shallow, a justice from the interior, who had witnessed Falstaff's disgrace in the parade at Westminster, turns up again; the precious Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol still follow the fat knight's impecunious fortunes, but now to assist in his final and permanent humiliation at the hands of individuals of a class he has so often maligned and lampooned, and to abandon him cavalierly, like everybody else, at the end. It mattered very little to Shakspere whether the scenes in Falstaff's career depicted in the comedy came before or after the *Henry IV.* or the *Henry V.* However æsthetic commentators may discuss this tremendous question, we may be sure it troubled him not the least.

And, the queen's mandate once satisfied, I think we have evidences enough that the play, under Shakspere's control, soon grew beyond the limited purview of Elizabeth's characteristic. It soon began to have something more in it than the horse-play between Falstaff and the Merry Wives. How much more we may never exactly know. Since its present text is from the First Folio, it shared the fate of everything touched by the monumental carelessness of the editors of that volume. But even as we have it, the play is a local chronicle, best preservative, among the whole gallery, of English local life, manners, and domestic conditions. Unlike any other of the comedies, its robust action and high color are English, not French, Spanish, Italian, or classical. And to its enrichment Shakspere steadily turned the resources he found so copiously about him. In the course of twenty-one years this rapid sketch made at the queen's command became the complete comedy of 1623, packed full of allusion to petty tradesmen, to the popular song-books and riddle-books of the day, to the discovery of Guinea; the introduction of hackney coaches; the trivial legislation of the Parliament of 1605–1606; to the performances at Paris Gardens; the wholesale knighting of retainers by James I.; to dozens of other purely local incidents occurring at intervals of from one to three years. To suppose all these allusions inserted in a lump at the end of twenty-one years is quite as

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rational as to suppose them anticipated at the outset. Is not their constant recurrence a proof of that very growth in the mouths of successive actors to which Hamlet alludes as a well-known phenomenon? And yet we are assured that this play is a comedy of William Shakspere's "second period"; that he wrote it in exactly 3,018 lines, 2,703 of which were prose, 227 blank verse; 69 of which were five-measure rhymes, 3 two-measure, 3 three-measure, and 3 six-measure (that being the particular arithmetical order in which the great dramatist happened to be composing dramas at the time!) Mr. Furnivall has told us that the rather phonetic work—in which he first (so far as I know) announced this discovery of the processes of Shakspere's brain—is one of the three works extant which come "near to the true treatment and dignity of the subject, or can be put into the hands of students who want to know the mind of Shakspere," * which certainly settles the matter. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, however, a veteran in Shaksperean matters long before the world so much as knew if there were any Furnivall, has been heard to query "if William Shakspere, when selecting a plot, could have given no heed either to the wishes of the managers or the inclinations of the public taste, but was guided in his choice by the necessity of discovering a subject that was adapted for the expression of his own transient feelings"; or wonder "what Hemminges and Condell would have thought if they had applied to Shakspere for a new comedy, and the great dramatist had told them that he could not possibly comply with their wishes, he being then in his Tragic Period!" When we recall that William Shakspere not only never saw the 1623 text, but that even the crude quartos from which Hemminges and Condell collated it (if they did anything besides reprint them, without even caring to ask for a proof-sheet) were stolen, unauthorized, and surreptitious, we can afford to be more amused than amazed at the Furnivalls and other inductive critics. But, at the same time, an answer to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' question would be interesting reading.

APPLETON MORGAN.

* *Introduction to Gervinus' Commentaries* (London: Smith, Elder & Co.), 1877, p. xxi.

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MAJOR ROUTED.

ONCE at home again, Bawn felt that she had wandered out of the straight and narrow path of her intentions in giving even a half-promise to appear at the garden-party at Lisnawilly. She was consenting to play the lady by mixing with these people above the station she had chosen, and also to behave like an American woman in going independently into a large company. And yet Somerled had urged her to go. Her little triumph sank into insignificance before that one fact that Somerled wanted her to be there. Prudence, she admitted, must assure her that his desire was a strong reason why she ought to absent herself; but she had come to a point when prudence seems unnecessarily severe.

Listening to Somerled's arguments against faith in Desmond's innocence, she had almost despaired of her enterprise; and now, looking back upon her experience of the day, she told herself that in all probability the wind and rain would sweep away that ruin before she could even attempt to accomplish her object. Everything was against her—delirium, dotage, the fierce and sullen temper of Luke Adare, and the savage isolation from his kind in which he had chosen to bury himself.

The death of those old people, which might happen any stormy night, would deprive her in a moment of any faint chance that might yet exist of that happy confession of the truth for which she had so resolutely hoped. It might be that in a few months or weeks she should find herself quite defeated and obliged to disappear from this part of the world as unexpectedly as she had come into it. She would go off some early morning and never return. At Liverpool she would arrange with a solicitor to pay a year's rent to her landlords and a year's wages to her servants, as some amends for her capricious conduct, and then she would be heard of here no more. He was not likely to follow her to America; but if such a thing were to happen, she would there tell him her true story, and he would perceive at once that marriage was impossible between them. She thought she

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already saw the look with which he would turn away and take final leave of Desmond's daughter. After that she would devote herself, her heart and soul, her bodily strength and her worldly possessions, to the care of those poor Irish immigrants in America of whose hard case he had taught her to think.

This was the future which she now looked in the face, and, recognizing its coldness and barrenness, she asked herself should she not meanwhile enjoy this one day's pleasure which was so pressed upon her? Under the influence of such a feeling she wrote to Paris for a dress of plain white woollen material and a bonnet to match; but when the parcel arrived she was busy in her dairy among her maidens, and had returned to her senses and resolved that she would not go to the party. The box was pushed out of sight, and when, on the morning of Major Batt's fête, Shana and Rory Fingall drove up the little by-road to Shanganagh, they found Bawn feeding her chickens, bare-armed, in the sun.

"What! not ready?" cried Shana, springing from the car.

"There will be time enough," said Rory, looking at his watch. "Miss Ingram, let us feed the chickens while you dress."

"I am not going," said Bawn, standing before them, hatless, with eyes and hair full of the sunlight.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Shana, "after our long drive to fetch you! And I had to get up so early to be ready for so much travelling."

"It would be better not," said Bawn, relenting. "Why should I be so foolish as to step out of my own sphere?"

"It won't do your sphere the least harm, and will greatly improve ours," said Miss Fingall.

"Miss Ingram, I will give you just half an hour to dress," said Somerled. "Meanwhile, can I milk the cows, or anything of that kind?"

"Thank you. The only thing you could do for me would be to prop up my failing common sense, and that—"

"I have no intention of doing—at least in the way you are thinking of."

Bawn looked from one to the other of her friends and said slowly, "It is quite unwise, but I will go," and disappeared into the house to get ready.

Shana reflected, as she walked about and admired Bawn's efforts to make a garden flourish round the bleak little farmhouse, that probably most of Bawn's reluctance sprang from a difficulty about dress. But what did it matter? thought the

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girl. Any clean calico would be dress enough for beauty like Miss Ingram's, and nobody would expect her to be fine. Great was her surprise when Bawn stood in the doorway looking towards her shyly, dressed in the faultless array of white which she had found in her box.

"Where did it come from? You look like a princess. Are you a princess in disguise? I have thought of that before," said Shana delightedly.

"All woven of milk," said Rory, surveying her with wonder and approval. "Miss Ingram can do any sort of magic in her dairy."

"Shall I do?" asked Bawn. "I asked for something plain. I am afraid it is a little too nice."

"Nobody will think so, except perhaps Flora," said Shana, laughing, as they seated themselves on the car, and Bawn found herself springing along the roads, too happy almost to speak, and not daring to look back at the cast-off rags of her prudence and common sense which she had left in her little room with her work-a-day apron and gown.

Lisnawilly is a fine old place in a lovely nook of Glendun, and Major Batt had some right to be proud of his gardens and lawns, as well as of the valuables he had collected to adorn the interior of his house; and, taking into consideration all these pretty possessions, a good income, and his own great personal attractions, the major looked on himself as an enviable man and greatly to be coveted as a son-in-law by any mother of marriageable daughters. But he was a fastidious and cautious man, and always on his guard against the too presuming ambition of the women of his acquaintance. Successions of girls had bloomed into matronhood around him, and in each case of the marriage of one of his favorites Major Batt had assured himself that he had had a lucky escape. Some charm had been, to him, wanting in the graceful creatures who had been found fair enough by other men. He spent most of his time driving about the country, paying visits at houses where there were ladies, and occasionally he opened his gates and invited the fair creatures to come in and see what good things were in store for that happy feminine being who might eventually persuade him that she was worthy of his hand. Meanwhile he enjoyed the thought that he was a fastidious man and an object of much hopeless adoration. When the little party from Shanganagh arrived he was surrounded by the élite of the county—Lord Aughrim and his mother, Lady Crommelin and her six daughters, the Hon. Mrs. McQuillan and five young women, daughters and

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nieces, Colonel Macaulay and three Miss McDonnells, etc., etc. Lady Flora Fingall and her husband, Manon, and Rosheen were among the crowd when Bawn appeared, looking, as Shana had said, like a strange princess in her simple white attire, her only ornaments being her golden hair and the bouquet of roses which had found its way to her hands since she had left Shanganagh.

As these people all knew each other *ad nauseam*, the appearance of a new face, and such a face, took them by storm. There was general curiosity to know who she might be, and for various reasons the host and the Glenmalurcan people were careful to keep their own counsel. "A fair American—Miss Ingram; come to spend some time in the neighborhood," was the extent of the information vouchsafed by Major Batt.

Seeing the strange behavior of Rory and Shana, Lady Flora was careful to keep her own counsel. For the credit of the family it must not be known that they were associating with a farming-girl who rented Shanganagh and made her own butter for the market. The pleasure of the day was over for Flora as she saw Lord Aughrim and Major Batt rivalling each other in attention to Bawn, while Rory kept hovering in her neighborhood, giving only a passing politeness to Manon and herself. "There is something wrong about that girl," she said to Manon, "and I will find her out, or I am mistaken in my own capacity."

"I like American women; they are always so rich," said Colonel Macaulay, who believed himself a wag, and speaking to the eldest Miss McDonnell, who had not a penny; but then she was thirty and plain, and he did not imagine she could give a thought to herself.

"In this case the riches are absent, I think," said Lady Flora sweetly.

"All the gold on her head, eh?" said the colonel. "Pity." And then he asked to be introduced to Miss de St. Claire, with whom he walked away to join the lawn-tennis players.

Bawn acknowledged she could not play, and stood talking to her two evident admirers, Lord Aughrim and Major Batt, while Rory attached himself to the unimportant Miss McDonnell, and in the pauses of her unexciting conversation about botany he observed the effect Miss Ingram was producing on the county generally.

Would her holiday end like Cinderella's ball, and would she, after this, hide herself in her farm-house and be seen no more by these people who were making such a fuss about her? It was

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the season of garden-parties, and, despite a little jealousy, some dowagers were thinking of inviting her to their bowers and tea-tables. How would it all answer with her butter-making, were she to get her head turned by their civilities and take to queening it about the country in that ravishing gown? She would have lovers in plenty, thought Rory, and some of them might touch the heart which he had found so hard. He began to regret the urgency with which he had insisted on her coming, and his replies to Miss McDonnell grew a little vague. Was it only the other day that he and she were sitting in Shane's Hollow, as much apart from the world as if nobody lived on the globe but themselves? He began to wish Lord Aughrim and Major Batt in Dante's Inferno, with Miss McDonnell and botany to contribute to their amusement. How composed and unruffled she looked—now sweet and serious, now blithely gay! She was able to entertain both her admirers, and at the same time to keep them in awe of her dignity. Strange girl! Where had she come from? In the backwoods of Minnesota how had she learned to conduct herself like this? After all, how little he knew of her! A troubled thought of how successfully she had always denied him her confidence clouded his face, so much so that his gentle companion perceived she had failed to hold his attention and desisted from her meek endeavors to be politely agreeable. Being accustomed to this failure, she did not resent it, though it gave her a little familiar pang. She withdrew and attached herself to an elderly lady friend, and Rory found Lady Flora at his elbow.

"Rory, I am surprised at your indiscretion with regard to that American young woman. Mark my words, you will regret it."

"May be so. I admit she is a woman eminently calculated to cause regret to a good many men," he answered, smiling. "But by the way, Flora, why do you allow Alister to flirt so much with Miss de St. Claire?"

"Oh! come, are you jealous, after all?" she said, brightening. "I must say Alister knows his duty to a stranger better than you do."

"He has not done half the duty that I have done. If you only knew all my fetching and carrying for Miss Manon, mornings and evenings! And doesn't she know how to take it out of man! But all work and no play—you know the rest."

"So the other is your play. Cruel play to Miss Ingram, perhaps. Pity she does not hear you."

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"Put it out of your head, Flora, that Miss Ingram cares in the smallest degree for your humble servant."

"She is very deep, I think. She knows when to encourage you and when to throw you over."

"She has never encouraged me. She has done no one any wrong. But I warn you, Flora, that a woman's tongue might work her mischief."

"So it might," thought Flora; but she did not acknowledge to herself that hers would be the tongue to do such harm.

"I want to tell you," she said, "that I am planning to have a picnic before this glorious weather breaks."

Rory reflected that Bawn would certainly not be asked to that party, and so he was indifferent on the subject, and merely said:

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and I want you to be nice with Manon. She admires you so much. And you know she is a charming girl, and such a fortune! There is Colonel Macaulay. How he would like to be in your place! And he is much richer than you."

"That is not saying much," laughed Rory. "Well, Flora, out at elbows I may be, but I am no fortune-hunter."

"Think of your ambition to go into Parliament. How are you to gratify it?"

"Not by bribery, Lady Flora. Come, let me get you a cup of tea or an ice, to refresh you after all the fatigue of this planning for a beggarly, thankless cousin. That's the way to describe me, isn't it? But if you don't talk any more about Miss de St. Claire's money and admiration for me, I will promise to help her over the wet places in the bogs at your picnic. Only don't, for heaven's sake, talk to her of the poverty of the Fingalls and my admiration for her—"

Having seated her at a tea-table in Major Batt's drawing-room, and left her among some matronly acquaintances, Rory effected his escape, and, not seeing Bawn anywhere, walked away to the lawn-tennis ground. Shana and Willie Callender were among the players just then, but soon grew tired of the game and moved together to a distant part of the grounds. Among the various sauntering couples no one observed them or could have guessed from their manner that there was a secret engagement between them.

"Shana," said Callender, "I can't endure this state of things any longer. It is not only that I do not see you, but that I feel like a sneak in not speaking boldly to your brother."

Shana turned pale. "If you could speak to my brother with-

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out giving our fate into the hands of my sister-in-law, I would gladly allow you to speak," she said; "but Flora could ruin us."

"I have applied for that appointment in New Zealand," said Callender, "and if the answer be favorable—but, Shana, how can I take you away from all you love, perhaps to hardship? When I think of that I almost give up hope."

"You may give up what you like, so that it is not me," laughed Shana. "I should grieve to leave Rosheen, and Alister, and Gran, and the children; but wherever you go I will go. Some day we should come back—"

In the meantime, Lady Crommelin and her six daughters having waylaid Lord Aughrim and carried him off from Bawn, Miss Ingram had been beguiled indoors by Major Batt and afterwards led by him through many apartments, where he displayed his various treasures, beautiful, curious, and antique, to her unaccustomed eyes.

It is impossible to say how much Miss Ingram had risen in her host's estimation since Lord Aughrim had so evidently and highly approved of her. Major Batt was beginning to feel that his hour was almost come, and alternated between glows of eagerness and shivers of caution, like a patient in fever and ague.

If he did not secure her at once he feared that Lord Aughrim would become a formidable rival. Lord Aughrim was just the sort of man to fall in love suddenly and want to marry at once. He had been twice engaged to actresses, and twice bought off by his mother, who might now, possibly, be thankful to have any one so every way nice for a daughter-in-law as Miss Ingram. The word "American" would answer all questions as to birth; and was it not the fashion to marry Americans? As for money, his lordship was, like Major Batt himself, rich enough to dispense with fortune in a bride, if he thought her worth the sacrifice. And the major was rapidly coming to the conclusion that this woman was worth her weight in gold.

Nevertheless he did not forget her poverty and her lowly station, and still felt returning qualms of fear that he was going to throw himself away. After successfully defying the feminine world for so long, it did seem hard to yield so soon before this maiden without birth or money. And yet—

"Miss Ingram, do look at this cabinet of curiosities. Here is a cup belonging to the Borgias—er—out of which all their victims were poisoned; gold crusted with jewels. The poison was secreted in the bottom of the cup, and by pressing a spring underneath it was ejected from its hidden recess into the beverage con-

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tained in the cup, in sufficient quantity to destroy the drinker. Clever and neat, wasn't it? Here is a vestment worn by the Venerable Bede; not *beads* on the embroidery, however—ha! ha! —but real gems, I can assure you. Perhaps you admire Indian carving. Now, this took an Indian fellow a hundred years to finish—'pon my honor! Saw him at it myself—"

"When he was quite young?" asked Bawn, with demure wonder.

"No, come, Miss Ingram. Ha! ha! ha! Capital! He was old then, but I was told he had been young. If you come upstairs I will show you my pictures. There is a Titian that has a striking resemblance to you."

Bawn went up and saw the pictures.

"You see my house is rather complete, Miss Ingram. I may say—er—all it wants is a"—"mistress," he was going to say, but a spasm of dread choked back the fatal word, and after a long breath he added faintly, "a Claude Lorraine."

"I thought we saw one just now," said Bawn.

"Oh! ah! true. I meant a second Claude Lorraine, of course. Many collections have one, but few have two. This, now—ah—is the Titian I told you of. Isn't she a golden-haired beauty? I have long wished that I could make her Mrs. Batt. But one cannot marry a woman upon canvas, now can one?"

"Hardly."

A glance at her face and her answer reassured him, for he had gone off into another fit of trepidation. And yet surely he was not going to let her depart without making his proposal. He would be brave and make another attempt. He could see Lord Aughrim from the window, looking about for some one, probably Bawn.

"All these beautiful things I have been storing up for years, Miss Ingram, for the gratification of the lady whom I might chance one day to make mistress of this house. You will easily understand how hard it has been to meet with a woman worthy enough—"

"I am sure of it, Major Batt. Could any one be worthy?" ("of so dreadful a fate," she added to herself.)

"I don't know that. I will not say there may not be one. Many have thought themselves admirably fitted—"

"Doubtless all these beautiful things have broken many hearts, Major Batt—"

The major glanced at himself in a strip of looking-glass, and wondered if she meant, with a sly flattery, to include him among

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the beautiful things. Yes, he was certainly an imposing-looking person.

"A man can only marry once, Miss Ingram. In case of death he sometimes gets a second chance; but that is a thing that cannot be depended upon. I would rather, on the whole, be satisfied with my wife" (here he surveyed Bawn with entire approval, and thought of how she would look in velvet and diamonds —the Titian would be nothing to her), "and keep her—"

"That will be a very pleasant reflection for Mrs. Batt," said Bawn gravely; "but don't you think we had better go down-stairs again? I think I should like another cup of tea—"

"Stay, Miss Ingram, stay. I can conceal it no longer. I fear I have unwarrantably tantalized you, kept you in suspense; but the truth will out at last. It is you whom I intend to make mistress of Lisnawilly—"

Bawn's lips parted, and her eyes opened wide with astonishment, but she quickly regained her presence of mind.

"Oh!" she said, smiling, "that is your intention, is it? I am very sorry, for it is not mine." And, sweeping him a curtsey, she tripped down-stairs before him, and happily met Rosheen and Rory coming to look for her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NO DESERTER.

THE next day Bawn was herself again—the fine lady was gone, and the dairymaid was at her work. Into its box the pretty white dress was packed, with a regretful thought that she could never venture to wear it again. How excellently it had played its part, making her look, for one day at least, Somerled's equal in other people's eyes! How proud she had felt walking into that company with him, and feeling that she was accepted as one of themselves! It had happened once, and could never happen again. She had been quite mad in yielding to a craving for one day of delight, for taking into her heart a happiness which could never be driven out from it again, but must remain there to rust itself into sorrow.

She had finished her work and taken a book in her hand—a little old volume which had belonged to her father, and was the only book of his she had ventured to bring with her. It was so small it lay in her pocket when not at the bottom of a trunk.

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Now she sat with it high up in the orchard under the gnarled old apple-trees, the whole wonderful panorama of the glen before her, and the mountains behind and in front of her.

It was a splendid day in early autumn; soft, rich colors seemed to move along the valley at her feet as the sunshine shifted from one lovely spot to another. Bawn's heart was full of a tumult that was half-trouble and half-joy. She had opened the little book to try and still her storm by the magic of such meek lessons as are to be found between the covers of the *Following of Christ*. As she read she was back in the old home in Minnesota, with the pathetic fact of her father's life-struggle looking her in the face. She read on, hearing his voice between the lines, and stopping occasionally to close her eyes and recall his eyes, his look, his gesture. What a miserable, weak creature was she who had audaciously thought herself so strong—

Here she was interrupted by the voice of Betty Macalister, who came to tell her that Lord Aughrim had called to see her.

"Tell him I am not at home—not at home, Betty, do you hear?"

"But I tould him ye were at home, misthress, out in the orchard, an' he knows I came to tell ye."

Bawn stood up and looked at Betty, dropping her book in the grass in her confusion.

"I don't want to see him. How shall I get rid of him? Let me see!" And she knit her brows in thought. "Betty, go and bring me your Sunday cloak and bonnet, and that freshly-ironed cap I saw in your hand this morning, also that bit of looking-glass that you dress at; and be quick!"

Mrs. Macalister, greatly astonished, obeyed, knowing that her mistress never gave unnecessary orders. On her return, bearing the desired articles, she stood by open-mouthed while Bawn pushed back her bright hair and tied the muslin cap down upon her forehead, letting the heavy frills hang over her eyes. Next was put on the deep coal-scuttle bonnet, which swallowed up all that remained of Miss Ingram's face, and the voluminous two-caped cloak, which, with Betty's shawl underneath, made her figure a good imitation of her serving-woman's. Lastly, she seized a piece of beet-root growing near, and, breaking it, rubbed her face all over with the juice, especially the end of her nose, till all that could be seen of her countenance had assumed a thoroughly rubicund appearance.

"Misthress!" remonstrated Betty, "have ye lost yer sinses?"

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"If you find them, Betty, keep them for me here till I come back. Don't come into the house, or you will ruin me."

And away went Bawn to interview Lord Aughrim.

His lordship was standing at the window of Bawn's little parlor, wondering at the prettiness of the plain cottage-room, but wondering more at the kind of place in which he found Miss Ingram. Surely there must be some mistake. Truly it was a sweet little room: window-sills turned into banks of flowers, brown floor spread with mats of goat-skin, short, deep-colored cottage-curtains, and a great bowl of old-fashioned flowers on the table. What fancy had the fair American to lodge herself so humbly? He must ask Alister Fingall where he had found so improving a tenant. Perhaps Alister himself was turning model landlord; there was no knowing what might happen in these topsy-turvy days. Out in the orchard was she? How charming! He was sorry he had not gone to look for her there—

And then the door opened and a high-pitched voice, shrill and cracked, made him turn round, to confront a stout-looking country-woman in a bonnet and cloak suggesting Noah's Ark, and with a remarkable redness of nose and chin.

"Och! och! yer lordship! Are ye not sittin' down? To think of a gintleman like you standin' on yer feet in me parlor."

"I wanted to see Miss Ingram," said his lordship.

"Troth an' I'm Miss Gingham meself, an' a dacent body, too, though yer honor is so short with me."

"Gingham! I said Ingram."

"If I was born Gingham I can't make meself Ingram to please yer lordship, an' if ye have any business wi' me yer welcome. It's not every day a body can hold transaxions wi' a lord. If ye'll please to sit down—"

"Thank you. I have no business with you at all. I came to see a lady whose name is Ingram."

Miss Gingham struck her stick on the floor and went off into an explosion of noisy laughter. "Ha! ha! ha! It's the American leddy yer maybe lookin' afther. Sure an' ye made a great mistake so, in comin' here, Lord Aughrim—"

"I was told Shanganagh."

"Shanganagh, ay! But it be to be the Shanganagh up at the top o' Glenan—just where the windy bush always has a rag of a cloud on it. There's two Shanganaghs, wan with wan 'n' an' wan with two. We only keep wan 'n' here."

"The top of Glenan!! Worse and worse! What can have taken her up there?" muttered his lordship, quite bewildered.

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"I hear she's goin' to build a castle there," Bawn went on. "Would yer honor's lordship take a drink o' buttermilk afore you start?"

"Thank you, thank you, no," said Lord Aughrim. "Sorry for disturbing you. Wish you a very good afternoon." And hurrying out of the house, he mounted his horse and galloped off.

"Here, Betty, take your clothes. I can't think how you walk under the weight of them. Get me some warm water to wash my face."

"I'm that weak with laughin' behind the door I can hardly hold the cloak," said Betty. "Och, misthress, but yer hard, an him such a fine young lord come to see you!"

"I received him well, Betty, but he wouldn't sit down."

"'Deed, an' yer as fit to be a lady as he is to be a lord though ye are a farmer's daughter. You would make a right good countess—"

"So would you, Betty. But neither of us want to be countesses. How that beet-root stains! Nothing but buttermilk will wash it out."

Later that evening she had trimmed her lamp and was writing a letter to Dr. Ackroyd when she heard an unusual stir outside, and in walked Shana Fingall with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"Miss Fingall! I am surprised."

Shana closed the door and flung herself on Bawn's neck with a sob.

"I have come to you for refuge. I have run away."

"Oh! nonsense," said Bawn, but holding her fast.

"I have run away," persisted Shana. "Not from Alister, but from Flora. She sha'n't say such things to me again. You will let me stay here with you, won't you?"

"Of course I will. Only too glad to have you, so long as it is right. But sit down and don't cry any more. I shall get you some tea, and you will tell me all about it."

Shana did not cry for long. She was so angry at the fresh memory of whatever wrongs had driven her away from home that her tears were dried by the heat of her passion as fast as they fell. When she had rested awhile and swallowed Bawn's tea her courage revived, and it was with a characteristic flash of the eyes that she said, looking straight at her friend:

"In the first place, I must tell you I have been engaged to be married for some months, unknown to my family—just as long as you have been here. The same day brought me the word I

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had hoped for from my love and relief from that dreadful feeling of beggary—"

She stopped, and after a few moments' silence Bawn said:

"I saw you with some one the other day."

"That was he," said Shana rapidly, a lovely smile breaking through the clouds of her anger. "Isn't he—"

She stopped short, looking at Bawn with a mixture of pride and wistfulness.

"He looked good," said Bawn quietly. "I should have said that neither of you need have been ashamed to confess the engagement."

"Ashamed!" said Shana, coloring all over her face. "No; I must make you understand. He is my equal in every way, in truth, in age, in want of means, and in determination to work for money. If I had had a mother I should not have kept my secret from her for one day, or even a father; but I have only a brother, and that, being freely translated, means a sister-in-law. The equality in want of means is the only equality Flora recognized between us. I did not need her assistance to see the difficulty it makes. I knew that my brother must be divided in the matter between his kind heart, that would sympathize with us, and his prudence and desire for a peaceful life which would make him give way before his wife. I was not going to have his life turned into a purgatory on my account, and so I held my tongue and merely regulated my own conduct as I thought my brother would wish to see it regulated. I refrained from seeing at all the man I had promised to marry, and we did not meet except at rare intervals during our walks, when my sister or the children were always sure to be present. We believed that if we were both patient a way would be sure to open up for us. I would not let him speak. Do you think I was wrong?" asked Shana abruptly, with a look half-pleading, half-defiant.

"I would rather you could have told. I hate secrets," said Bawn, heavily aware of her own secret as she spoke. "But I can't say how wrong you have been till I hear everything you have done."

"The enormity I have committed is this: I have known for some time that he had been promised an appointment in New Zealand, and that the opening was a fair one. When I saw him the other day nothing had been settled about it, but this evening I got a note asking me to meet him at the end of the avenue, as he had something particular to say. What he had to say was that he had secured the appointment and wanted permission to

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speak to my brother to-morrow. I walked up and down the road with him for about a quarter of an hour, and then I got a message to say that Flora wanted me."

Shana's eyes flashed once more as she stopped and was evidently living over again the scene that had followed her sister-in-law's summons.

She sprang up, and, clinching both her little hands, walked about Bawn's parlor with a step as light as a bird's, and the whole of her slight figure wrapped in a flame of indignation.

"I won't tell you what she said to me. My brother was away from home or she would not have dared. Clandestine meeting—secret understanding—beggary—scorn—contempt—shamelessness, were the heads of her discourse. Gracious heavens, how did I endure her!" cried Shana, quivering all over in another fiery whirlwind.

"Not very patiently, I am sure," said Bawn, sitting at the table with folded hands, watching her. "Come, Miss Fingall, confess that you did not spare her, neither."

Shana calmed down instantly and stood still.

"True," she said, "I answered her fiercely. I said things to her that she will never forget. I am sorry, as she is Alister's wife."

"And then you rushed away here. Why did you not go to Tor, to your grandmother?"

"Several whys," said Shana in her most matter-of-fact manner. "In the first place, I couldn't have got so far to-night. In the next place, it was you I wanted. Gran is a good old soul, as good as gold, and kind-hearted, but she has some notions of her own which will not alter. She is a person of—"

"Fixed ideas?" suggested Bawn.

"Yes; and one of her beliefs is that girls ought never to take their affairs into their own hands, and ought always to be guided by their superiors."

"Indeed!" said Bawn reflectively.

"Flora tries her often enough, and yet she does not know my sister-in-law as I know her, and I could not grieve her by hurling my story at her as I have hurled it at you. By the time I see her I shall have calmed down and made the best of it. I will not vex her. I have never done so. Gran has had a great trial of her own. Her favorite son was murdered by his friend—"

Bawn's face, which was turned on her full, the eyes listening, full of thoughtful interest, suddenly changed so that Shana, even in her passion, could not but notice it.

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"What is the matter? Have I tired you, frightened you?"

Bawn passed her hand over her face, trying to sweep the look off it that had startled Shana.

"I am not easily tired nor frightened. You will learn that when you know me better. I have been thinking probably your good grandmother is right in holding that young women ought not too rashly to rush into planning their own fate."

"That is the last remark I should have expected to hear from an independent woman like you," said Shana. "However, whether she is right or wrong, I shall never desert—" and her voice trembled, as if tears were coming.

"No, you are no deserter. Neither am I," said Bawn. "That is a different thing. And we can't mend matters by looking back."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GRAN TO THE RESCUE.

EARLY the next day, when Bawn was about her business in a field near the gate of her farm, a young gentleman met her, and, removing his hat, asked if he had the pleasure of speaking to Miss Ingram.

"You are Mr. Callender, I think."

"Yes. May I see Miss Fingall?"

"No."

"She is not ill?"

"No."

"She is here?"

"Yes."

"Then why cannot I see her?"

"Because I have her in charge for her family, and I cannot allow her to receive visitors."

"O Miss Ingram, are you against us, too?"

"Anything but that. But I think you are both a little reckless. It will be time enough for you to meet when Mr. Alister Fingall returns home."

"That will not be for several days. And she has been made to suffer for my selfishness. You must let me speak to her for a few minutes, Miss Ingram."

"I will not, Mr. Callender. I shall not let her know you are here. But I will tell you something now which I dare say is not new to you, and ought to keep you happy even if you are obliged

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to be patient for a day or two. You have won as true and brave a heart as exists on earth. Be careful how you give her more to suffer than must needs be. Any folly you lead her into now will be counted against you."

Callender reflected a few minutes with a clouded countenance, then brightened up and exclaimed:

"You are right. I will not see her. Thank you for your friendly advice. Good-morning."

Then Bawn went in and told Shana who had been there and what had been done.

"It was cruel of you—cruel and inhospitable. He will think they have frightened me. He will be sure I have given him up. I wanted to tell him—"

"I told him all you wanted to say. It was much better from me than from you just at present." And then Bawn left Shana again and returned to her fields, reflecting on how wonderful a thing is human love. To her Willie Callender looked but a fair, smooth-faced boy, not much of a raft to cling to on the broad ocean of life; and yet here was Shana ready to give up home and kindred and follow him to exile in New Zealand. Unbidden the tall figure and steadfast eyes of another appeared before her in contrast, but the vision was quickly waved aside. What right had she to draw contrasts between men, to decide which was most worthy to be loved—she who would never have a mate?

Another summons soon brought her from her work. A carriage was at her gate, from which descended Gran, assisted by Rosheen and Manon de St. Claire. A lengthy epistle, sent post-haste last night by a man on horseback, had brought the old lady all the way from Tor to remonstrate with her truant granddaughter.

As Bawn came to the gate to receive her Mrs. Fingall observed her keenly. So fair, with such a look of innocence and good sense, was it possible this young woman could be compounded of cunning, audacity, and all those other bad qualities which Flora had represented her as possessing?

"Miss Ingram," she said, looking Bawn full in the eyes, "I have come to see my granddaughter, who has been very naughty. I am obliged to you for giving her a night's lodging—that is, if you did not know of her intention, had not encouraged her to leave home."

"I would not turn away a dog who came to me for shelter," said Bawn gravely. "As for the rest, Miss Fingall will tell you everything better than I can."

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Shana was standing in the middle of Bawn's parlor, her little hands wrung together and a hundred changing expressions flying over her face, when Gran appeared in the doorway.

"Shana, what is the meaning of all this?"

Shana had been on the point of flinging herself into the old lady's arms, but Gran's stern tone restrained her.

"Why have you run away from home?"

"Because Flora drove me out," said the girl stoutly. "I should have gone if it had been to sleep in a ditch. As it was, I was thankful to come here."

"And you received Mr. Callender here this morning. We met him—"

"He was here, but I did not see him. I wish I had; but Miss Ingram would not allow it."

"Humph!" said Gran, and was silent for a few moments. Then she began again:

"Shana, you are the last girl in the world from whom I should have expected sly conduct."

"Right, Gran; but don't speak in the past tense."

"I am sorry I must. To engage yourself secretly to any man, however worthy—"

"He is worthy! he is worthy!" broke out Shana. "O my God! how Flora spoke of him! I wonder I did not kill her!"

"Shana, I am shocked beyond measure. I cannot listen to you. Come, you had better come home with me at once. You must return to your senses before we talk this matter out."

"I will go with you, Gran; you are not Flora. After you have scolded me you will listen to me. You may say anything you please of me, so that you do not attack Willie."

"My dear, I do not want to attack him. He always seemed to me a nice, gentlemanly, gentle young fellow. Why could you not have trusted the old woman with your secret, Shana?"

Shana stared and burst into tears, dropping her face into the old lady's lap.

"O Gran! Gran! I wish I had. But I did not want to bother you, and I was in dread of Flora. And I did not see him or hear from him. It was very hard, but I thought it was right; and then to be called *clan*—ugh! the horrid word, I can't say it. Only because we waited and said nothing. And last night he just came to say he had got his appointment and might he speak to Alister. And Flora—"

Gran sighed. She could imagine all the rest. So this was all. She stroked the girl's hair and reflected.

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"But, Shana, my love, are you so ready to leave us all for New Zealand?"

"I love him, Gran, and I can be of use to him, and he wants me. Anybody could wear Major Batt's jewels and things," said Shana, looking up contemptuously and flinging back her hair, "but nobody but me could make Willie happy or help him on through the world."

"Major Batt?" said Gran inquiringly.

"Yes, that is what Flora is so wild about. She had a fancy to marry me to Lisnawilly. And I assure you, Gran, even if I did not hate him, he would not think of me. It is Miss Ingram."

"Humph!" said Gran again.

"I will go home with you, Gran, as soon as you please and I have written a letter to Alister."

CHAPTER XXXV.

KIDNAPPING.

ALL that was over. Shana had been carried away to Tor, and Bawn's thoughts had again set towards the mysterious Hollow. As the autumn, with its brilliant colors streaming down the glen and its glorious clouds banked behind the mountains, advanced in beauty, the nights became more stormy; fierce squalls would swoop down from the high crags about midnight, burying the moon in darkness and playing mad pranks over hill and dale till the morning dawned. On such mornings Bawn wakened unrefreshed after uneasy sleep, in which she had imagined the entire collapse of the old house in the Hollow under the assaults of the gale.

"Betty," she said, "I have made up my mind to do something, and I rely on your help."

"Anything I can, misthress."

"I am going to bring Miss Mave Adare here, to this house."

"Misthress!"

"I will give her my room and I shall sleep on the sofa here till we see further. The truth is, I can't rest for fear of that roof falling on her."

"God bless you, misthress, for taking that thought! But she will not come."

"I am not so sure of that, Betty. Coming here to me, knowing how I feel for her, is different from going to the poorhouse

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hospital. I may as well do it as soon as I can, for I shall have no peace till it is done."

Betty looked at her young mistress, shook her head many times, clapped her hands, groaned, frowned, finally snatched Bawn's hands and kissed them, and, throwing her apron over her face, fled from the room.

In this pantomime she expressed her still lingering disgust at the Adares, her dislike to having the dreadful invalid in the pretty little, cheerful house, her pity for and sympathy with the sufferer, and finally her rapturous appreciation of her mistress' superior charity and courage in proposing to harbor so undesirable a guest. Bawn, looking after her, felt a sudden sting of pain as the old woman's last action reminded her of the words in her father's notes descriptive of Betty's conduct towards himself when every other creature had turned against him; of how, having offered her sympathy, she had flung her apron over her face, turned into her house, and shut the door. Desmond's daughter now longed to follow the old woman and hug her, but prudence restrained her from behavior so remarkable.

That afternoon she proceeded, in a peculiar, very old-fashioned, almost obsolete vehicle known in Ireland as a "covered car," to the Hollow, consenting to a longer journey than usual in order that she might bring the conveyance near to the house. Alighting in the avenue, she bade Andy wait there till she signalled him to approach the door; then, meeting Peggy by appointment, she dived with her into the ruin as before.

The interior looked, if possible, even more appalling than when Bawn had visited it last. There had been much rain in the nights, and a slimy wetness was over everything, making it doubly dangerous to take a step in any direction. Each of the larch-tree props had carried its own stream of ooze from above, to lie in a pool around it on the spot where it had been fixed.

As they climbed the shaky stair Peggy kept assuring Bawn in low tones that Miss Mave would never consent to come with her, and that if she attempted to carry her off the brothers would rise out of their dens and interfere.

"I am going to try, however, Peggy. Just you go presently and ask Mr. Luke if he has any objection to his sister's taking a drive with the lady from America. Put it in the most respectful way you can."

As soon as Bawn was seated at Miss Adare's ghastly bedside Peggy went on her errand. It seemed to the girl, sitting there face to face with this awful example of death in life, that the

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woman in the bed was more weird, more skeleton like, more pitiable even than she had appeared to her at first. And yet when the poor creature greeted her with weak cries of welcome, and at the same time made a sort of effort at lady-like courtesy which had an indescribably strange effect in the midst of such surroundings, Bawn soon found her more human, more real than she had once thought possible.

"Now, Miss Adare, you are coming with me for a drive. I have got a conveyance for you, and the air will do you good."

"Out?" shrieked the poor creature. "I to go out! Oh! you must be dreaming or raving. I rave and I dream myself, and I can understand it. You think you see me riding and driving as I used to do, my dear—indeed I used, though it is so long, long ago, and seems only yesterday."

"But I mean not yesterday but to-day, Miss Adare. Peggy and I will wrap you up in cloaks and rugs—we have brought plenty—and you can't think how sweet the air is."

"Oh! don't I know? Why do you tell me? Why do you talk about it? What have I to do with fresh air now? Leave me alone with the rats and the owls. I see them, my dear, at night—indeed I do, and there is a rat I am afraid of—and ghosts; though I don't mind them so much—"

She was wandering now, but Bawn recalled her to herself by saying: "You will come with me, I know, Miss Adare. You won't disappoint me?"

"You don't know what you are saying," shrieked the sufferer. "Luke never would permit such a thing."

"Peggy has gone to ask your brothers," said Bawn gently. "And I am sure they will not be so unkind as to refuse. Here is Peggy."

"I saw Mr. Edmund, ma'am, and he spoke to Mr. Luke, and then he comes an' he says, 'We see no objection,' says he, 'to a lady goin' out for a carriage drive wid another lady. We only hope our sister will not be kept out too late in the night air,' says Mr. Edmund, says he."

There was in all this assumption of pride and stateliness something so ludicrous and grotesque, when contrasted with the utter desolation of everything she saw around her, that for a moment Bawn was overwhelmed by the sense of that complete unreality, of impossibility, which she had experienced before in that place. She sat silent, struggling with an inclination to laugh and weep together, when Miss Adare's voice recalled her attention to the facts of the situation.

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"That is a different thing, Peggy. That puts it in quite another light. And oh! how glad I should be to go. But how will you get me out of this, Peggy? O my God! Shall I really go out into the sunshine again?"

"No doubt of it," said Bawn triumphantly, and she stood up and looked at Peggy for a hint as to how to proceed, while the weird invalid stretched out her lean arms towards them from under cover of her hideous canopy.

"Go down now, miss," whispered Peggy; "away and hide among the trees, and I'll get Mr. Edmund coaxed to come and help me down wid her. You an' me couldn't be sure of not lettin' her fall. If he doesn't see you he'll do it. When we have her in the car I'll call ye."

Bawn obeyed, having first helped to wrap Miss Adare up in the comfortable clothing she had brought, and slipped away and left Peggy to manage the rest.

She went across the sward, away under the great spreading trees, and hid herself behind the trunk of one of the giant beeches. "I shall be within earshot here," she thought, "and shall neither see nor be seen." Scarcely had she taken up her position, however, when she saw and was seen by one person whom she had not expected—Rory Fingall, who was approaching from the direction of the old garden.

"Miss Ingram!" he said, coming quickly near and standing before her.

"Hush!" she said. "Stand well behind the tree, or you will spoil everything."

"What do you mean? What are you doing here, if I may venture to ask?"

"Kidnapping."

"Kidnapping what? Crows, owls, rats? Have you set snares anywhere?" looking round.

"I am kidnapping Mave Adare. Hush! it is a deep-laid plot. She thinks I am taking her for a drive only, but I mean to carry her off to Shanganagh and keep her."

"You are a strange girl."

"Am I? So strange that I do not like waiting calmly to see a broken roof drop down upon a fellow-creature. I ought to have been born in a place like Ireland, in order to be able to take such things philosophically. In America we have no such roofs and no suffering humanity mouldering away under them unheeded. My 'American audacity'—I think that is what I heard a lady call it—has prompted me to make a raid upon this ruin

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while it is still accessible; to snatch a poor woman from a horrible death."

"It ought to have been done some other way. I have been thinking about it; but meanwhile you have acted, though not, I fear, much for your own comfort. God bless you, Bawn! you are good—"

"Don't praise me," she said, throwing back her head quickly and thinking of all the motives that had been at work within her, leading her to do what she was doing. "I am not so good as you think."

She had drawn back a step, as all her mixed feelings toward the creature she was now trying to benefit, her abhorrence of Luke Adare, her disgust and dislike to even his, Rory's, family, rose distinctly in her mind.

"You are not to credit me with goodness—you who know so little of me. I am doing what I choose to do, and that is about all."

"It is true that I do know little about you, but I am willing to believe all that is noblest and best."

"Ah!" she said, with sudden sadness, "don't believe too much. Judge me not at all till I am dead or gone from here. But hush-sh-sh! I hear them coming. Oh, pray, pray do not let yourself be seen!"

He moved a step and they stood close together, hiding behind the great beech-tree, wrapped in its blue shade, looking out on the golden moss and grass, and through rifts in the drooping foliage ahead of them, away to the blackened and broken and sun-pierced garden-walls—a wide well of sunshine against gray and distant woods.

"Who are coming? By what witchcraft are you convèying Miss Adare down those crazy stairs in the teeth of her brothers' opposition?"

"Her brothers have consented to allow their lady sister to go for a carriage drive with another lady. It is with their permission; indeed, Mr. Edmund himself is carrying her down, and that is why we must not be in sight. They will not endure to be seen. Have you ever beheld these men?"

"Edmund I have seen; Luke, never. Edmund occupied himself for years breaking stones in a hole at the back of those ruined out-buildings, which he sold for the mending of the roads. He used to keep up a little play in the matter by pretending he had bought the stones, and would oblige us by supplying them when wanted. I found him out by accident, poor old fellow!

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coming on him one day as he stood on the top of his heap of broken stones, with an old riddle in his hands which he had just emptied on the heap. He was a very queer figure—tight clothes and stockings, an old dress-coat, and a little black skull-cap on his head. He is a small man with a large white beard. When he saw me he vanished, and never came near me again for an order for stones to mend my roads. He is not the worst of the Adares."

"I can see him now. He is carrying his sister into the car. He is not so well dressed as you describe him. He looks like a little wizard. Now she is in and he has fled back to his den. Good-by, Mr. Fingall. You are on your way home, I suppose. So am I. You had better not come near the car. Good-by."

She gave him her hand hurriedly; he raised his hat, and she was gone like a lapwing across the sward.

Miss Adare was lying in the car, wrapped about with the rugs and cushions Bawn had brought for her. At first Bawn thought she was dead or in a swoon, till Peggy whispered that the creature was only tired with the moving and was resting herself. Bawn had read somewhere of a waxen image, made to the likeness of a human creature, to be wasted before a fire for purposes of witchcraft, and she thought now that such an image, already half-wasted, might this poor Miss Adare have been taken for. The car proceeded slowly, the sweet mountain-air penetrated through the open door of the vehicle, and the ghastly invalid breathed deeply and revived. A wild glance from Bawn to Peggy, a murmured "Don't keep me long or they will be angry. O my God, the delicious breeze!" and she lapsed into seeming death. Later in the evening she recovered from her trance and saw Peggy sitting by her bedside in Bawn's little lavender-scented bed-chamber.

"Peggy," she whispered, "where are we now? Are we in heaven?"

"No, ma'am, not just yet," said Peggy cheerfully; "but, faix, I think we're the next door by. It's at home wid the American lady ye are. You're goin' to stay on a visit wid her."

"O Peggy, I must go back at once. Luke will never allow it. O my God, what will Luke do to me?"

"Now whisht, ma'am, and lie back and rest yerself. Sure the gintlemen gave her leave to have ye for a while wid her. Never fear but she made it all right wid Mr. Luke. It's herself knows how to bring wan thing straight along wid another, so she does. An' she has the beautifullest little taste of a supper ready for ye, an' if ye don't try to eat it ye'll just break her heart."

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Then Peggy had to go home, and Bawn and Betty stood at the kitchen fire holding council over their charge.

"We must nurse her between us, Betty. And you'll be good to her?"

"Och, ay! I'll do what I can, poor body! But she needn't ha' come to this if she had 'a' stood up for Mr. Arthur. It's the good home he would have give her somewhere, forbye rottin' herself off the face o' creation wid damp and hunger."

"Well, Betty, I may tell you that I think she believes now that your Mr. Arthur was innocent."

"Thank her for nothing," said Betty scornfully. "It's time she found it out. But never fear, ma'am; I amn't such a haythen monstier as not to be as good to her as I can."

The little household settled to rest; the strange guest had relapsed into her swoon of peace; only Bawn was awake and up, feeling still too much excitement after the events of the day to be ready for sleep. Her fire was expiring, her lamp burning low; she had opened the blind to see the horn of the late-risen moon appear above the curve of the black-purple mountain opposite, and was walking up and down the floor, her hands locked behind her back, her head upraised, thinking over her success with regard to Mave, her conversation with Somerled, his persistence in meeting her. Did he wait and watch for her, or was it always chance that brought him through the Hollow just as she appeared in it? Say what she might to her own heart, it would feel glad at the sight of his face and the sound of his voice. By the pain that passing gladness left behind it let her expiate the sin of her weakness in loving one of the family of her father's enemies. As for him, he had been warned, and why could he not keep out of her way? Why could he not stay at Tor and learn to love Manon de St. Claire? And then Bawn paused in her walk and her heart winced. Of course that would naturally be the end of it all. After she had gone back over the sea she had so confidently crossed; after the ruin in the Hollow had been levelled with the ground, burying under it the ashes of the Adares; after the Hollow had bloomed again, as Rory himself had predicted it would bloom, in that time Rory would dwell among these hills a contented man, husband of a suitable wife.

Bawn, choking a little over the sadness of her own fate, acknowledged that she had one cause for self-congratulation, in that she could not be called on to witness that admirable state of things; that there was still a merciful ocean within reach, ever ready to carry her back to the unknown.

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The moon had risen above the mountain-ridge, a clear crescent, and clouds were drifting towards it. Bawn stood in the middle of the floor looking at it, her meditations broken by the fancies it suggested. It was the diadem of the queen of night, more like a half of the golden ring that romantic lovers break between them; but here a long, streaming cloud, dark and filmy, with a weird outline, reminding one of a banshee with outstretched arm and threatening finger, came hurrying towards it, pounced on the jewel, and hid it in her mysterious draperies. At the same moment a loud sob escaped the wind, which had been whispering complainingly around the corners of the house and among the old thorn and alder trees, and a sense of uncanny solitariness just touched Bawn, who was accustomed to sleep early and soundly, and had no timorous associations with the dead of night.

She had just shaken off the feeling, and was approaching the window to draw down the blind before taking refuge in her pillows, when something she saw struck her intelligence like a blow and froze up the blood in her veins. A figure was distinctly visible at the window, strange and uncouth; a ghastly and malignant face was pressed against the pane, the hollow eyes straining out of their sockets, trying to see into the room. A pair of long, claw-like hands grasped the upper sash, and the figure seemed to hang by them, as if weak and wanting support. Dusty-looking hair, in shaggy masses; long gray jaws and a hungry mouth—these details of the countenance imprinted themselves on her imagination as the creature, whatever it was, crushed itself against the window-frame, like a beast struggling behind the bars of a cage.

"Good God!" muttered Bawn, and waited to see if the thing would try the fastenings of the window or make an attempt to get in. If so she would quickly shut the shutters and put up the bar. But if this should be only some poor tramp, hungering for a sight of fire on the hearth, or out of mere curiosity peering with all the fascination of the homeless for a look into a home, why need she be afraid of him?

He might be a lunatic escaped from control; and if he were to prove too quick for her? She thought of the horror of a midnight alarm, the possible effect on the sufferer within, the excitement of her women, and decided to fasten the shutter without further delay. As she stepped to the window the pale ray of the moon, now free of the gathering clouds, fell on her and revealed her dimly to the creature outside the pane, and its gaze,

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fastening on her at once, seemed straining to distinguish her features, as if the sight of the hollow eyes was imperfect as well as the light. Bawn's vision being strong, she was able to see more clearly than before as loathsome a human face as imagination ever pictured. A ravening desire for something unattainable, a malignant cunning, a wicked despair, were the passions suggested by the expression of the visage. Shuddering she put forth her hand and drew the blind, and then stood waiting for the look or word that might possibly follow her action. Some minutes passed before she ventured to lift a corner of the blind and look out, and when she did so the strange visitor had disappeared.

She closed the shutters quickly, saw to all the fastenings of the house, and hurried to bed, where she lay long awake, unable to blot the image of that ghastly countenance from her mind. Something inexpressibly evil in the eyes that had strained in at her had stifled the ready pity in her breast. Whosoever her strange visitor might have been, she felt certain that he was nothing good.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TAINE'S ESTIMATE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VERY few books of to-day have attracted or have deserved as wide attention as the remarkable study of Napoleon Bonaparte which Hippolyte Adolphe Taine has just put forth. In the first part of the volume M. Taine scatters around in his usual manner, and indulges himself in a number of essays, brilliant enough in themselves, but having only a remote connection with the subject of the work. But after he settles to his matter, and begins his thorough exposure of the character of the great French emperor, he shows a supreme mastery of his material. Every shred is stripped from the figure of the military chief; he is turned to our view on every side, and his different qualities are submitted to the calcium lights of a minute and powerful analysis. Thinkers outside of France had long since come to the conclusion which M. Taine has formulated for his countrymen. They had seen the last shimmer of glory depart from one who had been to many of them the hero of their boyhood, and had ob-

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served that the towering Colossus who stamped so long on the neck of prostrate Europe was merely a huge mass, a mighty compound of small meannesses. Often had the thought occurred to their minds that the strain of Napoleon's Italian blood showed itself in deeds worthy of a Malatesta or Borgia. The savage propensities of the man had been commented upon, not merely by political enemies in lampoon, caricature, or satire, but by calm historians intent only upon elucidating the truth and not consciously swayed by national prejudices. But M. Taine goes further than a hint or a theory. He gives the proof. He establishes the fact of Bonaparte's actual relationship to the houses whose infamy ranks them high even in Italian history. Then he traces the Corsican boyhood amid scenes of rapine, robbery, and vendetta; the finishing of the youth's education among the scenes of the French Revolution; the full-blown product who, as consul and emperor, put into practice the lessons learned in his youth, and, with the reins of despotic power grasped in his hands, gave full swing to the unbridled passions of the savage which lay beneath his usually calm exterior.

M. Taine dwells considerably upon Napoleon's period of boyhood, holding truly that the boy is the father of the man. He quotes largely from official reports to show the lawlessness of Corsica at that time. The factions fought at the polls, and the victorious party used its power chiefly to wreak vengeance on their enemies. Banditti infested the country places, so that it was insecure to dwell there. The principal conversation among the common people was about the last bold foray, the last clever stroke of the stiletto. After listening to these on his idle afternoons, young Bonaparte would probably hear the same character of talk at table, only applied to political parties. "On one occasion his uncle told him that he would govern the world, because he was accustomed to lie incessantly. . . . From a remark like this of his uncle's, from a facial expression, from a gesture of admiration or a shrugging of the shoulders, he divined that the normal course of the world is not peace but war; by what tricks men keep what they have got, by what acts of violence they get on, by what dexterity they go up the ladder." All this the youth sucked in as so much milk native to his palate. The education suited the character of his instincts. On his return to Corsica, after the outbreak of the Revolution, he forthwith takes life for what he deems it—a fight in which all weapons are legitimate and no means too foul. If he is compelled to pay outward respect to law, it is only lip-service; a law, to him, is but the phrase

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of a code, and might is right. In his experience of the early stages of the Revolution the same lesson was impressed upon his mind. There he saw men devouring one another, and the only concern was to get upon the strongest side. When he entered upon the Italian campaign he put this principle into operation on an extended scale and for his own benefit, judging other men from his own nature. Selfishness was the only motive power he recognized in any one. It might have different objects, but the principle was the same. His object was ambition, was to rule. It had been noticed of him while a boy that he would sit apart on the playground from the other scholars. If he could not rule them he would have nothing to do with them. The ruling passions of his army, he soon saw, were pleasure, rank, and military glory, not devotion to republican ideas; and he determined to gratify all as far as he could, and to thus bind them to his own person. "On this common ground an understanding is reached between the general and his army, and after a year's experience it is perfect. From their joint deeds a species of morality is evolved, vague in the masses of the army, definite in the general. What they have but a glimpse of he sees. If he shoves his comrades forward, it is on their natural incline. He does but forestall them when, arriving at his conclusion from the start, he comes to look upon the world as a great banquet open to every comer, but where, to be well served, you must have long arms, be served the first, and leave the others but the scraps."

This ambition to rule took such complete possession of the man that he came to look upon it as natural, and he spoke his thoughts before men not his intimates—before Miot, a diplomatist; before Melzi, a foreigner—who have recorded what he said. He mocked openly at the Directory and the Republic, declaring that they could not last, that they were impossible chimeras; that what France wanted was glory, and that he intended to rule or ruin. He went with the Jacobins when there was danger of the Bourbons returning, and he explained his conduct by saying that the Bourbons must be kept out, especially if Moreau or Pichegru attempted to restore them, and that the time had not come for his own seizure of absolute power—"the pear is not ripe." Later he said: "My resolve is taken: if I cannot be master I will leave France." When he returned to Paris he meditates "the overthrow of the Directory, the dissolution of the Councils, the making of himself dictator." Finding neither of these plans workable, he turns to Egypt. He deliberately strips France of a fine army and exposes her fleet to destruction, in

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order that he might build himself an Eastern empire, or, failing that, send back to Europe trumpet-blasts of victories spectacularly won on Egypt's parched sands, by the banks of the venerable Nile, and under the shadow of the Pyramids, to herald his approach with garnered sheaves of new laurels.

When he became consul and then emperor his theory that men were made to obey him obtained fresh verification. At his first gesture all Frenchmen flung themselves at his feet—the common people and soldiers with brute fidelity, the state dignitaries and army officers with Oriental servility. Among the Republicans he found his chief worshippers, and he readily fashioned them into his instruments. From the start he saw beneath their gilded oratory and detected the desire to rule among their platitudes about equality. Every man, he thought, desired to rule as first fiddle in even minor pieces, and he was inclined to gratify them, provided they acknowledged his domination over all. Disinterested sentiment, devotion to a cause or an idea, he could not even understand. If rigid Republicans like Cambon, Baudot, Lecourbe, and Delmas growl, he disposes of them by calling them hide-bound ignoramuses stuck in a rut. Those intelligent and self-sacrificing Liberals of 1789 he dubs "ideologists, drawing-room statesmen, theorists." "Lafayette is a political tomfool, the dupe of men and things." He disputes to their faces men who declare they were disinterested advocates of liberty in promoting the Revolution, and argues down General Dumas' throat that he was either inspired with Massena's ignoble greed for money or Murat's thirst for a princely title. The most competent eye-witnesses agree in saying that Bonaparte's conviction of universal venality among men was so firm that nothing could shake it. "His opinions about men," says Metternich, "had been distilled into a conception which, unluckily for him, had acquired to his mind the force of an axiom; he was persuaded that no man called upon to play a part on the public stage, or merely busied in the active pursuits of life, ever was controlled, or could be controlled, by anything but self-interest." "According to him," adds M. Taine, "you get hold on a man through his selfish passions—fear, greed, sensuality, self-love, emulation; those are his springs of action when he is in his right senses and can reason. It is easy enough, moreover, to make of him a madman, for man is imaginative, credulous, prone to be carried away; puff up his pride and vanity, instill in him an overwhelming and false notion of himself and other people, and you can launch him headforemost where you like."

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Such is the man who has come to rule France, who hopes to rule the world, and such is his estimate of the men he is going to sway. Contemptible creatures like these are surely easy to mould. They will be clay in the potter's hands, and if a tough bit is reached now and then an extra twist of the wrist will send the machine going again. Napoleon was absolutely shut up in the hideous prison-walls of his own conceit, and the most palpable facts could not shake them down and free him, could not unveil his self-covered eyes, could not make him see that there were other forces in the world besides those he imagined, or that he would come into contact with wills as strong and self-centred as his own. The characteristically unyielding gentleness of the pope, the determined energy of England, the fierce insurrection in Spain, the sporadic outbursts in Germany, the resistance of Catholic consciences, the gradual falling away of the French people, the certain though slow destruction of his immense armies, the growing angry feeling of the powers around him whom he insulted so often, appeared to his distorted vision but as temporary difficulties which his iron will would soon overcome.

It is this absorbing ambition which, as Taine justly remarks, is destined to swallow him up. It is so much a part of the man's nature, such a prime motor of his soul, that he is often unconscious of its presence. "So far as I am concerned," he said to Roederer, "I have no ambition"; then he corrected himself, and explained, with his usual lucidity, "or, if I have any, it comes to me so naturally, is so innate, is so wrought into my existence, that it is like the blood flowing in my veins and the air I breathe." At other times he likened it to the involuntary passion of love—always putting France where he should put power, except on the memorable occasion when he used plain terms in rebuking his brother Joseph. His passion was as omnivorous as it was jealous. Limits affront him no less than a rival. On the day after his coronation he sighed this blasphemous complaint to Decrès: "I came into the world too late; there is no longer any grand thing to do. My career has been a fine one, I admit; I have got over a fine stretch of road. But how different things were in antiquity! Look at Alexander! After conquering Asia and proclaiming himself to the people as the son of Jupiter, the whole East believed him, with the exception of Olympias, who knew all there was to know on that point, and with the additional exception of Aristotle and a few pedants in Athens. Well, now, look at my case; if I were to declare myself the son of the Eter-

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nal Father, and announce my intention of offering homage to him in that capacity, there is not a fishwoman that would not hiss at me as I went by. People are too enlightened in our day." So far as he dare he carries out this blasphemous desire by trespassing on Christian consciences, and at last he placed his hands upon the pope and dragged him from his throne. We should not like to be accused of superstition in dwelling upon this event. It was one act, perhaps the most aggravated, in a long series of deeds of presumption and overweening arrogance by Napoleon Bonaparte, and the whole tendency of his career was to ultimate ruin. But there is something ominous, to say the least, if not prophetic, in the words which the venerable pontiff addressed to the conqueror about his guns dropping from the hands of his soldiers, as actually occurred in the mad Russian campaign which shortly followed. M. Taine, a professed unbeliever, ranks Bonaparte's encroachment upon the church's rights and his wanton treatment of the pope as among the foremost causes of his fall. At present we must observe upon the general extravagance of the man in his own conceit. "My peoples of Italy," he explains to them, "ought to know me well enough not to forget that I know more in my little finger than they know in all their heads put together." He calls them "minors"; the French and the rest of the world are the same compared to him. A shrewd diplomatist, who knew him intimately for years, says: "He looks upon himself as a being isolated in the world, created to govern it and to drive all minds in his own harness."

Everybody that approached him had to renounce his individual will and become a mere tool of the presiding genius. He would not tolerate intellectual or moral superiority, since they might be compared with the power of Napoleon. His ministers were reduced from counsellors and heads of departments to mere dumb clerks obeying orders. His generals were treated pretty much the same. A brilliant victory was often given to the credit of a notorious dullard, while a skilful soldier as often found himself robbed of his laurels. If the latter protested he was bidden to hold his tongue, and allowed to recompense himself by plundering the conquered provinces. After making his generals dukes or princes they found themselves as much slaves as ever. He gave them enormous incomes, but he apportioned them estates outside of France, and compelled them to spend all they got in costly entertainments. By this means he kept them under his thumb as securely as though they were the veriest beggars. It was common to see a string of them besieging him

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for financial aid like mendicants whose very lives depended on the grant which Bonaparte made or withheld, according as he desired to bind the applicants to himself. In addition to the ascendency assured by his power and genius, he was resolved to have every one attached to himself by personal ties of the most binding nature and absolutely dependent upon his will. For this reason he fostered in those about him their baser vices and weaknesses—"in Savary the thirst for money, in Fouchet his Jacobin blemish, in Cambacérès vanity and sensuality, in Talleyrand reckless cynicism and flaccid putrescence, in Duroc aridity of character, in Maret courtier-like flunkyism, in Berthier silliness. He points out the weak spot of each, makes a butt of it, and profits by it." He is pleased when any of them compromises himself or even blights himself in popular esteem; it removes a possible rival, however small, and places another passive tool in his hands. When a man has come to this state he puts upon him the dirty part of the work he considers necessary to uphold his empire and to promote his schemes. It is thus he works upon every one brought into contact with him. What he means by devotion to him is the utter surrender "of a whole personality, all its feelings, all its opinions." Above all, he is suspicious of two minds acting in concert, even by the merest chance. It becomes at once a conspiracy over which he wrathfully explodes. Even the inner sanctuary of the conscience must not stand guarded before him. To the Bishop of Ghent, who, with the most respectful submission, offers an excuse for not subscribing to a second oath that would violate his conscience, he replies rudely, as he turns his back on him: "Well, sir, your conscience is a dunderhead!" He frequently called his highest officials before him, and, for no serious fault at all, abused them in the presence of company, as though they were thieving lackeys caught in the act.

Napoleon does not act thus merely from wantonness, though the part suits the character of the man. The necessity of the situation he has created for himself requires such a policy to be pursued. He can spare nobody, he can spare nothing. Affection, all ties of the heart, are sacrificed on the shrine of his stony ambition. "Has a statesman," he was accustomed to say, "any room for sensibility? Is he not a thoroughly eccentric person, always solitary upon one side of a question, with the rest of the world upon the other? In this duel that knows no truce, no mercy, people interest him only by the use that he can make of them. All their value for him consists in the profit he gets out

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of them. His sole business with them is to squeeze out of them the last drop of usefulness they may contain." An anecdote of this indifference to the feelings of others is related. One day Portalis, Minister of Justice, came to him with eyes full of tears. "What is the matter, Portalis?" asked Napoleon. "Are you sick?" "No, sire; but I am most unhappy. The Archbishop of Tours, poor Boisjelin, my old comrade, my boyhood's friend—" "Well, what has happened to him?" "Alas! sire, he has just died." "Well, it is all the same to me; he was of no use to me."

With this disposition and policy he rigidly rules over all. He insults the faithful Prince Eugene by ordering him not even to have a fire lighted in his room without the imperial permission. He writes to M. de Ségur, of the Academy committee that had just approved Chateaubriand's works, that they deserve to be clapped into Vincennes, and that if the Institute persists in discussing politics he will smash it as though it were a disreputable club. Before the whole court he takes Beugnot by the ear, and tells him that when he grows old he will send him to the Senate "to play the dotard at his ease." While always swift to burst into fury over a piece of ill-done work, and while full of sarcasm for the weaknesses of his devoted servants, he never praises that which is good; silence is the most that any can obtain. Only once was he surprised into a word of laudation; it was when M. de Champagny completed in a single night and with unhoped-for success the treaty of Vienna, and then "he thought aloud." He carries this system of terrorism into the privacy of his household, having all, from the affectionate Josephine to the lowest scullion in the kitchen, in perpetual fear of his searching criticism and rebuke. He was conscious of the repression he exercised by his sovereign will, whose masterful and iron command he never for a moment relaxed, except upon two or three occasions, even for those bound to him by the ties of nature. He was heard to say, "Lucky is that man who is hidden away from me in the depth of some province." On another occasion he asked M. de Ségur what people would say after his death. The latter began to expatiate on the universal regrets, when Napoleon replied: "Not a bit of it"; then, with a significant shrug cleverly expressing the feeling of relief, he added: "They will say, *Whew!*"

In another chapter M. Taine draws a very doleful and vulgar picture of Napoleon's court. He restored the pompous parade of the old régime, but not the ease and cultured manners, which

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were perhaps beyond his reach. It was a mere formal routine; all were conscious that they were assembled, not for social intercourse, but to do honor to the monarch who never laid aside his robes of state. What was worse, Napoleon thought he was privileged to say anything he pleased. He would make the grossest remarks to the ladies, criticising their dress, inquiring into the number of their children, and throwing out hints of the most revolting kind. He did this of set purpose. This omnivorously ambitious man was actually jealous of the social influence exercised by females, and he considered it necessary to do all he could to degrade them. This is the reason why "there is not one who is not charmed to see him move away from the spot where she is." One day, speaking to Talleyrand, he said: "Good taste? Faugh! There's another of the classical phrases that I don't accept." "Right enough; it is your enemy," replied the cynical ex-bishop. "If you could have got rid of it with cannon-balls it would have perished long ago." But good taste did not perish; though seemingly a thing of almost airy nothing, it was stronger than this headlong, passionate beast of genius, for it is the vesture of the civilized human soul and is more supple than the best armor of steel chains.

Now we have the full portrait of the man in his dealings with his own people. He easily dominated them by his personality. His fierce passions, his imperious will, his stubborn determination overbore any individual opposition. There never existed any power within the bounds of the nation that could have prevented him from becoming its master. But when he came, as the head of a nation, to deal with the heads of other nations, he encountered a power of resistance, founded on the consciousness of strength, which he could not understand and which awakened within him a sort of mad rage. This is revealed in his very correspondence. It is the tradition of statecraft, embodied in what is known as diplomacy, to conduct correspondence in a dry, formal, long-winded style. Not a word is used that can by any possibility be twisted into an insult. There are enough frictions between these great agglomerations of men without adding to them. It is the business of diplomatists to smooth over the difficulties that arise, to allow them to fade away, and to interpose their long documents as buffers between the eager war-elements of the two powers in controversy. Napoleon understood nothing of this. He insisted on conducting his correspondence and negotiations direct with the other sovereigns. He wrote to them and spoke to them and their ministers in his direct and

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cutting style. When he wished, or when the mood seized him, he bristled with studied insults. He dragged up their personal and household affairs as familiarly as he would those of a courtier about his throne. In dictating these letters he poured out volumes of talk to different secretaries, who found it difficult to follow his rapid thought. While dictating he paced the room like a caged lion, often shouting his words, mixing them with the foulest oaths, and doubling his fists in anger. The trembling secretaries were often glad of the complicated expletives, which, of course, were always eliminated, and which allowed them to catch up in composing the letters. As one instance, he said to the envoy of the Emperor Alexander at Wilna:

"Russia does not want this war; no power in Europe approves of it. England herself does not want it; she foresees calamities for Russia, and perhaps even the cap-sheaf of calamity. I know as well as you do, and perhaps better than you do, how many troops you have. Your infantry amounts in all to one hundred and twenty thousand men, and your cavalry comprises from sixty thousand to seventy thousand. I have three times as many. The Emperor Alexander is extremely ill-advised. Why isn't he ashamed to keep such base fellows about him—such a one as Armfelt, a depraved, intriguing rascal, ruined by his debauchery, who is known only by his crimes, and who is Russia's enemy; such a one as Stein, kicked out of his native country as a good-for-naught, a pestilent fellow that has a price set upon his head; such a one as Bennigsen, reputed to have some military talents that I do not give him credit for, and who dipped his hands in a benefactor's blood? Let him keep Russians about him, and I'll not say a word. Do you mean to say that there are not a plenty of Russian gentlemen that assuredly would be more devoted to him than these hirelings? Does he fancy the latter are in love with his august self? Let him give Armfelt a command in Finland, I'll say nothing; but to keep such a fellow close to his person—faugh! What superb prospects the Emperor Alexander had at Tilsit, and especially at Erfurt! He has spoiled the finest reign that Russia has ever known. How could he admit to his intimacy such men as Stein, Armfelt, and Wintzingerode? Tell the Emperor Alexander that since he is gathering around him my personal enemies, that means that he intends to insult me personally, and that consequently I ought to give him tit for tat. I will hunt out of Germany all his kinfolk of Baden, Würtemberg, and Weimar. Let him get ready an asylum for them in Russia!"

Observe how the fiery passions of the master-tyrant, not content with ruling in his own home, burst into that of a fellow-sovereign and presume to control his selection of ministers and servants. His personal grievances are all affected, or else he has so swollen in his own vision that he can brook no opposition even in matters which do not concern him at all. Universal domination is his one idea. He will own no bounds, acknowledge no

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limits. From the time he assumed the consulate this omnivorous ambition, which hitherto had acted only upon the nation and armies of France, found a wider scope, and he cast his eyes over the whole world, saying, "Behold, all this shall be mine!" This is what broke the peace of Amiens. He wanted England to drive the Bourbons from her shores and shut the mouths of her journalists. The presence of the first affronted him, and the gibes of the latter wounded his vanity. Alter your fundamental laws to suit my pleasure, he said, and at that price I shall give you peace. If you do not accede to my wishes I shall blockade all the ports of the Continent against English ships. "I have a very poor opinion of a government," he wrote, "that has no power to prohibit things calculated to displease foreign governments." England refused to accede. At that time he had Holland, Italy, and Switzerland under his thumb; Spain and Portugal were his vassals. Thus, from Amsterdam to Bordeaux, from Lisbon to Cadiz, from Marseilles to Naples, he was able to shut English goods out of the Continent, with what disaster to the manufacturing industries of that country is well known. In the meanwhile he had his eyes fixed upon Egypt. Six thousand troops were sufficient to reconquer that ancient land. England must evacuate Malta and allow Bonaparte to make the Mediterranean a French lake. He says of England, the power that was to cause his final downfall: "To my France England will naturally in the end become nothing but an annex. Nature made her one of our islands, like the isle of Oleron or Corsica." England would rather fight than sink thus. He sees the situation at once. His lucid mind and his eagle eye take in the extent of the task that is before him. The English "will force me," he says, "to conquer Europe. . . . The First Consul is but thirty-three years old, and up to this time has destroyed only states of the second rank. Who knows how much time he will need to utterly transform the face of the Continent and resuscitate the Empire of the West?"

The point being determined that he must band Europe against England, he sets about this project in his usual violent fashion. When, later on, he was in captivity at St. Helena, and the illusions of a premature old age crept over his mind, he imagined that he was trying to enact the part of an Old-World Washington, and that circumstances thwarted him. It was not so. It was he that thwarted circumstances. Common sense pointed out to him that the means he was adopting were defeating the object he had in view. Calm and sagacious observers

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urged upon him the absolute necessity of securing a firm and powerful ally upon the Continent. He should have conciliated Austria instead of driving her to despair, should have indulged her aspirations to the Eastward, and should have placed her as a steadfast and equal opponent of Russia while he buckled on his armor against England. He entered into such a compact with Russia at Tilsit, but the bargain was not carried out because Napoleon, according to his habit, at once began encroaching and threatening, and trying to degrade Alexander into a victim or a dupe. He will tolerate no ally; he wants only subjects. The powers began to discern this; they began to see that Napoleon Bonaparte was the enemy of every state he could not trample under foot, and inevitably they began to band together for his overthrow. The meaning of the death-struggle which then ensued was their death or the death of Napoleon.

Once launched upon this road he cannot stop. Every fresh aggression necessitates a further. Besides this, his natural propensities led him in the same direction, had in fact created the causes which propelled him forward. When the peace of Amiens was ruptured his neighbors formed a league with England, and this led him to shatter the remaining old monarchies, to subjugate Naples, carry out the first dismemberment of Austria, to mutilate and crumble Prussia, to make provinces of Holland and Westphalia. Then he declared his quarantine against England, and closed the ports of Europe from Denmark to Italy. Over this vast extent of territory he had to scatter half the male population of France as post officers and garrisons. It is a net which he draws tighter each day, and which finally ends in strangling the producer as well as the consumer by the enormity of the taxes he is obliged to levy. All this he accomplished through an organized system of heartless plunder carried out by unbridled rascals, and the whole amount of the evils flowing therefrom it would require volumes to describe. From 1808 down the nations as well as the sovereigns of Europe became his bitter enemies. He had killed so many men in his wars, and had dragged away so many conscripts from all portions of the Continent, that the whole populations came to regard him as an insatiable Moloch. Positively there was no dwelling in peace with this malevolent genius. He could not be pent into France, he could not be controlled. He knew nothing of peace except as a truce during which to recruit his broken forces. War was his element, and war he meant to have so long as he lived. Peace being the normal condition of society, the nations of

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Europe soon saw that they would have to combine, to destroy this monstrous abortion of genius, or else to be themselves destroyed. How unanimous this sentiment was is revealed in the account which Metternich gives of Bonaparte's return from Elba. On March 7, 1815, the news reached Vienna. Metternich saw the Emperor of Austria at eight o'clock, the Emperor of Russia at a quarter past, and the King of Prussia at half-past, returning to the Austrian emperor at nine, with the arrangements all made for the three powers to countermand the orders to their armies and turn them back upon France once more. "War," he says, "was declared in less than sixty minutes."

Other monarchs have destroyed lives by the thousand and wasted millions of money, but they did it with the idea of serving the state. Personal glory may have entered largely into their deeds, but the mainspring of their action was the idea of strengthening their states and perpetuating their dynasties. With Napoleon this way of viewing the world was reversed. His own person was first in his eyes, and France only of incidental importance as contributing to his glory. He drifted on until at length his own advancement was the sole object of his endeavors. He did not trouble himself to think what was going to come after him; nay, he even liked to think that people were anxious about the issue after he had passed from the stage. The years went by and he took no steps to put France in a condition to stand without him. On the contrary, he continued his mad career of ambition and conquest, flinging the disjointed fragments he wrested from other nations together into one huge heap, without giving them, or being able to give them, the veriest semblance of the strength which should buttress the immense empire he was carving out with his sword. Moreover, he was rushing to his own ruin, at times conscious of the fact, but so infatuated with his passion for power that he never paused. His own friends and intimates see the coming fall. "The emperor is mad," said Decrès to Marmont, "utterly mad; he will upset the whole of us, and all this will end in some frightful catastrophe." The end came for Napoleon at St. Helena. For France the consequences have been more serious. M. Taine sums up what he did for France and Europe in a few pregnant sentences:

"From 1804 to 1815 he has caused the death of more than 1,700,000 Frenchmen, born within the limits of old France, to which we ought to add 2,000,000 men born beyond those limits and killed on his side under the name of allies, or killed on the other side under the name of enemies.

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What the poor, credulous, and enthusiastic Gauls gained by twice confiding to him the helm of state was a twice-endured invasion. What he bequeaths to them as the price of their devotion, after such a prodigious shedding of their own blood and the blood of other people, is a France truncated of fifteen departments acquired by the Republic; bereft of Savoy, the left bank of the Rhine, and Belgium; despoiled of the great northeast angle by which it is rounded off and which fortified its most vulnerable point, and, to use Vauban's phrase, eked out its 'square plot'; deprived of the four millions of new Frenchmen that it had well-nigh assimilated by twenty years of life in common; what is far worse, pushed back from the frontiers of 1789, alone dwarfed in the midst of its neighbors all aggrandized, an object of suspicion to all Europe, permanently pent in by a threatening ring of rancor and distrust.

"Such was the political achievement of Napoleon—an achievement of egotism too well served by genius. In the construction of his European edifice, as well as his French edifice, the sovereign egotism introduced a vital flaw. From the start this fundamental flaw is patent in the European edifice, and at the end of fifteen years it produces an abrupt collapse. In the French edifice it is serious, although less visible; it will not be thoroughly disclosed until at the end of half a century, or even a whole hundred years, but its slow and gradual effects will prove no less pernicious and no less inevitable."*

We have now before us the study of the greatest hero of the century by the most critical mind of the day. M. Taine is fond of massing details, and he has searched all corners of France apparently in producing this wonderful work, which will rank among the choice biographical sketches of the world. Too often he places these minute details, which the ordinary historian overlooks, under the microscope, and, in his effort to trace the features of a Malatesta's character in that of Napoleon, he grossly exaggerates words, gestures, and trivial acts. Still, none who has given any close attention to Bonaparte's career, as the present writer has been led to do on various occasions, can dispute the general accuracy of Taine's portraiture. Napoleon was indeed what Joseph de Maistre called him, the "modern Attila." He was hurled into the world at the moment prepared to receive him, with the passions and the aspirations of an ambitious despot, with the instincts of a savage beast and the genius of a demon. He accomplished his task of blood-letting well, and was then caged at St. Helena, a monument of the folly, sin, wretchedness, and terrible unrest of man.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

* In composing this article I have found the translation made by Mr. M. W. Hazeltine for the New York *Sun* of great use, and some of the quoted passages are done into English by him, and have only been verbally altered by the present writer. In other parts I have followed the original, in order to secure an accuracy which may not, indeed, be actually necessary, but which it is always well to observe.

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THE LAW OF CHRISTIAN ART.

SPEAKING in accordance with the faith which satisfies the first need of humanity, the faith by whose title alone can man claim the sovereignty of creation, let us consider what is art and its true intention.

We know God is the only Source of truth, goodness, and beauty—co-ordinate elements, whose expression by man can, therefore, be only by grace of divine inspiration. Man is independent, by his free will, in the use of his organs of expression, and by the fall his nature is made debatable ground in the war between eternal good and that eternal evil whose superlative is denial of the existence of God. By our faith in God we know we must choose good rather than evil, and that art should ever be witness of that choice.

We are wont to say, when a man prostitutes his powers to the expression of evil, that his art is false, debased—in short, human; and sadly true is the imprecation involved in that saying, for "we are born children of wrath." Yes, denying the better elements within us, made triumphant by the grace of baptism, working in proud self-reliance, and with subjective intention alone, we make art too grievously human. For it is the highest and holiest truth of our faith that we owe every good to God, and therefore all the efforts of our life must be made to witness our belief in him, our hope in him, and our love of him; not only by unmeasured heart-throbs, but also by constant and intelligent obedience to law. Therefore, by our choice of good, we make the broad definition that art—that is, man's inherent power of producing "creations of a second order"—is true art in exact proportion as its productions confess God; in exact proportion as they show, immediately or remotely, their author's acknowledgment of the Spirit's dominion over matter.

Natural law is expression of the will of God; therefore any form or combination of forms, or sounds, or colors which, actually or by implication, contradict natural law, in so far as they do so are false. But it is a law of the highest order that man shall work not for his own but for God's glory. Erected only with a human intention, a work in whose technique every subordinate law is obeyed is yet false in such a sense that it were better if it had never been produced. Dare we not say that the art

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of our epoch is reaching to this pass? In the mechanic arts knowledge and obedience of natural law have produced results which perhaps show more purely acknowledgment of God's dominion than the productions of the arts we call fine. It is easy to understand why this is so. The laws of increase in the harvest, the expansion of steam, and the generation of electricity are past our control, in the sense that we can only labor humbly to learn their action, so our own work will not oppose them. The locomotive and the telegraph are rather instances of successful obedience than triumphs of human pride. In fact, the mechanic arts are not arts of expression, as are the fine arts, but we cite their development as evidence of the tendency of modern thought to the study of material gratification. Though triumphs of material gratification, we cannot condemn the locomotive and the telegraph, because, like a generous harvest, they are good for those who use them rightly. The pride of science injures only the scientist; his work blesses mankind because of its goodness in itself.

Reflect for an instant upon the mysterious power given to man—the power of so speaking, singing, writing, painting, carving, or building that his utterance of whatever sort, though it must ever be comparatively unworthy in itself to represent the thought which conceived it, is yet indelibly marked with the character of that thought, and makes it live again in the mind of every beholder—in the minds of some only as a faint perfume, in the minds of others like the strong incense before high altars.

When a pure and fearless man turns to the contemplation of his own destiny, and God in his mercy lends him grace, he burns with a high desire of making visibly manifest the wondrous and unchanging truths which, in renewed vigor, come to live in his thought, and so he may speak or build, and, if he has earned knowledge of law, his work indeed is excellent. And this man's work has such a power over the minds of his fellows that, while it endures, it will awaken every beholder to a devotion like to that which brought such rich grace to his own soul; and we live by grace, wherefore this man has, as it were, given the means of life to his fellow-men. This is art in its highest development.

The arts are indeed two-edged, cutting two ways: the unfaithful artist imperils his own salvation by his worship of his own power, and his works publish his unfaithfulness to the spiritual danger of all who may behold them. It is said of such a man that his knowledge of the technique of color is unsurpassed, and his labor upon canvas for half a lifetime has given

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him almost perfect command of one of the most powerful mediums of thought. He is the honored of the wise and the rich. He paints a great picture for an exhibition. All the world crowd to see it. What do they find? Nothing shocking. The conventionalities of life are quite sacred to the artist. Moreover, he must paint for his patrons, who are good people. So he has chosen a splendid scene of Oriental pageantry, where the gloss of silk, the glitter of arms, the purple of royal robes, and the noble forms of high-bred men and horses give fine opportunity for displaying his masterly power. A sunny plain, and afar the dash of a sapphire sea where white ship-wings flash against a golden sky, show that he makes nature's splendors serve his purpose well. The spectators come and go. Go in wonder and admiration, but—not one in love. Even the color-sensualist wearies of tones which are nothing else but tones. Yet this is art too—"art for art's sake," or rather art for the artist's sake; and in fact, though not in manner, in this phase art has reached its lowest degradation. As art holds of humanity, its mission is to teach and to exhort, to lead humanity to the intelligent and devoted worship of the Eternal Love. Let us not be told that art's duty is sufficiently fulfilled when it is the truthful chronicle or portrayal of the manners and customs of an age. It fulfils that part of its duty passively by a natural law whose action it can scarce avoid; but to fulfil its duty as a power of instruction and inspiration is required the conscious act of the artist's will. He may live and work in the error that the power of art is self-sustained and imposes no divine obligation upon him; and the fruit of his error is work whose excellence can be only technical, and whose influence can only be to fortify the passions in their unending war with the spirit. He need not be grossly voluptuous, but his work will be no less powerfully degrading; for the generality of people shrink from a palling sensuality, while they yield to the seductive sway of a delicately and richly illustrated human sentiment. We have spoken as though the unfaithful artist were always endowed with wealth of technical knowledge and skill. The unfaithful artist is the artist of to-day, who is unfaithful because he is proud. The artists of primitive civilizations were more faithful because their crude efforts at delineation and building made them humble. The thought, the inspiration in obedience to which they worked was not obscured by brilliance and perfect harmony of color, nor by delicacy of form and finished execution. They were conscious of the nobility of their inspiration and that that inspiration was the gift of a superior

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Power, and in their devotion they "builded better than they knew." The artist of a higher civilization, who is born heir to the knowledge of ages, finds in the atelier of his master technical methods which, being well learnt, give him a wonderful facility in the expression of ideas, but more facility in imitative representation. Charmed with the various combinations of form or color or sound which come crowding to his fancy, exultant in his power of producing so easily "creations of a second order," which fill his life with a revel of harmony as enchanting as the voices of the sirens, the architect or the sculptor, the painter, the poet, or the musician, forgets the purpose for which his power is given him, and the fable of Prometheus is repeated in all but its insane blasphemy.

The imperious instinct which prompts the artist to illustrate his humanity—its form, divinely fair; its passions, heroically strong; its purer sense of the material beauty surrounding it, which in the eyes of the heathen is its noblest virtue; and its high intelligence, seeking to know all physical law—the desire to illustrate this wondrous thing is not to be condemned as long as (with his other instincts) it is kept subject to reason and revealed law.

This is the keynote of true art—to study humanity as it is the temple of divinity. In the ruinous pride of self-adoration the greatest architect is but a builder of sheds for cattle, the sculptor an idol-cutter, the musician an empty trumpeter, the poet a rhymester, and the painter a dauber of signs.

Religion is the mother of art. Let the Christian artist remember this and be true to the high duty his power's parentage imposes on him.

A thought of the correlative action of spiritual and physical influences develops a vastly extended field of fascinating inquiry, upon which we cannot enter in the narrow scope of this article. But our indication of primary artistic law were incomplete without a glimpse at the gorgeous realm where fancy, like a happy child, disports in innocence and grace. In our physical nature we are subject to purely physical influences, so that climate and the structure of the land we inhabit exert an irresistible control over the technique of art.

The history of art gives convincing illustration of this truth. To the scintillating clearness of the atmosphere, the gorgeous verdure of the valleys, and the rugged grandeur of the mountain-ranges that sentinel a golden sea, must we ascribe the perfect delicacy of form, the voluptuous color united to simple con-

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ceptions, and the wonderful statical vigor of Grecian art. To the humid air, the monotonous plains, intersected with sluggish canals, and veiled in a perpetual haze through which glows a mellow and lymphatic sun, are we indebted for the sober coloring and obscure forms of Dutch art. In short, physical influences, within certain limits, are imperative, but they are always subordinate to the spirit, to that intellectual bias that makes the most glorious of the Grecian monuments indicate nothing higher than its builders knew—the worship of their own humanity. And while we admire the good workmanship of the Dutch masters, and amuse ourselves by tracing the influences that produced the physical characteristics of their pictures, we seek in vain a nobler inspiration than they won from the scenes of domestic life their limning made immortal. Even when they reach to heroic subjects their inspiration is no less "of the earth, earthy," and it needs no exhaustive analysis to reveal the fact that this materialistic spirit was legitimate fruit of their religious heresy.

But we stand before a Fra Angelico or a Raphael, and technical criticism is silenced. The spirit of the work speaks as with a living voice, and the mind is made majestically reflective by the thought of God's presence, to which that spirit makes appeal.

Whether in the rude sculptures and inscriptions of the catacombs; the form and decorations of the basilicas and cathedrals of the church's early freedom and of her glory in the Middle Ages; in the new life of the Renaissance; whether in Italy, the home of art, or in Asia Minor, or in those regions of the Upper Nile where once in tens of thousands the saints of God took refuge; in Spain, in France, in Germany, in Holland, in Ireland, and in England, wherever the Christian worked in Christian faith, let the physical conditions be however divergent and the civil life however tumultuous, you find in Christian art one unvarying and dominant characteristic—viz., recognition and obedience of the divine element in human life. So that we say the ideal artist is he who, most clearly discerning the true value of physical influences, instead of being controlled by them, makes them subservient to the better expression of that sentiment of supernal beauty which is his birthright as a Christian. Art is a universal language, for it has this in common with religion, that while religion is the fountain through which flows God's grace, art is the flowery verdure nourished at the fountain's brink.

ADRIAN W. SMITH.

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THE SIGN OF THE SHAMROCK.

INTO the streets of Kilkenny, all paved with marble, as the adage runs, rolled at a tremendous gallop an outside car, and close behind it rode a youth, booted and spurred, whooping and cursing, who seemed to have a spite against the driver and wished to worry him into an upset. When they reached the lovely bridge that spans the Nore just below the castle of the Ormondes, the car had to slacken speed owing to the high grade of the bridge; the horseman, who seemed to have had too much to drink, crowded his horse to the left of the car and was about to slash with his riding-whip at the driver, when his horse, a magnificent creature, maddened by such pranks, reared and got his forefeet on the parapet. Through instinct or judgment, through horsemanship or the pure luck of a drunkard, the ruddy-locked youth drove his spurs deep into his steed, and, lifting his head, carried him bodily over the side of the bridge into the river. Had he done anything else he would have been thrown and the horse ruined if not killed; as it was, nobody was hurt. Setting his head to the other side, the dare-devil steered in triumph across the little river, glancing delighted at the driver, who had scrambled off his seat in horror and was now quaking against the stone parapet.

As the horse scrambled up the other bank a tall gentleman in angler's clothes stood with a young girl watching the scene, the man composedly puffing a cigarette, the girl intensely excited.

As he caught sight of the meanly-clad but neat figure, the rolls of dark hair, the cheek colored like the wild raspberry blossom, the horseman checked his insolent bravado and looked suddenly serious.

"Lasarina, by Jove! Just my luck!" And he uncovered his curly locks without looking again.

He walked his good horse to the inn—called from the emblem on its signboard The Sign of the Shamrock—dismounted, refused to drink with the landlord, who, by the rarest chance, happened for a moment to be visiting his own property, and, seizing the guest-book, read, "George Quincy Townsend, New York," written in a small, firm hand. Then he walked with none too steady step into the street and betook himself to a boon compan-

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ion who occupied the extremely unenviable position of generally known secret agent in the employ of Dublin Castle. One more drink placed him in possession of the fact, vouched for by the Castle detectives, that George Quincy Townsend was a genuine tourist, who sketched, fished, had nothing whatever to do with Irish politics, and enjoyed plenty of means. Then Gerald—for that was our squireen's name—returned to the inn and went to bed for an hour; nor were his dreams pleasant, nor did he wake otherwise than cursing poverty, cursing his own habits, and regretting the day he was born.

On ordinary days Kilkenny is a quaint and musty old town, but on days of fair it is glorious. The Castle and cathedral hold themselves aloof in the pride of religious and secular aristocracy from the town that lies between the hills on which they stand. The broad main street that connects them is jammed with home-made carts drawn by impossible donkeys, shoals of sheep, flocks and bevies of pigs, mournful indignation meetings of heifers, and always the accruing and dissolving knots of men in rough, long-tailed frieze coats, soft tall hats, and knee-breeches, and with rosy-cheeked women in caps, shawls, and thick blue petticoats. The strange sing-song of Gaelic rises from many a group, oddly intermixed with English more or less be-brogued, and the old houses of rich merchants and aristocrats long ago defunct, as well as the thatched dwellings of humble citizens, echo to their last chamber with the tumult. One might think anything were going on except the innocent sale of the products of pasture and ploughland.

The sun fell, but the fair was not over, though men turned more readily to the shops where whiskey was sold, and the sturdy women were not much behind the men. As the setting light crept up the round shaft of the tower that nestles by and overtops the old St. Canice's, Gerald was walking slowly up and down the circular street, narrow and high-inwalled, that runs about the cathedral close. It was twilight before his eager eyes caught Lasarina's as she reached the head of St. Canice's Stairs. It was a face of dark brown almost black eyes, beautifully-cut nose, hair that passed for black but was not, small, firm mouth whose one corner was the slightest bit lower than the other, and a complexion like cream with Spitzenberg apples in it. There was much goodness in the face, a possibility of meekness, but a much larger chance of a quick temper. Gerald noticed that she did not spring forward holding out her hand, according to wont.

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"I got a good ducking for my foolishness," he said, with a shade of apology in his voice.

"You might have killed your horse."

"I suppose you mean if I'd killed myself I should have been no great loss—eh, Lasarina?

"I'm thinking you might be doing something better than putting dumb beasts to such straits, let alone making a spectacle of yourself in the streets and frightening me almost to death."

"That I'm no good is sure; it is a thousand times I've said so, Lasarina, and no girl but you would stick to me—Heaven bless you! But what a shame it is, when in all Cork and Waterford there's not a man but would be happy for the wee-est thresh-keen of a drop of a smile from your eye!"

"Soothering don't mend ways."

"I mean no flattery. It is true as gospel. But though I do drink—I know that is what you mean, though you are too kind and considerate to speak out—I am not all bad. But I'm going from bad to worse. I promised not to touch a drop the last time I was in town; and you saw me at the bridge—and the strange gentleman—"

Lasarina covered her face with her shawl with a very natural, very pathetic gesture, as if, not able to deny what he said, she spared him the shame of looking in his face.

He took her head in both hands and pressed his hot lips to her brow.

"You must not love me much. Do you hear?" he cried. "No good will come of it. For me, I'm not fit for you to wed; but if, loving me so, you marry another, my face will be coming between you and him."

The girl started back and warded away the hands which groped for her blindly.

"If that be so, what are you doing here? Why have you asked me to come? What means all that has gone before?"

Her voice was low but decided, and a man less agitated would have heard decision there and been warned.

"You do not care much for me yet, darling," said he, dropping his arms helplessly to his sides. "You enjoy your walks with the stranger by the river, and appreciate the admiration he shows very well, although perhaps he does not speak it freely."

"I did not know you were jealous," said Lasarina.

"If I am jealous I can still see somebody's interests besides mine—your interests, my own love, which do not lie in a union with me."

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"Put your mind at rest on that score. You are free to go where you wish, love whom you wish, marry when you wish—"

Gerald bent his head to the storm, but, as it failed to burst any further, he replied:

"Strike again, strike harder, Lasarina! I deserve it all and more. But you are to be considered, not I. The man is rich; he is in love with you, as any one must be who has seen anything of you; he will offer himself to-day, to-morrow—perhaps he has done so already?"

"Go on," said Lasarina, curling a little lip, which bore a darkish down upon it.

"You will not say? Then he has. But you have not given him a final answer, that is plain. In case you do not know much about him I think it my duty to tell you all I have learned of him."

"Oh!" cried Lasarina, with a start, "do tell me about him. How kind you are!"

Gerald turned away to conceal the dismay that overspread his face at this interest, but came back doggedly to his task.

"Well, then, so far as worldly things go, the man is said to be well-to-do. Though an American, he is well-born, rich, and seems to be well-bred. The chance for such a husband may not occur again in poor, tumble-down Kilkenny during the next hundred years. If you love him at all, take him and forget me. Life is short; you know what my prospects are. Even if I went to America, one can no longer pick up a fortune there in the streets. Did I not promise your father to be your friend in all ways? I must not swerve because I love you. To be sure, I would not advise you thus if you loved me as I do you, utterly—"

"Oh! but I don't," said Lasarina calmly.

"That I knew," said the man, swallowing his words and speaking thickly, "but always hoped against hope."

"It's just this way, Gerald: if I had means I should never think of any other man but you; we should wed, and I would keep you straight. We might be happy. But, poor as I am, what can I do for you but keep you dispirited and morose, and, if we did finally marry, be a drag on you? So you see we have both reached the same conclusion, and—and—now we must part for ever!"

The girl threw both her arms about his neck and gave him a kiss, the like of which had never happened to poor Gerald, leaving him benumbed with joy; but the next instant Lasarina

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was at the top of St. Canice's Stairs—then was gone. With her went all Gerald's gladness; misery rose about him like a flood, clutched him by the throat, drove him stumbling and blaspheming up and down the cobble-stones of the little curved street with its pitiless blank walls, then cast him contemptuously into a corner among some sleeping dogs, that yelped, growled, and fled into the town.

The canon took him for a dog as he passed that way on his usual evening stroll. The circular, close street by the cathedral was his favorite, for nobody was to be met there save an old woman or two, who remained speechless from reverence or from fear—reverence for his priestly garb, fear lest he should discover that they had been begging at the Protestant rectory.

He came nigh to stumbling over Gerald as he lay there with his face hidden in his arm. Something about his spurs recalled the scene of the afternoon, for he, too, had witnessed the escapade. He leaned down, touched the man's shoulder:

"Gerald! It is not possible!"

"Leave me, go away; nothing can make me want to live now," muttered poor Gerald.

The canon's voice was very stern:

"Shame on you, to wallow like a dog! If you have no pity on your parents and relatives, think of Lasarina!"

Gerald was on his feet in a moment, looking very sheepish.

"I—I am sober, father. It was Lasarina—I mean it is all over between us. I told her she had better accept him; wasn't I right, father?"

"Accept whom, my son?" asked the canon, surprised at his mistake, and a little mortified.

"The rich American who wants to marry her—the tall man staying at the inn; you've seen him fishing in the river, haven't you?"

"Yes; but I've not seen him at Mass," said the priest.

"He has been making up to her, and as I promised her father to be her friend, no matter how it hurt me, and as I hear he is rich and all right, we—we agreed that we should part—for ever."

"You mean you suggested, and she agreed, like a girl of spirit?"

"Perhaps—"

"Well, Gerald, I'll tell you what I think. Drink has taken the nerve out of you. You are no better than a sick man, and your disease is drink. Now, I like a drop of whiskey myself, but I despise a man who makes a beast of himself through whiskey

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or any other means. Some people despise drunkards and then over-eat themselves daily; they're just as bad, but not such a disgrace to their kin. Nobody but Lasarina could keep you straight, and now you have simply cast her off—all through your tremendous modesty!"

"O father, is that fair? May I die if it was not for her good I spoke!"

"Who told you it was best she should marry this man and not you? Are you going to interfere in God's work, the love of two young simpletons such as you are, just because you've lost faith in Him and in your ability to provide for Lasarina? Here's a fine piece of superfluous generosity! Here's a man who can arrange things better than Fate! I'm disgusted with ye!"

They had left the cathedral hill and were on the main street, where the fair was still in progress by lamp and torchlight. The golden and pink masses of pigs and piglets had shrunk very greatly, but enough remained to fill the street with color and cries. The sellers of clothes had shouted and tippled themselves hoarse. Just as the canon and his crestfallen friend reached the old town-hall, which straddles half across the street, the latter stopped short, petrified with horror. Under the arch near a lamp sat the tall American with a painter's box on his lap, sketching a group of women who were eagerly discussing the merits of a brace of pigs. But who was that by his side, calmly holding his pencils as if—as if, poor Gerald thought, she was already his wife? Lasarina.

The canon himself was not a little disturbed at the sight, for such a thing was unheard of in Kilkenny. A girl might as well proclaim that she valued her modesty not a straw as parade herself after such a fashion, particularly with a stranger far from old or ugly. Indeed, she colored when her eye caught them, slanted her face away, and toyed nervously, with one foot behind the other like a child caught in the preserve-closet. The stranger was too absorbed to know who was looking on; perhaps he did not care. When he looked up at Lasarina it was not without a certain kindling of his face that showed how much her singular beauty pleased him.

The canon approached, beckoning Lasarina, but Gerald remained where he was. The girl obeyed, but took care to keep the canon between her and her former love, studiously ignoring the man from whom she had separated herself for ever. Perhaps she felt that henceforth public opinion would denounce Gerald should he seek to renew his suit to a girl who had so openly given cause for ungenerous remarks. It was the culmination of those

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walks in the gardens by the river under the walls of Ormonde Castle, which had so delighted the gossips of the town that Gerald had quickly heard all about them.

"Is it not late for you to be about the streets, my dear?" asked the canon gently, hardly knowing how to approach a matter so delicate.

"I am with Mr. Townsend," she answered, keeping her eyes on the ground. "He is an American," she added hastily, "here for a few days only." She became almost painfully embarrassed. "He—he has just told me, not an hour ago, something that will change my life completely. I am going away with him. He—he will call on you, father, to-night—and—I am coming too—for your blessing."

Her dark cheek crimsoned under the ejaculation of surprise the good priest could not suppress, and she gave him one swift, half-smiling, embarrassed glance.

"Lasarina!" said the stranger, without looking round, and Lasarina turned and fled to his side with a deprecating look at Father Coyne. The latter rejoined Gerald, and the two, both moody and preoccupied now, went on toward the inn. There the canon stopped, and, taking Gerald's hand, said to him:

"My boy, good and evil come to us in mysterious ways. You may have been right to release Lasarina from her pledges, but, now that you have overthrown self and made a sacrifice to what you think best for her, I want one more step, and now. There are men who can make a verbal promise and keep it; you are not one. But a written promise you dare not, you will not break. Put your name there."

He drew from his pocket a temperance pledge of the ordinary kind, forced a pencil into Gerald's hand, and stood over him till he signed.

"Now," said he, twisting a wisp of blue ribbon into Gerald's button-hole, "you have no excuse, even if your best friend urges you to drink. Go, my son; perhaps better days await you."

Gerald went slinking into the inn as if he were no great hero, as indeed he was not; but when the tapster in the little den off the hall winked at him, he showed him the blue ribbon and passed on.

"Whew!" was all the tapster could say.

At the office his eye caught a letter addressed to himself. It bore United States stamps, the postmark of a mining town in Idaho, and he thought he knew the hand:

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"MY DEAR BOY: Take the very next steamer from the Cove and travel straight to this town; I have a place for you with a good salary and certainty of a rise. You may stop long enough in New York to engage a wife, for there's no choice out here, and I wouldn't hamper myself with an Irish girl who doesn't know the customs of the country and will be homesick. This is no joke—at least the place and salary part of it. Drop everything in Kilkenny—Kilkenny will keep—and come at once. I enclose you a through ticket and twice as much in a money-order as you will need if you are economical. Come, I tell you, come at once! Cable day you leave.

"MICHAEL CLEARY."

If Gerald had been struck by a hammer he could not have been more dazed, for along with the emotion of the news and the prospect it held out came the flash that it was too late to affect Lasarina. Now he thought of it, the letter must have been there all the time. Only his unhappy condition from drink and his preoccupation concerning Lasarina had caused him to overlook it, and in that tavern nobody looked after anything. Out of the blue sky—for who could expect to hear from Michael Cleary, his cousin and old schoolmate, just that day, when years had passed without a word of news either from or of him?—out of the blue sky fell this beneficent bolt, only to find Gerald's life a wreck. So he thought, poor boy, being little versed in love-affairs and the healing virtues of travel and a new life in a new land of clear heavens and majestic scenery. How ill, how stunned he felt! how he yearned for death!

The rain began to fall presently with that soft suddenness and pertinacity it uses in Ireland, and Gerald crept into the dark waiting-room and lay down on the sofa. Was it too late? Could not Lasarina be mollified, taken from the stranger, married—ay, married out of hand—and taken with him to America? Cleary was joking about the wife, but not entirely. An American wife, indeed—not if he knew himself! Where could Lasarina find her peer? Who in history, in courts, in beauty-books compared with Lasarina?

As he lay Mr. Townsend came in, followed by the girl herself.

"We must go to see the canon now, my dear," said he, "rain or no rain; but I won't have you wet your feet. I've ordered a car. If we strike for the steamer to-morrow our work with the canon must be done to-night."

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"Very good," said Lasarina a little tremulously.

"Poor child!" said Townsend, with the greatest kindness in his voice, "I know it is a great step for you; I wish I could give you more time. And to leave your native place, your friends—oh! I sympathize. But what would you have? Next week, next month the wrench would be just as hard."

Lasarina was crying softly.

"Believe me, I have special reasons for wanting to go at once—to-night, if we could. I never want to see Kilkenny again."

"Is it so? Why, go we shall, then. It is not such a terrible drive over that beautiful road to Thurles, where we can get earlier trains to Queenstown. I have umbrellas and wraps; with a good nag we'll be there by midnight, have eight hours to sleep and one to breakfast, then off to the New World!"

Every word was a deadly stab to the foolish boy who lay clutching the horsehair sofa till his nails broke. Lasarina left the room hastily, and presently Townsend went to his chamber to pack; then Gerald could escape. He was cold and steady now; his brain seemed to expand and take in the whole globe. He saw the New World, the ocean, Queenstown and the waiting steamer, the railway, Kilkenny station and the wet streets. He walked to the stable, said something to the boy, argued with, bullied, and feed him; then, muffled in the driver's rain-coat and with the driver's hat and neckcloth over forehead and chin, he drove the car to the door.

He sat silent while the boy put Mr. Townsend's trunk and Lasarina's little box in the well, tied the extra wraps and valises on one seat, and helped the girl and the stranger to their seat, tucking well round their feet the India-rubber blanket of the American.

"To Canon Coyne's, driver! I have all the documents here, Lasarina," he continued, "the letters and photographs. Perhaps you had better stay on the car till I have satisfied the canon as to who I am and so forth."

Nothing more was said, but hardly had the canon's door shut on him when the car moved off, the driver driving furiously.

"Where are you going?" cried Lasarina through the rain.

"Shure to cover, miss," answered the driver, pointing to the old St. Peter's gate near by, which did indeed afford a good shelter from the rain. Arriving below the arch, the driver sprang down, ran round to Lasarina, threw off his cap, and clasped her knees.

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"For God's sake, Lasarina, what are you doing? Have you promised to marry this man? Is that your errand with him at night in Canon Coyne's house? But what am I asking?"

"Who was it," asked Lasarina severely, "who advised me to marry Mr. Townsend? What were the words? Oh: 'It is a chance that may not occur again in poor tumble-down Kilkenny during the next hundred years.' And then: 'If you love him at all, take him and forget me.' I shall not forget those words soon."

"O Lasarina! I did not know what I was saying. Darling, I was suffering then from remorse, self-disdain; for I knew you had seen me in the afternoon the worse for liquor. A drunkard's wife—no, I would rather die than see you that."

"Don't talk so," cried Lasarina.

"But see, I am reformed—this time for ever." And the poor boy showed his blue ribbon. "I have not promised only, I have signed; and any man who gets a drop down my throat now will have to kill me first!"

Poor Gerald said "me trote," for when agitated he lapsed into the softest, sweetest brogue imaginable; and so, in truth, did Lasarina.

"More news!" he cried, fancying from the girl's silence that he had made some impression on her. "Michael Cleary has written to me. Do you mind Mike Cleary, who used to wallop the big boys when they slatted me with stones? Well, Mike has written that I must come to Idaho in America at once, at once—sends me a ticket and enough money, enough money, money—for the two of us, darling!"

Here Gerald clasped the india-rubber blanket so hard that Lasarina moved uneasily. At last she had a chance to get a word in edgewise.

"And what is it all to me, Gerald Fitzgerald, when at your own bidding we have parted for ever?"

"O my own true love! you know that had I had that letter before we met to-night all would have been well; no cruel words would have been spoken; all our future would have been clear. Are you so relentless? It was foolish in me; Canon Coyne says so, too. But the folly was on the heart-side, darling. Punish me as you will, but, O Lasarina! don't put the bar of matrimony between us. Stave this marriage off; let me prove myself a man fit to wear you on my breast. Give me a chance, then choose between us."

Lasarina sat silent and the rain swished, swished steadily

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down on Kilkenny. Gerald could hear his heart thump—perhaps Lasarina could, too; for the poor boy did not know with what desperate grip he held the fair one's knees.

"Quick! drive to the canon's," she said at last. Speechlessly obeying, Gerald helped her off and stood by the canon's door, which seemed about to close upon him and leave him on the rainy side of luck for ever. But Lasarina, from some whim—was it to avenge still more the slight he had put on her former love for him?—beckoned him in, and he followed.

Mr. Townsend looked up wonderingly at the unexpected guest, but Lasarina said nothing to explain matters. She stood there, suddenly very deep damask crimson, very much embarrassed, and most startlingly beautiful with her wet locks about her brow and her cloak half-fallen from her shoulders.

"Why, Gerald," said the canon, "have you come to say good-by to Lasarina?"

Gerald was speechless, and the girl was not willing or able to help him out.

Mr. Townsend turned to the canon and said low: "A brother, cousin, or lover?"

Gerald's tongue felt like a raw potato, but he managed to say:

"Received letter—Mike Cleary—good place for me—America—going myself—next steamer—"

"So, so," quoth Mr. Townsend; "you are off, too. Our steamer leaves day after to-morrow; and yours?"

Poor Gerald rolled his eyes, whether in embarrassment or jealous wrath could not be distinguished. Finally he said:

"If—if Lasarina does not object."

The canon could contain himself no longer, but burst into a peal of laughter, in which, strange to say, the American joined. But the two younger people did not laugh.

"If Gerald and Lasarina belonged to another class," said he at length, "I should know what their appearance in my study meant. But although I know that Gerald has always loved Lasarina faithfully, to-day, it appears, he gave her up for ever, bestowing her, entirely without her knowledge or consent, in marriage upon you, Mr. Townsend."

"Well," said Townsend drily, "I had a cable from one wife yesterday. I must have sadder news than that before I wed again, even with her little cousin Lasarina."

Gerald stared from one to the other with white cheeks, and, seeing a smile on Lasarina's face, dropped on his knees as if he had been shot. Placing his hands tightly over his eyes, he

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showed by the heaving of his shoulders that the tears which forced themselves through his fingers were wrung from him by the agony of a great relief.

Lasarina slipped forward and knelt by his side, so that her dark locks touched his ruddy ones. Mechanically the canon stretched out his hands, and from his lips escaped a benediction. As he did so George Quincy Townsend, American, heretic, materialist, found himself breathing a prayer, and paused surprised.

CHARLES DE KAY.

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S name recalls pleasant memories. Who can forget the delightful heroines of *A Daughter of Heth*, and *A Princess of Thule*, or the chivalric, weird, young, and unhappy hero of *McLeod of Dare?* And therefore a new novel by a master of the art of fiction, to whom we owe so much pleasure, raises expectations of respite from "the cares that infest the day." *Sabina Zembra* is the new novel. Sabina is the daughter of Sir Anthony Zembra, a very great London magnate. Sir Anthony is rich and a personage in society. He objects to his eldest daughter's going into a hospital and becoming a trained nurse. But Sabina prefers this mode of life; she objects to dinner-parties, flower-shows, dances, and the other laborious means by which people in society contrive to make life intolerable. Sir Anthony, therefore, asks her to leave his house, and he gives her a fair allowance. After this he, his second wife, and Sabina's step-sisters amuse themselves according to their way, and Sabina lives with some very nice, very poor, and very artistic people. Sir Anthony's governess continues to write accounts of his and his family's goings-in and comings-out for the "society" papers, and he inspires and enjoys them; but in public he is understood never to read these journals: he never sees them until "his attention is called to them!"

Sabina's state of mind is interesting. We almost hope in the beginning that she may become a real Sister of Charity instead of an experimental nurse. But this hope is soon dispelled by the appearance of a wounded bicycle-rider, whom Sabina forces Sir Anthony to keep in his house, and whom she nurses. Mr. Black tells us that Sabina, working for the suffering, had "mo-

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ments of exaltation." "She would sometimes repeat to herself, as with a kind of ineffable longing," the mystic stanza from Tennyson's "St. Agnes":

> "Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
> Through all yon starlight keen,
> Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
> In raiment white and clean."

He thus describes her state of mind:

"But there was little time for self-communing during the continuous labor of the long day. Nor was she much given to pitying herself in any circumstances; it was the suffering of others that moved her, and here there was plenty of that, only too obvious, all around her. Moreover, she was a particularly healthy young woman, and she could bear fatigue better than any of her sister non-professionals, although when they got away to supper, about half-past eight or nine, and all of them pretty well fagged out with the day's work, they used to joke her about her sleepy disposition. It was rumored, moreover, that one or two of the medical students who came about had cast an eye on this pretty, tall, benignant-eyed nurse, who looked so neat and smart in her belted gown and apron and cap, and that they paid a good deal more attention to her than to the patient whose condition she had to report to the doctor. But Sabie was impervious to all that kind of thing. It was only when she was with the other nurses at night that the dimple in her cheek appeared, and that she showed herself —as long as her eyes would keep open—blithe and friendly and merry-hearted. Perhaps she was only a woman's woman, after all."

The appearance of the young bicycle-rider changes all this. Walter Lindsay, a chivalrous and generally admirable young artist, becomes a desperate admirer of Miss Zembra, after the manner of William Black's heroes. But William Black's heroes have now a certain old-fashioned flavor—a flavor of the æsthetic period that produced Oscar Wilde—and all old-fashioned things seem unreal when introduced into modern life. In this way the period of Oscar Wilde is really more archaic than that of Queen Anne, because the latter is more in fashion than the former. Walter Lindsay, like most literary men and artists, is nothing of a Bohemian; Henri Murger would have found no pleasure in him. He is an intense young man, as eager to sacrifice everything he possesses to the lady of his thoughts as Ser Federigo was to kill his falcon. Nevertheless Sabina marries the bicycle-rider, and, instead of becoming the wife of a famous London artist with a studio in peacock-blue and gold, she sinks into an appendage to the thoroughly selfish bicycle-rider, Mr. Fred Foster. Sabina lacks the interest with which Mr. Black usually surrounds his heroines. In fact, like Mr. Hardy and Mr.

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Blackmore, he has lost that peculiarity, delicacy, and indescribable quality which made him famous. Fred Foster's gradual descent from mere idle selfishness to active criminality is well described. Sabina is forced to endure the amusements of her husband, whose diversions are those of the ordinary worthless young man about town. Her husband cannot understand her not being able to join in his delight in London music-halls, where even hereditary legislators have been known to disport themselves. Mr. Black gives several examples of the kind of gayety in which the patrons of these places delight. One can easily sympathize with Sabina's disgust as she sits in a box with two of her husband's male friends. Mr. Black pictures an amusement of a great city—an amusement which seems to indicate a time of decadence:

"Miss Tremayne was so popular a favorite that even Captain Raby condescended to bestow a little attention on her. She was attired in all kinds of cheap finery. Her name was Bank Holiday Ann; she was supposed to be a maid-servant set free for a jollification on Hampstead Heath, and she proceeded, in a voice about as musical as the sharpening of a saw, to describe the adventures of herself and her companions, there and elsewhere. As these included the getting drunk of the whole party, their being locked up for the night, and their appearance before a magistrate the next morning, there was no lack of incident; while the long-spoken passages, delivered in a rapid jargon of Cockney accent and Cockney slang, seemed to find much favor with the audience, who also heartily joined in the chorus:

"'Bank Holiday Annie,
Bank Holiday Ann;
Up the Heath,
And down the Heath,
And round the Heath she ran.
When the p'leeceman copt her,
She got him one on the eye;
O Annie! I'll tell your mother:
Oh, fie! Annie, fie!'"

. . . . . .

"'Captain Raby, I wish to go. Do you think you could find my husband?'"

Sabina, high-spirited, high-minded, suffers as her husband falls lower and lower. We are moved by the fear that her husband may break her heart by claiming her child. But as a rule, though the novel is well conceived, Sabina does not excite that intense sympathy which she ought to excite. We must say of William Black, as we said of the author of *Springhaven* and *The Woodlanders*, that he ought not to write another story until he can equal his best work.

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Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's *Roland Blake* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) opens with a spirited picture of army life during the late war. Dr. Mitchell has not so far received the appreciation he deserves as a novelist. Unlike most modern story-tellers, he has a story to tell, and he tells it with directness. For instance, in the first chapter the reader is put at once into the action of the story; and at once he gets the clue both to Roland Blake's manly and frank character and to that of the mercenary and treacherous evil genius of the book. Dr. Mitchell's scene is laid during the war, and the color of that time is vividly impressed on the reader's mind. This ability to show the spirit of an epoch and to make us live in it is an evidence of high artistic talent, if not of genius. The careful study of Octopia Darnell's love for her brother is a finer piece of analysis than one finds in Mr. James' or Mr. Howells' over-elaboration of the minor emotions that end a long way off in action. Octopia Darnell is a Southern woman living in New York on the bounty of an old lady. Her brother Richard is in the Confederate army. She believes him to be a patriot, while he is really a spy, selling Confederate secrets to the Northern army. She, loving nothing on earth except him and herself—but herself less—is willing to commit mean and veen criminal actions for his sake; but when he proposes the very treachery she thought it possible for her to do, she starts back. She would have committed sin after sin for him, because she believed that he was incapable of a dishonorable act. When she discovers her brother's baseness, Dr. Mitchell tells, with keen insight, the condition of this wilful, contradictory, and yet not ignoble woman:

"If she only could have thrown herself on some good woman's breast and sobbed out her confession of regrets, remorses, and sorrowful disappointments, it would have been what she needed. There was no one she could seek, and her religion had been but a form, and was commonly put away, like a marker, between the leaves of her prayer-book. Why confession to another should be comforting is as yet one of the unanswered questions of the human heart."

It is one of Dr. Mitchell's best characteristics that he gives us the result of his study of human nature. He does not go through the contortions of analysis in public. He is not one of those literary gymnasts who lift light weights with many simulated muscular strainings. Evidences of thought and observation of mankind flash every now and then like brilliants from his pages. After the climax, when Olive, the very pleasant and unaffected heroine, and her betrothed show profound charity for the

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wretched Darnell, Dr. Mitchell says of Roland Blake: "A less ready and less finely made man would have caused cruel mischief. Men of practical capacity who are also imaginative are advantaged thereby: large ranges of the possible lie open to their reason, and the improbable is not set aside as foolish."

Roland Blake is an American novel, although the eagle is not made to scream, and neither apology nor defiance is assumed towards our English neighbors. The production of such works is what our literature needs, to save it from becoming hopelessly Anglicized or being deluged with snobbery.

Amaryllis at the Fair (Harper & Brothers) is a story by Richard Jeffries. The influence of the reading of American humorous writers is marked here—an unusual thing in an English novel. Mr. Jeffries tells of an untrained girl living among coarse, selfish, and semi-pagan rustics. If there are many such people and country-places as Mr. Jeffries tells of in his blunt way, that country will, in no long time, need to be re-converted to the rudiments of Christianity.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's *A Look Round Literature* (Scribner & Welford) is, as might have been expected from the author's previous reputation, impudent, superficial, and impertinent. Inflated rhetoric is necessary, in Mr. Buchanan's opinion, to divert the reader's attention from the fact that he has nothing to say. Prometheus is as quickly coated with Mr. Buchanan's wash of words as Victor Hugo, Ouida, Æschylus, and George Eliot! A talk with the latter is included in the volume. To report the conversation of a dead person, one ought to have a thoroughly reliable memory and a thoroughly unimpeachable reputation. The dead are always wrong in a dialogue with the man who lives to report it. How few of us could resist the temptation to make ourselves more clever than we were in the presence of a celebrity! How easy it is to polish a repartee that might have been uttered, had we thought of it! It will be seen how in this dialogue—which is a good sample of the turgidity of the book—"myself" shines. Miss Evans, Mr. Lewes, and Mr. Buchanan were the persons present:

"*George Eliot.* We are absolutely the creatures of our secretions. So true is this that the slightest disturbance of the cerebral circulation, say a temporary congestion, will pervert the entire stream of moral sentiment.

"*Myself.* All this is doubtless very correct. I hold, nevertheless, that the soul, the ego, is invulnerable, despite all temporary aberrations—clouds obscuring the moon's disc, so to speak.

"*George Eliot.* Say rather disintegrations with the very substance of the

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moon herself. Where the very substance of the luminary is decaying, what hope is there for the permanence of your moonlight?

"*Myself.* The analogy is imperfect; but, to pursue it, the lunar elements remain indestructible, and after transformation may cohere again into some splendid identity.

"*George Eliot.* Moonlight is sunlight reflected on a material mirror: thought, consciousness, life itself, are conditions dependent upon the physical medium, and on the brightness of the external development. *Cogito, ergo sum* should be transposed and altered: *Sum materies, ergo cogito.*

"*Lewes.* And yet, after all, there are psychic phenomena which seem to evade the material definition.

"*George Eliot.* Not one. And science has established clearly that while functional disturbance may be evanescent, structural destruction is absolute and irremediable. An organism once destroyed is incapable of resurrection.

"*Myself.* Then life is merely mechanism, after all?

"*George Eliot.* Undoubtedly. It is very pitiful, but absolutely true."

It is very pitiful, if George Eliot said it. But, notwithstanding what the spicy Mrs. Carlyle calls her masquerading as an "improper woman" and her hopeless theories, the expression "absolutely true" seems to be a positive touch of Mr. Buchanan's. George Eliot, so far as we can judge from her books, did not refuse at least to acknowledge the inexplicable "psychic phenomena" of which Lewes is made to speak. *A Look Round Literature* is a book to be avoided. Evil communications corrupt good manners. We have lately heard of a scholar who has permission to read his breviary in Greek, to prevent any injury to his Ciceronian style. Similarly *A Look Round Literature* should be avoided, for fear that a good literary taste should be even slightly injured by the influence of Mr. Robert Buchanan.

Mr. Josiah Royce's novel, *The Feud of Oakfield Creek*, is a story of California life, perfectly well printed by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and has a certain force and picturesqueness. It lacks literary skill. It is prosy. Cut down to half its present length it might be worth attention. Boscowitz, the newspaper proprietor, is a strongly-drawn type of those Californian chroniclers who are land pirates of the worst description. Happily, public opinion is making them rarer.

There can be no doubt as to the moral intention of Edna Lyall's books. It is good. In *Knight-Errant* (Harper & Bros.) we have a mixture of *Don Quixote* and *The Heir of Redclyffe*. The hero of *Knight-Errant* is the kind of man that good women would like all men to be, but whom even good men would find rather uncomfortable. Still, the world is better for such ideals

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as Edna Lyall holds up to it. They may be somewhat sentimental—in masculine eyes they may even appear somewhat unreal and a little absurd, as women's heroes in books generally do. But they prove the truth that women admire nobility of character in men, as they admire and honor purity among themselves. They are a rebuke to that cynicism which the *femmes-auteurs* encourage—the belief of the prince of cynics, that "every woman is at heart a rake." Carlo Donati, the "knight-errant," is the son of an Italian patriot—one of those Italian patriots one hears of, on whose dying face there had been that "look of faith in renunciation which was stamped upon the face of his teacher, Mazzini." That "look" is an old "property" with lady-novelists. It has been ascribed to Garibaldi, to Cavour, to the charming and beautiful Victor Emmanuel himself. It is a little worn; it ought to be put away with the "strawberry mark" of our ancestors. Miss Lyall wants the gentle Italian temperament for her hero, but she must make him a Protestant. This is the improbable manner in which she manages it:

"They lived all the year round at the Villa Bruno, and a kindly old priest at Pozzuoli taught the boy until he was old enough to go in every day to the *Ginnasio* at Naples. Here he entered into his life-long friendship with Enrico Ritter, and learned much through his intercourse with the German family, whose house became his headquarters when he was in Naples. The Ritters, deeming the country life dull for the boy, were constantly inviting him to stay with them, and giving him brief snatches of gayety. Nominally Lutherans, the worthy Germans were practically materialists, and it was largely owing to his visits at the Ritters' that Carlo first became dissatisfied with the religion in which his mother had educated him. Equally was he dissatisfied with the conventional acceptance of Christianity and the real scepticism which prevailed in the Ritter household. For a year or two he puzzled his brain over the vexed question; finally he took the decisive step and resolved to go no more to church. This caused much pain to his mother and to his old friend, Father Cristoforo; and though plunging deeply into that sort of worship at the shrine of beautiful Nature which is the reaction from formalism, he felt a want in his life."

He meets an attractive English girl, and—

"After a time he formally joined the English Church. Of course he had some opposition to encounter, but though his old friend the priest shook his head sorrowfully, and though his mother shed tears, and though the Ritters chaffed him good-humoredly, his happiness was too great to be marred by such things; besides, they all loved him so well that they soon pardoned the obnoxious step which he had taken, and did their best to forget that he was not as they were."

And now Miss Lyall has cleared the deck. She could never have trusted a Catholic hero to be as good—and, in parenthesis,

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let us say as "goody"—as Donati becomes. Most Italians who know their Italy would look with contempt on one of their fellow-citizens joining the English Church without some solid material consideration; but Miss Lyall prefers to forget this. Anita, Carlo's sister, has married the manager of an opera troupe. Anita remains a Catholic, and is, therefore, liable to temptation. Her husband is a cross-grained person, and he is not always polite to her, although she is his *prima donna.* Comerio, the first baritone, who is also a Catholic, and who has not had the advantage of a Mazzinian training, makes love off the stage to Anita. Carlo, therefore, gives up the legal profession, which he has studied, and adopts the dramatic profession, which he has not studied, and becomes first baritone, in order to prevent Comerio from making love to his sister on or off the stage. He makes a great success as Valentine in *Faust.* His rendering of Valentine's death-scene might well be adopted by some of the present Valentines. Of course it is impossible that Miss Lyall's hero could have bounded into success without hard work and long experience, and the young person moved to imitate Carlo's example will soon regret the experiment. Nevertheless, Miss Lyall's idea of how Valentine's death-scene should be done is good, and, carried out, would redeem a situation from the depths to which it is ordinarily dragged:

"Both the singing and the acting in the death-scene were exceptionally fine; the mingling of wrath and grief, denunciation and reproachful love, which he managed to convey in his last words with Marghérita, appealed to all, while at the end he produced a novel effect. With panting breath, and with more of sorrow than of anger, he sang, '*Tu morrai tra cenci vil.*' Then, suddenly diverted from the present, he pressed to his lips the cross on his sword-hilt which one of his fellow-soldiers held towards him, and afterwards, turning again towards Marghérita with a look so beautiful that once seen it could never be forgotten, sang with a depth of tenderness the brief 'I die for thee," kissed her bowed head, with a sort of triumphant resignation gasped the last 'Like a soldier I die,' and fell back lifeless."

Carlo, singing and acting, follows Anita and her husband around the world, cutting out the wicked Comerio when he can. Anita grows weary of him, and it is no wonder. Why he could not have let her husband protect or brought her to a sense of her duty by talking a little common sense to her does not appear. He suffers and makes sacrifices until Anita dies, singing a snatch from *Faust:*

"*Oh, del ciel angeli* immortali!
Deh, mi guidate con voi lassù."

This over, Carlo marries the attractive English girl who had

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"converted" him. Comerio, the wicked and vengeful, is disposed of. But one cannot help thinking that Carlo's exasperating Church-of-England goodness must have helped to disgust the wretched Comerio with that aspect of virtue. And, as he saw no other—being acquainted only with papistical Italians, who are notoriously wicked—he continued to go to the bad.

Anthony Trollope's manly autobiography was so satisfactory that it was hoped that Charles Reade, "novelist, journalist, dramatist," might have left one. Thackeray was wise in putting it out of any man's power to write an authoritative biography of him. Dickens' reputation has not yet recovered from Forster's *Life*, and it will be hard for some time to come to enjoy any of Charles Reade's books with the remembrance of his *Memoir*, written by Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade, in one's mind. The picturesque Froude has made a wreck of Carlyle, and these two friends of Charles Reade have made a very piteous spectacle of him. Fancy the capability of men for sympathetic biography who could deliberately write this:

"His contemporaries—those, that is to say, of his undergraduate days—have mostly passed away, and it is difficult to form an accurate impression of that period of his life. It has been hinted that he was never very popular with the Demies' common room. He could not, as has been said, appreciate their port. His manner was individual and unsympathetic; he cared less than little for college gossip or college jokes. Newman amused him, but only as a polished buffoon. One or two of the others he did not consider gentlemen—an unpardonable sin in his eyes at that time of his life. It was Bernard Smith for whom he cherished a sincere affection, and afterwards he was positively chagrined when his friend elected to merge himself in the Church of Rome, and not only so, but to embrace Roman orders. He always spoke of that gentleman as of a brother whom he had lost by the sort of misadventure which he could neither comprehend nor quite tolerate. He had been imbued with Protestant ideas. His pet divine, Chillingworth, was the author of a trite but ill-worded aphorism concerning the Bible and the Bible only, and he could quite understand any belief under the sun—or absolute negation—except popery. Perhaps not a little of his acerbity towards all things papistical, a sentiment which he tried to veil in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, may be referred to spleen at losing the society, if not the friendship, of Bernard Smith."

If Charles Reade said in some moment of mental aberration—which moments this biography would lead us to believe were not infrequent—that he was "amused by Newman," judicious biographers would have suppressed it. It is plain that the biographers, especially the reverend one, enjoyed writing this paragraph.

Charles Reade was, as we all know, a virile and interesting

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writer. He made money by his novels, and also a great reputation. He lost much of the former by his infatuation for the stage, and much of the latter by *A Terrible Temptation*, which was considered immoral by some of the critics. It is not a book to put into the hands of the young or to be read by anybody with profit. Charles Reade probably had strong prejudices against the church, but he does not appear in *The Cloister and the Hearth* the foolish bigot which his biographers represent him to have been.

Towards the end of his life Charles Reade became very religious. This was after the death of Mrs. Seymour, who had been an actress and who was the novelist's housekeeper. The relations between her and Charles Reade, who always preached morality violently, excited much comment. His biographers admit his disregard for appearances, but say:

"Mr. Winwood Reade was an avowed atheist, the bitterest enemy of Christianity of his age, a man who, on philosophic grounds, despised morality. He would have treated a *liaison* between his uncle and Mrs. Seymour, not merely as a matter of course, but as derogatory to neither. Yet it is a fact that he went out of his way to assure some of those who were most deeply interested in his uncle of his positive conviction that their relations were those of friends only. And although Mr. Winwood Reade's views were otherwise devoid of principle or belief, he was truthful invariably, and on matters of fact worthy of credit. It is all the more needful *in limine* to insist on this, because if Charles Reade's partnership with a practical woman of the world was of the nature of a morganatic marriage, their lives were a brazen fraud. For there was no concealment, no dove-cote in St. John's Wood, or other expedient to avoid the gaze of the world; on the contrary, the author introduced the actress to his family as the lady who kept house for him. He took her to Oxford, and invited his college to meet her on the same footing. He would have punished the man who dared insinuate that Mrs. Seymour was his mistress. Nay, more, she was perfectly free to wed whom she would after the death of her husband, and he equally free after that he had amassed fortune sufficient to have enabled him to dispense with his Fellowship. Neither did marry. The link remained unbroken to the end. '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'"

It Is Never Too Late to Mend was the corner-stone of Charles Reade's fortune. Up to the publication of that book he had been struggling. A gentleman by birth—his biographers value his pedigree fully as much as his work—a Fellow of Magdalen College, and a man utterly without tact, he was not well equipped for a rough fight with the world. But he conquered at last—for a time. Of the two novels, George Eliot's *Romola* and Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*, the latter is decidedly the more solid and more accurate piece of workmanship. There

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is some truth in this rather bitter extract from the biography. Apart from its evident prejudice, it is fairly just, particularly so in the phrases we have italicized:

"I can see no trace of George Eliot in the story called *Romola*, yet I don't know how to escape the conclusion that it is hers; for a story by George Eliot is advertised in the July number of the *Cornhill* and in the current number of the *Athenæum*, and *Thackeray* is displaced to make room for the garrulous lady or gentleman, whichever it may be.

"However, after all I am not well read in Georgy Porgy's works. But certainly this does not come up to *my* idea of her. Is it egotism, or am I right in thinking that this story of the fifteenth century has been called into existence by my success with the same epoch? If it is Georgy Porgy, why then Lewes has been helping her! All the worse for her. The gray mare is the better horse. Anyway, I hope this is not the story that Smith has been ass enough to give £5,000 for."

"There is an acerbity in this, accentuated perhaps by the conviction that his good friend Mr. Smith, whom elsewhere he styles 'The Prince of Publishers' and 'That most princely gentleman,' should lose by *Romola*. Apart from that, the mind which had devoted years of incessant toil to this same fifteenth century could but be sensitive of anachronisms and conscious of faulty drawing. Of course it was galling to perceive a subservient press belauding a distorted picture, and far exceeding the praise it had grudgingly awarded his own masterpiece. Moreover, if ever there lived a man inspired with a passion for justice, it was Charles Reade. . . . George Eliot, who needed no factitious support, bounced on the stage to play to a house crammed in every inch with the *claque*. *The anti-Christian ring, which to an almost indefinite extent influences the daily and weekly press and the leading magazines, rallied to a man round the strong woman*—strong in her will, in her animalism, in her command of thought and diction—and by a combined effort placed her on a pinnacle; *while so subtle was her method that the warmest advocates of the very Christianity she held up to ridicule were hoodwinked into joining in the general chorus of admiration.* Charles Reade held her cheap, simply because he realized more acutely than the rest the inherent defect of her art; but it may safely be affirmed that he would have passed her unnoticed but for the venal pæans that deafened his ears and aroused his righteous indignation."

Charles Reade's honest opinion of the theatre was not favorable. This is what he had to say: "Mrs. Pateman—a respectable actress. The tender and true affection between her and her worthy husband are beautiful to see in a theatre—*that den of lubricity.*"

It is singular, however, that he should, with his keen sense of other people's shortcomings, have associated himself with Mrs. Seymour in a manner that had the outward appearance of a scandalous arrangement. A man who preached as he did must have recognized the force that good example gives to preaching.

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Charles Reade's life, well interpreted, would have made an interesting and profitable study. As it is, the *Memoir* leaves us in doubt as to the character of a man of strong convictions who once wrote these words, so full of Christian hope:

"'For ever!' he cried aloud with sudden ardor; 'Christians live "for ever" and love "for ever," but they do not part "for ever." They part as part the earth and sun, to meet more brightly in a little while. You and I part here for life; and what is our life? One line in the great story of the church, whose son and daughter we are; one handful in the sand of time; one drop in the ocean of "for ever." Adieu for the little moment called "a life." We part in trouble; we shall meet in peace. We part creatures of clay; we shall meet immortal spirits. We part in a world of sin and sorrow; we shall meet where all is purity and love divine; where no ill-passions are, but Christ is, and his saints around him clad in white. There, in the turning of an hour-glass, in the breaking of a bubble, in the passing of a cloud, she and thou and I shall meet again, and sit at the feet of angels and archangels, and apostles and saints, and beam like them with joy unspeakable in the light of the shadow of God upon his throne, for ever, and ever, and ever.'"

Mr. Isaacs, that curious Occidental-Oriental romance, gave Mr. F. Marion Crawford a celebrity which might easily have been evanescent had his first book, according to the rule, been his best. But his latest book is his best. *Saracinesca*—before alluded to in these articles, but now published for the first time in America—ought to have a phenomenal success. It has all the qualities of a good novel—dramatic action without exaggeration, natural play of character, truth to nature and experience, a full knowledge of life, and that artistic quality, or perhaps we might almost say that moral quality, that makes the reader feel safe in Mr. Crawford's hands. For instance, Corona, the stately Duchess of Astradente, is never for a moment untrue to the old duke with whom she has made a marriage of interest; although she knows that the young Prince Saracinesca loves her, she saves him and herself from what might have been ruin in every sense. Corona conquers temptation by prayer. The various shades of Roman politics are drawn by a sure hand. Mr. Crawford is the first writer in the English language to present tableaux of modern Roman politics with decent impartiality and conservative decency. We have had enough of Italian *carbonari* aureoled in Liberal red fire. We have to thank Mr. Crawford for a new view of Roman society, but, above all, for a very great novel. The book has no nastiness in it. We have already given extracts showing its wonderfully vivid power of description and the author's just views of Roman society before the spoliation.

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The Duke d'Astradente, the old and the young Princes Saracinesca, Valderno and Del Ferici, represent different political opinions. Del Ferici is an ultra-liberal, a treacherous conspirator, whom Cardinal Antonelli allows to remain in Rome because he fancies wrongly that such conspirators are harmless. Del Ferici and the younger Prince Saracinesca, who is a large landed proprietor, talk of the reforms we used to hear so much about. The prince meets Del Ferici's proposals on the subject of improving the Campagna with the assertion that things have changed since the Campagna was a series of villas. Del Ferici says: "Why are the conditions so different? I do not see. Here is the same undulating country, the same climate—"

"'And twice as much water,' interrupted Giovanni. 'You forget that the Campagna is very low, and that the rivers in it have risen very much. There are parts of ancient Rome now laid bare which lie below the present water-mark of the Tiber. If the city were built upon its old level much of it would be constantly flooded. The rivers have risen and have swamped the country. Do you think any amount of law or energy would drain this fever-stricken plain into the sea? I do not. Do you think that if I could be persuaded that the land could be improved into fertility, I would hesitate at any expenditure in my power to reclaim the miles of desert my father and I own here? The plain is a series of swamps and stone-quarries. In one place you find the rock below the surface, and it burns up in summer; a hundred yards further you find a bog hundreds of feet deep which even in summer is never dry.'

"'But,' suggested Del Ferici, who listened patiently enough, 'supposing the government passed a law forcing all of you proprietors to plant trees and dig ditches, it would have some effect."

"'The law cannot force us to sacrifice men's lives. The Trappist monks at Tre Fontane are trying, and dying by the score. Do you think I or any other Roman would send peasants to such a place, or could induce them to go?'"

Later, Del Ferici, answering Saracinesca's statement that he does not see why an intelligent few should be ruled by an ignorant majority, says that the majority in Italy would be educated. Saracinesca asks whether schoolmasters make good governors.

"'The schoolmasters,' he says, 'would certainly have the advantage in education; do you mean to say they would make better or wiser electors than the same number of gentlemen who cannot name all the cities and rivers in Italy or translate a page of Latin without a mistake, but who understand the conditions of property by actual experience, as no schoolmaster can understand them? Education of the kind which is of any practical value in the government of a nation means the teaching of human motives, of humanizing ideas, of some system whereby the majority of electors can distinguish the qualities of honesty and common sense in the candidate they wish to elect.'"

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It is refreshing to find sane views of human conduct put into such a powerful form as this novel. *Saracinesca*, printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been received enthusiastically in Great Britain. Mr. Crawford has well employed his great talent and his unimpeachable style in helping to strengthen the growing reaction against the mad policy of Continental theorists.

The figures in Mr. Crawford's comedy move with ease and naturalness. Corona is drawn with the breadth and nobleness of womanhood worthy of the author who painted Diane in that other not so unobjectionable book, *To Leeward*. Mr. Crawford knows how magnificent are the effects of religion on characters naturally noble, and we see this in Corona. All the late books by celebrated writers of fiction have been disappointments. Mr. Crawford's *Saracinesca* alone is an exception. He has doubtless reached his acme in it. It would be impossible to go higher without getting abreast of Thackeray, Manzoni, and—with a difference in quality—Nathaniel Hawthorne at their best.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE THRONE OF THE FISHERMAN BUILT BY THE CARPENTER'S SON. By Thomas W. Allies. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

Mr. Allies has devoted himself for many years to a thorough study of the Roman Primacy and the formation of Christendom in the early ages of Christianity. He has produced several admirable volumes on these subjects, and now he has placed a crown on his work by setting forth the royalty of the See of Peter as it shone forth after the heathen persecutions, from the Council of Nicæa to that of Chalcedon, from Sylvester to Leo the Great, from the beginning of the fourth to the middle of the fifth century.

Mr. Allies takes his stand upon the testimony which the Council of Nicæa, by its very organization and by the explicit witness of its decrees, gives of the original, primitive, universal foundation and structure of the Catholic hierarchy. He shows how this unity of faith and government maintained and consolidated itself against the inward struggles of heresy and rebellion carried on by usurping civil and ecclesiastical princes. He describes the characters and the great works of the heroic intellectual champions of faith and legitimate authority in eloquent language. The argumentative power and value of the work is of a very high order, and it has the interest of the most attractive and instructive kind of historical

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writing. We cannot too earnestly commend it to all intelligent readers, and especially to Catholics.

DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA: Its Scope and Value. From the German of F. Hettinger, D.D. Edited by H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

This work of Dr. Hettinger, extremely well edited and translated, is intended as an introduction and companion to the study of Dante. The *Divina Commedia* is admitted on all hands to be the greatest of all merely human poems as a work of art; and, more than this, it is a deep and widely-reaching treatise, embracing an encyclopædia of theology and philosophy in their most important bearings on human life and the end of man. Very few readers can go below the surface of imagery so as to understand the hidden meaning of the poet, without the aid of an expositor. Hence the need and value of a work like Dr. Hettinger's.

Father Bowden's preface is a composition of great beauty of style and fine critical discrimination. In one respect particularly it is of special interest and utility. It is well known that Dante was a strong partisan of the Ghibellines and a warm advocate of German imperialism, which placed him in opposition to the political views and action of the popes and the party of the Guelphs, who were their closest and most thorough-going adherents. He took poetic vengeance on these political adversaries by putting them into his poetical Hell, and consigning them to everlasting torments in the dismal abode which he has made to flare and burn with all the lurid light and heat of his vivid and sombre imagination.

In this respect Dante was greatly at fault and deserves severe censure. Father Bowden makes a calm and just appreciation of this weak and faulty side of Dante's great and monumental work as the poet of mediæval Catholicism. Of course anti-Catholic writers, with their irreconcilable animosity against the Papacy, have made the most of it, as they always do of every opportunity of turning our own guns upon our citadel. Yet, notwithstanding all Dante's misconceptions of the exterior and temporal relations of the Roman polity, and his passionate resentments against individuals, the architectonic idea of his grand poem is essentially and substantially Catholic, and his genius has erected in the *Divina Commedia* the most sublime monument of mediæval Catholicism. In admiration and gratitude to the great Catholic poet his errors and mistakes have been magnanimously overlooked. Popes, bishops, and all classes of the most devoted adherents of the church have vied with each other in doing him honor. His fame and glory have increased as the centuries have passed on, and in his own sphere of greatness, though he may have two or three compeers, there is no one who can vindicate his claim to a higher place.

There have been thirty translations into English of the *Divina Commedia* published during this present century. Father Bowden gives his preference to Cary's translation. Among several others which enjoy a high repute, that of our countryman, Mr. Longfellow, is one.

We repeat the remark that those who wish to study the *Divina Commedia*, whether in the Italian or in an English translation, need the assistance of a commentary. They will find this need amply satisfied in the work, which Father Bowden has so well edited, by the eminent German author, Dr. Hettinger.

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SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES: KINDNESS. By the Rev. Frederick W. Faber, D.D. New York: James Pott & Co.

It is late in the day to say anything new by way of either praise or criticism of Father Faber, but we may call attention to the cheap but charming dress into which his Conferences on Kindness have just been put by a Protestant publishing house. Considering how uncompromising and outspoken he is in matters of dogma, the writings of Father Faber seem to have a peculiar attraction for our separated brethren. His charm for them is probably that of sweetness of tone and temper, for he shares it with Fénelon, whose Spiritual Letters have also been issued, at a like inexpensive rate, for the same public. They make one sigh, these little books, so carefully printed, so neatly bound, so clear and elegant in type, for a little —or a good deal—more care and good taste on the part of some of our Catholic publishers.

THE PASSION AND DEATH OF JÉSUS CHRIST. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm. New York: Benziger. 1887.

This volume is the fifth of the Centenary Edition, and is entirely devoted to the Passion and Death of our Lord. As the preceding volumes have already been noticed as they appeared, all that we need say is that the present is quite equal to its predecessors in get-up, etc.

INTRODUCTORY HEBREW METHOD AND MANUAL;
ELEMENTS OF HEBREW;
HEBREW WORD-LISTS. By William R. Harper, Ph.D., Professor of Semitic Languages in Yale College, Principal of the Schools of the Institute of Hebrew. Chicago: American Publication Society of Hebrew; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

These Hebrew text-books of Dr. Harper are different from those which have been heretofore in use. The old method was to take a large grammar—*e.g.*, that of Nordheimer—and learn and recite the greater part first, just as school-boys have been used to do with the Latin and Greek grammars. Next a Hebrew reader, containing extracts from the Bible, was taken up, with the aid of a large lexicon, to be construed in class, and perhaps, after this, some books or parts of books from the Bible were studied in the same way that Cæsar, Virgil, Homer, etc., are usually studied in school and college. Some experienced teachers object to this method of studying grammar as the principal thing, and classic authors as an illustration of the grammar. They think the method should be reversed, and the language itself be studied and taught, with the use of grammar to illustrate the language. Dr. Harper follows an inductive method of this kind. His manuals are suited for beginners, yet they are intended to give not merely an elementary but a thorough knowledge of Hebrew. They include lessons, in a progressive series, grammar, the text of the first eight chapters of Genesis, a vocabulary and word-lists—in fact, all that a student needs until he is ready, if so disposed, to take up the Hebrew Bible by himself and prosecute the study of it to such an extent as he may choose. Of course it is necessary that a teacher of Hebrew should examine these manuals for himself, in order to understand fully Dr. Harper's method and to form a judgment of its merits. We merely wish, in this notice, to call attention to it as worthy of examination by those who are engaged in teach-

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ing the Hebrew language—a task which, so far as our observation extends, has hitherto produced very scanty results, of very little utility to the pupils. We hope, however, for better results in the future.

Other Semitic text-books for the study of the Aramaic, Assyrian, and Arabic languages are advertised by the Messrs. Scribner. One of these was sent to us for notice, and we take this occasion to make a brief mention of it. It is an Arabic manual by Prof. Lansing, containing an elementary grammar and a chrestomathy. One of his reviewers gives what appears to be the testimony of a competent critic to the value of the work: "Prof. Lansing has a thorough practical knowledge of the language. He was born in Damascus and lived many years in Cairo, so that, equally with English, Arabic is his vernacular. Indeed, I well remember him, as a boy, speaking Arabic rather more fluently than English. But he is now an accomplished writer of English, and this gives his manual an advantage in clearness and conciseness over any work that I have seen translated or adapted from French or German."

Those of the Semitic text-books which we have seen deserve the highest praise for their excellence as respects typography, and all else that belongs to their mechanical execution and convenient arrangement for purposes of study and instruction. The beauty of the Hebrew text in Dr. Harper's series is especially noteworthy.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE, AND A FEW ORIGINAL POEMS. By Sir Stephen E. de Vere, Bart. With Latin text. Second edition, enlarged. London: George Bell & Sons.

The first edition of these very admirable translations included but ten of the odes of Horace, the present edition comprises thirty-one; we hope Sir Stephen will continue putting out new and enlarged editions until he has translated into his chaste and beautiful English all that is best worth preserving of him whom Thackeray affectionately calls "the dear old pagan." As far as they go, these are, in our opinion, the finest translations from Horace in our language. Bulwer has left us very admirable translations, but by attempting to be too literal he has failed to preserve much of the fine flavor of the odes; there is too much evidence of labor, so that often the spirit, the ease, the swing, and grace of the original is lost. About the translations of Francis there is too much jingle and sameness; they give no idea of the wonderful variety of Horace's thought and modes of expression. But, as every one who has ever attempted to translate Horace into verse knows (and there are many who have sweated in vain in the lists), his wonderful condensation of thought is extremely hard to catch in an English net. Sir Stephen de Vere, as we have said, has succeeded remarkably well. He has given us the pith, the kernel of the odes that he has translated, and at the same time preserved something of the shell. He has kept a golden mean between servile literalness and slovenly paraphrase.

The "Few Original Poems" are placed between the translations and Horace's original text. They are graceful and replete with a quiet beauty, but we think they should have been published in a separate volume; sandwiched where they are they seem out of place. "Sed nunc non erit his locis.' The lines on "Charity" are very beautiful and true, and there is a lovely song, "The Old Thorn."

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COMPENDIUM CEREMONIARUM SACERDOTI ET MINISTRIS SACRIS OBSERVANDARUM IN SACRO MINISTERIO. Auctore M. Hausherr, S.J. Editio altera, emendata et multis aucta. St. Louis: B. Herder.

This new edition of the *Compendium of the Ceremonies of the Sacred Ministry* is excellent. It is well arranged, clear, and succinct, and will prove a valuable help to those desiring and needing a knowledge of the subject-matter of this little volume.

THE RITUAL OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. An Essay on the Principles and Origin of Catholic Ritual in reference to the New Testament. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. Third edition. Permissu superiorum. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This third edition of the book which was originally called *In Spirit and in Truth* has been rewritten and recast. It is solid and most useful, and deserving of high commendation as a mine of sacred learning.

IS THERE A GOD WHO CARES FOR US? Translated from the French of Mgr. Ségur. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This dainty little book is a compendium of the best arguments for the existence of God. It is written in a style which, for popular instruction or for familiar conversation, could hardly be better; and meantime it contains the result of the deepest thought and fullest research. It contains but seventy-two small-sized pages, yet such has been the author's genius for condensation and his judgment in selection of matter that little more can be desired by the average intelligence for even this greatest of themes.

NUTTALL'S STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. New edition, revised, extended, and improved throughout, by the Rev. James Wood. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

The new edition gives new value to this already valuable and well-known work. Of a convenient size and clearly printed, it is adequate to all ordinary needs. The very excellent phonetic system invented by Dr. Nuttall is universally applied in this edition. The arrangement has been improved, the vocabulary extended to include words that have lately come into current use in science, literature, and common parlance; while to the leading word of each group its etymological significance has been appended. Some illustrations have been added, and other improvements and additions made which enhance the value of the work.

TEN DOLLARS ENOUGH. Keeping House well on Ten Dollars a week: How it has been done; how it may be done again. By Catherine Owen. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Ten Dollars Enough appeared originally as a serial in the pages of *Good Housekeeping*. Its good sense, and the practical directions and the economical recipes in it, made it very popular among housewives lacking abundance of means, so that it has been reprinted in book form. The young couple whose story it relates are not supposed to live entirely upon ten dollars a week; they are supposed to have an income of one hundred dollars per month, but ten dollars per week pay all table expenses. The manner in which this is done is very clearly told. A great many recipes are given, and it is surprising to find how good a bill of fare can be maintained on the small amount laid out for it. The directions given have been carried out by many, who express great satisfaction in letters to the editor

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of *Good Housekeeping*. If this book can check much of the extravagance and waste so common among people of moderate incomes, it will do a very good work indeed.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

HOLY CROSS: A History of the Invention, Preservation, and Disappearance of the Wood known as the True Cross. By W. C. Prime, LL.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

THE SECRET OF SANCTITY REVEALED IN MARY. Abridged from *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin* of Blessed Grignon de Montfort. By a Dominican Father. Boston: Thos. B. Noonan & Co.

THE CHURCH AND THE SECTS. Ten Letters in Defence and Continuation of the Pamphlet entitled *Which is the True Church?* By C. F. B. Allnatt. First series, five letters. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

FAITH AND REASON; or, Belief in Revelation the Highest of Human Acts. An Address by Bernard Vaughan, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICA. By Captain Ed. O'Meagher Condon. New York: Ford's National Library, 17 Barclay St.

MEMORIALS OF THOSE WHO WERE AND ARE NOT. An Easter Offering. Edited by Robert Madden, M.R.I.A. Dublin: Jas. Duffy; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE LATEST STUDIES ON INDIAN RESERVATIONS. By J. B. Harrison. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association.

CAPTAIN GLAZIER AND HIS LAKE. An Inquiry into the History and Progress of Exploration at the Head-waters of the Mississippi since the Discovery of Lake Itasca. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman & Co.

THE MORNING DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES DURING HOLY WEEK AS OBSERVED IN ALL PAROCHIAL CHURCHES. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel.

THE GRAY TIGERS OF SMITHVILLE; or, He Would and He Wouldn't. A School Extravaganza in Three Acts. Edited by Edward Roth, A.M. Philadelphia: 1135 Pine St.

BOOKS NOT NOTICED IN THIS NUMBER FOR WANT OF SPACE.

Notices of the following publications are omitted from the present number for want of space:

ELEMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAW. Adapted especially to the Discipline of the Church in the United States. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. Two vols. Sixth Edition. Completely Revised according to the Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. New York: Benziger Bros.

THE CHURCH AND THE VARIOUS NATIONALITIES IN THE UNITED STATES. Are German Catholics Unfairly Treated? By Rev. John Gmeiner. Milwaukee: Zahn & Co.

THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Notre Dame, Ind.: *Ave Maria* Press.

THE DOCTRINE OF ST. THOMAS ON THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY AND OF ITS USE. By Mgr. De Concilio. New York: Pustet & Co.

THE MASQUE OF MARY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward Caswell, of the Oratory, Birmingham. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

AMERICAN STATESMEN SERIES. Life of Thomas Hart Benton. By Theodore Roosevelt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ABRAHAM, JOSEPH, AND MOSES IN EGYPT. Being a Course of Lectures delivered before the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. By Rev. Alfred H. Kellogg, D.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

HEINRICH AND LEONORE: An Alpine Story, and other Poems. By M. J. Barry. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS. Edited by Horace E. Scudder. New York: The Planting and the Growth of the Empire State. By Ellis H. Roberts. Two vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE TEACHING OF ST. BENEDICT. By the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O S B. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

INSTRUCTIONS AND DEVOTIONS FOR CONFESSION AND COMMUNION. For the use of convent schools. Compiled from approved sources and approved by a priest. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE LESSER IMITATION; being a sequel to the *Following of Christ*. By Thomas à Kempis. Done into English by the author of *Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord*. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THIRTY-ONE PIOUS EXERCISES FOR THE MONTH OF MAY. FLOWERS FOR MARY'S ALTAR. A MEMORIAL OF FIRST COMMUNION. New York: Schaeffer & Co.

THE CHILD'S MONTH OF MARY. New York: M. Sullivan.

COMPENDIUM ANTIPHONARII ET BREVIARII ROMANI, concinnatum ex editionibus typicis cura et auctoritate S. R. Cong. publicatis. New York: Fr. Pustet.

SERMONS AT MASS. By the Rev. Patrick O'Keeffe, C.C., author of *Moral Discourses*. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1887.

HISTORY OF ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT, EDINBURGH, the first religious house founded in Scotland since the so-called Reformation; and the Autobiography of Sister Agnes Xavier Trail. With a Preface by the Most Rev. Wm. Smith, D.D., Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. Edinburgh and London: John Chisholm.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE COMMON AND PARTICULAR OWNERSHIP OF PROPERTY.

ARISTOTLE long since decided that for populous and enlightened nations common ownership and possession of property was a visionary scheme. His decision, made for posterity, is recorded in his refutation of communism. It is sufficiently obvious that the subject inquired into and determined by Aristotle is similar in nature to the topics that are somewhat warmly discussed in our own day. Some elementary propositions underlying these topics it is here intended to examine and to disengage from uncertainty and obscurity.

A few precise definitions will serve to present clearly the real principles at issue in the controversy which has arisen and waxed well-nigh universal respecting Mr. George's theory of communism—a theory which is false, eccentric, and utterly impracticable.

The true import of private and exclusive ownership of property is, in this paper, following the best authorities, understood to be "the right to have and to dispose completely and at will of a corporeal thing, unless prohibited by law." *

To show the total impracticability of communism, and even its real injustice in view of the constituted order of things, it is necessary to draw, with Cajetan and others, the true and essen-

* "Dominium est jus perfecte disponendi de re corporali nisi lege prohibeatur" (Becanus [*De Jure et Justit.*, cap. 2, qu. 1], who follows Bartolus and others). "Sic enim dominium apud jurisconsultos definitur, jus vel facultas re propria utendi ad quemlibet usum lege permissum idque in commodum proprium" (note by the editors Billuart, Silvius, and others to the *Summa Theol.* of St. Thomas, p. 2, 2, q. 66, a. 2).

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tial distinction between ownership positively in common and ownership negatively in common. Ownership of property positively in common gives the right to each individual to appropriate any part of it to his own exclusive use, just as he may judge himself to need it; thus each one can take water from the public well, can use the public highway, they being rendered positively common. Light and air are in the nature of things positively common.

Ownership negatively in common excludes the right in each one of appropriating to himself at will the share which he may select. In this case each one's share or allowance is portioned out to him by authority representing all, whose duty it is to define and defend the right of all in general and each in particular. Thus the rule or else the superior in the religious communities of the Catholic Church measures out to each member of these Christian bodies, according to his necessities, the goods which are for common use. For such community of persons can own property only negatively in common.

The fishing party divides the fish, which all caught, by some conventional method. So also did Abraham and Lot divide the land conventionally: "Behold, the whole land is before thee; depart from me, I pray thee. If thou wilt go to the left hand, I will take the right; if thou choose the right hand, I will pass to the left" (Gen. xiii. 9). Abraham here recognizes that both he and Lot had a common and rightful claim to the unoccupied land before them. Their right to it was not of the kind that made the land the positively common domain of either, and thus indiscriminately appropriable—as, *e.g.*, air or light. Hence neither could apportion to himself what he willed, irrespectively of the other's right and of the rights of men in general. If undivided land be owned positively in common, each one may appropriate to himself any quantity he deems good and useful to himself. If it be owned only negatively in common, each one's share must be measured by some equitable rule that will secure the equal rights of each and all the owners in common.

The natural law is the unchangeable rule or measure of what is absolutely right in reason, or of what is unalterably true and just in the nature of things. It is by an evident and luminous dictate of natural law that mankind judge the earth to be their common habitation and possession, so as to have a right to live on it and to derive from it the means to sustain life, and whatever else it may yield contributing to human comfort and well-being. Hence it may be said that the general right of mankind

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to the soil of the earth and its fruits is founded directly and distinctly upon the immutable law of right reason. Yet such ownership of the goods of the earth as the natural law thus immediately confers and guarantees is merely of a negatively common and undetermined nature, not the positively common kind of ownership which allows the individual to appropriate to himself at his pleasure the portion which he deems best suited to his needs.*

But nature alone, which so bestows on all men collectively a negatively equal ownership and possession of the earth, does not immediately give any distinct and specific share to individuals. No unit of the human family can refer to those first principles of natural and immutable justice as the direct and immediate cause of his title to the glebe or other corporeal goods which he rightfully possesses. The immediate dictate of upright reason does not distinguish and discriminate *this* as the property of one person, and *that* as the property of another. Nature does not straightway institute the distinction between *mine* and *thine*, nor reveal what and how much is *meum* or what and how much is *tuum*.

Then by what species of title or by what genuine right may it be said that the land of the earth and other material possessions are held and owned by their present and actual proprietors, since it may not be admitted that the natural law is the immediate authority for separate and individual ownership?

To say that "exertion" or "occupancy" *per se*—that is, not defined nor limited by any conventional rule or law—founds exclusive individual ownership of land, is to maintain that the land is owned positively in common, as light and air, and not negatively in common. Such a theory proposed as either the proximate or the ultimate basis of the right to individual proprietorship in land is opposed to the general teaching of the theologians in the Catholic Church.† By such method of acquiring ownership the land would be for the swift and strong; and the "land-grabber" would acquire a valid title to all he might profess to "occupy."

* Aside, of course, from the case of extreme necessity to which the axiom applies, "in extremis omnia sunt communia"—*i.e.*, etiam positive.

† Vide the doctors of the mediæval schools in their commentaries on the Politics of Aristotle, and also the great commentators on the *Summa* of St. Thomas, 2, 2, qu. 66, a. 2. "De *jure gentium* est ut quæ adhuc nullius sunt, fiant de primo occupante" (Becanus, *De Jure et Justit.*, c. 5, q. 3)—"It is by *the common law of nations* that those goods which as yet belong to no one in particular become the property of the first to acquire them." Such goods are gained by virtue of *human law*, and conformably to the restrictions put by it.

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Exclusive ownership over a specified quantity of land is conceded, therefore, *by public authority* to the first occupant of such land in all nations which accept the Roman civil law.

Similarly, by international law, first discovery of vacant land gives a government the right of occupying and colonizing. With certain modifications, this rule of Roman jurisprudence is adopted in the English-speaking nations. But it will be observed that such occupancy is made to confer a right to the property discovered and appropriated only through the medium of human agreement and just positive law. Occupancy is *per se* powerless to confer any right to possession and ownership, and it really does so only by virtue of its being a condition prescribed by human law. Its title-conveying quality, therefore, is determined and measured absolutely by the laws which prescribe and appoint it to its special character and function.

It is true that all genuine vested civil rights are derived from the law of nature; but they come from it through the medium of the civil law, every civil law that is just being itself derived from the law of nature. The dictates of invariable and incorrupt reason are the last and adequate source of every civil and political right, but they are not the proximate cause and origin of these rights. Human positive law is the direct and immediate source of civil immunities and prerogatives, and is at the same time a derivation from the law of nature.

Mr. George does not fall into error because he maintains that Nature (God) gave the land in common to mankind, but because he denies that the division, and distribution of it to individuals, can be legitimately made at all. He furthermore denies, erroneously, that when the division is conventionally, legally, and equitably made each person thereby acquires any exclusive ownership of his share, and that such ownership is a vested right which cannot be arbitrarily abrogated by the public authority.

Division of land once conventionally or legitimately made was always defended both by the civil and ecclesiastical law, because the ownership thus founded is right, expedient, and even necessary, and is based on the natural law as well as on the Scriptures. "Activity exercised," or "industry," or "occupancy" can give exclusive ownership of land or other corporeal goods only when they are accompanied with the requisite conditions prescribed by just general law, "*jure gentium.*" In the "*Jus Civile,*" or Roman law, there were certain prescribed limits within which the saying, "*jus est primi occupantis,*" was recognized as a rule. It is only a civil law, however, and not a precept of natural law, any

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more than is the U. S. Pre-emption Law, which gives to the first actual settler of "unappropriated public domain" the right before all others to purchase the one hundred and sixty acres composing that *quarter-section* in which the settler's dwelling is situated.

In answer to Mr. George it may be said "each person owns what he makes," provided he makes it out of what he owns, or else out of what is positively common. But, on the other hand, he also owns what he did not produce, provided he acquires ownership in accordance with just law.

It is the teaching of theologians with St. Thomas, 2, 2, qu. 66, a. 2, and the same is maintained by the most eminent jurists who have written in the English language, that the goods of the earth, including land, were divided among nations and individuals *jure humano*—by civil law, or conventionally. In other words, determinate and exclusive ownership of property was introduced by human agreement.*

"The actual distinguishing of goods as the separate property of individual persons," observes the Subtle Franciscan Doctor, "was not the work of the natural law nor of the divine positive law, but was justly accomplished by human positive law."†

"The division of things," says the eminent Jesuit Molina, "was not made by the law of nature nor by the divine positive law; yet it was lawfully introduced by the human law of nations."‡

"Whence does each one own what he possesses?" inquires St. Augustine. "Is it not by the will of man?" §

All things were given to mankind negatively in common, and it is only when there is extreme necessity that individuals can use undivided things as positively common, or that mere possession confers any right to ownership of them. In accordance with this manner of explaining the origin of property, it was not admitted by these illustrious teachers that an individual could acquire exclusive ownership of land except by some general rule

* "Dominium et prælatio introducta sunt ex jure humano" (St. Thomas, 2, 2, q. 10, a. 10). "Quod hæc villa sit mea et illa tua est ex jure imperatorum" (St. Aug., Tract. 5 in Joan., quoted by Billuart, Silvius, and others in their editorial notes to the *Summa Theol.* of St. Thomas, 2, 2, q. 66, a. 2).

† "Non fiebat actualis distinctio (dominiorum) per legem naturæ, nec per divinam"; "Aliqua lege positiva fiebat prima distinctio dominiorum"; "Prima distinctio dominiorum potuit esse justa a lege positiva justa," etc. (Duns Scotus, sup. Sent. 4, 15, 2).

‡ "Rerum divisio nec est de jure naturali nec de jure divino positivo; licite tamen de jure humano gentium fuit introducta" (*De Jure et Justit.*, tract. 2, disp. 20).

§ "Unde quisque possidet quod possidet? Nonne humana voluntate?" (St. Aug., cited by Duns Scotus ibid.)

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or law that regulated and defined the equal rights of all to goods given negatively in common. Hence they all concurred in maintaining (1) that God gave the goods of the earth to mankind negatively in common; (2) that the division of those goods was made *ex jure gentium—i.e.*, by human laws; (3) that the division thus made conferred on individuals exclusive ownership of their equitable shares.

It may be truly said that Mr. George, in denying that land can be divided so as to give exclusive ownership to individuals, contradicts the teachings of all the wisest jurists, all the great schools of Christian philosophy, and the universal practice of all enlightened nations.

Yet in refuting the communistic arguments of Mr. George and others who impugn the right of individual men to own property, even when acquired under the conditions appointed by just human law, we should not fall into the opposite error of maintaining either that Nature immediately gave to individuals the exclusive right to their particular property any more than that she gave to mankind all the goods of the earth positively in common. Individual persons can acquire exclusive ownership of property in accordance with a just and equitable positive rule or law, and only in accordance with such principle can a valid title to what is owned negatively in common be acquired, except, as before said, when the necessity of self-preservation renders goods positively common. In refuting Mr. George's visionary and impracticable theories it is necessary to argue from first principles that are true.

The objection might occur to the mind of the reader that the moral claim of particular persons to their rightful property is not sufficiently sanctioned and safeguarded according to the foregoing principles, seeing that their right is not allowed to rest directly on the immutable precepts of Nature, but is referred to the authority of the fallible and mutable laws of men. Wherefore it might be argued: What is brought about by human law and agreement may be changed or abrogated by the same method.

In answer it should be observed that not all things done conventionally can be arbitrarily annulled by human authority; only those things can be thus changed which are of such character or quality as admits of change. From the very nature of things those changes may not be made which would be simple acts of injustice. Changes may not be made either when it is purely inexpedient or disadvantageous to the welfare of a nation

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to make them. If in any particular case it would be productive of evils, social disorders, and confusion in the state to rescind what has been brought about justly though conventionally, then it would be evil and simply unlawful to put in practice any rescissory measure of such a character and leading to such results. It is the evident duty of men to consult what is right, expedient, and indispensable to the end of securing the universal good of a people. Rightful government, for instance, is necessary for mankind, and in its particular forms it originates proximately from the consent of the governed, or conventionally. Yet arbitrarily to abolish the legitimate government of a nation, and thus to cast the people into anarchy and chaotic disorder, would be unlawful, and even monstrous. Finally, though property comes to individuals by the source herein described, still when thus acquired it is owned by a clear and equitable right which the natural law itself declares is not to be profaned. It is the Most High who has uttered the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!"

It is thought that the discriminating reader will here be pleased to peruse some wise and practical words penned nearly ten years ago by the Rev. Walter H. Hill, S.J. His purpose is to answer the reasoning of the communist, whom he cites as saying: "A portion of the abundance possessed by the rich, who have more than they need, should in natural justice be taken from them and given to the poor, who have less than they need; for Nature intends that all shall have a living from the goods which Nature provides for all."

"This reasoning," continues Father Hill, "is a mixture of truth and error. . . . It is true that Nature intends all to have a living from the goods which Nature intends for all, but she intends this as so regulated and measured that the rights of all may be duly defended. Nature does not intend to confer a private communistic authority or right on individuals of appropriating to themselves exclusively goods in which others also have a right. Hence a particular part of the community can have only that right which is consistent with the rights of others, and which, therefore, must be regulated by general laws of the community.

"In considering the matter proposed by the argument of the communist, it will help towards clearness of thought to distinguish different classes of poor people. Under the first may be included all industrious laboring or working people who, we shall suppose, wish to live only by upright and legitimate means, but who here and now cannot obtain wages that suffice for their

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support. It is, without any doubt, the solemn duty of public authority to protect them in their natural right to the necessary means of living. Secondly, there is a class of the helpless and afflicted poor, comprising such, for example, as are reduced to want by sickness or by any of the various misfortunes and disasters that may befall even the most virtuous and worthy persons. There surely never was an enlightened nation in which all the good and generous among the people did not look on it as a duty, even of private benevolence, to befriend the suffering poor and relieve their wants. . . . For this class of the poor public authority provides hospitals, homes, asylums, etc. A third class may comprise all those more or less indigent people who are idle and vicious, as thieves and slothful vagrants, the improvident and sensual drones of society that collect in the large cities, where they haunt the dens of low pleasure and amusement, who would live above their social condition and seek the means of maintaining themselves in their excessive habits by various dishonest arts and tricks of fraud. It is not work, even for high wages, that such people desire; their wish is to lead a reckless and self-indulgent life in idleness and debauchery. They shun the duties of life, leaving toil and the employments of industry to other hands, though they would have a full share in the fruits of that industry. All they require for turbulent action or outbreaks is that they be headed by the bold, dangerous spirits which rise up in troubled and evil times from the dark, low depths to the surface, to plan and execute desperate deeds of violence. They are practical communists; the system of communism favors them. They have nothing to lose, no home, no goods providently laid up; and any change is for them an improvement. It can scarcely be doubted that it is chiefly on this unruly and mischievous element of society that the communists, whose leaders are either wild theorists or else men of desperate fortune, must depend for enlisting numbers into their ranks." *

There is another phase of the argument devised by the communist. Admitted that the primordial distribution of earthly goods was made conventionally, or by the deliberate, rational, and consentient choice of men, still this primitive determination of things is not binding upon succeeding generations, who are herein as justly permitted to choose for themselves and to re-establish community of goods and of ownership as their ancestors were the contrary.

* *Ethics or Moral Philosophy*, pp. 237-39.

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This argument would doubtless be true if the essential character of man had meanwhile changed, or if human nature had been released from its fallen state introduced through the primeval transgression of Adam, or, again, if the blessing "increase and multiply" had been revoked. But as none of these suppositions have been verified, and are not likely to be, the argument is faulty and inconclusive. But, to answer the difficulty more directly, as the population of the earth by degrees increased, and the resources of livelihood grew correspondingly less copious, it became more and more indispensable to agree upon a distribution of things, or, in other words, to institute separate mastership and possession of them.

The assertion does not need proof that many men are habitually sluggish and indolent. These would, under a system of communism, be supported by goods to whose preparation, improvement, or production they contributed nothing, and which were perfected by the labor of others. Yet it has been affirmed in Holy Writ: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken" (Gen. iii. 19); and also: "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." Now, communism once ordained and established amongst men, the perennial laziness of the drones in the human beehive would be an unbearable injustice to the provident and industrious. Whence the unavoidable consequence of this inequitable scheme would be fatal to the peace and security of individuals and nations.

Furthermore, that work which is only of common obligation is usually not performed at all or else is poorly done—"what is everybody's business is nobody's." Each, desirous to avoid labor, leaves to others what is of general duty. Communism, which would introduce into human life the method of equal and universal duty in respect to all obligations, is, accordingly, an unreal and bootless project.

On the other hand, as St. Thomas observes,* each person is more solicitous to procure that which shall belong to him alone than that which shall be the common property of all or of many. As the result of each one's toil, if communism were the rule, would not be to add to his own possessions, but merely to the common stock, no sufficient reason appears to determine any individual to any one and specific employment; for a characteristic of the overruling motive which now impels men to action in their several pursuits is the strong desire they have to make

* Vide St. Thomas, *Summa Theolog.*, 2, 2, q. 66, a. 2.

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something their own. This removed, the incentive to action is weakened or destroyed. Men also choose the best and easiest means for making something their own. Whence each seeks that occupation to which he is best suited, and which will most easily produce the happiest and most substantial results for himself. But why should one thus choose any species of labor, if the product of his exertions is merely to augment the general store, and if he be not permitted to reap and own the fruit of his toil? The occupations and pursuits of men would, as a direct and sure consequence of this system, decline and become extinct.

It is, for these and other reasons, evident upon reflection that mankind accepts the primordial division of goods made by the original inhabitants of the earth. If the necessity for division of land and other species of property existed even in primitive days, for still stronger reasons does it exist at present.

To recapitulate: There is a real distinction between proprietorship negatively in common and proprietorship positively in common. The former implies a general and undetermined right in many persons to what is equally owned by all, yet so that the right of each is checked and limited by the equal rights of others. The latter mode of holding and owning possessions denotes an unrestricted liberty in each individual of a multitude to appropriate and use whatsoever he lists, arbitrarily and unrestrained by the rights of others. Negatively common dominion over goods is proper to free rational beings.

Goods are shared positively in common by physical and necessary agents, or such as are by Nature determined to operate by physical law. Even men in their capacity of merely natural agents have certain things given them positively in common by Nature, such as light and air.

On the other hand, acting by deliberate choice and reason, they render certain other things, artificially made, positively common for the sake of utility. Brute animals, who operate only through vital and mechanical laws, have their goods made positively common to them, over the possession of which they scramble and fight, the strongest getting the largest share or all.

"More ferarum,
Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus." *

Did God make the order of things thus also for rational ani-

* "When, as the stoutest bull commands the rest,
The weaker by the stronger was oppress."
—HORACE, bk. i. Sat. i. (Francis).

"Propter cibum et coitum pugnant animalia."—ST. THOMAS.

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mals? No; things were made equal to them all negatively, and were to be divided among themselves fairly, peaceably, rationally. If each person had the right primitively to whatever he appropriated to himself arbitrarily and independently of others, then violence and brute force had to determine the division of goods whenever and wherever division became necessary. Each person has, *à priori* or from the Creator, the right to an equitable share in the goods primitively given to all. But the division of those goods, or the determination of individual shares, was left to be agreed on and arranged conventionally by men's reason under the guidance of truth and justice—"*per adinventionem rationis humanæ.*" Convention, which is civil law where the people are organized into a body politic, determines the *division* of goods, and the mooted question with Mr. George and others relates to the equitable character and lawfulness of this *division.* The scholastic principle that it was made conventionally, or, as St. Thomas words it, "*secundum humanum condictum,*" includes the entire matter, considered both *à priori* and *à posteriori*, or the division of things made antecedently to civil society and consequently on civil society's coming into existence. This principle applied to Abraham and Lot as pertinently as it now applies to the people of the United States.

It is of the very essence and definition of ownership that it includes the right to dispose of what is owned. Men have a real ownership in the land of the earth, and therefore they have a right to divide it and distribute it equitably amongst individuals. This has been their practice from primitive times: "The Lord had respect to Abel and to *his* offerings; but to Cain and *his* offerings he had no respect."

Natural law does not dictate that division of the land is *per se* and simply necessary, but only that it may be made, and in expediency should be made. Some communities, especially smaller ones, have held their land in common, the people agreeing on the mode of occupying and cultivating it, and dividing among themselves the fruits of the soil. In a large nation, however, common ownership of land would not be practically possible. That division of goods amongst nations and individuals was brought about by the just and rational consent of men is taught as an established truth by all the most eminent theologians from St. Augustine down to the last of the great scholastic authors.

JAMES A. CAIN.

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SHALL THE PEOPLE SING?

IF ever there was a false tradition which gradually insinuated itself into the external forms of worship and led the people into ignorance and error as to its highest and purest expression, until it almost secured for itself the prescriptive right of "custom," the prevailing fashion of the performance of church music is one. I say unhesitatingly that it deserves to be thus reproached, and calls for an honest, plain-spoken effort to do what one may towards diminishing its power and retarding its further enervating progress.

It has done positive harm by direct appeals to the sensual passions, and deprived souls of the true spiritual nutriment of prayer, the communion of the spirit with God, by diverting the minds of the congregation from the chief object of their assembly before the altar, and substituting entertainment and amusement instead.

The present erroneous tradition has taken the song out of the people's mouths and made them dumb and in great part listless lookers-on, spiritless and distracted, quickly wearied, and heartily glad when the religious performance is over. They have had little part in it and the least possible intelligent appreciation of it.

The canon of this false tradition has no sanction in the rubrics of the ceremonial. What is that canon? It is plainly this: All singing in the divine offices of the Catholic Church, save the chanting by the priest, is to be done by a select number of singers commonly but incorrectly styled "the choir," and by them alone. One frequently hears even the Pope's "Choir" spoken of. It may seem but a little thing to misapply a word, and only *one* word; but dangerous and disastrous heresies have before now based their point of departure from the unity of faith upon the false interpretation of but a word. So the wide-spread and pernicious tradition in church-singing is due, in great measure, to the misuse of this little word "choir." It is a word of distinct and definite signification, constantly found in directive and preceptive rubrical laws, but employed more and more commonly, even to the ends of the earth, to convey quite another meaning, to imply a wholly opposite and forbidden order of things to that

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contemplated by the rubrics. To me it is one of the most marvellous proofs of the divine safeguard of the church, in the midst of the follies, the passions, and the interests of men, that no official recognition, no unguarded expression which might appear to give a color of sanction to such abuses, has ever crept into her preceptive rubrics.

Take, for instance, any untravelled American Catholic, otherwise well instructed in his religion, well educated in science and literature, and converse with him about church "choirs." Tell him in general terms of the magnificent "choirs" you have *seen* in the great cathedrals and churches in Europe, also of the "choirs" you have *heard* sing in them. He will at once perceive that you are speaking of two distinct things—the place in these cathedrals called *the choir*, and the select body of singers who perform the church music. If he has not made a special study of architectural details he will fancy you are describing, by the first, a sort of elevated gallery over the front doorways, containing an organ and seats for singers; and by the second the assemblage of singers in that enclosure, who may probably be a number of professional artists, men and women, such as he has seen and heard in great and small churches and cathedrals in the United States.

No such place and no such singers as our American Catholic would style the "choir" have any rubrical sanction. The Catholic Church does not nor ever did recognize any such an arrangement as he has always believed to be "quite the thing." He is not much to be blamed for his ignorance, for on every hand, in city and in town, he sees new and even stately Catholic churches constantly being built without a seat for a singer in the sanctuary, nor even space enough provided to put one in it, but always with the usual organ-gallery over the door for that instrument and the "choir" of his untutored mind. He travels abroad, and if he misses the accustomed choir-singing performed behind his back he consoles himself that, at least, he generally finds the "Masses" and the "Vespers" performed by a select "choir" in the chancel—which he now learns *is* the choir—or thereabouts.

He is fond of fine music, vocal and instrumental, and he gets it. During Holy Week he inquires where they "do" the best of both kinds, and he does not fail to take advantage of the information obtained. He elbows his way through the crowd that throngs some great cathedral; is disgusted, as a good Catholic

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would be, at the behavior of no small number of the audience, sight-seers and concert-goers, who, however, like himself, are patiently enduring the lengthened services of the Tenebræ, otherwise monotonous and tiresome, in order to hear the performance of some "classical" or "renowned" *Miserere* sung by the cathedral "choir."

Returned to America, he gives glowing descriptions of all the grand church music he has heard, and is quite an authority on the relative merits of Catholic church—singing? No, of a truth, but of Catholic church-*choirs*. He knows no more of what Catholic church-singing ought to be than he ever knew, and the stories of his experience only go to confirm the canon of the erroneous tradition in his own mind and in the minds of his hearers that *all singing in the divine offices of the church is to be done by a select body of singers, and by them alone.* A choir is a body of singers, singing, it may be, over the doorways, behind the backs of the people, or in the chancel—which arrangement probably he thinks to be a mere matter of taste. And what are they for, if not to do *all* the singing? He may probably have discovered that the term "choir," as a place used to designate an organ-gallery, is a misnomer. But has he learned that the singing of a choir from *that place* is not only ignored by the rubrical laws of the Catholic Church, but has been distinctly prohibited? Does he know that by special legislative enactments, repeated from time to time, emanating from the Congregation of Rites—a judicial body of cardinals, appointed, on account of their learning and ability, to decide rubrical questions, and whose decisions are binding in conscience—"choirs" and "choir galleries," as he knows them, have been condemned?

I repeat, therefore, that the misuse of the word "choir" has had no little to do with building up and confirming the erroneous tradition concerning true church-singing, constantly affirming, as it does, the false canon above stated.

But do not the rubrics contemplate a select body of singers at the church services? They do. Such a body is styled *chorus in choro*—a chorus in the choir. This chorus is sometimes also called the *schola*. Who are these persons? A select chorus of clerks, or male singers, vested in cassock and surplice, who, ranged in the *choir*, or sanctuary, sing *in chorus* the Asperges, the Introit, Kyrie, Gloria, Gradual, Credo, Offertory, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, Communion, the responses at High Mass, and the antiphons, psalms, hymns, versicles, commemorations, etc., at

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Vespers. A choir of men and women gathered in a gallery at the extreme end of the church, either hidden behind curtains or exposed to view, has neither been ever supposed or sanctioned by the ritual, much less the *omission* of nearly one-half of what is ordered to be sung, as is the custom with us in America.

But have I not acknowledged that, at any rate, this rubrical *chorus in choro* should sing *all* that there is to be sung? Yes, but not that they *alone* should sing all. What I assert is that it is equally the part of the people assembled at Mass and Vespers to sing; that, barring a few portions of the Mass—chiefly those known as the Gradual, Offertory, and Communion, and most of the Introits, as being different every Sunday and festival, and more difficult of execution—the special office of the *schola* in the choir is to lead the whole congregation in singing all that is appointed to be sung. And I affirm that the people ought, by instruction, to be fitted to do their part, and that for many centuries, up to the time of the disastrous Protestant heresy of the Reformation, they actually did so. The era of the Reformation, coeval with the degradation of morals and manners in and out of the church, gave birth to the Romantic school in music and introduced the Mass and Vesper "concerts," now become almost the rule in all Christian communities. Luther was wise in his day and generation, and when "the mouths of those who should sing unto the Lord were shut" in the Catholic churches by the sensual fashion of the times, he opened the mouths of *his* followers, and by their singing taught them his doctrine and fired their hearts with devotion to the new religion. He made a practical and most successful application of the exhortation which the bishop is directed in the Pontifical to address to those whom he admits into the choir as members of the *schola*: "*Vide ut quod ore cantas corde credas, et quod corde credis operibus comprobes*"—See that what thou singest with thy mouth thou believest in thy heart, and that what thou believest in thy heart thou provest by thy works.

The assertion defies contradiction that many of our Catholic people in every class of society, from the highest to the lowest, about whose faith there is no question, are yet lacking in the knowledge of much that would make their worship more intelligent. They show, by their listless contentment with any state of things connected with the celebration of the religious services in the church, no matter how shabbily and imperfectly they may be conducted, that their participation in divine worship is routine.

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They are wanting in fervor and hearty devotion, because they are denied all personal association with the service. The priest does his part and the choir do their part, but the people are almost like the ones whom the Lord describes as those that have eyes and see not, who have ears and hear not, neither do they understand with their heart. They accept with an apathetic indifference whatever is thrown at them in the shape of spiritual food, or even as wholesome correction, telling you, with an air of languid relief from the sense of responsibility, that it is "all plenty good enough."

Very pertinent to this are the words of a learned French ecclesiastic in a little work of his entitled *Le saint Office considéré au point de vue de la piété:*

"It is high time to ask ourselves if the worshippers have not become less devout through becoming less attentive to the services of the church, and if the *silence of our temples of religion* has not brought on the sleep of souls."

In the discipline of the early church it was supposed that all the congregation of the faithful present at the Holy Sacrifice responded to the salutations and solemn invitations of the priest given *to them* to unite *with* him in prayer and acts of adoration, and such was the common practice up to the dawn of the Reformation. I have before me a very old reproduction of an ancient manuscript entitled *Ἡ θεῖα λειτουργία τοῦ ἁγιοῦ ἀποστόλου Πέτρου*, which purports, on good authority, to be the Mass of St. Peter. At the close of the Offertory we read as follows, quoting the Latin version given side by side with the Greek, and translating the rubrics into English:

Then the priest in a distinct voice says: "Dominus vobiscum."
The people: "Et cum spiritu tuo."
The priest: "Oremus."
The people: "Domine, miserere," *three times.*
Then the priest in a loud voice sings the prayer, "Præbe, Domine," etc.
The people: "Amen, Sanctus Deus, sanctus fortis." *And while the people sing the hymn,* "*Thrice Holy,*" *the priest prays.*
After the Lavabo *the priest in a distinct voice:* "Dominus vobiscum."
The people: "Et cum spiritu tuo."
The priest: "Ostia, ostia" (alluding to the closing of the doors and departure of the catechumens).
The people: "Credo in unum Deum" (chanting all the Creed).
The priest: "Stemus honeste; stemus cum reverentia," etc.
The people: "Misericordiam; pacem."
The priest (after a prayer): "Sursum corda."

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The people: "Habemus ad Dominum."
The priest: "Gratiarum actiones submittamus Domino Deo nostro."
The people: "Dignum et justum est."

The priest continues to chant the Preface. At the close of it the people sing the Sanctus. They answer "Amen" when the priest has pronounced the words of consecration. The entire Pater Noster is given to the people, and they respond to the usual salutations and prayers that follow. A rubric, referring to the parts assigned to the people, says: "*Populi vox est et cantorum*," confirming what has been above stated, that the people and the chanters (the *schola*, or *chorus*) sing together all that is to be sung.

Neither can it be said that this is a custom wholly obsolete, and therefore its abolition universally recognized and practically sanctioned by the church; for in many country towns and villages in Europe, and in some city churches, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, happily preserved by their seclusion from the enervating poison of Renaissance in art and religion, one may still hear the Holy Sacrifice celebrated in this intelligent and devout manner.

A writer in an old number of the *Dublin Review*, commenting upon this, says: "Shall we ever see the day when, on entering a Catholic church during service-time, we shall be struck, not with the dampening spectacle of a congregation partly composed of unbelievers in the act of enjoying the pleasure of a Sunday concert, while the remainder, with closed books in their lap or by their side, wait patiently or impatiently till the prolonged and a hundred times repeated "Amen" of the Gloria or the Creed deigns to come to an end; but with the refreshing sight of an unmixed body of true worshippers, learned and ignorant, high and low, rich and poor, *unostentatiously led by a select choir, engaged in heartily singing* the praises of Him in whose house they are assembled? To so consoling and *truly Catholic* a state of things should all our reforms tend; for it will only be when it is established that we shall be able to taste the sweetness as well as delight in the beauty and feel the grandeur of that congregational singing which so many desire, but which is incompatible with an encouragement in churches of the music of *Don Giovanni, Fidelio, Il Barbière*, and *Faust*."

There is no better way of getting at the "mind" of the church than to peruse the decisions and exhortations emanating from a council, because it is the voice of the Holy Ghost speaking,

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rather than the members who compose those august assemblies. Who but the Spirit of God suggested the dictum about this matter of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866? Was there the least evidence that congregational singing was a question worthy of consideration in America, or that the state of things in this country would in any respect warrant a decree of encouragement from the bishops assembled in that council? I doubt if one of the prelates thought at the outset that it was worth while testifying while there to the true doctrine and practice of the church on this subject, however deeply many of them must have felt about it. Not a single voice, loud enough to reach the ears of those, like myself, who were eager to hear, had been ever raised to draw attention to it. The old erroneous tradition held universal sway throughout all their dioceses. But what did they say when the Holy Ghost spoke by their mouths?

"Moreover, we judge it to be most desirable that the rudiments of the Gregorian chant be taught and practised in parochial schools, and thus, the number of those who can chant well increasing more and more, gradually the greater part of the people, *according to the usage of the primitive church* yet preserved in many places, may be able to join *with* the sacred ministers and choir in singing Vespers and other similar offices, which will be the source of edification to all."

In the decrees of the Council of Rodez in 1850 we read: "We admonish all that in the celebration of the divine praises every one, of whatsoever age, condition, or sex, should unite their voices with the choir of the angels and of the priests with piety and simplicity."

Also in the decrees of the Council of Bordeaux in 1850: "We wish the parish priests to see that boys and choir-singers are taught, who will be able to execute the ceremonies and chant in a religious and praiseworthy manner, and that the people be solicited and urged to sing with them." Another council of the same diocese in 1859 adds: "Finally, we exhort all the faithful that they should always unite their voices with the singing of the chanters."

A council of the diocese of Westminster in 1852, after urging the instruction of boys in the chant, adds: "And so gradually it will come to pass, what we most earnestly desire, that we shall hear the whole congregation of the people singing together with one voice and heart."

Many other councils in their decrees suppose the people to

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sing by their regulations preventing them singing any songs during the divine offices which are not conformable to the language and words of the liturgy.

Cardinal Bona in his explanation of the Mass goes into minute details to prove that the people should respond to the priest, and even shows that there is good reason to believe that the collects were prayers to be sung conjointly or collectively by priest and people, to which he invites them by the word *Oremus*—Let *us* pray.

Describing the spirit of worldliness which prevailed so widely in Catholic society at the time of the Reformation, and which brought that scourge upon the sensual, enervated civilization of that unhappy epoch, Dom Guéranger, the learned Abbot of Solesmes, says: "Faith was weakened, rationalism became fearfully developed; and now our age seems threatened with what is the result of these evils—the subversion of all social order. Countries which still continued to be Catholic were infected with that spirit of pride which is the enemy of prayer. The modern spirit would have it that prayer is not action. There were found men who said, *Let us abolish all the festival days of God from the earth*, and then came upon us that calamity which brings all others with it, and which the good Mardochai besought God to avert from his nation when he said, *Shut not, O Lord, the mouths of them that sing to thee!*"

Well does this wise old monk call it a calamity when the people sing no more. During the hours of home life, at the social gathering, on the days which commemorate the nation's honor and her deeds of valor, or in the times of honest struggle in the arena of politics, the coming together of the company, their mingled intercourse, and the hour of separation are naturally marked by a common, enthusiastic, hearty song expressive of what fills their hearts full. Let such occasions pass in dull, sullen silence, and does not every one know that either the bond of sympathy is not there or trouble is afoot? A truth that is equally applicable in its most elevated sense to those assemblies of the people beneath the vaulted arches of their temples of religion, the very sanctuaries of praise, the home of divine friendship and brotherhood, the consecrated halls of heavenly song where the soldiers of the cross gather around the standard of their King to celebrate his everlasting and saving victory!

Well was it said by a keen observer of human nature that he would rather write the nation's songs than make its laws.

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Song is the voice of Nature, and doubly so the heartfelt utterance of grace. All speech is a melody of greater or less variety of tone, but when the mind is overwhelmed in the contemplation of some noble, inspiring truth, or the heart-strings throb with tumultuous emotions of joy, of love, or of sorrow, then the mouth, made eloquent, can no longer content itself with the tones of a common utterance or with the listless accents of every-day life and business, but with quick instinct intones the melodious rhythm of the song, the hymn, the psalm, the dirge. "Beatus populus," exclaims the Psalmist, "qui scit jubilationem"—Blessed is the people who know jubilation. When joy is jubilant, the happy one sings.

The aim of this paper has been to show not only that the people in our religious services may sing, but that they ought to sing, that it is the best thing to be done, and that it is a spiritual damage to them not to sing. When the people are deprived of participation in the services of religion by being debarred the only way they can actively share in them, they in great part fall back into a dull, perfunctory, ignorant attendance, content with a reperusal of the same invariable round of piously-worded prayers which they find in their Paths to Paradise, Keys of Heaven, Golden Manuals, or some other prayer-books, glad to be relieved occasionally by quietly sitting still, thinking of nothing in particular and enjoying the unreligious singing by the "choir." Many and many a time I have wondered whether the intelligent men and women at High Mass were not more or less ashamed of being silent spectators of the public offices of their church—a position which they were forced to assume by the false tradition I have been combating. I have fancied that, despite their respect for authority and readiness to believe it must be all right, their natural sense of humiliation at being thus made nothing of—the High Mass being performed by the performers duly appointed just the same whether they were there or not—did not sometimes make them suspect that it was not, after all, just what it should be.

There is no question as to what High Mass and Vespers would be if celebrated according to the highest and most perfect standard of excellence desired by the church, and what would be hailed as the purest exemplification of Christian worship. It would be the divine services sung together by priest, choir, and all the people present.

I am arguing now only for the principle. Let us settle that

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first. Is what I have said true, or is it not? As to its feasibility, that is quite another question. As to that it is enough to say here that what is, is feasible. *Ab esse ad posse valet illatio.* I know that more than one will say that there is "a lion in the road without," but the reply should be: "If thy servant be not hindered, though there be twenty lions lying in wait, yet in the name of the Lord will I go out and slay them."

ALFRED YOUNG.

IN THE STARLIGHT.

ABOVE that Orient land of story,
When Christ came down to dwell on earth,
There shone a star of wondrous glory
In token of His blessèd birth:
The Magi saw; nor space nor danger
Availed their royal feet to stay;
They laid their gifts before the manger,
Adored their God, and went their way.

In the bright winter sky which arches
Its jewelled vault from earth afar,
The planets keep their wonted marches,
Nor need is there of signal star;
For the remotest ones that glisten
In yonder firmament to-night,
If to their voice we only listen,
And hear their messages aright,
Will speak of Him as unto them
Once spoke the star of Bethlehem.

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A GREAT LADY.

I HAD heard of her vaguely for some time before I went to Italy. It so chanced that during my girlhood I was made the bearer of a letter and a package from Mrs. S. C. Hall to our poet Longfellow—a souvenir of Tom Moore and Leigh Hunt, and at the same time some trifle connected with the history of Dante. The first mention of the great poet's lineal descendants was then made to me. Mrs. Hall spoke of the Alighieri family in Italy and alluded to their living in Bologna. All this came back in a sudden vivid flash years later, when, finding myself in Italy, preparing for what I supposed was an ordinary afternoon visit to an Italian lady of rank living in a certain dignified splendor, I learned that I should see the last lineal descendant of the creator of the *Paradiso*.

It was decidedly startling. Everything connected with Dante seemed so remote. Even such meagre opportunities as I had had near Bologna for beholding ruins had impressed me with a sense of the indefinable antiquity of the land I was in, and there certainly was something bewildering in the fact that I, habited in a nineteenth-century costume, giving a certain amount of care and thought to details of my dress—to long Swedish gloves, for instance, and a carefully-arranged veil and Langtry bonnet—was about to call upon the one human being in the world who represented the family of the man who wrote of Paradiso, of Purgatory, and of the Inferno, who loved Beatrice, and whose mournful eyes and solemn profile the pencil of Giotto has rendered famous. Looking back, however, the very incongruities of that first visit complete the charm of the reminiscence. Our starting point was a villa which my mother had rented from the Marescalchi family through their agent. At this moment its predominant aspect was of bloom, white marble, and points which caught the sunshine effectually, therefore it was not easy to feel in keeping with the influence of the moment. Stepping out on to a terrace, whose slope was a bed of heliotrope, taking our way down an avenue bordered by roses whose time of blossom was begun but yesterday, and lifting our faces to the serenest and most joyous Italian sky, it was difficult to feel in sympathy with anything but the actual present; yet there was

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the undercurrent of strong feeling about the place to which we were going—the people whom we were to see.

The hills about Bologna, dotted as they are with villas or more secluded country residences, are almost inaccessible unless a donkey carriage is used. No heavy vehicle, no ordinary horses are worth anything up and down those verdant slopes, and, rude as the mode of transit seems, one becomes easily accustomed to the ambling jog-trot of the donkeys and the low, comfortable little wagons which they draw. We started in ours, taking a downward road, which led through a sort of alley-way of cypress trees, past a monastery which has its history and peculiar charm. Many saints have spent days of their lives there, consecrating nearly every room in the long, quaint building. The shrine of St. Peter of Alcantara is close by; a peaceful little grotto where on his feast-day, a little later, we were thankful to be among the number kneeling outside the railing which divides it from the roadway. In the monastery chapel St. Peter, as well as St. Francis of Assisi, frequently celebrated Mass, and here also St. Anthony of Padua preached the first memorable sermon of his life. We were shown in the bare little convent parlor fragments of St. Anthony's dress, the sandals worn by his patient feet, the staff he carried, and part of his rough serge tunic. These are preserved reverently, not to be shown as curiosities, but faithfully guarded by the few monks who now dwell in the convent, men so well known as agents for all that is charitable, self-sacrificing, and good that the most lawless depredations of the Italian government have not dared to touch them. Just beyond the irregular pile of buildings which constitute the monastery there is a gateway dividing one road from the other, and through this we passed, curving around the hillsides, our donkeys guided by a handsome Italian lad, whose charge it was to keep them in order, while he urged them on by means of sundry half-whispered remarks and flecks from a slim, ornamental-looking whip. The country on either side of us presented a mingling of the rugged and the purely and peacefully pastoral. The irregularities were many, and such diversities as occurred gave an impression of very careless tillage. Below us to the right the city of Bologna showed its red and yellow tones. Still further the plain of Lombardy lay smiling to the sky, while a distant thin, blue line, which we knew to be the Adriatic, its bosom fretted with sapphires, caught and held the sunshine of the day. Where out of Italy can such a scene be produced? Where else could a rugged, brownish slope such as

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rose to the left of the road we were travelling seem so divinely picturesque? The sunshine and the sky above us seemed to draw together into harmony the dark hillside, the red and yellow stonework of the town, and the distant limpid waters. The breaks were only accents in the picture; the variations only points of emphasis in the vividly colored scene. By a slow but sure ascent we journeyed along, reaching at last a ponderous iron gateway, which six hundred years ago had opened to receive the Joyous Knights who made their home in this dwelling, occupied, at the time of which I write, by the last descendant of Dante. These Joyous Knights of the thirteenth century originated in a band of Italian gentlemen whose object it was to preserve the spirit of the church in the midst of a life which was of necessity worldly; the actual limit of their discipline or rule I cannot give, but it is well known that they were not only the preservers of much that was ennobling and beautiful in the mediæval spirit of the church, but also of much that was educational and elevating in the towns of Italy to which they belonged.

I believe that this dwelling of the knights had been long untenanted when Madame Gozzadini purchased it, and restored at least one wing of the fine, monastic-looking place. She and her husband had for twenty years been forming a collection with which they purposed founding a museum in Bologna; and at the time of my visit they were living quietly in what they called "The Hermitage," although they received their intimate friends; Minghetti, Cesare Cantù, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna, and many others going to them constantly, and creating a very brilliant *salon*. A man-servant in gorgeous livery conducted us on our arrival down a dim, wide corridor into one of those rooms, peculiarly Italian, whose vast proportions seem to lose their coldness when the windows are many and the outlook is of a blooming garden and luxurious verdure. The great room had its point of interest near to the western window. In a shining space, carpeted irregularly with rugs, were tables strewn with books and odds and ends, deep-seated chairs, a divan, and wide, low foot-stools. A group of people were standing or sitting there, and from them Madame Gozzadini detached herself quickly, and came forward to greet us. The phrase I had heard used in connection with her—"a great lady"—flashed across my mind as this daughter of the Alighieris approached. Small, slenderly formed, no longer young, something about her yet gave the title a special fitness. Every movement was dignified and gracious. Her smile was

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ineffably sweet, and her expression one of deep intellectuality, while the flash of her rich jewels seemed no less in harmony with her whole bearing than the entire simplicity of her manner. She welcomed us cordially, and presently we were part of the animated company. The countess and her husband, a superb-looking, elderly man, entered with enthusiasm into the conversation, guiding it now and then, or following the drift of their guests' remarks with the peculiar charm of manner in which well-bred Italians excel. Madame Gozzadini was equally fluent whether speaking French or Italian, and passed rapidly from one to the other, occasionally making use of an English phrase with an excellent accent, although I believe that language was one of the few she did not speak well. As easily, thought I, could this last of the Alighieris have entertained one of those brilliant companies whom Folco Portinari, the father of Dante's Beatrice, was wont to gather in his Florentine garden; as readily could she have fused the various elements which must have existed in that colony under the shadow of San Martino's Church, to which the poet belonged during his years of dreamland and romance. Presently a portière at the lower end of the room moved, and the very beautiful and only daughter of the house, Princess Z——, joined us. This lady's fair inheritance includes so much of old Bologna as to make her recognized as a power in the city, while her beauty and accomplishments have made her famous in nearly all the capitals of Europe. I could not help thinking how strange it was to see this dazzling nineteenth-century figure—this charming woman dressed in one of Worth's latest creations, her blonde hair arranged after the most approved fashion of the moment, her very bangles suggesting the caprice of the hour—in this mediæval monastery, herself the last link with the family who gave to the Florence of the thirteenth century much of its social charm! Still more incongruous did it seem to me, a little later, to be led by the young princess through the old house, up and down corridors whose very shadows seemed to be of centuries gone by, and whose various objects of interest, including family relics hundreds of years old, were displayed by her with careless touches, and not the least apparent "feeling" for their antiquity! Finally we reached the roof, or loggia, of the house, whence we gazed upon a landscape fruitful and suggestive, the princess pointing out to me various objects of interest. And from our point of vantage we swept the country for miles. Away off, lifting its fair proportions to the evening sky, we could see Michele in Bosco, whose gardens, terraces, and luxuriant groves

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concentrated much of the soft radiance which the evening in Italy gathers to itself, diffusing it as some dreamy painter might let drift the colors of his palette, the whole being full of that ineffable lingering charm which belongs only, it seems to me, to the Italian atmosphere, the Italian sky, the Italian waters, let the moment be of sunrise, of sunset, twilight, or the pale guardianship of the moon. Before us lay the town of Bologna, the gray or brown tones of the houses, with the spots of orange color here and there, gaining picturesqueness from this distant view, while beyond the furthest outline of buildings the old city was compassed by a country rich in color and diversified by many undulations, white roadways winding like ribbons up and down, the plains dotted here and there by churches whose spires were uplifted to the last rays of the sunlight, and the sound of whose bells came to our ears as soft and soothing as the music of falling water or the wind among pine-trees at evening. Away off the thin line of water was touched into serenest blue, and the sky held the fairest sapphire tints until, an hour later, the day faded slowly on the western horizon in trails of primrose and palest amber.

It seemed natural, sitting by Dante's descendant, and with so much that was suggestive of Guelf and Ghibelline in the country about us, to think of the poet and the people from whom these Gozzadinis were descended, that family of Alighieris who early in the thirteenth century established themselves in the neighborhood of San Martino's Church in Florence. The story of the poet's life need not be given here. It is only of the period when he made one of that large Alighieri circle, when he knew and loved Beatrice, that I need speak, and, passing over the years of his prime, come to the date of his death, and the facts connected with his burial and sepulchre. Few people who read the *Divine Comedy* seem to remember that the splendid Florence of to-day was not the Florence of the poet. When the child destined to make the name of Alighieri famous was baptized in the old baptistery, it was a building of flint, gray and dull to outward view. The cathedral now dominating the square was not built. The tall houses in the neighborhood where Dante's boyhood was spent approached each other closely across a threadway of street, and as yet showed no touch of Tuscany in their architecture. Bargello and the Palazzo Vecchio were only in process of erection. Santa Croce, Maria Novella, and the Campanile of Giotto were beauties imprisoned in the inspiration of the future, and Dante lifted his people to the skies from a Florence whose

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predominant aspect was of the tumult of Guelf and Ghibelline, Neri and Bianchi, Albizzi and Medici. The Alighieris lived in the houses thronging together near the cathedral square. At present only one old doorway of the houses remains—a remnant of the building in which Dante was born—but we know from the records of his life that within this limited circle of streets the early years of the poet's life were spent. If he had few opportunities of extending his knowledge of the world, he had rare chances of studying human nature, for the Alighieris and their friends were very hospitable, and the circle in which the lad was a constant, if voiceless, member, included the Portinaris to whom Dante's Beatrice belonged, the Donati, Forese, and Piccardas; and that he was keen to observe all the characteristics of his people he gave proofs later when he set forth his studies of human nature in immortal verse. The festivals of the city drew together these family cliques, not entirely separating them from the outer world, and yet concentrating whatever they had to contribute for mutual entertainment or intellectual elevation. Dante, we can well imagine, moved among the crowd, always a majestic boy, with the stamp of the future on his brow, and the solemnity of his soul evident from the first encounter with that child of the Portinaris, Folco's daughter Beatrice.

Boccaccio tells the story of their meeting. A May-day feast in 1275 was the occasion for a large family party in Folco Portinari's gardens. Dante Alighieri, a boy of ten years, was among the guests, and, according to the custom of the time, served the tables of the elders with other children of his age and family, dining with them later, and being permitted to enjoy the childish games which belonged to the festive day. Suddenly Beatrice Portinari appeared. A child of eight years, clad, to use his own words, in a dress of a "most noble color and subdued; a goodly crimson girdle adorned in such sort as best suited her tender age." Her dazzling beauty, her candid loveliness of manner, her exquisite grace and sprightly wit took the boy's young heart and fancy passionately captive. "The spirit of life," he wrote later, recording these first impressions, "which hath its dwelling in the sacred chambers of my heart, began to tremble violently."

But Dante's predominant feeling seems to have been a reverence which forbade him, even years later, to lay the constant heart at Beatrice's feet. Whether they even met during the nine years which Dante mentions as elapsing between this first vision of angelic loveliness and a second memorably-recorded

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occasion we do not know, but it is to be presumed that families so intimate as the Alighieris and Portinaris gave the young people some chance of developing an acquaintance no one seems to have objected to; still, Dante's record of seeing Beatrice nine years later reads as though he had known little of her in the interval. Down the narrow street she comes, "this wonderful creature," as he calls her, "between two ladies who were older than she." She turns her eyes "towards the place where I stood in great timidity, and in her ineffable courtesy saluted me so graciously that I seemed then to see to the heights of all blessedness."

Was ever love story purer, sweeter, or sadder than this of the great poet? Beatrice, rapturously as he describes her, seems to have scorned the idea of his love. Evil reports coming to her ears of the young Alighieri, she withdrew even that "ineffable courtesy" of manner and gave him not even casual recognition. Perhaps it was as well for the young man that other things forced themselves on his attention at the time. The Alighieri family had their own contentions, and the two parties whose heads were later so cruelly to affect the poet's life were beginning to form in the Florence of that tumultuous day. The battle between the Ghibelline forces and Arezzo absorbed Beatrice's lover. Strange tragedies were going on at this moment in Italy which later concentrated for Dante all that he could feel of patriotism, poetry, romance, or art, but he seems then to have heeded but slightly tales which later he made imperishable in his verse. In the tower of Pisa Count Ugolino was perishing; a little later the fiercely pathetic story of Francesca da Rimini came to its tragic close; but such passionate transactions of that emotional period—that love-fraught generation wherein men and women, it would seem, sacrificed everything for the triumph of love or hate—moved Dante Alighieri to no outbursts of the devotion which was like a "never-ceasing prayer" in his heart. So far as he was concerned Beatrice Portinari, "crowned and clad with humility," was a vision too angelic or remote for the daily joys of life, and at last—very soon—Dante, knowing that she was failing in health, was compelled to go off to battle, to Campaldino, where he fought more conscious of the presence of his mistress in his heart than of the foe before him. He was writing a canzone in her honor a little later when a messenger arrived—the Lady Beatrice was no more! In his sonnet he tells us that the angels asked God for this fair being, but the Al-

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mighty stayed his hand a little while, since on earth was "one who *expects to lose her.*" The prayer of the angels, however, was granted. Dante found himself "alone for ever" in 1290. Strange, simple story of a poet's dream in the midst of the wild warfare of love and despair going on about him! The echoes of bliss or misery in other lives seem to have floated past him while he sat dreaming in the shadow of San Martino, filled by a sense of the utter unapproachableness of the object of his love, unconscious of aught but the purity of his own story, the tale given later to all posterity, but never breathed to Beatrice herself. No pressure of the hand, no tender meeting of the eyes, no faintest touch of his lips on hers had the poet to remember, and yet all that was to be recorded of the emotional part of his life belongs to Beatrice alone. Gemma, the woman whom the poet married later and who was the mother of his children, is a voiceless creature in this vibrating past. He tells us nothing of her. The loyalty which was in the Alighieri blood made him constant, but the fires of his youth had burned out all possibility of romance. His devotion to the mystic Beatrice presents him to us, aureole-crowned and illumined, as a man who gave all and asked nothing in return! A strange, fantastic, shadow-like lover, whose very eyes droop before his mistress, whose speech falters, and whose step is reluctant until that prayer of the angels is heard, and he pours out his passion on pages "writ in fire," imperishable—immortal as he would have us feel his lady was herself.

Thence we pass on to his death. The world knows all the story of his eventful, mournful life. In 1321, at Ravenna, the poet fell ill of a consuming fever and died, a strange fate pursuing the place of his sepulture and his bones themselves, until in 1865 a royal commission was appointed by the king of Italy, with Count Gozzadini for its president, the object being to discover Dante Alighieri's remains and entomb them suitably before the celebration of the sixth centenary of the great poet's birth.

Intensely interesting were the memorials of that investigation, which Count Gozzadini showed me, and, as I believe no complete account of the search for Dante's remains made by this official commission has been published in English, I will tell the story as I know it, drawing actual facts, dates, etc., from the report of the commissioners under Gozzadini, which I believe exists for the public only in the Italian copy officially retained at Turin.

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Count Gozzadini's appointment was made as a compliment to his wife, Maria Alighieri, and also because of his well-known scientific and historical erudition.

The instructions to the commissioners were literally as follows:

"To collect, as far as possible, all information, whether written or traditional, relating to the sepulchre of Dante, and to the incidents connected with the burial or removal of his remains, between the years 1321 and 1677, inclusive.

"To ascertain whether the bones of Dante were removed in 1677 from the sepulchre in which they were placed by the Frati Minori, and, if so, to discover the locality to which they were conveyed.

"To examine the wooden chest in the Braccioforte sepulchral chapel, said to contain the bones of Dante, particularly for the purpose of ascertaining whether the chest bears any marks by which it may be referred to the year 1677, or any other year.

"To ascertain, as far as possible, whether the human bones in the above chest are such as might have belonged to a man who ceased to live at the age when Dante died, and to examine with great minuteness the cranium, and compare it with the cast taken from the mask of Dante bequeathed by the Marquis Torrigiani to Florence and preserved in the Royal Uffizi Gallery.

"The commissioners are, moreover, invited and authorized to make any further investigations within or without the above sepulchral chapel which may be at all likely to throw further light on the particular subject of this inquiry, due care being at the same time taken that no investigations be made without the full concurrence of the municipality of Ravenna."

The deputation, headed by Count Gozzadini, arrived in Ravenna on the 6th of June, 1865, to begin the investigation. The authorities of the town met them, and offered every facility and courtesy. The first part of the work was tracing the interment of the poet.

All historians or commentators agree that Dante Alighieri died September 14, 1321, and was interred near the church of the Frati Minori. How long, however, the poet's bones remained undisturbed is doubtful. As the Cardinal of Bologna in 1491 was known to have the intention of removing them, two brave Florentines undertook a temporary defence of the tomb, but new apprehensions in 1519 impelled the friars of San Francisco to remove the remains, while the Florentine people petitioned to have them transferred to their city. Fierce quarrels prevailed later between the Frati Minori and the commune of Ravenna concerning the jurisdiction of the tomb. While certain repairs were in progress a large body-guard was employed to watch

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and protect the workmen, and the sepulchre was enclosed in a heavy iron railing, the key of the entrance being given to the heads of the commune for safe keeping. The war, however, still raged between the friars and the commune until a curious incident brought about a decision as to whether the sepulchre was in the charge of a civil or ecclesiastical body. In 1592 three prisoners escaped, and flying to Dante's tomb claimed the right of the protection of sanctuary. The archbishop promptly decided that the place of the poet's sepulture was not sacred. The friars then declared that Dante's remains had been secretly conveyed away, and this question remaining undecided, Cardinal Gonzaga in 1780 ordered the tomb opened. No clear record of the result was given, but the general impression that it was found empty prevailed. What had become of the bones of the poet remained a mystery until, in view of the celebration of Dante's sixth centenary, the royal commission was appointed to investigate certain discoveries made by the authorities in Ravenna.

In order to increase an interest in the tomb of Dante, it was decided to remove the wall adjoining the chapel of the Braccioforte in Ravenna, thus disclosing the tomb fully to view. The work was begun on the 27th of May, and the same day a recess within a closed part of the wall came to light, from which tumbled a rude wooden chest, which was broken open in the fall. A human skull and bones appeared, and inscriptions inside and out were observable. As there was every reason to conjecture that these were the remains of the poet, the authorities conveyed the chest to safe keeping, placing it under the charge of the National Guard until the arrival, on June 6, of President Count Gozzadini and the learned gentlemen of his party.

A careful deliberation decided Count Gozzadini to investigate the sepulchre before examining the mysterious chest and its contents. Accordingly, on the morning of June 7, the commissioners, the syndic of Ravenna, municipal authorities and deputies from Florence witnessed the opening of the tomb under Count Gozzadini's direction, and the result was the discovery of portions of a human skeleton, some dust and laurel leaves. All of these were carefully collected, and on June 11 the chest and its contents were formally examined in the presence of the same august and scientific body.

The chest, Count Gozzadini told me, could not have been made by a carpenter. It was hastily constructed, and later in-

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vestigations went to prove that it was made by the Frate Antonio Santi, who was chancellor of the convent in 1677, and who evidently hastily collected and concealed the remains. An inscription on the chest read as follows:

"Dantis Ossa
A me Fre. Antonio Santi
Hic Posita
Ano 1677 Die 19 Octobris."

Historical research was made and the fact of Fra Santi's chancellorship established, also that no meetings of the chapter were held during some years, so that Fra Santi, who doubtless had his own reasons for having concealed Dante's bones, was the better able to keep his secret.

The commissioners, two or more of whom were skilled physicians, now proceeded to compare the fragments found in the tomb with those in the chest. All agreed perfectly, and the skull exactly corresponded in conformation to the famous mask of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. No doubt, therefore, existing that these were actually the poet's bones, the commissioners gave their testimony unanimously. A careful record was made of the conformation of the skull, Count Gozzadini, although no believer in the science of Gall, permitting a phrenological report, which sets forth that the head shows unusually developed prominences indicating benevolence, veneration, independence, self-esteem, pride, conscientiousness, mechanical design, sculpture and architecture, while a high order of brain power was evident. A curious prominence between the middle and upper part of the frontal bone was observed.

On the 25th of June the remains, placed under a glass case in the Braccioforte chapel, were exposed to public view and then solemnly reinterred.

Countess Gozzadini, in relating these interesting events, added that a number of people became alarmed lest, as the poet's descendant and an Alighieri, she would lay a claim of some sort to the much-disputed-over tomb! Nothing could have been further from her thoughts or those of her husband, but spies were set to watch them, and quite unwittingly the count gave some color to their alarm. In virtue of his wife's name the authorities decided to present Count Gozzadini with a small urn and a minute portion of Dante's ashes. Fearing to arouse the suspicions of the people, they went at night to the chapel to

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procure and enshrine the dust of Madame Gozzadini's illustrious ancestor; but an alarm spread that they were stealing the remains, and a frantic mob pursued them to their hotel and were only appeased by the appearance of the officials on a balcony, who told the story and declared the poet's bones unharmed.

The dust, obtained with so much peril, rested in its shrine among other memorials of the past, a very small bit, I believe, having been sent to Longfellow. A splendidly illuminated and bound "Dante Memorial Volume" was shown us, which had been prepared by the city of Bologna as a wedding gift to the fair daughter of the house, the last of the Alighieris.

I fain would linger over personal recollections of Madame Gozzadini, whose remarkable life closed suddenly after that bright October. Her whole time was devoted to the museum for the next year, and it was to be opened with all the pomp and bravery of an official occasion, and formally presented to the city which the descendant of Dante loved as passionately as he had loved Florence. Deputations from Florence, Ravenna, Pisa, Turin, etc., flocked into the old town, the day was declared a legal holiday, and Madame Gozzadini, having spent a fatiguing five or six hours in the new museum on the eve of the presentation, retired to her "Hermitage" to rest, as she said, and be bright on the long-looked-for morning. Her husband had some final papers to prepare and she bade him good-night early, going to her room cheerful and exhilarated by the feeling that the toil of years was to have its crown of success on the morrow. She dismissed her maid with an injunction to be sure and call her in full time for a careful toilette and quiet breakfast with her husband. No hint of weakness was in voice or manner, and the dread messenger must have come on swift and noiseless feet, for they found her in an attitude of peaceful repose when the eventful day awoke, lying with her cheek resting on her hand, but the stillness not to be broken ever upon earth! Afar off, the city of Bologna was awakening to do its beloved patroness and friend the very highest civic honor. The processions were forming; speeches were being rehearsed, and crowds in gay "festa" dress thronging the public squares and streets, but the great lady for whom this earthly crown was waiting had received a visitor whose treasures were those no human hand could bestow.

LUCY C. LILLIE.

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DR. BROWNSON IN BOSTON.

MANY, doubtless, will wonder that such a philosophical mind as Brownson's should have dwelt so long amidst the entanglements of socialistic politics. But that is the very kind of a mind to do it, if socialism will offer a solution of the problem of human misery. And see the result: When Brownson had finally studied and thought out the scientific basis of the political order, he produced what may be considered his greatest work—the greatest work yet written in America on general politics—*The American Republic.* The gravity of the topics is not equal to that of his philosophical treatises. But fundamental political questions are grave enough for any philosopher, and they are not obscure to minds of Brownson's order, and through the medium of his style they become comprehensible to the average intellect.

An incident which bears on this side of his character escaped my memory in preparing the last article of this series. Somewhere about 1835 or 1836 our Workingman's party invited him to deliver a Fourth of July oration in New York. My brothers and I secured his consent, and we hired the large dining-hall of the old Washington Hotel, situated on the site of the present Stewart building, Broadway and Chambers Street. Brownson never was more earnest in his life than in that address. I have forgotten the exact matter of the oration, but none who heard him could forget his manner. The immense energy, the intense conviction, the great voice, the emphatic gestures, not only aroused our emotions but shook the old hotel to its foundations and made the glass in the windows rattle again.

Before passing from Brownson as a political agitator to Brownson as a searcher after religious truth, I wish to put on record my admiration of him as a patriot. No man ever loved his country more devotedly. That is easily said. But what is far more is that his motives were universal. He loved America for the sake of her institutions. There was little of the routine patriotism of the average man in him. He was routine in nothing, and there was not much of the instinctive, blood-is-thicker-than-water, sentimental patriotism in him. He was incapable of being swayed by the dominant tendencies of the caste or race which might claim him, unless they had first mastered his reason. His country was good for him because it was good for all men.

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Listen to him in explanation of his citizenship when speaking of the anti-slavery movement in 1838:

"We speak on this subject strongly, but we have no fears of being misunderstood. There is not a man or woman living who can accuse us of defending slavery. This whole number of our *Review* is devoted to the defence of the rights of man—not the rights of one man, of a few men, but of every man. We can legitimate our own right to freedom only by arguments which prove also the negro's right to be free. We have all our life long sympathized with the poor and the oppressed, and we yield to no abolitionist in the amount of the sacrifices we have made, wisely or unwisely, needlessly or not, in the cause of human freedom. It is not to-day nor this year that we have pledged ourselves, for life or for death, to the holy cause of universal liberty. But everything, we say, in its time. First we must settle the basis of individual freedom, settle the principle that man measures man the world over, and establish our government upon it, and secure the action of the government in accordance with it, and then we may proceed to make all details harmonize with it."

In the same year, in an article entitled "American Radicalism," he says:

"For ourselves, we have accepted with our whole heart the political system adopted by our fathers. We regard that system as the most brilliant achievement of humanity—a system in which centres all past progress, and which combines the last results of all past civilization. It is the latest birth of time. Humanity has been laboring with it since that morning when the sons of God shouted with joy over the birth of a new world, and we will not willingly see it strangled in its cradle. We take the American political system as our starting-point, as our primitive datum, and we repulse whatever is repugnant to it and accept and demand whatever is essential to its preservation. We take our stand on the idea of our institutions, and labor with all our soul to realize and develop it. As a lover of our race, as the devoted friend of liberty, of the progress of mankind, we feel that we must in this country be conservative, not radical. If we demand the elevation of labor and the laboring classes, we do it only in accordance with our institutions, and for the purpose of preserving them by removing all discrepancy between their spirit and the social habits and disposition of the people on whom they are to act and to whose keeping they are entrusted. We demand reform only for the purpose of preserving American institutions in their real character; and we can tolerate no changes, no innovations, no alleged improvements not introduced in strict accordance with the relations which do subsist between the States and the Union and between the States themselves. . . .

"The Constitution, then, is our touchstone for trying all measures. Not, indeed, because we have any superstitious reverence for written constitutions, or any overweening attachment to things as they are, but because we have satisfied ourselves by long, patient, and somewhat extensive inquiry that the preservation of the Constitution is strictly identified with the highest interests of our race. Its destruction were, so far as human foresight can go, an irreparable loss. We would preserve it, then, not be-

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cause it is a constitution, not because we are averse to changes, nor because we have a dread of revolutions, but because the safety and progress of liberty demand its preservation."

My first visit to Boston was in the latter part of 1839 or early in 1840, and on my arrival I went straight to Dr. Brownson's house. I was his guest for several weeks. Is the reader curious to know what we were doing meantime? I answer, Nothing but biting away at the hard knots of philosophy.

Wherever we were we talked philosophy, but especially in the doctor's home-circle. He did not live in Boston itself, but at Chelsea, his house being in what was then, and I believe is yet, called Mt. Bellamy. I remember very well our discussions walking the streets of Boston, down towards the ferry, on the boat as we crossed the harbor, and from the ferry wharf up the hill to Mt. Bellamy, now disputing about Le Roux's doctrine of eternity—which we considered Buddhist—now Victor Cousin, again the subjectivism of Kant and the German philosophers.

Besides myself there was but one other immediate personal disciple of the doctor, and that a Mr. Greene, whose first name, I regret to say, has quite escaped my memory. He was a young man of fine character. His father had been appointed postmaster of Boston by Andrew Jackson. Young Mr. Greene was then studying for the Baptist ministry in the seminary of that denomination at Newton, and he came over to visit Brownson as often as he could. He had been an officer in the United States army, being a West Point graduate, but he had resigned to enter the ministry. He had a good mind, was fond of philosophical studies, subsequently drifted off into Unitarianism and wrote some books. I am curious to know if Gen. George S. Greene, who served with distinction in the late war, in both the Eastern and Western armies, is my old fellow-disciple of Dr. Brownson? I have made some inquiries, but have failed to fix the identity.

We were a small following, but the doctor could not have a large personal discipleship at that time, for he was in a state of transition. Yet he often used to say that it was for us young men to develop and carry out the principles of philosophy which he had promulgated; but at that time I could not see that he had any first principles clear and well enough defined to be understood.

Those who knew Brownson only superficially might ask, Was he not peremptory in private intercourse? I answer, Yes, in one way. What occupied his mind at the moment he would crowd

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upon yours. He would push his thought before your attention, and never be content until he had you full of his idea. He would do this without bullying, and yet would encroach on your independence if you were not careful to maintain it. Has the reader ever met a man who was in earnest who acted otherwise? If you did stand up against him and maintained your independence, it generally ended in a disturbance of the elements; the breeze nearly always freshened into a gale, and the exchange of views was a stormy affair. Woe to the man who measured strength with Dr. Brownson and had not the pluck and nerve to withstand him!

In another way he was not peremptory. He did not want you to take his *ipse dixit*. He wanted you to appreciate his argument for its merits, never to take his mere word.

So far as Boston had religion at that time, it was divided into two camps, the Orthodox and the Unitarian, the latter stretching off into Transcendentalism. Theodore Parker was the foremost man of the left; the right had no man of great distinction. Out of Transcendentalism sprang Brook Farm and Fruitlands. They were the social and political outcome of the religious movement. The philosophical aspect was a gradual loosening of the Christian principles in men's minds and a falling away into general scepticism, Parker and Emerson leading down. Brownson and Parker were acquainted long before my coming to Boston, but they had widely diverged by that time and were neither co-workers nor co-thinkers. I was introduced to Parker by George Ripley at Brook Farm, meeting him first in the parlor of the community's house. His church was in Roxbury and Brook Farm in West Roxbury—both now included in the city limits—and Parker was accustomed to come out to visit Ripley nearly every Monday. Parker was a great reader and had collected a good library, including many German books. I remember that he gave me Moehler's *Symbolism* in the original. But Brownson had by this time a strong aversion for Parker and his rationalistic principles.

Did the reader ever hear of the Newnessites? The name is now totally forgotten by the public, and was given in derision by Brownson. They were another socialistic outcome of the religious movement. J. P. Greaves, Charles Lane, and Bronson Olcott were the leaders, and for all of them and their purposes Dr. Brownson had a special dislike. Greaves was an Englishman, and never set foot in America, but exerted a considerable influence among the Transcendentalists by his writings. He had

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devoted his whole time and fortune to educational reform, and had been an associate of Pestalozzi. I have before me his picture—a really noble face, strikingly like that of Sir Walter Scott. He left a valuable library and his manuscripts for universal purposes. The last I heard of it Mr. Emerson had it in charge and it was stored in the garret of his house. The other two were New-Englanders, Olcott a genuine Yankee schoolmaster, though he had originally been a pedlar. Lane and Olcott were not at Brook Farm, but were the founders of the Fruitlands community —principally Olcott. Of course I knew them well, and so did Brownson before I did. He kept me away from their public discourses, being, I suppose, afraid that they would break the progress of my mind. He advised me to go to Brook Farm, but he did not say a word about Fruitlands: I went there on my own initiative.

Dr. Brownson, during part of the time I lived in the vicinity of Boston, had given up his old *Review* and not yet started the new one; he had turned his subscribers over to the *Democratic Review.* This was then conducted by O'Sullivan alone, Langtry being dead; but Brownson was a frequent and regular contributor. It was published in New York, and was an organ of the Democratic party. Mr. O'Sullivan is still living. He was for many years the proprietor and editor of the best and ablest organ the Democratic party ever had. He is a man who deserves well of his party and his country. Both good policy and strict justice demand that such men be not neglected.

But Dr. Brownson had by no means retired from public life, for he conducted religious services every Sunday in a public hall in the heart of the city—in Washington Street, I think. I forget the name of the hall and its exact location: Boston's crooked streets were never so familiar to me as New York; I have often lost myself in Boston. The hall was not large, seating not more than five hundred, and the congregation not averaging more than three hundred. The service was held at the regular time; as the common crowd of Bostonians went on to church and meeting-house, we went to this hall. The music consisted of a harmonium played by a young man accompanying three or four male and female singers. The hymns, if I remember rightly, were those of the Unitarians. A collection was taken up every Sunday, and this paid for the hall, and what was over was given to the doctor, which I suppose was not much.

Did Brownson offer prayer? it may be asked. He did, with the posture and style of any Protestant clergyman. He had the

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appearance of a Unitarian minister, wearing no gown and following no ritual. Of course the sermon was the main feature, and he attracted to hear him a class of men and women who were thinkers rather than worshippers—persons with whom religion had run off into pure intellectuality. But it was original thinking. There was more original thinking in that congregation than in all the rest of Boston put together; and that is saying not a little. The profound thinkers were there. Most of the radical minds of Boston sat under Dr. Brownson in those times. What was the proportion of the sexes? it may be asked. Three men to one woman, but those women were genuine come-outers; and, men and women, the assemblage was composed of beings who did their own thinking.

If the reader should ask me what Brownson called himself I should be at a loss to answer. He did not call himself anything. He was on his way to Catholicity, and this was his transition period. He preached rational religion—that is to say, incipient Catholicity, or you might call it transition Catholicity. To a very acute observer it was evident that, consciously or unconsciously, he was aiming at Catholicity. It was also evident that his own difficulties were not settled; he was gradually settling them by this very preaching.

The Catholic Church was often mentioned in these discourses, and sometimes by name. He dwelt especially on the note of unity—not that oneness which forbids disunion of discipline, doctrine, and worship, and which forms the external organic mark of the church; but, as he says in *The Convert* (p. 333), "that divine-human life, one and identical in all who receive it. . . . All life is organic, and consequently all who live this life are moulded and formed into one body, living one and the same life, the life of Christ, and therefore rightly termed his body, the church." He was fast getting the idea of concrete Christianity. He had passed out of the view that the chief utility of religion was as a social force; he was getting into the true view of it as a personal force, its primary, real force. He was showing from pure reason what has been shown from historical research by a host of authors—the latest and one of the very best being Mr. T. W. Allies*—that the church is the organism which effectuates the unitive principle between God and man.

These views were familiar to me, and were, I think, earlier in my mind than in his. We had read the same books, but with me

* See his latest and in some sense ablest work, *The Throne of the Fisherman*, Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

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it was from the start more a personal affair than it was with him, to whom for a long time it was largely a philosophical problem. He was occupied in working out that problem philosophically and for the universe. I was looking out for number one. I and others used to say: "Why doesn't Brownson look out more for himself? Why doesn't he take care of his own soul?" But he was moving on at his own gait, and soon began to apply his principles to practical life; was only a few months behind me when the end was reached. But he once told me that he was like the general of an army born in rebellion, and his duty was to carry as many back with him to the true standard as he could. This delusion he soon got rid of, and went alone at last.

When his conscience did take hold he moved with his native force. I remember his preaching a sermon to J. Freeman Clarke's congregation—in their old meeting-house, afterwards the Episcopal church of the Advent—which was very peculiar. The text was, "To the Jews a scandal, to the Greeks a stumbling-block." To me, it was evidently addressed to himself, and was a picture of himself. It was powerful, but I did not like it; there was too much feeling in it. He tried to be pathetic, and to others perhaps he was so—not to me. He was a man to them; to me he was a philosopher. I did not go to him for emotion, but for thoughts. I don't know what Mr. Clarke thought of that sermon; perhaps he was not surprised, as Dr. Brownson at that time had not the run of the Boston pulpits, being rarely asked to preach in the churches. In Parker's church at Roxbury he would no longer preach; for if Brownson was two-thirds Catholic, Parker was two-thirds infidel. The road on which they had started had bifurcated, and one was running into infidelity and the other into Catholicity.

In his *Convert* Dr. Brownson says that he had a high appreciation of the Tractarian movement, and I have a letter from him somewhere, written at this time, of which he was afterwards always heartily ashamed. In it he advised me to join the Episcopal Church, if I could do so with a good conscience. I have ever considered it a good joke on the doctor. It was the only time I knew him to be illogical. He had a supreme and lofty contempt for Episcopalianism afterwards. I remember hearing Mr. Seabury, editor of the *Churchman*, say about this period that Brownson never would be an Anglican, but would finally become a Catholic. I. T. HECKER.

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A MYTHICAL FEUDAL RIGHT.

THE customs prevalent during feudal times are often condemned by writers who know very little about them, and by whom, in some instances, they have been altogether misrepresented. Popular writers do not usually try to be accurate in their statements about what was said or done many centuries ago; moreover, it is very difficult to trace up and refute historical falsehoods relating to the middle ages, because the needed evidence has to be sought in old books and manuscripts, known only to the learned, to be found only in large libraries, and not intelligible without a thorough knowledge of Latin and other branches of learning to be acquired only by special studies. There is one particularly atrocious calumny which, being widely circulated and believed at the present day, eminently deserves refutation, since it concerns not merely the manners of feudal times, but also, and intimately, the good name and fame of the Catholic Church. Moreover, "when writers of reputation err there is a literary decency which requires that they should be quoted and confuted, although their arguments may be too weak to require a confutation and so illogical as scarcely to be capable of it."* A fair statement of it is contained in the following passage taken from an article entitled "The Reform of Local Taxation," by David A. Wells, published in the *North American Review* for April, 1876 (p. 380)—the italics are ours:

"In order, however, in some degree to satisfy curiosity as to the nature of these abominations, it may be mentioned that one of the *local taxes of Brittany which remained in force down to* 1789, and was known as the *silence des grenouilles*, was a money payment in lieu of an ancient feudal obligation incumbent on the residents of marshy districts to keep the frogs still by beating the waters, that the lady of the seignor 'when she lies in' might not be disturbed; while another exaction, even more outrageous, was the tax known as '*cuissage*,' which was paid to the seignor on the occasion of every marriage on his estates, *as a substitute for his ancient and formerly acknowledged right to the single possession before marriage of the person of every female, the daughter of any of his serfs or more dependent vassals.*"

Motley, in his *History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic* (p. 331), describes the wretched condition, *during the period of*

* Sir David Dalrymple in the Appendix to the *Annals of Scotland* (p. 316).

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five centuries following after the tenth, of the Lyf eigene, or serfs, of whom the number belonging to the bishopric of Utrecht was enormous, and asserts "they had no marriage except under condition of the infamous *jus primæ noctis*." What he refers to is plain enough without further particulars.

Beaumarchais, in his comedy of *Le Mariage de Figaro*, brings in the custom as then existing in Spain (!); and a comic opera, entitled *Le Droit du Seigneur*, was composed some fifty years ago for the Opéra Comique of Paris, but, fortunately for the cause of decency, is now seldom if ever played. At the Paris *salon* of 1872 there was exhibited a painting by Jules Garnier, pupil of Gérôme, catalogued as *Le Droit du Seigneur*. It is said to have belonged to an American amateur. It is amazing that a jury could be found so wanting in self-respect as to permit it to be hung. Photo-engravings of it are to be seen in many places. The subject is the exercise of the seigniorial right in question. The marriage ceremony has just taken place in a church seen in the background, and the sad bride is being led away by the lord. Two monks seem to be endeavoring to reconcile the unwilling groom to submission to his fate; one of them holds up three fingers of one hand, for what purpose is not clear, unless to signify to him the number of days which must elapse before his bride will be restored to him.

It is strange that Aubrey de Vere, an eminent poet of our day and a fervent Catholic, should have believed, when he wrote his play of *St. Thomas of Canterbury*,* that the custom ever prevailed in England or anywhere else, for he makes that martyred prelate say in reply to the Earl of Cornwall about "Royal Customs":

> ". . . Customs! Customs!
> Custom was that which to the lord of the soil
> Yielded the virgin one day wedded!"

In April, 1854, M. Dupin, a very distinguished lawyer and public man, read, at a sitting of the *Académie des Sciences morales et politiques* (which forms part of the Institute of France), a report commendatory of a work entitled *Coutumes locales du baillage d'Amiens* (Local customs of the bailiwick of Amiens), by a M. Bouthors, chief clerk of the then Imperial Court of that city. M. Dupin cited from the work alleged historical evidence that

* As quoted in "St. Thomas of Canterbury and Becket" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for December, 1885.

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the customary right in question had really existed, and, in two cases mentioned, been even claimed by ecclesiastical lords, who had commuted the right of exercising it for a payment of money. The first case rested on the authority of Boërius (Nicholas de Bohier), a jurist, born at Montpellier in 1469, who became professor of law at Bourges and afterwards judge of a court at Bordeaux, where he died in 1539. In his *Décisiones*, being reports of cases argued and decided in the Senate of Bordeaux, he states that he had assisted at a trial on appeal in the court of Bourges, the metropolitan being present, and that the curate, who was party to the suit, claimed that the odious right referred to belonged to his benefice, had been enjoyed by him for a long time back, but had been annulled and commuted into a fine. The other case had been found by M. Bouthors in Laurière's *Glossaire* (p. 308), where it is related that the officials of the Bishop of Amiens, acting in his behalf, "*pour la représentation du même droit*" (as claiming the same right), required from new-married husbands an indemnity for the permission to spend with their brides the first, second, and third nights after marriage, but that by a decree of Parliament of March 19, 1409, he was forbidden to exercise the said right. The *Glossaire* is also authority for the allegation that the abuse aforesaid existed in other countries besides France. In the *Journal des Débats* of the 2d May following appeared a notice in terms of great praise of M. Dupin's report, and of great indignation that such a custom as the *Droit du Seigneur*, or that other requiring vassals to keep the frogs quiet during the night, should ever have existed.

The audacious charges of M. Dupin, and the comments thereon of the *Journal des Débats*, were promptly replied to by Louis Veuillot, the late chief editor of the *Univers*, who published in that paper on the 17th, 20th, 24th, and 28th, same month, four very able articles in refutation. Later on he revised and enlarged his work, and made it into a book, which was published in 1854 under the title of *Le Droit du Seigneur au moyen age* (The right of the lord in the middle ages). A list is given of the works consulted by him in his researches, in which he had the guidance and direction of four distinguished professors of the *École des Chartes*—Messrs. Léon Lacabane, de Mas Latrie, Guessard, and Ad. Tardif—and the active assistance of Arthur Mercier, a then distinguished pupil of that learned institution. The list embraces thirty-six historical collections, dictionaries, compilations, and glossaries, fifteen works on theology, fifty on

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history, and sixty-two on early jurisprudence. Through all of these Veuillot searched sincerely for the truth, "interrogating some to know what they did say, and others to make sure that they said nothing on the subject, for the silence of the latter is proof." The result of his learned and conscientious labors, of which we shall endeavor to give a summarized account, is that no such horrid custom as is usually designated by the various terms of *jus primæ noctis*, *maritagium*, *mercheta*, *marquette*, *prélibation*, *afforage*, *cuissage*, *cullage*, *cassagio*, ever existed anywhere. There was a *Droit du Seigneur*, or *jus primæ noctis*, which originated with the church, for the purpose of sanctifying, elevating, and ennobling marriage, not of polluting it, and had its highest approval. There was a feudal right which was known under the names of *maritagium* or *mercheta mulierum*, and which related to the marriage of serfs; but there was nothing adulterous, impure, nor sinful about it, as will be shown after the proper meaning of the *jus primæ noctis* has first been made clear.

We know, from the writings of the second and third centuries that have come down to us, that the early Christians had profound convictions in regard to the sanctity of marriage, and that they accepted and obediently fulfilled the precepts of the church, which enjoined upon them not to enter that state otherwise than with a spirit of purity and restraint, so that they might continue in it in like manner and lead holy lives. The Council of Carthage in 398 ordained that newly-married persons, out of respect for the nuptial benediction they had received, should remain pure during the first night of their wedlock.* It is to this religious precept that the *jus primæ noctis* relates. In later centuries, in the same spirit, and in conformity with the advice given by the Archangel Raphael to the son of Tobias (Tobias vi. 16–22), the precept was extended to three days immediately following after the wedding ceremony. That it prevailed in France is shown from the episcopal statutes of Hérard, Archbishop of Tours in 853, and from the capitularies of Charlemagne, which were promulgated by the bishops of the empire. St. Louis, who was married in 1234 when only twenty years old, obeyed the precept in question as faithfully as he did all others of the church. According to several rituals of the fifteenth century, in particular those of Liége, Limoges, and Bordeaux, it seems to

* "*Sponsus et sponsa, cum benedictionem a sacerdote acceperint, eadem nocte pro reverentia ipsius benedictionis in virginitate permaneant*" (*Coll. S. Isid. Patrol.*, Migne, vol. lxxxiv. col. 201).

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have been in force up to that time, but in the sixteenth century it had come to be a mere religious counsel. Nevertheless we find that St. Charles Borromeo recommended his clergy to strongly inculcate its observance upon the faithful under their charge.

That the alleged customary adulterous acts should have been tolerated on the part of the laity, and especially in any cases whatever of the clergy, is absurdly inconsistent with the well-known severity with which, in early times, priests were punished for violating the vow of chastity. During the three first centuries bishops, priests, or deacons sinning in this respect were subject to a publicly-administered penalty, just as lay persons guilty of an offence of similar character. They were degraded from their ecclesiastical dignity, shut out from the society of their fellows, and made to undergo a penance which was often life-long. Subsequently, for sufficient reasons, publicity was dispensed with, but otherwise the severity of the punishment was not mitigated. The record of the prevalence of this stern discipline is to be found in the seventh chapter of the Penitentials of the Venerable Bede, who died about the year 725. In the eleventh century St. Peter Damian thought that the above-named Penitentials and others, such as the Roman and those of Canterbury, the severity of which had been canonically somewhat lessened, were too lax; and he complained about the matter to Pope Leo IX., pointing out the insufficiency of two years' penance in certain cases, and insisting that it should never be less than ten. The pope afterwards issued a constitution showing his approval of the stand taken by the saint. The penance is known to have been of a very severe kind, and to have involved solitary confinement.

Bouthors, as quoted by Dupin, alleges that the two cases of Bourges and Amiens rested on one and the same right. This is fully described in the parliamentary decree of March 19, 1409, by which, in the last-named case, its discontinuance was ordered. The text of the decree takes up nearly nine pages 12mo of small print, and the passages with which we are concerned, and which are given below in full, show that they relate to the observance by newly-married persons of the religious precept just explained, and from which they could not be dispensed except by the episcopal authority, which granted it upon the payment of a trifling fee in accordance with the circumstances of the applicant.

The citizens of Abbeville, represented by their mayors and aldermen, petitioned for release from the aforesaid obligation, along with several others of a pecuniary character which it

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would take up too much space to explain. The hearing was had in the presence of the Bishop of Amiens and nine curates of the city of Abbeville or their representatives. The plaintiffs' complaint against the bishop was in part that:

"Et quamvis, de jure communi, maritis cum uxoribus suis primâ nocte nuptciarum cubare libere concedatur, dictus tamen episcopus, per se aut suos officiarios, dictos conjuges quosdem ad decem, alios ad duodecim, nonnullos ad viginti vel triginta francos, priusquam ipsis de cubando dicta primâ nocte cum suis de novo uxoribus licentiam impertiri vellet, exigebat, aut alios ipsos a suis uxoribus per tres noctes abstinere compellebat."

The bishop's reply, "*ex adverso separatim proponente*," was, *inter alia*,

"Quod in villa, decanatu et banleuca de prædicta Abbatisvilla, ex consuetudine, sacro canoni, rationi et sanctis patribus consona, ab antiquis observatum fuerat, ne cui usque ad tertiam nuptiarum noctem cum uxore suâ cubare sine suâ aut officialis sui dispensatione, absque emenda, liceret; quodque tam pro salario clerici litteram dispensationis scribendi quam pro sigillo et officialis signeto, interdum decem, nonnunquam duodecim, et aliquando sexdecim, et quandoque viginti solidos parisiensium, secundum personarum facultates, petere et recipere poterat."

The judgment given in the particular matter above explained, at the close of the decree, recites:

"Et per idem judicium dictum fuit quod quilibet habitantium dictam villam de Abbatisvilla, primâ die suarum nuptiarum poterit cum suâ uxore, absque congedio seu dispensatione prædicti episcopi, cubare."

Nevertheless the religious precept continued to be observed, not alone in Abbeville but also in Paris, for ninety-two years afterwards. In 1501 nearly the entire contention was again brought up before Parliament by the citizens of Abbeville, and in March of that year, along with other matters, the particular one in question was decided in their favor in the words following:

"Quant à non coucher de trois nuits avec sa femme au commencement du mariage, les demandeurs auront la récréance, le procès pendant; et pourront les epousez coucher franchement les trois premières nuits avec leurs femmes."

Étienne Poucher, Bishop of Paris (1503–1519), judging that the time had come to cease laying on the faithful a salutary burden for their sanctification which they were no longer willing to bear, promulgated the parliamentary decree in synodal statutes and its approval, as follows:

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"Omnia in prædicto arresto contenta approbamus, absque præjudicio laudabilis consuetudinis ecclesiarum nostræ diœcesis; ubi in contrarium obstaret," etc.

That the case at Bourges must have been of precisely the same nature as that of the case at Amiens, Nicholas Bohier's seeming assertions to the contrary notwithstanding,* is evident from the well-known fact that curates never have been feudal lords, that no curacy was ever erected into a fief or barony, and was, as in our day, merely a benefice conferred by superior ecclesiastical authority and subject to its supervision. Montesquieu, who in 1716 filled in the Senate of Bordeaux a similar judicial position to that of Bohier, refers in his *Esprit des Lois* (book xxviii. chap. 41) *only* to the religious precept. Was he likely to know less about the matter than his predecessor above named, with whose best esteemed work, published in 1567, he must have been well acquainted?

The result of Louis Veuillot's painstaking researches for historical evidence relating to the existence of other than the two particular cases quoted by Dupin may be summarized as follows: None of the writers that have asserted the existence of the custom names the time when it originated, nor a period during which it obtained, nor when it was abolished, gradually or otherwise. All their expressions on these points are as vague as possible. The nearest attempt to precision in the first of these respects has been to attribute its establishment to a king of Scotland, Evenus III., who lived so long ago, if at all, that the events of his reign are enveloped in the greatest obscurity. From Scotland the custom is said to have passed into England and France.

A writer named Lebas, a member of the Institute, wildly asserts that it was in force in France in the thirteenth century during the reign of St. Louis, who was so particular on the score of morals that he would not have about him nor in his court a nobleman of licentious life. It is utterly unreasonable to suppose that had such a custom ever existed it could have escaped all mention whatever in the historical records of the

* Feller, in his *Biographie Universelle*, says that Bohier was a learned jurist and an upright magistrate, and that he left all his estate to the hospital of Bordeaux, where he lies buried. Veuillot thinks that as his writings, and in particular his *Décisions*, were published long after his death, the words "*primam habere carnalem sponsæ cognitionem*" may have been interpolated and the text falsified—such underhand work was frequently done in the Reformation period—or, if the text be genuine, he may have noted carelessly and memorandum-wise a harmless incident, and his inaccurate expressions have been tortured into something very different from what he really meant. Either one or the other supposition is needed to save the magistrate's honor!

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period. How else account for the fact that nowhere in all the legislative, judicial, and legal records of the remote past, nor in all those of royal decrees, through which M. Veuillot, with learned assistance, searched, could he find anything relating to it; and yet we know that there was a great deal of varied litigation and pleading going on constantly during the middle ages! How has the custom come to be *entirely* overlooked in such learned and highly esteemed works as *Recherches sur la France* of Étienne Pasquier; *Traité des droits seigneuriaux* of Salvaing; *Nouvel examen de l'usage des fiefs en France pendant les XI^e, XII^e, XIII^e, et XIV^e Siècles* of Brussel; *Traité des droits seigneuriaux et des coutumes féodales* of Boutaric; *Traité de la police* of Delamarre; *Receuil des documents inédits de l'histoire du Tiers-État* of M. Augustin Thierry? Is it likely that it would have escaped the notice of Guizot in his *Histoire de la civilisation en Europe*, his *Essai sur l'histoire de France*, and in his history of France? Nor is there any allusion to it in the works of fiction, nor in the loose literature of the period of its supposed existence. Would the licentious pen of Rabelais and other writers of his stamp have been likely to miss such a *bonne bouche?* Montaigne in his *Essais*, liv. i. ch. xxii., under the title of "*De la coustume, et de ne changer ayseement une loi receue*," * barely refers to the existence of such a custom, and does so incidentally to the narrative of a great lot of barbarous ones, some of them very lewd, evidently derived by him from travellers' stories, very hard to believe, so that it is plain that he had not his native country in his mind when he wrote.

And, what is above all conclusive, the church bears no testimony whatever to the existence of this horrid feudal right. With her power of excommunication, so efficacious in those days, she could have crushed it had it ever existed. As Veuillot eloquently expresses it, "*Devant un pareil crime, quand le monde entier se serait tu, l'Église aurait parlé.*" † How comes it that no council, no synod, no bishop has ever risen up against such an adulterous practice? Is it likely that St. Dunstan, for instance, Archbishop of Canterbury in the tenth century, who was so fearless in rebuking and subjecting to penance the licentious acts of King Edgar and of men in high position, would have ever allowed it to exist?

* "On custom, and that an accepted law is not easily changed."

† "Had such a crime ever been customary, though all the world else had remained silent, the church would have spoken out."

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The feudal right of *maritagium*, which is synonymous with *marchet*, *merchetum*, *mercheta mulierum*, is thus defined in Tomlyn's *Law Dictionary*:

"MARITAGIUM, as a fruit of tenure, strictly taken, is that right which the lord of the fee had to dispose of the daughters of his vassals in marriage. See *Tenure, Marchet.*"

"MARCHET, *marchetum. Consuetudo pecuniaria, in mancipiorum filiabus maritandis.*"

This custom, with some variation, is said to have been observed in some parts of England and Wales, and also in Scotland and in the isle of Guernsey. In the manor of Dinevor, in the county of Carmarthen, every tenant at the marriage of his daughter paid ten shillings to the lord, which in the British language is called *Gwabr Merched—i.e.*, a maid's fee. Then follows a reference to Sir David Dalrymple's testimony adverse to the pseudo-meaning given to the term. This will be given more fully farther on.

"MERCHET, *mercheta mulierum.* A fine or composition paid by inferior tenants to the lord for liberty to dispose of their daughters in marriage. No baron or military tenant could marry his sole daughter and heir without such leave purchased from the king, *pro maritandâ filiâ. . . .*"

Space will not allow the use of the interesting and learned facts and arguments by which Veuillot shows that in feudal times the above custom rested, in view of the social status, on good and reasonable grounds. The feudal lord might be benefited or injured, according as the daughter of his vassal married. Veuillot narrates the instance of Eginhard, who lived in the time of Charlemagne, and who wrote to his friend Count Halton asking him to forgive a serf who had married without the required permission. There are instances in our day of persons having attained their majority and over who cannot marry when and as they like. Members of royal families are so situated. Privates, and even officers, in the French army cannot marry without the permission of the Minister of War, who requires that the intended bride have a sufficient income of her own.

Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hales, has annexed to his *Annals of Scotland*, published in 1776–1779, a short treatise under the title of "Appendix No. 1 of the Law of Evenus and the *Mercheta Mulierum*," from both of which the following extracts have been selected:

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"Malcolm is reported to have abolished a brutal law of an imaginary King Evenus. This is one of the worst fables in the fabulous history of Hector Boece" (History of Malcolm III., A.D. 1093, p. 33).

(From the Appendix:) "Boece thus speaks of an Evenus, King of Scotland. . . .

"It seems that this wicked King Evenus had for his successor a virtuous person, one Metellanus, who reigned in Scotland at the commencement of the Christian era. . . . It would appear that the successors of Metellanus were obliged to connive at this brutal law of Evenus during a period of no less than a thousand years. At length Malcolm III. abolished it. . . . One would be apt to imagine that the learned had conspired to write absurdly on this subject.

"What Skene has said of *marcheta mulierum* is too ridiculous to be transcribed."

"Craig implicitly follows the sentiments of Skene, but adds that the practice was not peculiar to Scotland, that it prevailed in France, and that we got it from France together with the feudal law. . . . All materials go to the erecting of a system. Craig, who derived our feudal institutions from France, saw that Skene quoted Cujacius (I. 1 de Feudis, c. 25) as mentioning a practice in France analogous to the law of Evenus, and he admitted the *practice* for the sake of the *inference*. It happens unfortunately that Cujacius speaks not of any such practice."

Sir David then states that Spelman, who quotes St. Jerome (*Epist. ad Oceanum*) and Laonicus Chalcocondylas, did not recollect that the latter wrote about the beginning of the *sixteenth* century, nor did he perceive, "what was sufficiently obvious," that neither speak of customs which have even the most remote affinity to the supposed law of Evenus;* that a French author, Laurière, "hints at the same practice having prevailed in France, and, on the authority of Skene, derives it from the law of Evenus," totally misunderstanding "the nature of that custom to which he alludes." The testimony of Dr. Plot, who deduces "the origin of borough English from this supposed privilege of the lord," and concludes that a law similar to that of King Evenus prevailed in England as late as 34 Henry III., but introduced "no one knows how or when," is taken up by Sir David and refuted. After examining what has been written by Kepler, "a German of much reading, who has treated of the *mercheta*, and has contributed large additions to the absurdities of the writers who went before him"; and by Wachter, "the first author who

* The text in Sir Henry Spelman's *Glossarium Archæologicum* p. 398, is: "*merchetum, hoc est quod sokemanni et nativi debent solvere, pro filiabus suis corruptis seu defloratis, 5s. 4d.—Regist. abb. de Burgo S. Petri* in Bib. Cotton."

Du Cange has paraphrased the above in these words: "*Id est, ni fallor, ne corrumpantur aut deflorentur a suis dominis in prima nuptiarum suarum nocte.*"

Spelman died in 1641 and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Du Cange died in 1688.

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adventured to speak with judgment" on that same subject, Sir David tells us:

"*Merchet, merchetum*, or mercheta had two several significations:

"(I.) It implied 'a fine paid to the lord by a *sokeman* or villein when his unmarried daughter chanced to be debauched.'*

"(II.) But *merchetum* or *mercheta* was not limited to this sense. It was also used for expressing another *villein* custom. When a *sokeman* or *villein* obtained his lord's permission to give away his daughter in marriage, he paid a composition or acknowledgment; and when he gave her away without obtaining such permission he paid a fine."

Then follow passages from two records in Spelman where *merchetum* is used for the custom described, also from the Chartulary of Kelso, from Bracton, to show that in England it was a *villein* custom, and from a grant in the tenth century by a Count Eilbert in the Ardennes, published by the Jesuit Papebroch, which throws additional light on the subject.

Sir David supposes that the same custom might be traced throughout all the countries of Europe, and "in them all be explained with equal facility"; and he gives as a probable reason for the custom that persons of low rank were generally *ascripti glebæ*—bound to reside on the lord's estate and perform certain services for him. If, then, a woman of that rank married a stranger and followed the residence of her husband, "the lord was deprived of part of his live stock," and required an indemnification for his loss. But in process of time it was discovered that no great prejudice could arise from extra-territorial marriages, and the indemnification was converted into a smaller pecuniary composition which gradually became obsolete.

He then goes into a very lucid explanation of the *jus primæ noctis*, "which some writers appear to have confounded with the *mercheta* of Britain." He adds in a note that he is informed "that the superstitious abstinence sanctified by the Council of Carthage is still observed by the vulgar in some parts of Scotland." He quotes from the capitularies of the Franks, mentions that "this custom prevailed long in France," tells about the cause of the Bishop of Amiens which was tried in the Parliament of Paris, and winds up with a long extract from *A Description of the Ancient Dutch Government*, a work written in Dutch by Ge-

* Spelman himself mentions, though in a transient manner, that such a fine was paid by the ancient usages of England.

Du Cange, in order to confirm the testimony of Boece and the comments of Skene, has grossly misinterpreted this record of Spelman.

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rard van Loon,* a Dutch historian, the author of many learned works in that language, who died in 1759. Van Loon says of the *jus primæ noctis*, or *het recht des eersten nachts* (which, unlike Motley, he does not characterize as "infamous"), that it was known in four lordships of Holland, which he names; that it is a mistake to confound it with the law of Evenus, and gives as his deliberate judgment that it was a religious precept, ordained by the Fourth Council of Carthage, enforced by the general constitutions of the kings of the Franks, and subsequently prolonged in accordance with the example of Tobias. In process of time a redemption from the custom became permitted, "just as in Brabant, in this day, persons newly betrothed are permitted to purchase an exemption from having their banns thrice proclaimed." No such custom as that of Evenus ever existed among the pagan Frisons; it is contrary to everything that Tacitus has written concerning the manners of the ancient Germans, among whom adulteries were rare and were severely punished; moreover, in the sermons preached in Holland by St. Boniface for the conversion of the Frisons, while the worship in sacred groves and various other heathenish superstitions and lasciviousness in general are censured, any such abuse as the custom of Evenus, although deserving of special reprobation, is not mentioned.

The extracts given by Veuillot of the frightfully severe penalties for adultery in force among the several nations of Europe during the early centuries demonstrate how very absurd is the supposition that they ever could have been brought to accept any such adulterous custom as the one which is the subject of refutation in this article.

LOUIS B. BINSSE.

* *Beschryving der aloude Regeering-wyze van Holland*, iii. 164.

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SLANDER.

AUTUMN was beautiful at Tor, even though the melancholy sea of Moyle muttered its never-ending dirge with white lips, wailing for the children of Lir, and round the knees of the great Tor breakers climbed and were repulsed with a noise like recurrent peals of thunder. Bright-eyed, bare-kneed children hanging into the ravines almost, as it seemed, by the hair of their heads, snatched the last of the luscious blackberries growing in those long, slanting hollows yawning greenly from cliff to wave; and if sunset overtook earlier than heretofore the footsteps of a chilled noon, its own magnificent pageantry gave sufficient splendor to the day. As Shana sat up in the little turret-room that had always been hers at Tor, looking through the long, narrow slits of her windows, the twilight fell so fast that Scotland's cliffs had taken their forbidding, war-like aspect, and the beacon-light on Mull of Cantire had sprung up red as Mars before she had finished the letter she was writing to Bawn. The letter was to tell her friend that her happiness was secured, that Gran had proved herself a darling, that Alister and Willie had come to a satisfactory understanding, and that, consequently, New Zealand was soon to be the writer's home.

Having befriended her so far, Shana's twilight failed utterly, and as she would not go down-stairs till the moment of dinner, because Flora was in the drawing-room punishing Gran (so Shana put it to herself), the girl lit her candles to finish the epistle.

"I cannot go to see you now," she wrote, "because they will not let me, and I must be obedient after all I have gained; but I shall never forget your goodness in taking me in and standing up for me, will never believe anything against you, no matter what they say."

For much was being said by Lady Flora to Gran in the drawing-room, where Flora had seized the leisure hour of the day to pour out her tale of long-cherished distrust and dislike of the tenant of Shanganagh. Gran was listening to her with bent

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brows and compressed lips that showed her vexation of spirit. Seeing that Flora was intent on saying much that she was not willing to hear, the old lady tried to speak her own mind beforehand.

"I saw nothing about her conduct that was not nice. You have been too much displeased with Shana to allow the child to tell you the part Miss Ingram played in the matter. She knew nothing about the affair till Shana ran to her, and then she received her as a matter of course. When all this annoyance has subsided you will be in a better position to do justice to that girl—"

"Justice!" echoed Flora contemptuously. "My dear Gran, you are running away with the question. I am not going to make vague accusations against Miss Ingram. If you will kindly listen to me with patience, I will tell you my various reasons for wishing that this young woman should be kept at a distance by the family, if not warned to return to where she came from. You are not, perhaps, aware that she is passing under an assumed name—"

"No; I am not aware of it."

"But I can tell you it is true. Manon is my authority, and I hope you will admit that she, at least, is an unprejudiced observer."

"Humph!" said Gran.

"If you doubt that your mind is indeed becoming warped. I never saw any one behave so nicely, seeing that her lover is being actually enticed away from under her very eyes."

"Who is her lover?"

"Why, Rory, of course."

"That fact, if fact it be, is as new to me as the falseness of Miss Ingram's name."

"You do not see everything, and Manon has given me her confidence. You do not appreciate the compliment she pays him. That a girl with such a fortune as hers, so well-born, so handsome, should be willing to content herself with Rory at Tor—"

Gran bristled. "In my young days a girl did not make any such contentment known until she was invited from the right quarter to do so. I do not think the more of her for displaying it. I repeat that I have never seen Rory take the attitude of her lover."

Flora made an impatient gesture, as if to say that Gran, choosing to be blind, could not be expected to see.

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"You were always prejudiced against her."

"Perhaps I was, a little, till I saw her; but I can truly say that since then I have been ready to believe her everything delightful. Of late the idea has grown upon me that she can be sly."

"Nonsense!" said Flora.

"I do not like her hints about Miss Ingram. This fancy about the name—"

"The story is simple enough. On the day you went for Shana to Shanganagh, Manon and Rosheen were left to walk about the farm with Miss Ingram while you talked to—to the future Mrs. Callender," said Flora, with an ill-natured little laugh.

"I believe they were. What then?"

"At the foot of a tree Manon picked up a small book, apparently dropped and overlooked there, and saw on the title-page Miss Ingram's Christian name—if so outlandish a name can be so described. With it was joined a surname which was not Ingram. Manon would have kept the book, but the young woman espied it in her hand and demanded to have it on the spot."

"What was the name in the book?"

"Oh! it began with a D, and was of a different shape from Ingram. Manon, being a foreigner, could not seize it at a glance. But she knows it was not Ingram."

"The book may have belonged to her mother, or to her mother's sister for whom she was named. Names go in families, especially out-of-the-way names like Bawn."

"I guessed you would see a way out of the difficulty," sneered Lady Flora; "but from her anxiety to regain possession of the book Manon felt assured there was something wrong. And so do I. My idea is that she is married."

"You think she has escaped from an unhappy marriage to bury herself here. Poor young creature! I sincerely hope you may be wrong."

"I do not say what I think, but I know that a married woman ought to make it known that she is married, and that if she does not there is something amiss. For a long time I have felt that there was something wrong about this so-called Miss Ingram, and her behavior from beginning to end has gone to prove it. She arrives here in the most unprotected manner, pretending to be a common farmer's daughter, when it is evident she belongs to quite another class. She passes under an assumed name, and before many weeks has all the gentlemen in the neighborhood flying after her."

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"What!"

"Certainly. In the first place, she scraped up some kind of an acquaintance with Major Batt on her way here, and ever since she arrived he has not been the same person. Before that he was desperately in love with Shana, and I had it from her own lips that she was willing to accept him. In the course of a few months he forgets her very existence, and Shana, in despair, is going off to New Zealand, assisted in such madness by the so-called Miss Ingram's co-operation and advice. Lord Aughrim, I know on good authority, has been to visit her; and as for Rory—I must say, Gran, on that subject your obtuseness is very remarkable. He meets her frequently. Did I not tell you before that Manon and I met them in the fields near Shane's Hollow, in the most out-of-the-way spot, perfectly suitable for a romantic walk—"

"Stop, Flora, stop! You bewilder me."

"I want to enlighten, not to bewilder you. I have put the matter bluntly before you."

"Very bluntly."

"Only that you may speak to Rory and warn him before he is hopelessly entangled. A person whose conduct is so open to criticism is not a suitable wife for him."

"But I thought you said she was married," said Gran.

"Oh! I dare say she is divorced. In America that is very easy."

"But—Lord Aughrim! Major Batt! Which does she intend to marry?"

"The lord, no doubt, if she can. If not, the wealthy Major Batt; failing all else, the not very wealthy but otherwise desirable master of Tor. Now, I have put it all before you, Gran, and I leave it to you to work the question out. My own suggestion would be that Miss Ingram should get notice to quit before Manon returns to Paris, believing herself rejected for the sake of a creature—"

Here Flora rose, and, dropping her energetic manner, sauntered to the window, finally quitting the room without another word, leaving Gran leaning back in her chair, her brow on her hand, thinking deeply of all she had just been forced to listen to.

Unwillingly she was obliged to admit that there might be something in all that Flora had been saying, and that to save Rory from great unhappiness later she ought to speak to him about the matter. Of all her grandchildren Rory was the dearest. More like a son than a grandson, he had lived with her always

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since the death of his parents, except during his years at college. He was named for that favorite son who had met his death so cruelly on Aura long ago, and there was, besides, something in his nature that was akin to her own. An unfortunate marriage for him would be an unspeakable misfortune to her. A penniless, friendless girl, working for her own independence, however praiseworthily, was not exactly a mate for the representative of the elder branch of the Fingalls. She could not bear the idea of his marrying for money; the mere sound of Flora's voice was enough to remind her that even an income drawn from the three per cents might be secured at too great a sacrifice of domestic joys. And yet his noble ambitions were dear to her heart. She had hoped to see him in Parliament, feeling sure that wherever there was a good cause to be worked for all over the world, and especially at home, his vote and his energies would be at its service. Yet how on this barren rock of Tor was money to be found to enable him to gratify all his honorable desires?

He was too kind and conscientious a landlord to exact from his serfs that heavy toll on the land they tilled which they must hunger that he might spend. She had often feared that he would never marry—that, following his philanthropic instincts, with such small means as Providence had placed in his hands, he would be satisfied to fill his good years with unselfish activity, and find himself, when too late to remedy the mischief, with a lonely hearth and heart.

Now Bawn's noble, candid face rose before her, and the old woman was ready to avow that the girl was as good as she was fair. But are faces always to be trusted? The world is deceitful, and American women are known, thought Gran in her old-fashioned way, to be strange. And there was Manon. Of the two countenances before her mind's eye she infinitely preferred Bawn's; and then the old woman sighed with a sense of baffled intelligence. Was she indeed prejudiced against Flora's protégée, and was any fair-faced stranger preferable in her esteem to the granddaughter of the friend of her youth? Manon would be suitable in birth and position, and her large fortune would put power into Rory's hands. Was not Flora right, after all, and might not Rory have been satisfied with Manon if the tenant of Shanganagh had never appeared on the scene? However that might be, the question now was of wrong and misfortune that might come upon the old house of Tor through Miss Ingram's possible dishonesty. It was clearly her duty to speak to Rory, and speak to him she would, even at the cost of exceeding pain to herself.

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The evening passed slowly for her. Rory was behaving admirably, said Flora, who flitted to and from the billiard-room, where the young people were amusing themselves. He was taking great pains to improve Manon's style of playing, and Manon was looking so pretty. Of Shana and Callender Flora had less gracious words to say; and as her husband was also in disgrace with her for permitting their engagement, her remarks on his want of skill in the game were of a cutting character.

That night, when Rory had gone to his own particular den to smoke and read in solitude after the household had gone to rest, Gran gathered up her long skirts and her courage and climbed slowly and with an anxious heart to her grandson's retreat.

"Gran! why, this is an unexpected pleasure!" cried Rory, springing from his arm-chair and placing it at her disposal. "Why did you not send for me? It is too late for you to mount up here."

"No, no. I wanted to ask you quietly about this affair of Miss Ingram and the Adares. Is it true she has taken Miss Adare to Shanganagh?"

"Perfectly true. She has done at once what some of us ought to have done long ago."

"What was impossible to us may have been made easy to her, being a stranger. But it is a good deed, though it may bring trouble on her."

"She is very good."

Gran felt puzzled how to proceed further. She was ashamed of what she had got to say, and peered wistfully through her spectacles at the manly face turned towards her with an expectant look in the eyes.

"Come, Gran, out with it! You have something more to say to me."

"I have something more to say, and I would rather not say it, only it appears to me now to be my duty. This Miss Ingram, Rory, of whom you think so highly—is it wise to see her so often, to concern yourself so much with her affairs?"

"I am hoping to make Miss Ingram my wife," said Rory gently, after a moment's pause.

"That is what I have thought," said Gran, quelling her agitation and trying to speak as calmly as he did; "and therefore I feel bound to warn you."

"Warn me of what?"

"Are you aware that she is living here under an assumed name?"

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"No."

"I have heard that it is so. You will, of course, be able to ascertain whether or not the report is true. The evidence is hardly conclusive. I am bound to admit merely that a different name coupled with her Christian name has been found in a book—"

"A clever suggestion!—coming, I should say, from Flora or Miss Manon de St. Claire. And even granted that Miss Ingram should for some good reason of her own have changed her name, had she not a right to do so if she pleased?"

"It has been suggested that she is married."

Rory started, and grew a little pale under his bronzed complexion. Then he laughed and said good-humoredly:

"What an ingenious romance!"

"It has been observed that she is absolutely silent, even with the girls, as to her antecedents. Shana herself admits that she pretends to be of a different class from that to which she evidently belongs; that she has money for every purpose, though supposed to be working for her bread; finally, that she is seen to be somewhat light in her conduct—"

Rory walked up and down the room with a flushed and troubled countenance.

"I am not blushing for you, Gran," he said, suddenly stopping before her, "only for some of your sex. I do not feel that I need defend Miss Ingram to you. All this is said by you against the grain, is it not? I need only say, for your comfort, that I have had better opportunity of observing Miss Ingram's character than either Flora or her friend, and that I believe in her. As to the lightness of conduct, it is a lie. If it be light-behaved to work hard, to improve every one and everything she comes in contact with, to make the wilderness bloom and two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, to feel for the poor and sick, to risk her life out of charity to a wretched dying fellow-creature, giving up her own comforts to nurse so unpleasant an invalid—well, don't you see, dear Gran, how atrociously ridiculous the entire charge must be? And as for your anxiety about me," he added, more quietly, "it ought to take the form of concern that the woman I love should completely deny and ignore my suit—"

There was that in his voice, as he broke off abruptly, which kept Gran silent for some minutes. In spite of her prudence her heart was cheered by his faith. Might it not be true that he had had better means of judging than those others; and, besides, being of a nobler nature, might he not possess a truer instinct? But

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yet ought she to venture to encourage him? Poverty is a stern fact. She must think of his honorable ambition.

"My lad," she said, "my heart goes with you. But think a little of your future. You had plans of your own. You hoped to be of use in your generation. Will marriage compensate you for all you will give up?"

Rory passed his hand across his brow, and thought a moment before he replied:

"When I formed those plans I did not expect to meet in this way the one woman I could mate with; and, though you affectionately call me your lad, I have met her at a ripe age. I love her more, after all, than Parliament and the emigrants, though I do not mean to say that I lose sight of a career of usefulness among the possibilities of the future. According to my theory a noble wife will help a man more greatly than gold. And now, dear Gran, you must go to your rest. Trouble your head no more about Flora's inventions."

After she had left him Rory sat gazing at the wall with the eyes of a man considering a hateful contingency. He had spoken bravely, for he would share his uneasiness with no one; nevertheless was it not true that he knew absolutely nothing of this woman who had gained such a hold upon his life? His memory went back to her conversation on board the steamer, and revived the strong impression he had then received that some painful circumstance which she would not allow to be discovered influenced her movements and obliged her to reject his friendship. She had certainly stated that she was not married. He remembered with what evident surprise she had answered his question on the subject. Could she, after all, have deceived him? Could some strong and terrible dread have driven her to a falsehood under which she might have thought herself justified in taking shelter? Never for one moment, he admitted, had she given him to suppose that she might alter from the mood of mind in which she had rejected him as a husband. Latterly he had comfortably made up his mind to forget those strong first impressions which had seized him on board ship and had seemed to surround her with mystery and place her in imminent danger. And now he asked himself, What if they had been true, if behind her frank, smiling aspect there lay the consciousness of some erring or tragic past which practically deprived him of a future? After all, what had brought her here, with her beauty and her breeding, to bury herself, if not some necessity for escape, to hide herself from something?

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He sat half the night lost in troubled thought, and towards morning left the house and walked the cliffs, unable to shake off the fears that had laid hold of his imagination. If Bawn was not good and true, then good-by to goodness and truth. His love for her was no boy's fancy to be replaced later by a more genuine feeling. He had passed the age for caprices, and, as he had said, in his ripe years he had met with the ideal of his manhood. His heart, his mind, his soul all approved of her, and everything in nature seemed to declare her worth. Her flowers bloomed, her beasts throve, her industries were productive, all that she touched prospered. The first time he had met her eyes they had revealed to him a spirit more noble than that of ordinary women. And here he paused, asking himself, Was this not the very madness of love which poets rave of and wise men distrust? Had infatuation blinded him, and in looking on her did he see something which had no actual existence? In this state of mind he felt he could not breathe till he had seen her again, spoken with her, questioned her closely, and sat in judgment on her replies.

He forgot that as a man who had been rejected, who had never been encouraged, he had no kind of right to question her. He only felt now as if his very life depended on her answers. To-morrow he would go to her; yet where? Over and above the fact that she had forbidden him to come to see her, he could not, after all that Gran had said, insist on paying a visit at the farm. And now that she had Mave Adare under her roof, she had no longer a reason for haunting among the trees and lingering among the fields that skirted the mysterious regions of Shane's Hollow.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ESCAPED.

If Bawn had cherished a faint hope that Mave Adare might yet regain strength of mind and body, and that from her she might learn something profitable to her enterprise, she was doomed to disappointment. The poor creature, all whose energy seemed to have been spent in her desperate struggle with lonely suffering in the ruin, had, now that she was in comfort and at peace, collapsed into a state of chronic lethargy from which she only wakened up occasionally to declare her belief that she was in heaven. All Bawn's gentle ministrations failed to win any

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demonstration from her except the whispered assurance to Peggy that in her absence she was tended by an angel.

"That is why I know I am in heaven, Peggy; and I am always going to ask about some one I wanted to meet here, but at the right moment I forget. The angel has a voice like his, and that is why I forget, because when the angel speaks I think it is Arthur himself, and I am content. But it is not himself. And I wonder he does not come to me, for I know he must be here."

Bawn, watching for these gleams of the spirit from the poor worn-out clay, and listening to the wild words, concluded that the invalid had recognized Desmond's tones in his daughter's voice, and she resolved to endeavor to gain some advantage from this fact. One night, sitting alone by Mave's bedside in semi-darkness, she reflected on the means that might best be taken to coax some admission from her patient's lips; and as she watched the last vestige of the landscape without disappear from beyond the window, an idea came to her and she repeated aloud, softly but distinctly:

"Arthur Desmond! Arthur Desmond! Arthur Desmond!"

There was a movement in the bed, the waxen face turned towards her, and the eyes unclosed.

"Where is Arthur Desmond?" asked Mave Adare in a voice that sounded quite sane and conscious. "I have been looking for him everywhere and I cannot find him. Yet I know he must be here."

Bawn replied, almost without thought, so naturally did the words come:

"How can you expect to see him here, you who believed him guilty?"

And then she held her breath, fearing a burst of excitement or some wandering, meaningless reply; but, to her great surprise, the answer came distinctly and reasoningly:

"Because I have expiated my sin, through the mercy of my Redeemer, by long years of suffering, and both God and my beloved have forgiven me. I know you are an angel and I deserve your reproach, but there are thoughts between God and the soul which even angels do not see."

Bawn's heart melted within her at the strange, solemn, comforting words.

"You are right," she said. "You shall see Arthur Desmond presently. You are not in heaven yet, but in a place of peace that is close to it. In the meantime will you tell me why you

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ever believed him guilty? Who told you he committed that crime?"

The dying woman shuddered. "Luke said he saw it," she said. "Luke thought he saw it. But Arthur's spirit came to me in the night, one of those terrible nights when the roof was falling in, and he told me he was innocent and in heaven. That is why I have been willing to suffer; that is how I am so content—"

She dropped back into her slumber, and Bawn was left in possession of the truth she had spoken. Luke had said he saw him do it. Then her instinct had not been at fault, and it was with Luke only she should have to deal. She sat for half an hour thinking intensely of the likelihood or unlikelihood of her being able to make any use of the knowledge she had just acquired. When and where could she expect to penetrate to the conscience of Luke Adare? Was there any hope that the tongue that had now uttered so important a revelation might yet direct her further? Suddenly feeling a desire to continue her thinking in the cool night-air, she rose softly, and, placing a small lighted lamp behind the bed so that the light might not disturb the sleeper, she went out of the room and out of the house, and felt the breeze quiet her pulses and brace her excited nerves. Having lingered a short time on the verge of the orchard slope, she had returned and was about to re-enter the house when her step was arrested by the sight of a moving shadow, visible through the window, flitting across the walls within the invalid's room.

She had believed that Betty was in bed. Could that good woman have heard Mave Adare cry out in pain, and have got up to attend to her? Bawn went close to the window and looked in.

The gaunt, uncouth figure of a man, weirdly out of place in the neat chamber, was bending over the bed, and then followed a scene like the horror that happens in a nightmare. The intruder seized the sick woman's hand and shook her by the shoulder and called her by her name, till she awoke and lay staring at him helplessly.

He put his long arms round her and attempted to lift her out of the bed. And then her cry broke forth:

"O Luke! Oh! no. Oh! not back there!"

Then followed curses, stamping on the floor, and an unequal struggle; but suddenly the intruder, man or fiend, dropped his prey and stood listening. In doing so he turned his face now towards the door, now towards the window, and revealed to

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Bawn the same awful countenance that had looked at her through the pane a few nights ago. It was Luke Adare come to recapture his sister. Before Bawn had time to move Betty was in the room in answer to the patient's cry, and Luke, seeing his attempt was baffled, skurried away past her like a startled wild animal, and fled from the house.

The next minute Bawn was following him swiftly down the path to the orchard, calling him in a voice clear as a silver trumpet.

"Luke Adare! Stop! I have something to say to you!"

She expected he would fly the faster for her call, but he stopped, he stood still and waited for her.

"What do you want with me?" he asked roughly.

"I want you to come back and have some supper. You have allowed your sister to be my guest. Will you not accept my hospitality for yourself? It is late at night and you have far to go. It is not friendly of you to take leave of us like this."

"Curses on your falsehood!" he said savagely. "You did not get my permission to take her away and expend your insolent charity upon her. You were suffered to have the pleasure of her company for a carriage-drive, and no more. Why did you not bring her back to her ancestral residence?"

Bawn could see but dimly the expression of the hideous face, which matched with the contemptuous fierceness and ludicrous pomposity of the creature's tone.

"It was late," she urged, "and your sister was tired, and there are reasons why I was proud and glad to receive her under my roof—reasons which I will tell you some day, if you will allow me to see you again."

"What are your reasons? Cannot you tell them now?"

"It is too late, for, since you will not come into my house, I must bid you good-night. But, believe me, you would be interested in hearing something I could tell you."

"It is false!" he shouted furiously. "I knew you were a coward and an impostor from the first moment I heard your voice. How dare you go about mimicking the voice, the very tones of—"

"Of whom?" asked Bawn, with a sudden leap of the heart.

"Of a reprobate long in his grave, no doubt, but who will not lie there always. Tush! do you think I am afraid of spirits? A man who lives with rats is not much in fear of ghosts. All I have got to say to you is this: Don't dare to meddle further with the Adares than you have done. To-morrow I will make

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arrangements for bringing my sister home. And, after that, come no more to the Hollow at your peril!"

With this he turned from her, and the gray face, just gleaming with awful indistinctness through the darkness, vanished, and she was alone, realizing with difficulty that she had held her first interview with Luke Adare—her first but not her last, as she assured herself in spite of his threats. She remembered with exultation how his conscience had already betrayed him. That vibration of her father's tones which was in her voice, which had perplexed without enlightening Gran, which had acted like a charm on the diseased imagination of Mave Adare, had evidently caught the ear of this wretch and aroused his hatred—a hatred for which there was no reason but that it sprang from injury done by the hater to its object. Horror of the memory of the man he had ruined accounted for his hatred of herself. Oh! if Mave Adare would but live and prove a link between her and this monster!

Reminded by this thought of the position in which she had last seen the suffering woman, she went quickly back to the house and entered the sick-room on tiptoe. As she did so she was instantly aware of a new state of things. Betty was on her knees by the bed praying aloud, and the rigidity of the figure in the bed struck her fearfully as expressive of a ghastly change. The little spark of vitality that had lingered in the wasted frame of Mave Adare had been rudely quenched. The long-suffering soul was released and at rest.

"Och, misthress, sure she's gone!" sobbed Betty, rising from her knees. "The villain just frightened the life out o' her!"

Next morning a scrap of ragged paper was found under the door, and on it was scrawled:

"The Adares were always buried by torchlight in their ancestral burial-place in the old graveyard at Toome."

Bawn rightly concluded that the words had been written by Luke Adare and were intended as an instruction for her.

"It was always one of their mad whimsies," said Betty. "You or me might be put in the ground while the sun was shinin', but not an Adare. They were always taken away in the night with torches, and the flames of their funerals could be seen over the country-side."

Bawn saw no reason why she should not act upon the hint, and arranged that her father's early love should be laid among

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her kindred in the ancient graveyard, and by night. And there was one at least who did not think her action extravagant—the gaunt, ragged creature who followed the little procession unperceived in the darkness, and to whom it was probably a satisfaction that the ancient glory of the Adares was thus properly maintained in his sister's case to the last.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RUIN.

Rory, having resolved that he would speak plainly to Bawn, make one more endeavor to learn something positive concerning her past, was yet undecided as to the means he would take thus to try to obtain her confidence.

Thinking it all over, he came through the Hollow one wet, windy autumn morning, and was startled to see her standing under the beech-trees in front of the ruin, her shawl folded tightly round her, her eyes raised to the shattered windows, and an expression on her face and in her whole figure and attitude of the deepest and sternest despondency.

Her presence here on such a morning struck him as strange and inexplicable. Mave Adare was dead. In her she had expressed a deep interest, and on her she had expended her charity. What further did she seek in haunting this uncanny hole? How did she expect to reach or influence the half-savage old men who hid among these mouldering walls? What could she hope to gain by coming in contact with them? Why need she concern herself about them and their sins and misfortunes?

With his mind full of such questions he approached, and saw her start of surprise and her involuntary shrinking from him when she suddenly became aware of his presence.

She had just been realizing the extreme unlikelihood of any ultimate success for her romantic enterprise. Autumn gales, the forerunner of winter storms, had already set in, and she had hastened here this morning fearing to find the ruin reduced to a heap of rubbish and at last become Luke Adare's unholy grave. That the end had not yet come seemed a miracle. To-morrow, next week, would this miraculous delay be still prolonged? In the meantime his hatred of her presence and his suspicion of her identity would certainly keep him carefully concealed from her.

Was there any hope left of refuting that calumny which had

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blasted her father's life, and was now darkening her own by raising an insuperable barrier between her and the man she loved?—for, without further effort to ignore or deny the truth, she owned to herself now, freely, that she loved him.

For that very reason she was bound to keep out of his way, to do him as little injury as possible, to force him to feel more and more assured that there never could be a marriage, that it was not natural there should be even friendship between them.

And so, suddenly seeing him beside her, she shrank from him. He saw the movement, and it hurt and angered him.

"Miss Ingram, forgive me for interrupting your meditations. I did not expect to find you here this wild morning."

"I can believe that," said Bawn, recovering her self-possession; "but the fascination of the place is too much for me. I cannot keep myself from coming."

"Are you not satisfied with the work you have done? What further do you imagine you can do?"

"There are other lives in danger in yonder."

"What are they to you? How can you expect to influence two obstinate old men? You cannot kidnap them as you kidnapped their sister."

"I fear not. That is what I fear."

"Why should it be so much to you?"

"Ah!—why?"

"They cannot live long, in any case, and life to them is misery. A sudden death might not be the worst that could befall them."

Bawn shivered and drew her shawl around her, and as she did so it struck Rory painfully that she had grown thinner, and that there was a shadow of trouble deepening in her face—that bright face which, even one month ago, no one could have associated with a sorrowful thought.

"Bawn," he burst forth, "for God's sake let them alone! Put them out of your thoughts, and think of yourself and think of me. I believe you come here merely for an excitement; that you give your mind to these wretched people only to keep other matters out of it. You have some sorrow, some secret, and you will share it with no one, not even with me, who love you better than my life—me, whom you trust, whom you love—"

She made a gesture to silence him, but she did not speak.

"You dare not deny it. You know that you love me. And

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either you have some terrible secret which I have a right to learn, or you are breaking your own heart wantonly, wickedly—"

He broke off abruptly, and after the storm of passion in his voice Bawn's words came slowly, a mere whisper of pain:

"It is true I have a terrible secret."

The rustling of the dead leaves and the drip of the boughs on the path seemed to catch up the murmur and spread it all through the Hollow.

"I have a hideous, intolerable secret," continued Bawn—"a sorrow that brought me across the sea and brought me here. I know what people are saying of me, and what you would ask me. Ingram is not my name, and I am not what I pretend to be. I thought to wash a stain off my real name, but I have lost hope, and stained it must remain, I have reason to fear. This is what I want you to understand. I thought I had made you understand it on board ship, but you have seemed to forget it."

"I have forgotten it. I will forget it again, if you will let me."

"I must not let you. You must keep away from me and think of me no more. If you knew who I am you would turn away and never ask to see me again—"

"That I will not believe till you tell me what you mean, till you give up talking in mystery, till you explain the exact meaning of your hints—your probably misleading hints. Girls have often exaggerated ideas of things. I myself must judge of your case. As for what others think or say of you, that is nothing to me so that you are personally what I believe you to be. If you tell me you are not good I shall conclude you are mad—"

Bawn gave him a startled look and colored faintly.

"I do not think I am very good--not good enough for you," she said; "but yet I believe there is no wickedness in me so great that you could not forgive it. Yet the barrier remains, as you will one day admit."

"Why not give me an opportunity this day, this hour?"

"I cannot. On the day I tell you I shall go. I will not wait here to see you turn from me—"

"Turn from you! Bawn—"

"No! no! You must not come near me. There is something that stands between. You must not look at me so—"

"I will not even ask to touch your hand, if you will not fly from me. But, however all this may end, Bawn, will you say to me just three words: 'I love you'?"

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"To my sore sorrow I do love you."

"After that I will not lose you. You cannot dare to leave me."

"After that I must leave you all the more surely, but not until—"

She stopped and involuntarily cast an eager glance at the dripping ruin before them.

"Till what?"

"I cannot tell you; not now. I have already said too much. If you love me at all, let me go. Think of me as dead."

She turned away with a quick step, and he remained standing where she had left him. He felt it useless to pursue her. In this mood she was impracticable, and he feared to press her too far, to scare her to a longer flight, out of his neighborhood, out of his reach for evermore. He had lost her once; he would not lose her again, if he could help it.

He remained pacing up and down the Hollow, reflecting on all her enigmatical words and looks. Flora, even Gran, would consider that he ought to be quite satisfied with her admissions, quite sure that she was one whom he could never think of as his wife. She had spoken of a stain upon her name which could never be wiped out, yet she had hoped to see it wiped out. How could that hope have any connection with her coming here? Had she come merely to hide, and from what? Was she waiting for tidings of some kind, in suspense as to the ending of a lawsuit, of an investigation, in expectation of somebody's death? The longer he pondered the more puzzled he became. Of one thing he felt sure: he must let things drift as they were drifting, unless he meant to drive her out of the little harbor in which she had anchored. She had said, and she was capable of keeping her word, that on the day on which she told him the story of her antecedents and circumstances she must quit this spot and be seen by him no more. He would not push her to that alternative. At all costs he would be patient and wait for her to speak.

After he had walked about, he knew not how long, lost in his thoughts, the rain began to fall heavily, and mechanically he moved into shelter of a gable of the ruined house and continued his walk under cover of the dense trees and the dismal stone wall, the monotonous surface of which was broken here and there by a few dilapidated windows. The gable was a remote one at the back of the ruin, and the lower windows were evi-

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dently those of domestic offices, lumber rooms, pantries, and servants' apartments. As Somerled passed one of these he thought he heard a voice speaking loudly in a peremptory manner, and he stood still in great surprise, wondering from whence it could come. The wind was high, and the trees kept up a soughing sound, crossed every minute by the swish of the rain as it swept through the heaving branches.

He thought he had been mistaken, and proceeded with his walk, asking himself how long it would be worth while to linger here in expectation of an improvement in the weather, when a second time the gruff tones, unmistakably human and having a strange suggestion of uncanny meaning, startled the silence and solitariness of the place. This time he satisfied himself that the sounds proceeded from a particular window, small and low, and barred with rusty iron, out of which all the glass had been shattered long ago.

Convinced that this was the utterance of one of the self-imprisoned souls hidden in the ruin, he remained standing where he was, with some expectation of seeing a face come to the window and finding himself subject to the wrath of an Adare for trespassing on the ancient family demesne.

No face appeared, but after another pause the snarling voice went on, pouring forth speech so vehemently that Somerled's next conclusion was that a quarrel must have arisen between the two wretched old men in the ruin, and that he had accidentally come within hearing of the sound while out of reach of the meaning of what was said. As he could distinguish no word he did not feel that he was eavesdropping, and listened with a keen appreciation of the mingled grotesqueness and fearfulness of the situation. Presently he began to perceive that there was only one voice, and that its owner, if quarrelling, was quarrelling with himself. Now a loud harangue was poured forth in sonorous, arrogant-sounding tones, and then after a silence came snarling remarks, and groans, and sharp, short cries. The listener was aware that miserable solitaries will sometimes talk aloud for their own hearing alone. No doubt Luke Adare—yes, he thought it must be Luke rather than Edmond—was uttering the bitterness of his soul in the hideous solitude to which he had condemned himself.

He had just turned, disgusted and pitying, to go on his way when the voice was raised again, this time with a shriller clearness which carried a few words to his ear, an utterance with

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shape and meaning. Only two of the words remained in his mind the next moment when the voice had ceased, and so strange were they that, though they rang through his brain, he could scarcely believe he had really heard them. Yet how could his imagination have suggested them?

"Desmond's daughter!" were the words, angrily and contemptuously spoken, which startled his ear like the blast of a trumpet.

Where did they come from? What did they mean? Why, even if they had been uttered by Luke Adare in his savage ravings, should they bear any particular meaning for him, Somerled? Why should he consider them as of the slightest importance? While he reflected thus they came towards him again, loudly and gruffly spoken, as if the speaker had drawn nearer to the aperture in the wall and was striving to drive some one or something forth.

"Desmond's daughter! Begone, begone! Desmond's daughter, come to spy and persecute—" And then a wild laugh ending in wrathful growling and muttering.

Fingall came close to the window and listened with all his ears and with all his brain; but that last burst had ended Luke's outpourings (could the speaker be any one but Luke?), and complete silence had settled once more upon the ruin, while the wind, which was rising, howled round the tottering chimneys and lashed the trees against the streaming gable.

Relaxed from the strained tension of listening, Somerled's mind began to work on the ideas suggested to him by those few wild words. Ravings—yes, they might be ravings, but what was the fancy that had run through the raving? Desmond's daughter! Who was Desmond's daughter?

"Desmond's daughter, come to spy and persecute." Why, Bawn!

With a flash of understanding, of recognition, Fingall saw Bawn, her circumstances, her enterprise, her dream, in the lurid light of the truth. She was Desmond's daughter. Her intention in coming here had been to learn, on the very scene of her father's crime, that there had been no crime at all. In this she had failed. She was the daughter of the man who had murdered his uncle.

She had hoped for some light on the subject from these miserable Adares. With her firm will and her high spirit she had thought to be able to make black white. And yet could it not

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be done? There was some mystery to which she had the clue, else why this fury of Luke Adare at her appearance? After all, he had jumped to a conclusion. He would not sleep, at all events, till he had ascertained from Bawn herself whether or not she was Desmond's daughter.

He walked to the place where he had left his horse in shelter, and rode straight through wind and rain to Shanganagh.

Bawn's little cart had reached home only a short time before his arrival, and Bawn was feeling an anguish and utter forlornness so new to her in its intensity that she did not know how to deal with it. The admission she had made to-day seemed to have altered her very nature. She had confessed what hitherto it had been her strength to deny. It was right and fit that the crushing of her own happiness should be involved in the total ruin that had destroyed her father's life, but what was she to do with this new want that had sprung up in her life, where was she to carry it, how was she to rid herself of it? Her romantic devotion to her dead father had carried her across the sea and urged her through an army of difficulties; but when her final defeat was consummated—and it was near now, very near—what was she to do with the burden of living love which a broken heart must carry with it over land and sea through an incalculable number of years, perhaps to the end of a long life-time?

Her women were out milking, and she was alone in the house and was kneeling on the tiles of her little kitchen before the hearth, the blaze from which illumined the place fitfully as the dusk began to fall. The door, which had not been quite fastened, was pushed open, and Somerled stood before her.

Her heart leaped up for a moment with dangerous gladness, then failed within her. The next moment she had perceived his dripping condition, and, woman-like, was only concerned for his present comfort.

"Mr. Fingall, you are shockingly wet. Take off that drenched ulster."

"There!" he said, and, flinging the garment on the back of a wooden chair, advanced to her with outstretched hands.

"Bawn, you will think I have done a wild thing. I have come here out of all season and in the storm, but it is to ask you a question which you will not refuse to answer me. Is this woman who has denied me so long, who has spoken to me of a secret sorrow and a stained name—is she Arthur Desmond's daughter?'

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Bawn's eyes, which had widened with startled amazement, remained fixed on his, answering him sorrowfully out of their gray depths. She drew a long breath, said "yes" simply, and then moved away a step and put her hands behind her back—involuntary movements expressive of separation and departure.

"I would have kept the secret a little longer," she said quietly, with pale lips. "Who has told you? It must have come from Luke Adare. He is the only person who guessed me. I have been very rash and daring, and I am punished. I thought to overcome Luke Adare, but he has overcome me."

"What did you expect from him?"

"Confession. Reparation of the wrong he did to my father."

"Do you mean that he, Luke Adare, did that thing for which your father suffered the blame?"

"No, I do not mean that. I know how the thing happened. If he would speak he could clear my father's name. He will not speak. He will die without speaking. How the wind roars!"

"Did your father accuse him?"

"He accused no one. He only suffered and made no complaint."

"How, then, do you imagine that you know?"

"Know what? My father's innocence? You would have known it, too, if you had known him, his spotless life, his tender heart, his honorable nature. You would have felt him to be incapable of the motives you ascribed to him the other day when you spoke of him."

"Few are incapable of sudden passion."

"He was incapable of that. I do not expect you to believe it. You gave credit to the whispered calumnies that destroyed his good name; you drove him out from among you—"

"Stay, Bawn, stay! I did not do it. I am guiltless of what my people did in that day, as you are of your father's actions."

"I take them all on my head."

"That you must not do. Now listen to me, my dearest, dearest love. You have dreamed a wild dream in imagining that Luke Adare would assist you in this touching, this noble enterprise. I am the only other person in possession of your secret, and it shall be as if I did not know it. I am willing to believe that Arthur Desmond is all you describe him to be, and that a passionate quarrel (my uncle, I know, was a hot-headed man) had fatal and unpremeditated consequences. More it is not necessary for me to ascertain. It is a tragedy long past and

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almost forgotten. Marry me, Bawn, and trust me. No one save myself shall ever know that Arthur Desmond was your father."

Bawn's lips and eye-lids trembled, but she kept her attitude of aloofness and shook her head.

"You do not trust me."

"I cannot trust either you or myself so far. I dare not put either of us in such an unnatural position. I fear there would come a day when I should see something in your eyes—should see you ask yourself, 'Why is the daughter of a murderer sitting at my fireside?' and I do not so trust myself as to feel sure that I should not get up and fly from you in a despair which even now I can realize. When I go away from you, as I shall go soon, I shall at least take with me a sweet memory to live with all my life, and the knowledge that I have not destroyed your happiness. I shall not leave you bound to a horror from which you cannot escape."

"You have no knowledge of what you may leave me bound to. If you can imagine a despair you could not brave, why so can I. As for the change in me you fear might come with the future, that is nothing but a foolish scare. You would never see anything in my eyes but what you see now—love, tenderness, worship of yourself, admiration of your brave efforts, pity for what you have suffered. Bawn—"

She breathed a long sigh, and let her hand remain in his grasp for a few moments while she looked in his eyes with a wistful, far-seeing gaze, and then drew it slowly away and again retreated a step or two.

"Could I, for my own selfish happiness, consent to live denying, ignoring my father's memory, sinking my own knowledge of his goodness and innocence and the testimony I could bear to them? Could I hear his story alluded to, hear him spoken of as a guilty man, and never cry out? It could not be. You must let me go."

"I will not let you go." His eyes flashed, and he advanced towards her; but she suddenly threw out both her hands and pushed him away, then turned and disappeared into her little parlor, closing the door behind her.

Rory, not venturing to follow her, walked up and down the kitchen trying to calm his agitation, and with a faint hope that she might return. But she made no sign. Then he threw on his wet ulster again and went out of the house into the storm.

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He rode against the storm towards the Rath, where he had intended to spend the night, but soon had to dismount and lead his horse, which was terrified at the uproar of the elements. Peals of thunder now resounded from mountain to mountain, and in the glare of the lightning he saw the troubled valley below him and the dark rack of clouds trailing over the pass leading to Shane's Hollow. He thought of Luke Adare and Bawn's abandoned hope perishing together in the ruin, and for a time urged on his horse towards the pass with the intention of making a desperate effort to reach the Hollow, to drag the wretched solitary out of the jaws of death; for must not a night like this be his certain doom? Baffled in this attempt, he was forced at last to rouse the inmates of a cabin on the roadside, and to ask for shelter for the remaining hours of the night. The good people of the cabin, amazed to see Mr. Rory from Tor in such a plight, did their best to make him comfortable on some straw by the fireside, and here he remained till daylight brought a lull in the tempest and he was able to proceed towards the Hollow.

Approaching the uncanny spot, he soon began to see signs of the night's ravages. Fallen trees lay across the beaten track leading to the house, and a wreck of broken branches strewed the wilderness. Making his way through these in the gray mist of the morning, Somerled arrived at the ruin, and saw at a glance that the long-threatened end had at last arrived, that the portion of the building which yesterday was standing had fallen in, and that the home of the Adares was now a pile of shapeless rubbish.

The catastrophe which Bawn had foreseen and sought to avert had come to pass, and with it had probably perished her hope and his, Somerled's, prospect of happiness. Confronted by this fact, yet unwilling to acknowledge it, he walked round the melancholy pile, seeking for the window through which only yesterday the voice of Luke Adare had reached him with its extraordinary revelation. Was that voice now silenced for evermore? It was at least possible that the creature might be still alive, though buried in his den, still capable of uttering a truth, of answering a question.

If he, Rory, could find him now alive, and take his dying deposition, receive his confession—if, indeed, he had such to make—all might yet be well. For the moment Fingall had adopted Bawn's belief, and all the happiness of the future seemed to hang on a chance—the chance that this miserable soul might not yet have been summoned before judgment.

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He found the window now almost blocked up from within by fallen rubbish, and, wrenching away the rusted bars, climbed in through the aperture that remained. Having carefully observed the interior as far as was possible, he ventured to enter further, and made his way into a small space which, from the smoke-blackened wreck of a fireplace visible, he judged to be the remnant of a room lately inhabited. Sure that he had penetrated to the unfortunate Luke's retreat, he forgot the danger to which he was exposing his own life, and groped in the semi-darkness, calling loudly, in the hope that a living voice might respond to his cry; but in vain. Exploring on every side as far as was possible, he was about to give up his search and return to the light of day when he stumbled over something less resistant than the stones and wreckage through which he had been moving.

The spot was so dark that he could not see what he had touched till he struck a match, which only made a faint, evanescent gleam of light, but sufficient to show him a human hand outstretched and clothed in rags, a clenched hand rigid in death, protruding from a mound of stones and rubbish under which, evidently, a corpse lay buried.

Sickening with the sight, and satisfied that he had seen all that remained of Luke Adare, he groped his way to the window again and stood once more under the heavens in the wind-swept wilderness.

Men were soon at work digging away the rubbish, and the crushed and disfigured body was laid on a bier on the grass, while the excavators proceeded to make search for Edmond Adare, the only other person who had lately inhabited the ruin. Their search was in vain, and after some days it was given up, the conclusion having been arrived at that Edmond, too, had perished in the catastrophe which had closed the last chapter in the history of the Adares. An inquest was held upon the body of Luke, and he was buried with his fathers at Toome.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

THE tenement-houses of New York have lately received some attention from the public, which attention has resulted in an attempt at legislative action and in many sleepless nights for various landlords of the metropolis.

Investigation of the people's dwellings showed a state of things hardly to be looked for in a Christian land. It showed that in the matter of rents many landlords were quite as conscienceless as the sellers of diseased meat; that they were willing, provided rents were promptly paid, to let their brethren die of diseases contracted in their infected buildings; that the brothel and the dive were welcomed to their premises to do for the soul what the tenement was doing for the body. It was found that the rent paid in these places was out of all proportion to their worth, and that while the buildings were robbing the tenants of health and life the landlords were actually rifling their pockets. This state of things was not found to be universal in the city, but very generally the case. These landlords were of all forms of belief, Jew, Christian, and atheist, and for the most part justified their own evil doings by showing up the bad character of their tenants. But the investigators were simple enough to maintain that a sinner could not be rightfully cheated or poisoned any more than a saint could—a doctrine which occasioned the landlords much surprise and grief.

To those who may have followed the published reports of Mr. Wingate on the New York tenements it may be of interest to know that the question is not one of merely local extent. Outside of the great cities there is a growing evil in the simple matter of house-building which cannot be checked too soon, and which, though it may never assume the proportions attained in New York, is still productive of misery and crime. It is not to be doubted that the condition of the working people in smaller cities and towns is much worse to-day than it was ten years ago. They work harder for less pay in almost every branch of business. As they approach the limit beyond which lies starvation —and great numbers of them are not far from that limit—signs of their decadence become painfully frequent. Their simple pleasures are restricted, their dress more faded, their style of living poorer. They drift towards districts where once they would have been ashamed to live, and take up their abode in

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houses whose fitness for human habitation may safely be denied. It is our intention to describe a few of these dwellings, and to compare them with the city tenements whose indecency aroused the spirit of charitable New-Yorkers. The homes of the poor offer a side-light to the wage-question, and will, no doubt, one day enter into the settlement of that important matter.

Homes of the poor were personally examined by the writer of this article * in the city of Boston, and in certain manufacturing towns of New York State and of New England. Mr. Wingate's explorations among New York tenements have made their nastinesses familiar to many, but we shall risk repetition by describing similar places in Boston. It will be long before the scenes we saw fade from memory. No pen could really expose the mysteries of filth which appeal to the eye and to the nose in large quarters of the city of culture. The eye is shocked at every turn by spectacles of human misery and degradation, and the heart is touched at the fate which condemns thousands of men and women, and especially innocent children, to the coarseness and viciousness of such neighborhoods, in buildings for which respectable men are receiving incomes which are not the percentage of real values, but rather, to put it picturesquely, a percentage from filth, disease, and vice.

Here is a court, for instance, fifty feet long and eight feet wide. It opens off a main street, ends in a brick wall, and is flanked by the rear of one set of buildings and the front of another. Five doors in this front indicate the entrances to five separate tenements, four stories high, and containing between forty and fifty families. The court is full of foul water and refuse pitched from the windows. The sun never touches the mud of the court, never enters the doors and windows of the first story, and only touches for a few minutes each day the second, third, and fourth. The dampness of the air is penetrating. You enter the narrow halls, and grope about in semi-darkness over stout but narrow stairways, mostly unguarded—but a fall need not be feared, for there is no great space in which to fall; space is here economized. A powerful smell has possession of the entire building, almost as sharp to the nostrils as a whiff of pure ammonia. It is in all the rooms, prominent over its sister-smells, and easily recognized by the experienced visitor. It is the tenement-house smell, *sui generis*, and peculiar to this class of buildings. The first set of rooms is occupied by a decent mother,

* If exact locality is desired the writer may be addressed through THE CATHOLIC WORLD office.

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whose husband works every day and hopes to move his family into the country some time; the next room is occupied by a creature of bad reputation. A thin board partition separates decency from vice. The living-room is eight feet wide and fourteen long; the single bed-room is the same in width and six feet long, and has neither light nor air. The rent is three dollars a week, a sum which in the country would secure a handsome little residence. The tenants are of all creeds, characters, and conditions; widows, drunkards, jail-birds, prostitutes, the honest and dishonest, the dirty and the clean, all mingled together as best, or worst, they can be. The landlord has nothing to do with the building but get the rent. There is no care-taker, and only such repairs as are necessary. The court is cleaned only when a stray health-inspector looks in and has his nose offended, and the house is never cleaned by old tenants or new.

This is one example; here is a second. You dart down a blind alley four feet wide, avoiding as well as possible dirt-heaps underfoot and refuse from the windows. You crawl like a spider up a black, narrow, slimy stairway, squeezing past ill-smelling persons and dodging suddenly-opened doors, until the third floor is reached and the light is stronger. Here the rooms are surprisingly good, and the rent is $2 75 a week. Two windows look out on a dead-wall, and occasionally admit the sun. The living room is ten feet long and thirteen feet wide, and the two bed-rooms are of good size. The partitions are of plaster. There are no windows to the hallways and no ventilators. The rent is cheap because the character of the tenants is cheap. They are pretty much all drunkards from the first floor to the top; they live in filth, moral and physical, breathe it, are saturated with it, and for their convenience the landlord maintains a saloon on the ground-floor. One sober woman with a drunken son has a clean kitchen on the third floor. She dresses decently, is pious and humble, and lives among the horde of drunkards in fear and trembling. The wonderful smell of the tenement-house is everywhere. A ventilator placed in the roof over the stairways might rid the house of its strength, but there is no ventilator in the roof or anywhere else. And for this pen, below a penitentiary in vileness, the landlord receives a rental of thirty-five per cent.!

The third specimen of the tenement-house has some unique features. The street upon which it stands is fairly clean and half-respectable. The tenements present a neat front to the eye. The windows are shuttered, the doors are solid and clean. It looks like a street where a poor man might live without shame

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or great discomfort. Open one of the solid doors and the illusion vanishes. Your nose is at once assailed by the familiar stench. The halls and stairways are more roomy than usual, and are quite clean. But the walls are damp. They have not seen whitewash since the war. Neatly-dressed tenants meet you here and there, and show you into well-lighted rooms, not too small, and very clean. You are not surprised when your guide brushes the familiar roach from your coat-collar and shakes a few of them from your hat. Here is a corner of the hall which the good landlord has profitably utilized. A few boards form a kitchen and bed-room; they are papered inside and out to represent a wall, but the paper peeled off when Lee surrendered, and has so remained to date. For this space the landlord receives $3 50 a week—as much as would be paid for a decent and pretty little dwelling in some of our smaller cities. In this house there is no ventilation, no water, no repairs, no improvements. The landlord provides nothing but the ground, and the roof, and the opportunities to contract disease. The tenant ornaments, repairs, pays the doctor, and dies at his own expense.

So much for the city, now for the country tenement. The enterprising landlord has here done much to imitate his metropolitan brother, but circumstances have been against him. Land is plentiful and the country air is vigorous—two facts which lower the mortality rate among his poor tenants. Here is a sample of a poor village house whose rent is sixty dollars a year. It stands in the centre of a lot fifty feet square, is one and a half stories high, and takes up three hundred square feet of surface—that is, it is fifteen feet by twenty, in carpenter's language. The two rooms on the ground-floor are seven feet high, the two in the garret are of no appreciable height; the floors are rickety, the partitions shams. In winter the tenants are half-frozen; on calm days only are they free from draughts. There is no privacy in this sort of a house. The women occupy one room, the men of the family the other, and privacy is a stranger to both. The sills of the house—that is, the heavy beams on which the framework of the building rests—lie on the bare ground, rot quickly, and communicate a dampness to the walls. There is no cellar and no foundation. The landlord makes no repairs that he can avoid. His profit on such a building is twenty-five per cent. of the value of house and lot. This building is a fair specimen of some thousands of dwellings always on exhibition in all the New England and Middle States. No village or town is without a certain number of them. Occasionally they fall to a lower level

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of unfitness for human habitation, and even landlords are ashamed to own them. Of these hovels the tenant is usually the proprietor. The country tenement is but half-built, and depends on fancy paints and green grass to give it even the appearance of a human dwelling. Its worst consequences for the healthy country people are rheumatism and immorality, which increase as these buildings increase, and may be called, with slight exaggeration, the meters of landlords' prosperity.

In contrast to these two classes of buildings is the tenement-house system of certain manufacturing companies. Good specimens of this system are seen in the tenements of the Harmony Cotton Company at Cohoes, N. Y. These buildings were erected particularly to shelter large families, as the peculiar conditions of work in large cotton centres require a steady *population of children*. The tenements are of brick, two stories in height, occasionally adding a respectable garret to the second story. The sleeping-rooms number from four to six, all, as a rule, well lighted and ventilated, and of good size. The halls, pantries, and cupboards are ample and airy; the kitchens and sitting-rooms are close to fifteen feet square and nine feet high. The yards are of respectable size, and there is, besides, a bit of common ground for the general use of a fixed quarter. Over each district is a caretaker, whose business it is to keep the streets, alleys, and backways clean, and to report nuisances and prevent disorder. A special watchman patrols the district nightly. At certain times in the year a corps of painters, plasterers, and carpenters visit the houses and renew their comfort and usefulness. At any moment required a man will be sent to make repairs. Above all, the character of the tenant is well considered. If he be not cleanly, respectable, and orderly, he is not allowed to enter, or, being discovered, to remain. Overcrowding is forbidden. As a result, the appearance of these streets and their tenements, while it would not please Ruskin and might pall upon an artist, is so really neat and pleasant that one cannot but feel a satisfaction in the comfort of those who occupy the tenements. The rent is very low—five to six dollars and a fraction every four weeks for one tenement capable of sheltering in neatness and comfort ten persons or more. The landlords, in this instance, are certain of two things which the ordinary landlord sometimes lacks: steady tenants and sure pay. The return upon the investment may be from five to seven per cent., but not above the latter—a remarkable contrast surely to the percentage derived from the nests of rottenness and vice of the great cities. But what has here been

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said is not meant to express approval of the custom of the mill corporation owning the dwellings of the operatives.

From the descriptions here given readers can realize that in city and country human beings are living in places only good enough for wild animals, and are paying dearly for the privilege. For this there are reasons and causes which we shall here name and analyze. The tenement-house evil exists primarily and principally because it is to-day an admitted business axiom all over the world that *Whatever thing will be bought may be sold;* and, secondly, because of another business axiom that *Labor is a commodity like any merchandise;* and, thirdly, because the moral sense of the community has been so blunted on these points that it often accepts criminal custom for established right. Here are the three roots of the tenement-house evil.

That you can find a market for any salable article does not of itself permit you to sell or justify you in selling it. It is said that in China one may find buyers of diseased meat, and no doubt in New York the same class of people would frequent a market where it was sold. Yet in conscience no man can sell diseased meat for purposes of food. Every one readily sees and admits this, and is ready to execrate the wretch who commits the crime; but every one does not see the principle which makes it a crime. Selling diseased meat for food is simply disposing at a profit of a thing unfit for human uses and dangerous to health and life. This is precisely what the landlord of the rotten tenement does. He rents at a profit a thing unfit for human uses and dangerous to health and life. This is also the crime of the liquor-seller, who in selling a drug-compound sells at a profit a slow poison; of the adulterater of foods; of the horse-dealer who sells a runaway or kicking horse. But these people do not rank themselves with the vender of diseased meat. His wares may kill at once; theirs do not necessarily cause death within a year or two, and if a man does not want them he may pay a better price for a better article, which is another way of saying that a seller has a right to sell whatever a buyer may wish to buy.

This is false. Your horse must have a certain usefulness, and be sold according to the market value of that usefulness; your house must be fit for a man to live in, and its rent in proportion; your wine and liquor and soda must be free from poison. A drunkard may be willing to buy drugged liquor, a tricky trader to dispose of your vicious animals slyly, a wretch to live in your diseased tenements: *you have no right to sell.* You are an impostor in one case and a criminal in the others. The tenement

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landlord finds the poor and the degraded and the vicious eager to buy the use of his filthy and neglected rooms, and their willingness justifies him! The poor devils have no other places to enter. It sounds like charity, does it not? But a very ordinary ear can hear the sounding brass!

The tenement question throws a side-light on the labor question. If capitalists become so conscienceless as to maintain the tenement evil, the workingmen at the same time become so poor as to assist indirectly in its maintenance. They are between two millstones, the unjust landlord and the unjust employer, and it must be said of the mills of these gods that they grind not slowly and they grind exceeding fine. The unjust landlord acts upon the principle mentioned above: having a buyer, he can sell, without any reference to the fact that buyers are human beings. The unjust employer acts upon another principle, cousin-german to the former: that wages are regulated by the law of supply and demand, without any reference to the fact that they are paid to human beings. These two principles work together for the destruction of the workingman. One reduces his wages and brings him to a state of half-beggary; the other meets him with its vile shelters to rob him of comfort and health.

Two years ago, in the smoking-room of a Hudson River steamer, we had the luck to meet with six manufacturers from the neighborhood of a certain city. They discussed the strained relations of labor and capital with sadness, but calmly and without bitterness. The Nestor of the group, a white-haired paper manufacturer, closed the discussion with these remarks:

"My belief is that this whole question depends upon the law of supply and demand. When labor is plentiful it will be cheap, when scarce it will be dear; and so wages will be high or low according to the demand for laborers."

This view was cheerfully accepted by his friends, but we proposed the following question:

"Suppose your paper-mill required one hundred new men tomorrow, and, advertising for them, two hundred offered themselves for the places. The profits of the paper business allowed you to give each laborer $1.50 a day; the cost of living at that precise time required that he should have that sum to support himself in decent comfort. One hundred of these men demanded the full wages. The others offered their services for seventy-five cents a day. Here is a case where the supply is greater than the demand. Would you be justified in hiring the second hundred at the starvation wages?"

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There was a general silence, of which we took advantage to add: "You cannot separate the laborer from his labor. The question of justice enters into every dealing between man and man in every kind of business; but where the laborer's hire is concerned the question of humanity and Christian charity also comes up, and you must pay him, not at the market rate alone, but by his worthiness as a worker and according to your business profits. You can quote the press reports of market prices for cotton and pork in buying these articles, but in buying a man's labor you must refer to the Ten Commandments."

The employer justifies low wages by attributing them to the laws of supply and demand, and affirms that labor is an article of commerce. On the other hand, the laborer finds everything made ready to suit his lowered condition. The landlord offers him the filthy tenement, the manufacturer clothes him with shoddy and sizing, the adulterater of food and drink poisons him cheaply, and the dime museum pushes him hellward at small cost. The purveyors of these necessities and luxuries justify themselves on the ground that *whatever thing will be bought may be sold.* If they did not sell others would, etc.

The tenement landlords are not all atheists or Shylocks. The Christian element is strong among them. We have now in our mind's eye four landlords who well represent their kind. Two are conventional Catholics, respectable and respected in the community, the third is a devout Episcopalian vestryman, and the fourth an atheistic libertine. Their houses are all alike, wretched pens scarcely good enough for firewood. They are not convinced of the injustice practised upon their tenants; the community in which they live would never dream of reproaching them with it. This is the prevalent feeling throughout the country, and it constitutes the evil of our condition. We are holding false principles for truth. Custom has steeled our consciences. The majority cannot see any criminality in the tenement system. If men do not wish to occupy such homes they are at liberty to move away, and in any case the tenements are good enough for the money. Such reasoning as this is the excuse of the landlord to himself and before the people. If a healthy public sentiment on this point prevailed in the nation there would be small need of legislation. Landlords would not sit in the sunshine of grace, and lead in the vestry and the council, unless, like other honest traders, they sold honest wares and gave honest weight for their money.

The method of rooting out these evils is plain. We must

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have a law which will forbid the erection and *maintenance* of any dwelling-house unfit for human occupation. Those that now exist must be destroyed or turned to other purposes.

The workman may be trusted henceforward to look after his wages. If he is to be starved and overworked he has made it clear in the disorders of the last decade that these sufferings shall work no benefit to others. Strikes for the most part are illogical and useless, but this much can be said for them: If a man is to starve *in any case*, why not starve leisurely in the open air rather than in the factory or the coal-mine? But we need laws, new laws, prudently framed and firmly enforced, to meet the tenement-house evil.

Oh! for a strong public sentiment to make the unjust landlord and the unjust employer as detested creatures as the professional gambler. They are the oppressors of the helpless poor, whose wrongs cry to Heaven for vengeance; but while Heaven is perhaps preparing the bolts of their destruction the world has nothing for them but honors and renewed honors.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

A BIRTHDAY.

A SCORE of years, O child beloved and fair!
Since thy glad pinions in swift upward flight
Darkened for us the rosy morning light,
And earth grew empty, since thou wert not there.

A score of years! At manhood's threshold stands
The little one who touched with bated breath
Thy lips all pallid with the kiss of death,
The frozen beauty of thy dimpled hands.

But thee nor time nor change can rude assail;
Upon thy lips the baby smile doth rest,
The fadeless lilies shine upon thy breast,
And on thy brow a glory rare and pale.

O wondrous Death! Thou dealest sharpest pain!
More swift than life thou snatchest youth away;
But while life farther bears it day by day,
Thy hand, more kind, dost give it back again!

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

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THE PALACE OF TARA.

THE beautiful lyric in which Moore has embalmed the memory of Tara has made the name familiar to all students of poetic literature. Tara was the capital-city and seat of the royal government of independent Ireland

> "Ere the invading stranger broke her island bosom's rest,
> And changed into a vassal mart the Eden of the West."

The magnificence of Tara is attested not only by Irish authorities, but by the inveterate enemies of Ireland who, during at least a hundred years, waged a murderous war against the inhabitants. Speaking of Ireland, a Danish writer translated by Johnstone says:

"In this kingdom there is a palace termed Tara, formerly the chief city and royal residence, etc.

"In the more elevated part of this city the king had a splendid and almost Dædalean castle, within the precincts of which he had a splendid palace, superb in its structure, where he was accustomed to preside in settling the disputes of its inhabitants."*

"This celebrated hill," says Eugene O'Curry, "is situated in the present county of Meath. The remains of an ancient palace of the kings of Erin are still visible upon it." In a manuscript entitled *Dinnseannacus* this palace is described as follows:

> "Tara, choicest of hills,
> The noble city of Cormac, son of Art.
> Cormac, the prudent and the good,
> Was a sage, a poet, and a prince;
> Was the righteous judge of the Fene-men [agriculturists],
> Was a good friend and companion.
> Cormac gained fifty battles."

This Cormac, founder of the palace of Tara, ascended the throne in the third century. His character and acts are allowed to hold a place of the highest order among those of kings. Three academies which he founded in Tara were severally assigned to the cultivation of law, literature, and military science. Cormac has been termed the Solomon of Ireland; and the magnificent residence of *Miodhchuarta* which he constructed for his

* "In hoc regno etiam locus est Themor dictus, olim primaria urbs regiaque sedes, etc., etc.
"In editiori quopiam civitatis loco, splendidum et tantum non Dædaleum castellum Rex, et intra castelli septa, palatium structura et nitore superbum habuit, ubi solebat litibus incolarum componendis præsse" (*Ante Celt Scando*, last page).

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abode, and the works of moral and political wisdom which he left, appear to give aptness to the parallel. One of the most extraordinary of the structures connected with this royal abode was the *Dumka na-n-bean amhus*, "the dwelling of the Amazons." For in every period of the pagan history of Ireland women trained to military exercises, like the beautiful heroines of Tasso's immortal poem, figured in the ranks of Irish war. Another structure was entitled "The retreat of the Vestal Virgins." Their residence seems to have been on the western slope of Tara. They are described in the *Annals of Ireland* as "thirty girls and a hundred maids with each of them." A writer of the period describes, with the authority of an eye-witness, a structure of four hundred and fifty feet in length, seventy-five in breadth, and forty-five in height. On state occasions the monarch's table in this hall was loaded with a rich and gorgeous service of cups and goblets of massive gold and silver. But the most remarkable object in the royal palace of Tara, according to popular belief, was the *Lia Fail*. Those ancient colonists who in the early ages of the world occupied the beautiful island of Erin—the Tuatha-de-Dananns—termed it *Inis Fail*, "the island of destiny," owing to the fact that these adventurers brought with them a rude block of stone termed *Lia Fail*, or *saxum fatale*, "the stone of destiny"—a name transferred to the island.

Before men worshipped statues they in all probability worshipped rude, shapeless masses of unchiselled stone, and this was possibly one of them. The descent, so unaccountable in primitive times, of meteoric stones may have originated this idolatry. We know that when Heliogabalus imported into the crowded streets of Rome a massive block of black stone which had been adored in Asia, and which the Romans were likewise expected to adore, the superstitious citizens hailed the amorphous block with enthusiastic shouts. The *Lia Fail* was likewise possibly an object of worship in pagan times, but in all times it was regarded as something weird, mysterious, and supernatural. The destiny of Ireland was believed to be inseparably connected with it. Wherever it existed the Irish should rule and govern. When the supreme monarch, or *imperator Scotorum*, was chosen and "kinged" in the great conventions which assembled at Tara for the purpose, this magic stone was said to utter a murmur of satisfaction the moment the newly-elected sovereign sat upon it. "But," adds Keating, "when Christ was born, and all the idols of the earth were struck dumb, this mystic stone became mute."

In after-times, when Scotland was conquered by Feargus Mac

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Erca, he procured this "stone of destiny" from his brother, the supreme king of Ireland, hoping to find in its magic murmur the sanction of his usurpation. The Scotch, during ages, preserved this guarantee of supreme power with the utmost care and veneration, at first in the monastery of Iona, and afterwards in Dunstaffnage in Argyleshire, the earliest residence of the Scottish kings of Irish race. It finally fell into the hands of the English, where it remains to the present time, under the chair on which the sovereign of England is crowned. The awe with which it was regarded by the English, and the value they set upon it, is evinced by the stubborn reluctance of the Londoners to part with it. Edward III., in the treaty of Northampton, agreed to restore to the Scots this enchanted relic of antiquity. He even issued a writ under the privy seal, ordering the prior of Westminster to convey the stone to the sheriff, that it might be restored to the Scotch. "But the people of London," we are told, "would by no means whatever allow it to depart from themselves." * It is believed that the prophecy connected with it is realized at the present moment in the persons of Mr. Parnell and his associates.

A geological account of this coronation-stone has been written by Professor A. C. Ramsay, LL.D., F.R.S. He says:

"At the request of the Dean of Westminster [Stanley] I joined a party for the purpose of examining the coronation-stone in June, 1865. The following are the results of my observations:

"The coronation-stone consists of a dull reddish or purplish sandstone with a few small embedded pebbles. One of these is of quartz, and two others of dark material the nature of which I was unable to ascertain; they may be Lydian stone. The rock is calcareous and of the kind that masons would term freestone. Chisel-marks on one or more of its sides. A little mortar was in the sockets in which iron rings lie, apparently not of very ancient date. To my eye the stone appears as if originally it had been prepared for building purposes but had never been used.

"It is very difficult to determine the geological formation to which any far-transported mass of stone may belong, especially when the history of the mass is somewhat vague in its earlier stages. The country round Scone is formed of old red sandstone, and the tints of different portions of that formation are so various that it is quite possible the coronation-stone may have been derived from one of its strata.

"The country round Dunstaffnage also consists of red sandstone—reddish or purplish in its hue—and much of it is conglomerate near Oban, Dunolly, and in other places. In McCulloch's *Western Isles of Scotland* there is a note in which, writing of the coronation-stone, he says:

"'The stone in question is a calcareous sandstone, exactly resembling that which forms

* Chronicle of Lanerost, p. 261. Maitland, p. 146.

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the doorway at Dunstaffnage Castle. There can be little doubt that the castle was built of the rocks of the neighborhood, the sandstone strata of which are described in a letter, now before me, by my colleague, Mr. Geikie, as dull reddish or purplish.'

"This precisely agrees with the character of the coronation-stone itself. Mr. McCulloch does not mention how he ascertained how the stone in question (the coronation-stone) is calcareous. This description, however, is correct. When the stone was placed on a table in the Abbey the lower part of it was swept with a soft brush, and as many grains of sand were thus detached from the stone as would cover a sixpence.

"Among these was a minute fragment of the stone itself. These were tested for me in Dr. Percy's laboratory by Mr. Ward, and found to be slightly calcareous. The red coloring matter is a peroxide of iron. There can be no doubt that the stone-dust brushed off the lower surface of the stone truly represents the matter of which the mass is composed. It was simply loosened by old age, and when examined by a magnifying-glass showed grains of quartz and a few small scales of mica precisely similar to those observed in the stone itself.

"On the whole I incline to think with Dr. McCulloch that the doorway of Dunstaffnage Castle may have been derived from the same parent rock, though, as there are plenty of red sandstones from where it is said to have been brought (Ireland), it may be impossible to prove precisely its origin. It is extremely improbable that the stone has been derived from any of the rocks of the hill of Tara, from whence it is said to have been transported to Scotland; for they, on the authority of Mr. Jukes, director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, are of the carboniferous age, and, as explained in one of the memoirs of the Irish survey, do not present the red color so characteristic of the coronation-stone.

"That it belonged to the rocks originally round Bethel (Genesis xxviii. 19) is equally unlikely, since, according to all credible reports, they are formed of strata of limestone. The rocks of Egypt, so far as I know, consist of mummilitic limestone, of which the Great Pyramid is built; and though we know of crystalline rocks such as syenite in Egypt, I never heard of any strata occurring there similar to the red sandstone of the coronation-stone."

In his work on Westminster Abbey Dean Stanley describes the *Lia Fail*, or "stone of destiny," in the following words:

"It is the one primeval monument which binds together the whole empire. The iron rings, the battered surface, the crack which has all but rent its solid mass asunder, bear witness to its long migrations. It is thus embedded in the heart of the English monarchy—an element of poetic, archaic, patriarchal, heathen times, which, like Areuna's threshing-floor in the midst of the Temple of Solomon, carries back our thoughts to races and customs now almost extinct: a link which unites the throne of England to the traditions of Tara and Iona, and connects the chain of our complex civilization with the forces of our mother-earth and the stocks and stones of savage nature." *

On a throne containing this stone the monarch of Tara,

* Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 66, 68.

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"humble but majestic, and free from personal blemish," received his princely guests with dignified courtesy. In a fragment of his own writings, translated by O'Donovan, the king tells us how a sovereign should comport himself to the guests who share his hospitality.

In answer to his own question, "What are the duties of a king in a banqueting-hall?" he tells us:

"A prince on Samain's day [1st of November] should light his lamps and welcome his guests with clapping of hands; procure comfortable seats; the cup-bearers should be respectful and active in the distribution of meat and drink, there should be moderation in music, short stories, greetings for the learned, pleasant conversation, and a countenance beaming with welcome."

We are informed by O'Curry that King Cormac "put the court rules or state regulations of the great banqueting-hall of Tara on a new and improved footing," in consequence of which the entertainments were magnificent. The table was loaded with a rich service of gold plate, and was at night lighted up not only with lamps but with a large lantern or chandelier formed of valuable material and constructed with curious art. According to established custom, the superior officers of the court were a Brehon, a Druid, a physician, a poet, an antiquary, a musician, and three stewards. The duties of the Druid were not merely to propitiate the supernatural powers, but to penetrate the shadow which conceals the future and to foretell events. He was an astrologer as well as a sacrificer, and inspected the visible heavens to discover in the mystic lights of the midnight sky what fate had in store for mankind. For instance, King Dathi, before his expedition to the Continent of Europe which terminated in his death, consulted his Druids, and received from those necromancers assurances of success which were afterwards fully realized. It is almost certain, too, that King Cormac, before he sent his fleet to cruise in the Tyrrhenian Sea for three years (as Tigernach assures us he did), adopted the same mode of interrogating futurity.

The poet's task was different. It was to clothe in the garb of rhyme the events of national history, to enwreath chronology with song, and thus facilitate the retention of facts and their transmittal to posterity. The very laws were arranged "in sheaves" and "bound in a wreath of verse." No other nation ever made so much use of rhythmical composition as the Irish.

Still more importance attached to the duties of the *shanachy*, or antiquarian, whose office it was to preserve with scrupulous

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care and recite with fluent readiness the pedigree of his masters from the existing occupant of the throne up to the founder of the monarchy.

Sheridan remarked that in modern England "no one has a genealogy except a horse." Not so in ancient Ireland. Every man, however humble, had a pedigree. Genealogy was a science highly prized and universally studied; for a man was not a member of a clan because he held land (as Sir Henry Maine remarks), but he held land because he was a member of a clan—that is, because he was descended from an individual who was to the Irish race what Abraham was to the Hebrews. His genealogy was his title-deed, and therefore he was thoroughly acquainted with it.

Of the personal appearance of the chiefs who thronged the halls of Tara some idea may be formed from a drawing in pen and ink, by an Irish warrior, which is contained in an Irish manuscript of the eighth century, outlined, doubtless, by the hand of the scribe who made the transcript. From this interesting sketch it would appear that an Irish chief of the eighth century was apparelled like a Scottish Highlander of the last. He wore "the garb of old Gaul," was "kirtled to the knee," "plaided and plumed in a tartan array." The numbers of the colors in the plaid corresponded with the dignity of the wearer. The royal plaid of Ireland, for instance, like the Stuart plaid of Scotland, contained six colors. This mode of distinguishing social position originated in an old law, enacted by an Irish king in an early period of the monarchy, which discriminated the classes of society by the colors of their attire—the lowest rank having the smallest number. The same thing was done in ancient Egypt.

In the picture alluded to the figure of the warrior is crowned with two eagle's wings, which seem to rise over each ear and meet at the summit in the form of a cone. He is armed with a broadsword, *scian*, and buckler, while his breast is covered with some light harness. That this was the ordinary costume of the military class in ancient Erin seems evinced by the fact that in the *Annals of Ireland* such epithets as *glun-dubh*, "black knee"; *glun-buidh*, "yellow knee"; *glun-ban*, "white knee," are applied to Irish princes. It is obvious that the color of the knee could not be well known unless a kilt formed a part of the costume, leaving the knee visible. As to females, their attire was apparently identical with that in which the Roman historian drapes the majestic figure of Boadicea. It was the costume worn by *Granu Waile* when, ages afterwards, she stood in the presence of Elizabeth and claimed equality with the English queen. A

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torque or pliant chain of twisted gold glittered on her neck; a plaided tunic of variegated colors sheathed her body; an ample mantle draped her lofty person. This costume remained unaltered during ages, because, like the Persians and other Asiatic peoples, change was abhorrent to the nature of the Celts. We are persuaded that such women as Boadicea and such men as Caractacus trod the floors, participated in the councils, mingled in the festivals, and listened to the harps of Tara. It may not be unworthy of observation that in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is openly avowed that a large segment of Britain, if not the whole, was subjected in remote ages to Irish rule (see article, "Ireland"). As confirmation of this statement we may remark that the name Boadicea is susceptible of interpretation by an Irish scholar, though we doubt if during eighteen hundred years it has been once publicly interpreted. The name is found in classic authors written in three several ways: *Boudicea*, *Boodicea*, and *Boadicea*. Strictly speaking, it is not a name, for, according to Aristotle, a name "is a sound or the sign of a sound, significant in itself, none of whose parts possess signification." Boadicea is a compound epithet, not a name; *buadh* signifies "victory," *ice* a "curative application" or medical remedy. She was the "Victoria of the healing art," who, like Rowena in Scott's romance, possibly alleviated the sufferings of wounded valor by the application of medical skill.

The name of Caractacus is equally significant and equally Irish. It consists of two words eminently descriptive of the man—*Cath* (pronounced *ca*), "a pitched battle," and *React*, "law authority." He was an authority on military science—a ruler of battle, who controlled and directed the storm of conflict.

Men of this lofty and heroic character doubtless constituted the court, the throng of knights and princes, who glittered round the throne of King Cormac and participated in his conventions. There is a lofty description of this court in the *Book of Ballymote* (142 b.b.), when the nobles of Erin assembled "to drink the banquet of Tara":

"Magnificently did Cormac come to that assembly, for no man his equal in beauty had preceded him, excepting *Conaire Mor*, son of Edersgel, or Conor, son of *Cathbadh* [pronounced *caa-fah*], or Angus, son of the Daghda. Splendid indeed was Cormac's appearance in that assembly. His hair was slightly curled and of golden color; a scarlet shield, with engraved devices and golden hooks and clasps of silver; a wide, folding purple cloak enveloped his person, and a gem-set bodkin with pendent brooch was over his breast; a gold torque round his neck; a white-collared tunic, embroidered with gold, was visible when his mantle opened; a

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girdle studded with precious stones, and secured by a golden buckle, was likewise visible; while he stood in the full glow of manly beauty without defect or blemish.

"This, then, was the shape and form in which Cormac went to this great assembly of the men of Erin. And authors say that this was the noblest convocation ever held in Erin before the Christian faith; for the laws and enactments instituted at this meeting were those that shall prevail in Erin for ever."

An incident translated from the same manuscript, the *Book of Ballymote* (143 b.b.), affords us a curious insight into the inner economy of Tara which is replete with instruction. An "avenging chieftain," or *Aire Echta*, who, at the head of his swordsmen, had been ravaging the territory of Leyney and inflicting with military violence condign punishment on the assailants of his clan, halted his armed followers, glittering with steel and waving with tartans, before an ample farm-house where a large number of cows were being milked by a corresponding number of female servitors. Heated by their march and burning with thirst, they seized the snowy liquid and gulped it in long and copious draughts; and then, to the disgrace of the *Aire Echta*, he refused or failed to remunerate the female owner. The moment he resumed his march she pursued and assailed him with bitter sarcasms.

"It would be fitter for you," she screamed, "to avenge your brother's daughter on Cellach, the son of Cormac, than to rob me of my milk by force and violence." From this it would appear that the chieftain's niece had suffered some grievous injury at the hands of the king's son. Be that as it may, the "avenging chieftain," brooding over this galling sarcasm and agonizing at every step, marched on in silence to the royal palace, which he entered after sunset. At the entrance he unbelted his sword, unsheathed his dagger, and confided his arms to an officer—for it was strictly prohibited to introduce after nightfall military weapons into Tara. As he passed in, however, he espied the king's lance resting on a rack in the hall. Taking it down, he advanced to the prince, and, lifting the spear, dashed the blade deep into the person of the youth, who fell dead on the floor; but in drawing the weapon out, in his violence and fury, the "avenging chief" struck the king in the eye.

The latter, as a consequence, completely lost the use of the injured organ, and, in conformity with an ancient Irish law, resigned the sceptre and relinquished the crown, which no Irish king disfigured with a personal blemish was ever suffered to wear. "In the law thus enforced," says Moore, "may be ob-

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served another instance of coincidence with the rules and customs of the East. We read in Persian history that the son of the monarch Kobad, having by a similar accident lost the use of an eye, was in consequence precluded by an old law of the country from all right of succession to the throne." *

In the retirement which followed this calamity the mind of the monarch was not unoccupied. He devoted his leisure to literary composition, and wrote several treatises, of which fragments have come down to us, meriting more attention than they have yet received. In his "Advice to his Son," which takes the form of a dialogue, he is asked: "What is good for a king?" to which he replies:

"Vigorous swordsmen for protecting his territories; war outside his own dominions; to discipline his soldiers; to attend to his sick men; to hold none but lawful possessions; to restrain falsehood; to repress bad men; to perfect peace; to enforce fear; to have abundance of metheglin and wine; to pronounce just judgments; to speak all truth (for it is through the truth of a king that God gives favorable seasons); to possess boundless charity; to have fruit upon trees, fish in the rivers, fertility in the land, and to invite shipping."

Here we have another curious instance of the coincidence which exists between the opinions and practices of ancient Ireland and Asia. The belief is deeply rooted in the Chinese mind, for instance, that the calamities of the empire—droughts, famines, and earthquakes—are occasioned by the vices of the emperor. The anger of Heaven, excited by imperial depravity, showers disasters upon his people—an idea which is not only admitted but absolutely proclaimed in those remarkable addresses with which the emperor occasionally admonishes and enlightens his people.

On the whole we are inclined to believe that the Danish writer whom Johnstone translates was perfectly truthful: there was not only a palace but a populous city, swarming and spreading far and wide, round the "pleasant eminence" † of Tara. Indeed, a city is the inseparable concomitant, if not of the residence of royalty, at least of the seat of government. It is involved in the very idea. The functions of royal administration require such a host of officials, and they in their turn require such a swarm of dependants, lackeys, attendants, and servitors—or *gasra*, as the Irish writers term them (the *Gessatæ* of classical authors)—and these again require so many necessaries, their wants are so imperative and numerous, such piles of food and

* *History of Ireland.* † "Pleasant, agreeable" is the literal meaning of Tara.

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mountains of wearing apparel, that a civic population, busy and multitudinous—traders, manufacturers, and merchants—spring into existence round the residence of a crowned head. The capital of Spain was called into being by the presence of the Spanish court, and many other chief cities were indebted for their existence to a like cause. It is alleged, for instance, that the palace-guard of Tara consisted of 1,050 select soldiers, the flower of the Irish clans. This implies extensive accommodation, not only for the housing of these men but for the residence of the sutlers and traffickers and attendants who supplied them with the necessaries of life—their *gillies*, in a word.

In addition to all these Tara possessed the most effective element in the growth of cities—Tara possessed roads. It is a principle in political economy that extensive highways are the life of cities and the principal element in the evolution of market-places. We are expressly told that Tara was approached by several highways extending through the length of the five provinces. The construction of these roads was attributed to supernatural agency. They were made by the invisible *Sighs* or *genii* of Erin, who were such apt road-makers, such accomplished masters of the art, that they succeeded in constructing these five roads in one night!

The meaning of this, very probably, is that they were constructed at so remote a period that the time of their formation lay beyond the records of chronology and the memory of man. They were not only prehistoric, they were pretraditional. Be their origin what it may, the agricultural products of the rural districts, the raw materials of manufactures, were carried into Tara by these roads, where the hides were tanned into leather, the hemp twisted into cordage, the flax woven into linen, and the wool manufactured into cloth. These again were transported in this altered and attractive form to the very districts that produced the materials, and sold at remunerative prices to the rural population. By this species of inter-communication the greatest cities have been gradually evolved, and have finally attained colossal magnitude and enormous extent.

In addition to its artificial roads Tara was built in proximity to a river; and a river is the best of all channels for the conveyance of produce in the early developments of society. The great cities of ancient Chaldea rose beside rivers. The stupendous structures and towering edifices of Babylon and Ninive were reflected in the glassy waters of that venerable land—the mid-river territory—which gave birth to ancient science and civilization. Thou-

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sands of years ago those ample streams were burdened with the gliding barks of primeval commerce, laden with the natural produce which the tawny agriculturists exchanged in the civic markets for the manufactures of the townsmen. In short, without rivers or artificial roads cities cannot expand into magnitude, because they cannot exist. A city resembles a human being: the first element of its existence is food. Now, Tara possessed these elements—it had five roads and one river—and therefore we are disposed to believe that the Danish writer translated by Johnstone was right when he said, *In hoc regno locus est Themor dictus, olim primaria urbs regiaque sedes*, etc.

O'Flaherty, after all, may not be altogether wrong when he assures us that "there never was on the face of the earth a more ancient or better regulated monarchy than that of ancient Ireland."

C. M. O'KEEFFE.

"WILLOW-WEED."

A SUSSEX STORY.

THE landscape lay very still beneath the July sky. In the fields the great red cattle stood, their heads bent down, their tasselled tails whisking the flies from their flanks. Beyond the fields were the cool woods, whose beech-trees clothed the hillside with intense shadow, and through it all the sluggish, silvery river stole onward to the sea.

The reeds grew thickly on the flat banks, their tall stems crested with dull purple plumes. The willow-weed and meadowsweet were there in masses, and the yellow glory of the golden-rod, while close down to the brink the henbane hung its evil-looking bells. It was a land of flowers, and nature, flinging her treasures with a generous hand, had let them fall even on the water; there stood up the great flowering rush with its pink blossoms and the graceful, brown-tufted sedge, and all the surface of the stream was covered thick with lilies.

It was so hot, and so absolute a quiet reigned, it seemed as though earth, air, and water, with all the living things therein, were joined in silent worship of the sun.

A faint splash broke on the stillness, the reeds and rushes parted rustling, and the thick red stems of the lilies slipped

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under water, dragging the sweet flowers out of harm's way, out of the way of the punt that was coming slowly down stream. In the punt stood a man who might have posed for the burlesque representation of an old river-god. His ragged trousers were held round his waist by a red scarf, his blue shirt opened from a neck tanned to the color of mahogany, and his long gray beard and hair fell in tangled masses round a face gnarled and brown as though carved from the root of a tree. He held an iron trident in his hand, plunging it from time to time into the bed of soft mud; he was spearing for eels, and seemed to have met with fair success. Gathering his slimy spoil into a basket, he scrambled ashore, fastened up the boat to the stump of a pollard willow, and walked off homewards. The flat land was all cut up and intersected by dikes. One wider than the rest was called the "Sailing Ditch," and by the side of this he trudged for half a mile or so, coming at last to a cottage of the style called "half-timbered." From its walls the plaster had fallen in flakes, leaving the ribs of blackened oak bare; the thatch had sunk in places through the rafters, and the bit of ground in front was full of weeds whose giant growth choked the life in the gooseberry and currant bushes. An untrained grapevine rioted over the broken-down porch, and added to the ruinous look of the place, which still possessed a savage luxuriance in its decay.

Such was the home of John Fillary, sole owner of the barge *Independent*—a craft which, like her master, had seen better days, and whose black hulk now lay half in the dike, half on the bank, hopelessly stranded in the mud. During the floods of the previous winter she had drifted there, and was too old and shaky to be forcibly tugged off. Fillary had trusted to another flood to float her, but one after another had subsided, leaving the *Independent* high and dry. She would never again carry loads of coal up from the seaport town of Malling, or lime from the kilns of white and dusty Claverly. In the bygone days it was easy to find occupation; there was a water-way to London then, a canal joining the river Heron with the Wey at Guildford, and, as there was constant traffic up and down, men were always wanted to mend the banks or attend to the locks. But now all was so different: transport was effected by rail, and the locks were left to themselves; the few boats passing through them carried keys or winches to open the heavy, moss-grown gates.

Now and then, when some bridge fell into disrepair or some narrow reach got choked, a few laborers, commissioned by a mysterious power spoken of vaguely as "The River Company,"

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would appear and do a little mending, but the canal was utterly abandoned, and beyond the last lock at Tullingham Quay no one ever went.

So, since his barge had failed him, times had been hard with John Fillary. He had an occasional day dredging or clearing the weeds, but the work was irregular and the pay poor. His granddaughter Jessie earned a few shillings in the fields, which she always intended to lay by for the winter, but which nevertheless went in their daily struggle to live. They were used to poverty, but had not felt its pinch till now. Fillary, fetching loads of lime or coal on his barge in spring and winter, and working in the hay and harvest fields in summer and autumn, had made enough and more than enough to keep them; but he spent the surplus, getting drunk night after night while the money lasted; then would come a week or so of silence, an attack, perhaps, of the "horrors," and then to work again.

For nearly fifty years he had lived in the cottage. A lad of little more than twenty, he had taken his young wife there. It was neat and trim in those days, the paths well weeded, and cabbages and onions grew in straight, prim rows between the pinks and stocks. His children were born there, and filled the place with their shouts and happy laughter—seven of them, whom their mother tried to keep neat and bring up decently; but there was a strain of something in her husband's blood which made him different from his fellows. "Radicalism" Sir Walter Dering, member for the county, called it. Whatever it was, it made him refuse to send his children to church or Sunday-school, and so they grew up wild, sun-burned little heathens.

The rector's wife, who held Calvinistic doctrines, would shake her head over the Fillary family and talk about "children of darkness." Poor little children of darkness! They certainly did not come forth into the light, for one by one as they grew up they brought trouble and disgrace upon their parents. The eldest son was shot one night in an affray with the gamekeepers; the second enlisted, deserted, and was captured by a picket of soldiers skulking behind his father's wood-stack. He was drafted off to the Crimea with hundreds of other raw recruits, and never heard of again. Damp and bad drainage now brought the dread scourge, typhus fever, and four of the children died; and when Fillary himself rose, gaunt and haggard, from his bed, it was to find an empty hearth and a broken-hearted woman. Their eldest daughter, and only living child now, was away in Scotland in service. She appeared one morning unexpectedly, a tiny baby

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in her arms. A month after it was born she had set her face southwards and had made the long journey from Aberdeen on foot, tramping along the dusty roads, begging a lift now and then, and reaching her home worn out in body and mind.

She never spoke of the child's father; threats and entreaties alike failed to wring his name from her.

The case was too common a one for it to be a lasting trouble to Fillary, and he and his wife soon grew to love the little girl. Before Jessie was seven she lost both mother and grandmother, and now for twelve years she and her grandfather had lived alone in the cottage, which day by day became more tumble-down.

She had an uncle in the village, owner of two barges, which he and his sons managed. Doubtless they could have found a place for John among them, but he was shy of these prosperous relatives. Perhaps it was the dismal consciousness of his life full of failures that made the old man so ill-tempered and so hard to deal with. Anyway, his nephews declared they would "rather have the devil on board than Uncle John."

Now in this fine, hot weather they could live on little, yet this little took every penny that they earned; so that the thought of the long, cold months would come to Jessie and frighten her—not so much on her own account as on her grandfather's; for she loved the ragged, dirty old man in spite of his drunken, violent ways. He was never violent to her, had never struck and seldom spoken roughly to her. The dread that he would be driven into "the house" lay on her like a nightmare, for all his life he had lived out-of-doors—in the fields, or on the river and the floods, or by the sea—and she knew that in the narrow routine of a workhouse ward he would go mad or die.

She heard his step on the path this evening and ran to meet him. The Fillarys were a good-looking race, and this girl was handsome, with fine features and a quantity of curly dark hair, which she gathered into an untidy knot on her neck.

In the kitchen a few sticks were smouldering; she blew them up into a smoky flame and fried the eels, which they ate for supper with some sour gray bread made from "leesings." It had been a wet harvest the year before, and the leesings, or gleanings, had lain long on the ground, so that the grain had sprouted.

The old man flung himself, all dressed as he was, on a settle to sleep, and Jessie went up-stairs to her little room, where the stars, shining through the cracks and crannies in the roof, lighted her to bed.

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Fillary was up and off soon after five next morning, leaving Jessie free to spend her time as she pleased. So long as she was at home when he came back he did not trouble how she passed her days; all that he required was that she should be there on his return at night.

Her housework was a simple matter, as she never attempted to clean the cottage. With the stump of an old broom she swept away the bits of in-trodden dirt and pebbles, and knocked down the obtrusively large cobwebs; she washed the pots and tidied up the hearth; then her day's labors were ended. All the bread had been eaten at breakfast, and unless Fillary earned some money that day they would have to go hungry to bed.

When one is strong and nineteen years old appetite is not to be lightly trifled with, and as the hours went by Jessie became more and more convinced of this fact. Her grandfather before departing had advised her to go to her Uncle Richard's, where she would be sure of a good dinner; but she hated the appearance of what she called "cadging," and was loath to display her poverty to her two fine cousins, who worked as dressmakers, and who used to laugh at her for her shabby clothes and for having no "young man."

Between twelve and one she sauntered down to the river. To the left of where she stood was a sharp curve where the stream bent round the hill, and to the right, about half a mile off, was a lock. There had been a keeper there before it fell into disuse, but now the cottage was empty.

Suddenly a boat shot round the corner—a slim, brown wherry, with a monogram on the blue blades of the oars. Jessie thought she knew every boat from Tullingham to Malling, but this one she had never seen before. Three young men were in it, dressed in flannels. One, who held the tiller-ropes, called out to ask if they could pass the lock. She answered, Yes; but when they had advanced some yards she bethought her that, being strangers, they probably had no means of opening the gates.

"Have you a winch?" she cried, running after them.

"No."

"Then you carn't päss them gätes."

"Is there no keeper?"

She shook her head.

"There is a key at home," she continued after a moment's pause, indicating the cottage with a backward nod. "I'll get it, f you like to wait."

After a brief consultation they agreed to land and have their

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lunch; that was as good a place for the purpose as any, right there under the shadow of the big oak, and while they were eating it Jessie could go back and get the key. By and by she returned and helped them to open the cumbrous barriers; and when they told her they were going on, if possible, beyond Tullingham, she said they might take the winch with them.

One of them gave her half a crown, and the tall, fair fellow who had steered put what remained of the luncheon in a basket for her. She liked the way he did it—so carefully and daintily, it might have been for a lady to unpack and eat. When she got home she found that beneath the white napkin he had slipped a florin.

In the hot afternoon he came again, and leaned against the gate and talked to her. She was not shy, and she looked up at him freely and unconsciously.

He told her he was staying at Pickering, a village a few miles off, and he expected to be often up and down the river in his boat, and should come to her again to borrow the lock-key.

The Rev. Geoffrey Frampton, vicar of Pickering, and rural dean for that part of the county, took "crammers." He was supposed to be possessed of an extraordinary method for pushing on backward youths and those to whom time was an object. Young men who had been "spun" twice for the army went to him as a last resource before going up for the third fatal examination. Precocious boys from public schools, anxious to pass straight into some branch of the service, came to him for a few months, as did others who wanted to avoid the routine of Sandhurst or Cooper's Hill, or who required coaching before they began their university career. Despairing parents whose sons either would not or *could* not work sent them to the Rev. Geoffrey, saying: "If any one can pull him through, Frampton can."

And, as a rule, Frampton did.

His masters were picked men, with an aptitude for making their pupils learn. He did not trouble much about the principles of teachers or taught, so long as they preserved an amount of outward decorum. Lads went to him to be improved *mentally*, not morally. As these crammers were numerous, and varied in age from sixteen to twenty-six, one may imagine that they kept the small rural parish of Pickering alive with their festivities.

Amongst the young hopefuls who were in training there at the time I write of was the Honorable Richard—or, as he was more

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generally called, Dick—Chetwynde. He was twenty-three, and, if he succeeded in passing, was destined for her majesty's Guards. He was a fine, handsome fellow, with good abilities but an indolence of character that was almost a disease. He might have distinguished himself at Eton, but would not work. He let others carry off the prizes he really wanted, because he would not exert himself to take them, and now he was dawdling about at Pickering when he ought to have held his commission two years at least.

It had taken him a long time to decide on his career; one day he thought he would study art in Paris, and the next that he would run a ranch in Colorado. Just now he was suffering from a severe attack of political righteousness, and had been heard to declare more than once that, after all, he had half a mind to throw up soldiering and go in for "social reform"; what his exact idea of social reform as a profession was it would be hard to say, but he used to scare his mother, the Countess of Petersfield, out of her wits with his radical notions and his very strange opinions on the division of property.

It was rather amusing to hear him hold forth on the equality of man and the right of every one to a share in the soil, standing the while in his comfortable chambers, surrounded by every luxury and drawing a large income from certain coal-mines, the toilers in which earned from fifteen shillings to three pounds a week, and never saw the sun shine save on Sundays.

When he and his friends got back to Pickering after their pull up the river, he descanted to a select circle of admirers on the evils of a system of government under which it was possible for a girl like Jessie Fillary to lead a life such as hers was—little better than that of an animal in its spiritual ignorance, not so well cared for as an animal in its temporal wants.

"I tell you," he cried excitedly—"I tell you I talked to her for more than an hour this afternoon, and it is a burning shame that such a girl should have to live as she does, while we great hulking fellows waste our money in champagne and cigars. Do you know, she told me that she hadn't tasted anything to-day till the stuff we gave her, and had positively not a penny in the house to buy food."

"It shows great mismanagement somewhere," said Vane, a man who always made a point of contradicting Chetwynde, and whose ceaseless topic was the English people's want of thrift; "but I am inclined to think that the blame rests with themselves. The poverty of large families one can understand, but

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when two people, both able-bodied, are in such want it is generally because—"

"Generally because of the landlord," broke in Dick. "Would you believe it, they pay four-and-sixpence a week for that wretched hovel, and have had the rent raised on them twice in eighteen months."

"Then I bet it doesn't belong to a big man, but to some screw of a 'peasant proprietor,'" put in Dering, whose father, old Sir Walter, owned most of the land round Pickering and Hattingdean, which latter was Fillary's parish.

"You are right there, Dering: it belongs to the clerk Dempster, that little wizened-up scrap of a fellow with the shrew of a wife. The girl told me if it wasn't for the rent they could manage; but that just drains them dry."

"Why don't they move? There are cottages to be had at two shillings a week big enough for them."

"Because they have lived there all their lives and—"

"Oh! if it is a question of sentiment—" and Vane shrugged his shoulders.

"Sentiment or not, I mean to take the matter into my own hands now. I am convinced the only way is to attend to the cases that come directly under one's notice," said Dick grandly "and I shall see that the rent is paid and the girl put in some way of earning a living. If she shows any intelligence—"

A burst of derisive laughter from Vane cut him short.

"O Chetwynde! if the old man had not had a granddaughter, or if she had not been good-looking, how much would you have cared about him? And—excuse my smile—but this idea of discovering the latent intellect is always deliciously fresh in spite of its respectable age!"

Some one here adroitly interposed and turned the conversation, and the subject was not resumed. As Vane was leaving, however, he put his hand kindly on Chetwynde's shoulder.

"I am older than you, Dick," he said, "and I have knocked about the world more. I know these experiments are dangerous. Pay the old man's rent, if you will, but leave the girl's intelligence alone."

Good advice is rarely acted on, and Vane's was no exception to the general rule; and about three o'clock the next afternoon, the hottest, sleepiest hour of the twenty-four, when even Mr. Frampton's pupils were tolerably quiet, Dick got into his boat and rowed to Fillary's cottage.

Jessie was going to the village and had put on her one tidy

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gown, a lavender cotton; she was trying to see the effect of it in a scrap of looking-glass when a step on the gravel startled her.

"You made me jump, sirr," she said, in her indescribable Sussex burr.

"Did I? What a shame! I want you to lend me the winch; will you? Thanks. But won't you ask me to sit down? I've rowed all the way from Pickering in this sun, and you have no idea how tired I am."

Jessie brought forward a chair and dusted it for him, then stood looking down. She had never spoken to any one of his kind before, and he seemed to her more like a god than a man.

"Where is your grandfather?" he asked for lack of something to say.

"Down to Claverly. Marster Sayers have give him a three days' job cuttin' the graäss in the brooks."

"You are all alone, then?"

"That's nothin' new. I'm 'most always 'lone."

"You were going out, were you not, when I stopped you?"

She nodded, adding: "I'd as lief be stopped as not. I'd ha' been prutty nigh swäled, it's that warm."

"Do you think I can open the lock?"

"Be 're alone?"

"Yes."

"Then I be very sure 'e carn't. That there old gate is hard work for two. I'll have to help 'e."

"You are very good. Wouldn't you like to come for a little row with me afterwards?"

"Me? In *your* boat?" And she looked down at her shabby frock.

"Yes; why not? You *would* like to come, I know, and you have nothing else to do. Come, Mary—Annie—what's your name?"

"Jessie."

"Well then, Jessie, come along like a good girl."

"Wait while I get my hat, then."

She ran up-stairs, smiling to herself, and returned with a big grass hat such as haymakers wear.

They were soon away up the quiet, deserted stream, where never a soul came to break the stillness, and where by and by the rushes grew so high and thick that they laced and tangled over their heads. As they pushed the boat by force through them they came out into an open reach covered thick with lilies, hun-

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dreds and hundreds of the lovely flowers, and the boat lay out among them as motionless as one of their own flat leaves.

She talked to him quite unrestrainedly about her mode of life, telling him in a very simple way of Fillary's troubles and of the effect they had had on him.

"He were always queer," she said, "and independent-like—same as he called his barge; and when his childrens died, I've heard grandmother tell, parson's wife went on at him about his not havin' had 'em babtized, and that made him so mad he swore he'd not let one of the gentry cross his door again, else may be some of 'em would help me now. And one thing and another has made him worse; but we have arlways been happy, him and me, in the old place."

"And are you *un*happy now?"

"I am afraid," she said. "You see, if it belonged to Sir Walter, m'appen he'd let us stay on; but Marster Dempster he's a poor man, so to speak, and he thinks he could make more by it. It is a big cottage, you know, and a tidy bit of ground, and if he did it up it would let for more. 'Tain't likely he will do it up for us, we owes 'un too much; though the rain come in awful. But grandad he's lived in it for nigh on fifty year, and it will break his heart to go."

"He shall not go, Jessie. I'll take care of that. Look here: I'll give you a year's rent to-morrow, and you can pay it to Dempster in advance."

"They'll want to know where I got all that money," she said.

"Say I gave it you; or stay, I will pay it myself."

"That wouldn't do; folks would say—"

He turned his head aside and tried not to notice the crimson blush with which her sentence ended.

"Never mind; we'll manage it somehow," he said, and began to talk of other things.

She was ignorant as a savage, but, like a savage, had a vast amount of natural knowledge. She knew the name of every bird and where to look for its nest; she was familiar with all plants and flowers, and their various qualities; and when they landed and roamed along the banks she gathered her hands full of herbs to carry home and dry—valerian, vervain, hoarhound, tansy, johns-wort. She showed them all to Dick. Once she cut a forked stick from a hazel-tree.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"There was a snake in the garden this morning—"

"Well?"

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"Well, I be goin' to charm 'un away."

"Will you let me see you do it?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in charms, Jessie."

"Do you know," said she, without noticing his question, "I sometimes think I shall be like Fan Herbert when I am old. She's a wise woman, you know. They say she had a gipsy lover when she was young, and went away with him and lived among the people* for years; and that is how she knows so much."

"Oh! she's a wise woman, is she? What can she do?"

"She cured Rachel Wackford's child of a wastin' sickness with yarb-tea, but she never told no one what the yarb was (*I* believe it was devil's-bit); and she charmed the warts off of Mary Ann Whittington's hand; and," the girl continued, sinking her voice, "she can do märn•that: she can make love-drinks. Eliza Slater, her young man he went for a soldier, and they say he met another girl at Brighton; anyhow, when he came back for 's holiday he wouldn't look at 'Liza, and she was as mad as mad, for he was so fine in 's scarlet coat. I told Fan about her—for me and old Fan has always been friends—and she took me home 'long of her while she made a drink; she boiled some yarbs in a pot, and this is what she said:

"'With hempseed and toad-flax and rest-harrow brewn,
My false lover comes again with the new moon.'

And 'Liza got his sister to put it into his beer, and, you believe me, their banns was put up last Sunday."

Dick persuaded her to stand to him for a few minutes while he made a sketch of her (he drew easily and superficially, as he did everything), her hands full of flowers, and her eyes looking up, large and sparkling, under the shadow of her hat.

The evening had lost its sunset glory and faded into grayness, and the white mist was stealing up from the flat fields, when they reached the cottage, and overhead was the strange, whirring noise of the night-jar—"Dame Durden's wheel" Jessie called it.

"How about the snake?" Dick asked.

"Come with me, then," she said, and took him to the back of the house to what had been an arbor once. The ground was soft and mossy, and there was an old seat overgrown with ivy and traveller's joy.

"Hush!" she whispered; "this is where I saw it. Don't speak, and get behind me."

**I.e.*, the gipsies.

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Striking the forked end of the hazel-rod into the earth, she began to half-chant, half-sing the old incantation:

"Underneath this hazlin' mote
There's a braggerty worm with a speckled throat.
Now nine double hath he:
From nine double to eight double,
From eight double to seven double,
From seven double to six double,
From six double to five double,
From five double to four double,
From four double to three double,
From three double to two double,
From two double to one double,
Now—no double hath he!"

She straightened herself and turned with a smile to Dick.

"He's gone for sure," she said.

"Was it you put the two shillin's in the basket?" she asked, as they walked towards the house. "I thought it must have been."

"What shall you do with it—buy with it, I mean?"

"I think—I think I am not goin' to spend it. See, I have made a hole in it." And she showed it him hanging round her neck.

"So you mean to keep it, Jessie, for luck!"

"Yes," she answered in a low voice, "for luck."

"All right. Let's hope it will bring you lots. It has brought you *one* friend whom you must always trust and come to when you want help. Promise me you will. That's right. And now, little one, good-by." And he stooped and kissed her cheek. She stood and listened to his whistle rising above the splash of the oars, as his boat slipped away into the darkness.

THE misery of the peasant can never equal that of the poor of great cities; it lacks the hideous surroundings, the foul air and noisome smells; but there is a vast amount of suffering in villages and country-places. Men and women will starve rather than go into the dreaded "house," and out-door relief is hard to get, grudging and scant when got.

As time went on the Fillarys' plight grew worse and worse. John's temper, always violent, became unbearably so. On the slightest provocation he would fly into ungovernable rage, and storm even at Jessie herself. Various eccentricities began to betray themselves in his conduct, and a rumor got about that he was mad. No farmer would employ him, for other men refused

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to work with him. "Then," said he half-bitterly, "as I've got to be a gentleman, I'll dress like one." And he rummaged out of an old cupboard some garments which he considered particularly fitting to a life of graceful ease. A blue coat of the fashion of half a century ago, buttoning tightly round the waist and falling in ample skirts; a stove-pipe hat with the nap worn off in places, in others standing up in little fluffy tufts; and the crutch-handled stick of an old umbrella—this, the upper part of his costume, contrasted oddly with his ragged trousers and clay-stained boots.

God knows how he and Jessie lived that winter. Sometimes she got a day's work at the "Rose and Crown," a large inn adjoining the Corn Exchange, where the farmers had their ordinary, and where on market-days there was always fuss and bustle enough. Fillary spent most of his time hanging round the station, where he picked up an occasional copper for holding a horse or carrying a bag; but his strange, wild appearance frightened people. It was a piteous thing to see him in his ragged attempt at foppery,

"A poor old man as full of grief as age, wretched in both,"

and with the fire of insanity in his sunken eyes.

He certainly had some extraordinary crank in his poor trouble-worn brain, for he assumed the airs and graces of an elderly beau, and seemed to think his mission in life was to be fascinating. Where he had hitherto shunned people he now thrust himself upon them, and even got so far as to single out certain ladies for his special attention.

Trouble has unhinged more evenly-balanced brains than Fillary's; but no one put his peculiarities down to this source. Folks seemed to consider them as in some way connected with his unsociable life and his dislike to sermons and church-going. He was rapidly becoming at once the terror and the laughing-stock of the village, when an event occurred which put the finishing-touch to his iniquities.

An elderly maiden, Baxter by name, whom John had for some time favored with his admiration, was crossing the glebe fields one winter's afternoon on her way to take tea with a friend, when she met Fillary. He took off his hat with a bow and a flourish, and begged to be allowed to escort her! She dropped her best cap with a scream and took to her heels; and when, twenty minutes later, he presented himself at the house with a small parcel which he said he had "picked up," the door was

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slammed in his face and he was threatened with all the terrors of the law through the key-hole.

Miss Baxter's adventure lost nothing in the telling. For days she was the heroine of Hattingdean; select parties hung breathless on her lips while she recounted her terror, and how she concealed it with a cloak of intrepid courage, but for which, she would hint, dropping her voice, "I really believe he would have *kissed* me!"

Jacob Dempster now became convinced that not only was Fillary an unremunerative tenant, he was a disgraceful one as well, and must be got rid of at once. He had paid no rent since September; it was now February, and pressure must be brought to bear. He was told that unless he paid up or cleared out in ten days he would be evicted and his furniture (save the mark!) seized.

Four days of the allotted ten had passed. Jessie was seated on a stool before a fire of damp sticks, her elbows on her knees, her eyes staring disconsolately at the smouldering wood, when her grandfather came in. He flung himself upon the settle and drew the stump of an old pipe from his pocket, turned it over in his hand, and put it back. "Wench," he said, "hast nary copper to buy a bit of 'baccy with?"

"'Baccy! How should I buy 'baccy when there isn't a crust of bread in the house?"

He did not speak for some seconds; then crushed the pipe to atoms beneath his heel, and burst into a torrent of wild anger, cursing with horrid oaths his life, his luck, and all people whose names occurred to him—Jessie herself, for having, as he declared, eaten his bread in idleness all those years.

"Where's your fine gentleman," he screamed, "that was to set us up for ever? Why don't he come? Was it a lie you told me when you said he'd come? Why don't you go to him? You'll sit there in your sloth and let me starve to death, when a word from you would save me."

"Grandfather," she cried, "you'll be sorry for this to-morrow. Wait a minute, and you shall have your 'baccy and what else you want."

She ran past him up-stairs, and, returning, showed him a florin.

"There," she said, "that is to buy 'baccy."

"And food, too, Jessie girl," he said, his eyes sparkling at the sight of the money. "What'll you buy? What do you most fancy?"

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"Nothin'. I sha'n't touch it anyway." And, flinging the door open, she ran out into the deepening twilight.

"I wonder where the wench got it?" he mused. "And to think of her hidin' it like that an' all! She'll find her stomach, I'se warrant, when she sees the vittles!"

He sat there waiting for her to return till everything in the cottage grew so dark and still he could hear the soft sound of the river, and now and again the shrill cry of a coot or widgeon flying over the water-covered land; for the floods were out and all the fields for miles around submerged.

And still as she did not come he fell a-dozing. The clock ticked on monotonously, the wood-ash dropped with a tinkling sound on the hearth. A little, bright-eyed mouse peered out from his hole and scurried quickly across the floor; emboldened by the success of his first journey, he ran back, this time over the foot of the sleeping man, who stirred, shivered, and awoke.

Half-past ten! Jessie had been gone four hours!

AND where was Richard Chetwynde, the generous friend who had promised to himself and to the girl that he would play the part of Providence to them? She had never seen him since that July night, sure though she had been that he would come again, believing in him, hoping against hope, and only giving up her faith in him when many weary weeks had passed, and she had been to Pickering and found out he had left the place, leaving no word or sign for her.

Two days after they had charmed the snake together he was summoned to the bedside of his brother, whose death created Richard Earl of Petersfield and Mote.

In the fuss and turmoil that followed, in the genuine grief that he felt, in the acceptance of the new honors thrust thick upon him, his schemes for social and political reform were cast aside.

He began to think that the idea of community of goods, grand as it was for younger sons, was a little unsuited to a peer of the realm; a landed proprietor must hold different views; and, however much he might have the welfare of the masses at heart, something was due to the traditions of his race. As for practising this doctrine of division, as a matter of fact his estate, being entailed, was not his to divide, and he only held it on trust; besides, "the times were not yet ripe!"

Pending the ripening of the times he took a house in Leicestershire, and found hunting four days a week with the Quorn and Pytchley hounds pleasanter than democratic meetings.

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One night at a bachelor's dinner he was placed next to his old enemy, Vane.

The enmity was of course forgotten. The two had as much to say to each other as public-school boys meeting unexpectedly. When the news of this fellow and of that had been interchanged, Vane said: "We were all sorry you left us so suddenly. I like to tie up the ends of everything before I go away from a place; flying off like that, one forgets so many things and people. By the bye, what became of the young woman whose intellect was to be developed?"

"I forgot her," said Dick, turning as white as his shirt-front. "By my soul I forgot her till this moment!"

Vane had too much tact to notice the evident pain and confusion of his companion, but when they parted and Dick said, "I'm off *there* to-morrow, Vane," he knew that "there" meant Hattingdean.

THE hedges rose high on either side the lane leading to Fillary's cottage, and there everything seemed dripping with moisture. The ground was soft and rotten, ploughed up with furrows and ruts by the great cart-wheels. As Dick drew near the house it struck him with a deserted air; no smoke was rising from the chimney, and the cold, wintry-looking floods stretched away in their gray bleakness to the foot of the South Downs. All the land lay under water; here and there a group of stunted pollards stuck up, and here and there the top of a gate or fence was to be seen.

He pushed open the door and called: "Jessie Fillary! Jessie!" but no one answered.

There was a moving object now in sight. Over the dull water a punt was going silently; in it stood John Fillary, his figure looking black in profile against the wintry sky.

It drew nearer and nearer towards the little wharf behind the "Rose and Crown," and Dick, leaving the cottage, walked quickly to the inn to join the group of people clustered there.

Half-a-dozen men rushed into the water as the boat came up, for there was something lying in the bows, something covered with a bit of sacking. Dick was the first to reach it and to recognize Jessie—poor, pretty Jessie! drowned on her way to spend the florin she had treasured as a girl treasures the first rose her lover gives her.

AGNES POWER.

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A TRUE STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM TOLSTOÏ.

In the city of Vladimir there lived a tradesman named Aksénov. He was young and well-to-do, being the owner of two shops and a house besides; his exterior was, moreover, most pleasing, for he was fair and curly-haired, full of fun and merriment. In his earlier days he had been a hard drinker and noisy in his cups, but since his marriage he had rarely indulged in these excesses.

On a certain summer day he took it into his head to visit the fair of Nijni-Novogorod; when he went to bid his wife good-by she said:

"Ivan, don't go to-day; I had a bad dream about you."

Aksénov began to laugh. "You are afraid I shall do something foolish at the fair," he exclaimed.

"I don't exactly know what it is I am afraid of," his wife replied, "but I certainly had a bad dream, in which I saw you coming back from the town. All at once you took off your hat, and I perceived that your hair had turned perfectly white."

Her husband laughed louder than ever. "I think it is a good omen," he said; "I shall do a capital stroke of business, and I will bring you home a nice present." So he kissed her and departed.

Just as he had accomplished half his journey he fell in with a shopkeeper of his acquaintance, and paused in order to spend the evening in his company. They drank tea together, and afterwards engaged two adjoining bed-rooms. Aksénov did not sleep long; he woke in the middle of the night, and, preferring to pursue his way before the heat of the day came on, aroused the postilion and told him to put the horses to. Then he went into the inn, paid the landlord, and set off while it was yet dark.

After travelling about forty versts he made a halt in order to bait the horses; and, after resting awhile indoors, came out again towards dinner-time, ordered the samovar to be prepared, and, seeing a guitar lying on a bench, took it up, seated himself before the inn-door, and began to play. As he was thus engaged a troïka with bells suddenly dashed up, from which alighted a police-sergeant and two soldiers. The former ap-

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proached Aksénov and began to ask him who he was and whence he came. Aksénov gave the desired information, and invited his interrogator to take tea with him. But the latter continued to ply him with questions.

"Where did you sleep last night? Was the trader your only companion? Why did you take your departure from the inn in so sudden a manner?"

Astonished to find himself thus cross examined, Aksénov related all that had happened to him, and then inquired: "What is your reason for catechising me in this fashion? I am neither a thief nor a highwayman, but am merely travelling on account of business matters; what right have you to question me so closely?"

Then the police-sergeant called the soldiers and said: "I am an agent of the government, and I have examined you because the merchant with whom you passed the night has been murdered. Show me your luggage; and you, my men," he concluded, addressing the soldiers, "search this fellow."

They went into the house, took possession of Aksénov's portmanteau and travelling-bag, opened them, and turned out the contents. Suddenly the sergeant pulled a knife out of the bag, exclaiming: "Whose is this knife?"

To his inexpressible horror Aksénov beheld a knife, stained with blood, which had been taken out of his travelling-bag. "What do these spots of blood mean?" roughly inquired the policeman.

Aksénov endeavored to reply, but could not articulate a single word. "I—I really do not know—a knife?—I—it is not mine," he stammered.

The sergeant continued: "This morning the merchant was found murdered in his bed, and no one but yourself could have committed the crime. The house had been locked up for the night, and there was no one but you in that part of it. Furthermore, a blood-stained knife has been found in your bag. And, besides, your guilt is written on your face, so you had better confess at once how you killed your victim and how much money you appropriated."

Aksénov called God to witness that he was not the criminal; that he had not seen the trader since he took tea with him; that he had only his own eight thousand roubles; and that the knife did not belong to him. But his voice died away in his throat, his face was deadly pale, and he shook with fear like an aspen-leaf.

The sergeant made a sign to his men and ordered them to

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bind Aksénov and place him in the chaise. When he was seated in it, with his feet tied together, he crossed himself and burst into tears. All he had, including his money, was taken from him, and he was sent to the prison of the nearest town. Inquiries were made at Vladimir, and all its inhabitants, whether trades-people or private citizens, gave Aksénov an excellent character, though they owned that in his youth he had been addicted to drink and fond of pleasure. He was brought before the tribunal and accused of having killed the merchant from Raizan and robbed him of twenty thousand roubles.

Aksénov's wife was utterly bewildered and overwhelmed with grief. Her children were quite young—one of them, in fact, being still at the breast; she took them all with her and proceeded to the place of her husband's captivity. When she saw him fettered, wearing the prison garb, in the company of thieves, she sank down in a dead faint. As soon as she recovered consciousness she seated herself beside Aksénov, with the children around her, told him how things were going on at home, and then asked him to relate everything that had happened to him. He hid nothing from her, and when he had finished speaking she asked: "What is to be done now?"

"We must petition the czar," he answered. "It is out of the question that a man should be punished for a crime of which he is innocent."

Then his wife told him she had sent a petition to the czar, "but," she added, "it probably never reached him."

Aksénov said nothing, and hung his head. His wife proceeded:

"You can't say now that the dream I had was nonsense. Don't you remember my telling you I dreamt I saw you with white hair? This trouble has made you quite gray already. You ought not to have gone that day."

She passed her hand caressingly two or three times through his hair, and resumed: "Vania, my dearest husband, tell your loving wife the real truth: was it not you who killed him?"

"Is it possible that you, too, believe me to be guilty?" replied Aksénov; and as he uttered these words he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. At that moment a soldier made his appearance in order to announce that the time had come for visitors to withdraw; and Aksénov, consequently, took leave of his family for the last time.

After his wife had left he went over in his mind the conversation they had had together, and when he remembered that she,

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too, believed in his guilt, and had actually asked him if it was not he who had murdered the merchant, he said to himself: "God alone knows the truth; it is to him I must commend my cause, and it is from him I must expect mercy." Thenceforth Aksénov sent no more petitions to the czar, but relinquished all hope, and was unceasing in his prayers to God.

He was condemned to the punishment of the knout and to hard labor for life; and his sentence was carried out accordingly. First he was beaten with the knout, and afterwards, when his wounds were healed, he was sent to Siberia in company with a gang of other convicts. There he spent twenty-six years; his hair became as white as snow, and his long, gray beard fell down upon his breast. His natural gayety disappeared, he grew round-shouldered, shuffled in his gait, seldom spoke, never smiled, and frequently engaged in prayer.

During his imprisonment he learned to make boots, and with the money thus earned he bought a martyrology, which he used to read whenever there was sufficient light in his cell. On festivals he attended service in the prison-chapel, read the Epistle, and sang in the choir—for he still retained his melodious voice. He was a favorite with the authorities on account of his docility; his companions had the greatest respect for him, and called him "Grandfather" and "the Man of God." Whenever they had a favor to ask they invariably made him their spokesman, and whenever they quarrelled amongst themselves they always chose him to settle their disputes. He received no letters from home, so that he did not know whether his wife and children were alive or dead.

One day a fresh gang of convicts arrived. In the evening the old ones questioned the new-comers as to what towns or villages they came from, and what was the reason of their being transported. Aksénov had joined the group, and, with his head bent down, was listening to what was said. One of the new convicts, an old man of about sixty years of age, of tall stature, with a well-trimmed gray beard, was telling the others how it came about that he was condemned.

"It was this way, brothers," he said. "They have sent me here for nothing at all. I unharnessed a horse from a sledge; I was charged with stealing it, and arrested. I told them: 'I only wanted to go more quickly; you saw how fast I was riding. Besides, the driver is a friend of mine, so there can be no question of theft.' They would not listen to me, but persisted I had stolen the horse, though they could not say when or where.

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Certainly I have been guilty of crimes in past times, for which I ought to have been sent here long ago, but I never was caught in the act. And now I am transported without a vestige of justice. But wait awhile. I have been in Siberia before now, but I did not stay very long."

One of the convicts asked him where he came from.

"Vladimir is the place I come from. I had a shop in the town. My name is Makar, and my surname is Sémionovitch."

Then Aksénov raised his head and inquired of Sémionovitch whether he had heard of some trades-people in Vladimir named Aksénov, and whether they were still alive.

"I should think I had!" he replied. "Why, they are wealthy merchants, though their father is in Siberia. No doubt he was not immaculate, any more than the rest of us."

Aksénov was not fond of talking of his misfortunes. He only said with a sigh: "I have been in exile for twenty-six years on account of my sins."

"What was it you did?" inquired Makar Sémionovitch.

"I deserved it," was Aksénov's only reply, and nothing further could be elicited from him.

But the other convicts told the new-comers why Aksénov had been transported—how when he was on a journey some one murdered a merchant and slipped a blood-stained knife among Aksénov's things, and how because of this he had been unjustly condemned.

On hearing this Makar Sémionovitch looked curiously at Aksénov, then, striking his knee with his hand, he exclaimed: "Oh, how strange! Now that is surprising! Ah! little grandfather, you have aged very quickly."

They asked what it was that caused him such astonishment, and where he had seen Aksénov before; but Makar would not answer their questions, he only said: "It is a very singular thing, brothers, that fate has brought him and me together here."

From what Makar said Aksénov thought that man must be the murderer, so he said to him: "Had you already heard that affair spoken of, Sémionovitch, or have you perhaps seen me elsewhere?"

"Of course I have heard it mentioned—*the earth is full of ears.** But the whole thing happened a long time ago; I really forget what was told me about it."

* A Russian proverb.

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"Perhaps you may have heard who it was who murdered the merchant?" Aksénov inquired.

Makar burst out laughing. "Who should it be but the man in whose bag the knife was found?" he answered. "And if some one else put it there, why we all know that he who is not caught is no thief. Besides, how could he have put the knife into your bag when you had it under your head? He would have been certain to wake you."

These words sufficed to convince Aksénov that this was none other than the man who killed the merchant. He got up and walked away, and all that night he never closed his eyes.

Thenceforward Aksénov became the prey of a profound melancholy. His sleep was disturbed by strange dreams. Sometimes he saw his wife as she was the last time she went to the fair with him; he saw her face, her eyes, as if she were there alive before him; he heard her speak and laugh. Sometimes his children appeared to him as they were when he last saw them—one tiny figure clad in its fur-lined pelisse, the other clasped to its mother's breast. And he saw himself, too, as he was then, young and careless, sitting playing the guitar on the steps of the inn where he had been arrested; he recalled the disgraceful scene when he had been knouted, the man who had laid on the lash, the crowd of on-lookers, the hand-cuffs, the convicts, his twenty-six years of prison-life. "Now," he thought, "I am an old man." And the sense of his misery almost drove him to despair.

"It is all because of this scoundrel!" he said to himself; and Aksénov felt himself possessed with such fury against Makar that he would willingly have given his own life there and then for the sake of being avenged on him. All night long he prayed, but it was of no avail to calm his agitation; in the daytime he avoided Makar as much as possible, and never even allowed his eyes to travel in his direction.

About a fortnight passed in this way. Aksénov's sleep forsook him, and his misery was so great that he did not know what to do with himself. One night when he was pacing up and down the prisoners' dormitory he noticed some earth falling behind one of the beds, which were made of planks. He stopped to ascertain what it was, when all at once Makar Sémionovitch slipped out quickly from under the bed, and looked at Aksénov with an expression of terror on his countenance. Aksénov turned away and was going on, but Makar seized him by the hand and obliged him to listen while he told him that he was

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making a hole in the wall, and every day he put the earth he had scraped away into his boots, and shook it out in the street while the convicts were being marched to their work.

"Only mind you hold your tongue about it, old man," he added. "If I get away you shall come too; if you denounce me I shall be flogged without mercy, but I will make you pay for it; you shall see, I will be the death of you."

When Aksénov perceived that it was his enemy who spoke he was convulsed with rage, and, wrenching his hand out of the man's grasp, he said: "I have no wish to escape from here; and certainly there is no need for you to kill me—you did that a long time ago. As to whether I tell of you or no we will leave God to decide."

The next day, when the convicts were on their way to their work, the soldiers noticed that Makar was emptying earth out of his boots. This led to an examination being made in the prison, and the hole was discovered. The governor came in person to investigate the matter. When he questioned the prisoners as to who was the guilty one all protested their innocence. Even those who knew Makar to be the culprit would not betray him, as they were well aware that he would be beaten almost to death. Then the governor appealed to Aksénov.

"You are a just man," he said to him. "I ask you, in the name of God, who did this thing?"

Makar Sémionovitch did not betray the slightest emotion; he looked steadily at the governor without so much as glancing towards Aksénov. As for Aksénov himself, he trembled from head to foot, his lips quivered, he could not articulate a single syllable.

"Shall I keep silence?" he said within himself. "Why should I pardon this wretch who has ruined my life? Let him be rewarded for the torture he has made me endure. But if I speak out I know he will be flogged without mercy; and suppose I should be mistaken, and he should not really be the murderer I take him for— Besides, after all, what relief would it be to me?"

The governor repeated his question.

Aksénov looked at Makar Sémionovitch, and said: "Your Excellency, I cannot tell you; it is not God's will that I should tell you, and I do not mean to do so. Do as you please with me; you are the master here."

All further attempts on the part of the governor to induce Aksénov to say more were fruitless. Thus the authorities were unable to discover who had made the hole in the wall.

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The following night, when Aksénov, stretched on the board which formed his bed, was just dropping asleep, he was roused by hearing some one approach and place himself at his feet. Peering through the darkness, he recognized Makar.

"What do you want more with me?" he asked him. "What are you doing there?"

Makar Sémionovitch did not utter a word. Then Aksénov sat up, and said: "What is it you want? Go away directly or I will call the warder."

Makar bent down towards Aksénov, and, putting his head close to him, whispered: "Forgive me, Ivan!"

"Forgive you!" he answered. "What have I to forgive you?"

"It was I who murdered the merchant, and it was I who placed the knife in your bag. I intended to kill you, too; but just at that moment there was a noise in the yard, so I got away out of the window."

Aksénov was silent, not knowing what rejoinder to make.

Makar Sémionovitch slipped down from the bed, and, grovelling on the floor, repeated: "Ivan, forgive me! for God's sake forgive me! I will confess that it was I who killed the merchant; then you will be set at liberty and can return home."

Aksénov replied: "It is very well for you to say that. You forget all the long years of suffering I have passed here. Where should I go to now? My wife is dead, my children have forgotten me. I have now no home anywhere to go to."

Makar still retained his prostrate position. He struck his head on the ground, and said: "Ivan, forgive me! When I was beaten with the knout it did not give me as much pain as it gives me to see you like this. And you had mercy on me, too, and did not denounce me. Forgive me! in the name of Christ forgive an accursed criminal!" And he began to sob like a child.

When Aksénov heard Makar Sémionovitch weeping, the tears began to roll down his cheeks. "May God forgive you!" he ejaculated. "Who knows but that I may be a far worse man than you?"

All at once a feeling of inexpressible joy came over him. He no longer regretted his home, he no longer desired to be released from prison; he only thought of his last hour.

Makar Sémionovitch did not allow himself to be dissuaded, but gave himself up to justice. When the order came to liberate Aksénov death had already set him free.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE way of the American novelist is not easy. It is true that the incomes of writers seem to be better than they used to be, and that the Bohemian, out at elbows and out of pocket, is now rare. Nevertheless authors do not earn much from the sale of their novels printed in book-form. The English competition is too great. When a man can buy the latest noted English novel for twenty cents, why should he spend a dollar or a dollar and a half for an American work of fiction? Publishers on this side of the Atlantic have only to reprint the works of English writers and to fill the news-stands with them. They are obliged to pay no royalty to the author, as we all know. Haggard's *She*, for instance, which is just now the most popular current novel, may bring the author a few pounds sterling from the Messrs. Harper & Bros. Outside of what they may pay him he will receive nothing for his book.

Similarly, General Lew Wallace's *Ben-Hur* is printed, mutilated, by a London publishing firm. It is probable that he will get no royalty on the large sales of his book. In the United States the success of this novel has been phenomenal. Here his profits have been large. General Wallace is one of the few—very few—American writers who could exist decently without the magazines or literary syndicates.

As novels—after the newspapers—are more read in this year of our Lord than any other form of thought or thoughtlessness put into printed words, the effect of the deluge of English stories cannot be favorable to the growth of robust American ideas. There is a greater danger than that "spread-eagleism" which made the American a theme for amusement. And this danger is that our young people will become impregnated with ideas of life unsuited to their condition, and filled with the desire of imitating not only English manners and customs, but English ways of looking at social problems.

English manners and customs are generally very good—when they are not low-bred and cockney. And if our American hostesses who give dinners choose to send their guests to table arranged according to the rules of English precedence, who shall find fault? Where the American citizen is, there is the head of the table—even if it be the foot. If young ladies begin to look with scorn on the corn-fields and pumpkin crops of their native

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land, and long for the green lanes and picturesque coppices painted by English writers, it does not make them worthy of severe criticism. But it shows that the sentiment of patriotism is weakened at the root. The American who has not the feeling of love for the little things of his native land may be willing to sacrifice much for her, but his sacrifice will always lack the fervor and spontaneity of the men who love Scottish moors, Irish bogs, or English lanes with a tenderness that, in comparison, makes the luxuriance of the tropics seem bleak and colorless. Until Americans feel this their patriotism will always seem to be boastful in spite of its sincerity, and half-hearted in spite of its strength. The novels invest the English squire, the vicar, the curates, and the lady of the manor with a glamour of the light that never was on sea or land. The young American woman fixes her eyes on that delightful country where men can play lawn-tennis all the afternoon, where five-o'clock tea is a leisurely prelude to dinner, and where titles are possible. The young American of the male sex, who gets his views from newspaper correspondence and such novels as he reads, creases the legs of his trousers and regrets that "they cawn't make good claret-cup in this country."

These are only surface indications. They probably show nothing servile or imitative at heart. But, as the novels of a country are as effective as the ballads used to be, it would be well if the American author were saved from extinction by the protection of a law which would at the same time protect his English brother from constant robbery.

The latest American novels are the work of two young men—Sydney Luska (Henry Harland) and H. C. Bunner. Sydney Luska made a success in his novel of Hebrew New York life, *As It Was Written*. He followed with an inferior book, *Mrs. Peixada*. His third volume is called *The Yoke of the Thorah*.

It is the best of his novels. It is intensely local. Mr. Luska has saturated himself with the life of New York. He loves its movement, he has found its picturesqueness, its romance, its charm. The river at Blackwell's Island does not remind him of any foreign place. He is satisfied to look from the street on its wonderful beauty at sunset without longing to be anywhere else. He has made us interested in the brown-stone fronts of the streets in the Sixties, and he does not disdain to use the University Place cars as conveyances for the fortunes of his characters. And all sane-minded people, who ought by this time to be weary of the flood of frothy English stories, must be thankful for it.

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The "thorah" is the unwritten Jewish law supplementing the Ten Commandments, and Talmudic rather than Scriptural. The man who suffers under the yoke of this law is a young Hebrew artist, Elias Bacharach. He has fallen in love with a young girl, the daughter of a customer, whose portrait he has undertaken to paint. He lives with his uncle, a New York rabbi, who is anything but a liberal Jew, and his nephew has a wholesome fear of him. Elias feels that his belief—or rather his superstition, for Mr. Luska does not dignify Elias' scruples with the name of faith—puts an impassable barrier between him and the lady of his thoughts. It does not strike anybody in the book that either Mr. Redwood or his daughter, who are Protestants, will object to a Jew. Christine Redwood, whose education has been received in the New York Normal School, is without prejudices. Her father amiably says:

"Well, Mr. Bacharach, though you *are* a Hebrew, you're white; and anyhow religion don't worry us much in this household, and never did. I'm a Universalist myself, and Chris—well, I guess no one knows what she is. One thing 's certain: she might have gone further and fared worse—she might, for a fact. You're a perfect gentleman, and you can't help it if you were born a Jew."

Elias' uncle, the rabbi, takes a different view of it. He reads from a German manuscript a portion of a sermon delivered on mixed marriages by Elias Bacharach's great-grandfather, expressing the sense of the "thorah":

"The anger of the Most High shall single him out. His cup shall be filled to the brim with gall and wormwood. The light of the sun shall be extinguished for him. A curse shall rest upon him and upon all that concerns him. His wife shall become a sore in his flesh. With a scolding tongue she shall beshrew him. As a wanton she shall shame him. His worldly affairs shall not prosper. Misfortune and calamity shall follow him wherever he goes. Whatsoever he puts his hand to shall fail. An old man, homeless and friendless, he shall beg his bread from door to door. His intelligence shall decay. He shall be pointed out and jeered at as a fool that drivels and chatters. His health shall break. His bones shall rot in his body. His eyes shall become running ulcers in their sockets. His blood shall dry up, a fiery poison in his veins."

This denunciation gives Elias the "cold shivers," as he expresses it. Still, he continues to resolve that he will marry Christine. On the night before the intended marriage he tells the rabbi that he will marry a Goy. Goy, by the way, is the term applied by the German Jews to all not of their own race. In the rabbi Mr. Luska means to paint an exceptionably orthodox Jew. In a note explaining this he says:

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"It is a curious circumstance, however, that, in the majority of cases those very Jews who have cast quite loose from their Judaism, and proclaim themselves 'free-thinkers,' 'agnostics,' or what not, retain their prejudice against intermarriage, and even their superstitions anent its consequences."

The rabbi calmly tells Elias that the marriage cannot come off. He dogs his nephew's footsteps all the day before the evening of the ceremony, and he insists on accompanying the expectant bridegroom to Mr. Redwood's house. The rabbi is a terribly grim personage, a mixture of Poe's raven and a silent Ancient Mariner. He predicts a grievous calamity, and he is determined to see it take place. The state of the bridegroom's mind may be imagined from this pleasant snatch of dialogue as he drives off accompanied by the persistent rabbi:

"'At a church?' questioned the rabbi.
"'No; at their house,' replied Elias.
"'A large affair? Many guests?'
"'Very few. Perhaps twenty-five or thirty.'
"'That's good. It would be a pity to have a crowd.'"

No wonder Elias feels uncomfortable. The house is reached. The minister is ready. The bridal pair, surrounded by "young girls in bright colors and young men in white waistcoats and swallowtails," are waiting. Then the triumph of the rabbi comes. Elias is struck by an epileptic fit. The rabbi takes him home, and when he recovers he bears the "yoke of the thorah" meekly and jilts Christine Redwood. Altogether, Elias Bacharach is one of the weakest and most despicable personages among all the weak and despicable heroes presented to us by the novelists. He does not seem to have any convictions, except on the subject of music. He drops the heroine without much remorse, because he is afraid—so afraid that his fear results in a fit—of the tribulations prophesied by the rabbi. If Mr. Luska had represented him as torn by an agonizing struggle between principle, or even prejudice founded on principle, and affection for a "Goy," there would have been some element of nobility in Elias Bacharach's character. As he stands he is a weak-minded personage, capable of being superstitious, but incapable of strong faith. Having broken off the match, the rabbi—for we cannot help holding that determined Jew responsible for the epileptic fit—proceeds to marry Elias to a more suitable *partie*. He is introduced to the Kochs, the Blums, and the Morgenthaus—Jewish families who live uptown in New York. In describing these families—humorously, but without caricature or ridicule—Mr.

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Luska shines. The Kochs' house, on Lexington Avenue just above Sixty-first Street, with its gorgeous drawing-room, is an absolutely true picture. He meets Tillie Morgenthau, who is thus described by her mother:

"'She works like a horse. You never saw such a worker. It's simply fearful. And such a *good* girl, Mr. Bacharach. Only nineteen years old, and earns more than a hundred dollars a month, and supports me and herself. Her uncle, my brother, over there—he's as generous with his money as if it was water; and he gives Tillie a magnificent education. But she's bound to be self-supporting, and hasn't cost him a cent for nearly a year. Of course he gives her elegant presents every once in a while; but she pays our expenses by her own work. She's grand! She's an angel!'

"'You're right there,' put in Mr. Koch. 'Tillie's all wool from head to foot.'

"'And a yard vide,' added Mr. Blum."

This charming young lady has been set apart by the rabbi for Elias. She, too, has been educated at the Normal College—"class of '82, salutatory." "I wanted to be valedictory," she says; "I worked hard for it for four years, and when I didn't get it you can't imagine how horribly bad I felt."

The Kochs give a dinner. The younger Koch, Washington I., bursts out in a defence of the Americans. From this Mr. Blum dissents:

"'If you want to argue, you just answer me this: If you think America's such a poor sort of a place, what did you come here for, anyway?'

"'Oh! I came here because I didn't have no money; and I got an idea the streets here was paved with gold.'

"'Well, now that you've got money, and now that you know the streets here an't paved with gold, why don't you go back?'

"'Oh! dot—dot is another question.'

"'Well, I'll tell you why: Because you like it here. Because, down deep, you think it's the finest country in the world. You talk against it for the love of talking. If you went to Europe you'd be as homesick as anybody.'

"'An't my uncle a splendid conversationalist?'

"'Washington,' said his father-in-law solemnly, 'you got a head on you like Daniel Webster's.'

"'O papa!' cried Mrs. Koch, 'you make me die with laifing!'"

The conversation then takes a new turn. Mr. Blum addresses his daughter:

"'Sarah, them pickles is simply grand!'

"'O papa!' protested Mrs. Koch, blushing, 'how can you say dot, when Antoinette Morgenthau is seated right next to you? Her pickles beat mine all hollow.'

"'No,' cried Mrs. Morgenthau magnanimously, 'he's right; you're the boss.'

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"'Vail,' pursued Mr. Blum judicially, 'there is a defference. Antoinette's pickles is splendid—dot's a faict. May be their flavor is just as good as yours. But yours is crisper. When I put one of your pickles in my mouth, dot makes me feel said. I never taste no pickles so crisp as them since I was a little boy in Chairmany and ate my mamma's. Her pickles—oh! they was loafly, they was maiknificent!'

"'Ach! papa, you got so much zendiment!' his daughter exclaimed with deep sympathy.

"'You ought to taste my mamma's pickles,' Tillie whispered to Elias. 'Of course Mr. Blum is prejudiced in favor of his daughter's.'"

Christine Redwood's talk had been of Rossetti, symphonies; and at almost their first meeting Elias had told her the story of Faust and Marguerite—a subject of conversation which might have seemed rather shocking to old-fashioned people. Nevertheless he marries Miss Tillie Morgenthau, who delights in pickles.

He repents. He leaves her, for no cause whatever. He writes a long rhapsody to the woman he first deserted, and, on hearing of her marriage, dies in an epileptic fit. "Then some children ventured out to play in the Park. Up to the top of this rock they clambered. The next moment, in gleeful excitement, they were calling to their nurse, whom they had left behind in the pathway, 'Come and look at the man asleep!'"

Mr. Bunner's *Story of a New York House* (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons) is the story of a number of old New York houses. In Mr. Bunner's hands it becomes as beautiful and pathetic as fine art can make it. It, too, reflects the glow of the romance of human life that has been lived on the ways of every-day life. If Mr. Luska and Mr. Bunner continue to write, our young readers of English novels may in time find in New York some of the interest of the London of Dickens and Thackeray. Mr. Bunner's earlier story, *The Midge* (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons), is a careful and refined study of a locality once pleasantly sketched by a writer, now dead, in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It is the French quarter, whose playground is Washington Square, whose great restaurant was Charlemagne's, whose inhabitants comprise all grades of exiled Frenchmen, from the impoverished vicomte, exiled for cause, to the honest Norman working to buy a small spot in his native land. Mr. Bunner knows this delightful *quartier* well, and he gives us his knowledge of it in the form of a little novel, the heroine of which is an orphan left suddenly in the hands of a lonely, kind-hearted, delicate-minded, and manly old bachelor. Dr. Peters is of the Colonel Newcome type. Nothing could be truer to his generous nature than his attempt to find a religion for the orphan girl cast

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on his protection. The mother was a Pole—"a Catholic who never went to confession." Dr. Peters is obliged to fulfil the duty of looking after the funeral of this dead woman, who had refused a priest. He goes to the Rev. Theodore Beatty Pratt, in charge of the mission-chapel of the church of St. Gregorius:

"He did not feel quite easy in his mind about getting Pratt to perform the funeral service, although it seemed to be, on the whole, the best thing to do. He had a tender conscience, and it hurt him to think that perhaps, in spite of her petulant cynicism, the dead woman had been a Catholic at heart, and that she might have resented the idea of being laid to rest with alien rites. But then he did not wish to go to Father Dubé. Dubé was worth a dozen of Pratt; but Dubé had his peculiarities. He was a hard-headed, conscientious priest, much wearied in spirit and in his two hundred pounds of flesh by the endless needs of his ever-straggling flock, and he drew the line of indulgence at impenitent death. It was enough, he thought, for people to neglect religion and morality and soap and water all their lives; when they came to die the least they could do was to die in the church, and give their poor old pastor a chance to do something for their immortal souls at the one time when they couldn't possibly undo it themselves. This was Father Dubé's idea, although he never formulated it exactly in that way. And so Dr. Peters felt a little delicacy about calling upon him to say Mass for the stranger who had gone out of the world in a distinctly irreligious frame of mind. And (the doctor thought) Pratt would do just as well. It would never occur to Pratt to inquire whether or no the departed sister over whom he was to read the burial service had really been a good Church of England woman. He lived in a state of mild surprise at the fact that there actually were people in this world who did not belong to the Church of England."

The state of mind of the average tolerant American is well expressed in the succeeding paragraph. It is a state of mind which is most difficult to change; it is more stable than the condition of bigotry:

"Dr. Peters' religious views had the haziness of extreme catholicity. In his childhood, when his parents were pillars of the Episcopal Church in their little village in Oneida County, he had been brought up to look upon a Romanist as something nearly as bad as a Jew, in a different way, and not very far removed in guilt from the heathen. Later life and much experience of sore-tried humanity had taught him a lesson of wider charity. He had grown to think better of all creeds and less of any particular one. Now he was Father Dubé's friend, and the friend of the Rev. Theodore Beatty Pratt, and the friend of Brother Strong, of the Bethel; and he liked the Roman Catholic priest best of the three."

Midge, his ward, finds his religious experiments unsatisfactory. She thinks that it is just as easy to read Scriptural texts at home. The doctor appeals to Father Dubé to "make her a Catholic." The priest answers that "it is God who makes Catholics; it is not Dr. Peters or Father Dubé."

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"'You cannot make her a good Catholic,' he says to the doctor, 'while she is under your influence, while she believes in you. You cannot make her a member of the Church of England. You know it. It is impossible. You can make her go to the altar and say her prayers, but you know that it is not religion if her heart is not there. For an intelligent person that is worse than no religion at all. The worst enemy of the church is he who kisses the cross with doubt in his heart.'"

The story ends with a marriage. Midge is only slightly sketched, but the doctor and the priest are strongly drawn and the local color is true and fresh. Mr. Bunner's good taste pervades the story. The sentiment is not exaggerated, and the pathos of Midge's position is not overdrawn.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard is at present enjoying great popularity. *King Solomon's Mines* and *She* were lurid phantasmagoria, strong in the elements of surprise and wonder. They had new flavor, which the novel-reading public is always demanding. *She*, in spite of the critics, had no resemblance to Moore's fine *Epicurean*, which, with Gerald Griffin's *Invasion*, is too much neglected. *Jess* was an unpleasant story of what is called "contemporaneous human interest," redeemed by some interesting sketches of life among the Boers. *The Witch's Head*, lately issued, is an earlier work of rudimentary merit. *Dawn* is also an early book, but the latest published by Harper & Bros.

Dawn has all the worst qualities of a novel—bad in every sense. It is written in vulgar English. It is too long. It is immoral in its suggestions; and Mr. Haggard lacks even the art of making immorality enticing. This last is the only virtue—one of necessity—that saves *Dawn* from being dangerous.

The two translations of the month are Tolstoï's *Katia* (New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger) and Jon Thordssön's *Sigfrid*, an Icelandic love-story.

It seems strange to most of us, who have an impression that Russia is bleak and chill, to notice that Katia revels in lilac-blooms and all the concomitants of spring and summer, and that she is struck by the coldness of the landscapes at Baden-Baden as compared with the more luxuriant scenery of her own country in summer. Katia is a young orphan married to her guardian. There are misunderstandings that come from her inexperience and his peculiar scheme of letting her have her own way and then suffering for it. There are fine analyses of character and motive in *Katia*, and the story is almost idyllic in its purity and simplicity. There is only one passage to be regretted, and that is the description of the declaration of passion made by the marquis. Tolstoï's painting of Russian manners and customs is al-

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ways perfectly done. Katia thus describes a religious retreat during the octave of the Feast of the Assumption:

"When the horses were ready I entered the droschky, accompanied by Macha or a maid, and drove about three versts to church. In entering the church I never failed to remember that we pray there for all those 'who enter this place in the fear of God,' and I strove to rise to the level of this thought, above all when my feet first touched the two grass-grown steps of the porch. At this hour there were not usually in the church more than ten or a dozen persons, peasants and drorovié, preparing to make their devotions; I returned their salutations with marked humility, and went myself (which I regarded as an act of superior merit) to the drawer where the wax tapers were kept, received a few from the hand of the old soldier who performed the office of starost, and placed them before the images. Through the door of the sanctuary I could see the altar-cloth mamma had embroidered, and above the iconstase two angels spangled with stars, which I had considered magnificent when I was a little girl, and a dove surrounded by a gilded aureole which, at that same period, often used to absorb my attention."

When the service was over the priest humbly asked the young heiress whether he should go to her house to celebrate Vespers. To which, in order to mortify her pride, she condescended to say no. In all these pictures of Russian life the abject servility of the Russian priests to rank and wealth is a remarkable feature.

Jon Thordssön Thoroddsson is an Icelandic poet, and, the translator of *Sigfrid* (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.) informs us, next to Bjarne Thorarensson and Jonas Hallgrimsson, the most favored and extensively read. *Sigfrid* is a prose idyl. It bears the stamp of truth. It realizes for us life in eastern Iceland. The ways of the farmers, of the townspeople, whose barons and high nobility are men in small wholesale businesses, the manners of students, are presented to us. We are struck with the low level of civilization and the unconcern with which feminine lapses from purity are regarded. The results of Lutheranism in Sweden, Norway, and Iceland seem to have stifled whatever aspirations the people had.

The Lovely Wang, by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield (Bristol: Arrowsmith), is a pleasant Chinese novel, full of instruction, but not comparable in value to Mr. Greey's unique Japanese translations, *The Loyal Ronins* and *The Captive of Love*.

Mrs. Molesworth is one of the few English "lady novelists" who would be greatly missed. She is safe; she writes good English; she has lived among decent people with so much comfort that she does not find it necessary to run after indecent ones. Her *Marriage and Giving in Marriage* (New York: Harper & Bros.) is a pleasant story of the life of an English girl in

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France. It is an apology for the French manner of protecting a young girl from the natural sentimentalism of youth.

Aveline, the English girl, is permitted to see Mr. Hereward so often that he and she become interested in each other. At this point her mother, who abhors French restrictions and ideas about marriage, interferes and insists on her marrying a rich and dissipated young Englishman. Aveline, who wants to be obedient, finds her affections already engaged, when marriage seems impossible. As a rule, English writers insist that the French system of marriages of reason is a cruel one. But, as Mrs. Molesworth shows, how can it be as cruel as the English and American systems, which leave young people together without warning or chaperon until sentiment and inexperience form a compound called love, often followed by a "marriage of unreason"? Aveline talks to Mademoiselle de Villers, who explains the French system:

"'I want to tell you myself—grandmamma said I might,' Mademoiselle de Villers began. 'I dare say you can guess what it is, dear Aveline.'

"'You are going to be married,' Aveline exclaimed.

"'Yes—at least that will come in due time. In the first place there will be, of course, *les fiançailles*, but I wanted you to know before it is formally announced. I count you quite like one of my best friends, though I have not known you long. And Monsieur de Bois-Hubert—he likes and admires you so much. I hope we shall always be friends, dear Aveline.'

"'And you,' said Aveline, returning her little caress, for they were in a corner where they could not be seen, 'you are very happy—quite happy, dear Modeste, I hope?'

"'*Quite* happy. Maurice is all I wanted. He is so good and kind, and clever too. And I know he truly cares for me. I can feel it somehow—he is so different from some others I have known. No, I have no misgiving; I feel sure I have done right.'

"'But,' said Aveline in surprise, 'I did not know it was like that here—in France. I thought your parents simply told you whom you were to marry, and that you had to obey them.'

"'My parents gave their consent *first*, of course,' said Modeste. 'They have said on several occasions that this or that gentleman would not be disapproved of by them if I liked him. But then they left me free to decide. I should never have wished to marry any one they *disapproved* of, I hope. *Indeed, I scarcely could have done so. I know that no gentlemen they do not think well of are allowed to become intimate with us. That is only a matter of course.*'

"'I understand,' said Aveline quietly. 'I think in some ways French girls are to be envied, Modeste—and in your case especially.'"

Mrs. Molesworth does not admit that young people should be allowed to marry without consideration of their temporal prospects. In the end Aveline marries Mr. Hereward, but not

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until he has done away with the chief obstacle to matrimony in his case, and fallen heir to a fortune. Mrs. Molesworth's philosophy is one not generally taught in novels. She teaches that the material conditions of marriage cannot safely be overlooked, and that the thoughtlessness and carelessness of parents are the causes of the great number of unhappy marriages. French parents present no young man to their daughters who is not suitable in every way. The French home is most exclusive, most impenetrable. No stranger not responsibly introduced is admitted. The chaperon is an institution; and the results show that a community of interests is as binding as a community of sentiment. Duty, after all, becomes a habit more likely to last than the first glow of inclination, when "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Marriage and Giving in Marriage might profitably be considered and discussed by American fathers and mothers.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Under this head we purpose for the future to give a variety of articles too brief, too informal, or too personal for the body of the magazine. For obvious reasons these communications will be, for the most part, unsigned.

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION.

I belong to a Connecticut family of Puritan descent, and was baptized, as an infant, in the Congregational Church. Later on my father began to attend the Episcopal Church, and in that church I was confirmed. In my last year at college I read McIlvaine's *Evidences of Christianity*, a book considered at the time a standard Protestant authority. This book made me an infidel. My reasoning was this: Here is the best that can be said on the evidences of Christianity; if these are the best evidences, then I am an infidel. I was much interested at the time in Darwin, in the works of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, in Lewes' *History of Philosophy* and in his account of the Positive philosophy, and in the articles published by the *Westminster Review*.

After graduating at an American college I went to Germany as a devotee of the Positive philosophy. Having heard of the materialistic tendencies of German thought, I was much surprised to find that the Positive philosophy had no standing in Germany. I found, also, that the names of Mill and Spencer, and the free-thinking English school, had no great weight in that country. I became inoculated with German tendencies, and they led me to respect all religions. I found, for example, that a German historian of Buddhism placed himself in the mood of the Buddhist, and conceived his mission of historian as one mainly of sympathy, not of criticism; and so with regard to other religions. Thus I came to believe

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in all religions, without believing in any. German fairness, imagination, mysticism, sympathy, and, above all, the manifestly wider knowledge of particular historical facts I found among Germans, overthrew the influence of the English thinkers. I saw that the English Positive school was deplorably ignorant of universal history, and wanting even in literary catholicity. I became a German idealist as to moods and sympathies. Not believing in the miraculous, I yet conceived, with many Germans, that the mission of philosophy and history is to explore and analyze the workings of the human mind, yielding to all its manifestations recognition and respect.

I returned to America in this frame of mind, which made me somewhat antagonistic to Anglo-Saxon thought and to the American thought which is influenced by it. Whether Agnostic or Protestant, this thought is mainly bounded by the limits of the Protestant period. If the thought is Protestant, the new era began in the sixteenth century. If the thought is Agnostic, the new era is just beginning. My German studies of Italian Renaissance and Italian mediæval history had made me aware of a civilization the equal, and in many respects the superior, of our own. This was the civilization of a Catholic period, from which, indeed, the later civilization of Europe is derived. As for history and its periods, therefore, my sympathies were turned to the older periods and to the history of Catholic civilization. And I knew Catholicity must still possess and, as far as political conditions would permit, continue to propagate civilization in its truest sense.

Thus I became what may be termed a political Catholic. This tendency was continually strengthened by studies in modern history, especially that of religious persecution. I saw that the persecutions and cruelties charged to Catholicity were really matters of political history, and that the way in which they were treated was a matter of political bias. The Protestants were the innovators and the disintegrators, politically speaking; the Catholics were the conservatives and the partisans of the established order, politically speaking. Persecutions were equally chargeable to both sides. It was only a question whether people had studied the subject in the history of Ireland or that of the Dutch Republic. I also became aware that Catholic sovereigns like Louis XIV., when committing cruelties like the Dragonnades, which were charged to the account of the Roman Pontiffs, were antagonists of the Holy See. I knew that one of the popes was a political ally of the Protestant William III.; that the first news of the sailing of the Spanish Armada was sent to Elizabeth from the court of Rome, and a number of similar facts which showed the absurdity of what may be called the "St. Bartholomew Massacre" attitude in history.

Meantime circumstances made me acquainted with Spiritism. I had no relations with professional mediums and their machinery, and I fully realized the charlatanism connected therewith; but I came into possession, through my wife and friends of hers in whom I could not but trust, of such manifold and perfectly proven facts that I was forced to own the existence of a spiritual world. This was a means of my believing in the doctrine of Purgatory. The matter was most painfully thrust upon me by my wife's death. I realized that some of even the purest human souls must enter their future state in such a condition as to make immediate introduction into heaven highly improbable. I also became aware in myself of the weakness and depravity of human nature in its best endeavors. I had tried to be a good husband to my wife, and I saw how far below her purity and goodness I had fallen in this effort.

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Thus far I had never had a Catholic friend and had never attended a Catholic church, except to hear its music or inspect its works of art. I am not aware that I had ever heard a Catholic sermon or read a Catholic book. On the instant that the doctrine of Purgatory entered my mind as a rational and necessary doctrine, it appeared to me also that the Catholic Church must be a purified and organized Spiritualism—that is to say, an organic union of all friends of God in this life and in the one beyond. I already sympathized with the Catholic Church in matters of history and politics, and it now seemed to me that its miracles, including the miraculous events attending the birth of Jesus Christ, were consonant with possible facts as the phenomena of spiritualism made them appear to be possible. Beyond that, reverence for the power and organism of this greatest force in history made it seem absurd for a person believing and feeling as I did to be anything but a Catholic.

Yet it was two years after these convictions possessed me that I was able to make my way into the communion of the church. During this time I was still uninfluenced by Catholic friends or by Catholic books. In fact, I always preferred to find my arguments for the church in the writings of her opponents. Patient and honest study, extending over my best years, has produced an unassailable conviction that all who attack the Catholic religion in its essential doctrines are wrong; and this is a wonderful help to my believing that the Catholic religion is true.

It is matter of course that in this personal evolution from atheism my early Christian training was of service; but I was mainly assisted by my inability to comprehend Christianity as an abstract scheme or an abstract philosophy. My turn of mind and my studies made me unable to understand any Christianity outside of a concrete, living organism, and that is Catholicity. Thus the problem being one between the Christian religion and none at all, a decision in favor of Christianity made the Catholic faith an inevitable result.

NOTES ON THE PARIS SALON.

The Salon of 1887 more than holds its own with those of preceding years; the general standard of work is higher, and one thankfully misses those startlingly horrible canvases the young French artist of a certain school delights in. Even Rochegrosse is subdued, and his large picture, "The Death of Cæsar," is comparatively mild.

Benjamin Constant has chosen to go on illustrating Sardou's plays; he gives us this time "Théodora," sternly beautiful, in a throne-like chair, the light so managed as to bring out the full values of her jewels and draperies. His other picture, "Orpheus," is unpleasantly black, and "Orpheus" himself so thick and clumsy he might as well have been called "Hercules," or "Vulcan," or "The Village Blacksmith."

The room in which these two pictures hang is altogether an interesting one. Joseph Bail, who comes of a family of artists, has "A Scullion"—a small, fair-haired boy surrounded by brass and copper pots and pans, which he is scouring lustily; the metals are splendidly painted, and the scullion is a jolly little fellow no cook could be cross with—for long.

Howard Russel Butler, a young American who has already a reputation, has a very clever "Moonrise." The color is subtle and delicate; everything is very high in tone—even the old boat in the foreground is white, and the boys playing in the sand are in light garments. Another picture by the same artist is "The Sea," but so badly hung one cannot judge it fairly.

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"Heirs at-Law," by Eugène Buland, is an amusing picture. Some one has evidently died, and the next of kin have gathered round the safe where the papers are kept. The faces are strongly painted and are good types of the small *bourgeoisie*, their several expressions, of anxiety, of grief, greed, and indifference, well portrayed.

Mr. Bridgeman's "On the Terraces, Algiers," is a very white scheme, in which an Arab Juliet leans over the parapet of a flat-roofed house to converse with an Eastern Romeo, whose swarthy head alone is visible. Mr. Dannat has an extremely uninteresting portrait, and Mr. Ralph Clarkson a canvas too big for his story; his work is good and solid, however. There is also a very lovely landscape by Mr. James Barnsby, and an interior by Mr. McEwen called "Courtship in Holland." Do these unfortunate young Dutch people never evade their chaperons, we wonder? or are they condemned to perpetual conversation "*à trois*"?

Malice says that Duez is fond of novelty and wishes to show how many styles he can master! Certainly his "Evening" is a striking contrast to his very red lady last year. He gives us life-sized cows in an almost life-sized field, with a proportionate amount of sky and sea; the two latter are beautifully painted, full of a wonderfully hushed repose, but the landscape and the animals are neither pleasing nor true. Opposite this is the picture which "they say" is to have the medal of honor; it is by Cormon, and represents the triumphant entry of the victors of Salamine. To my mind Mr. George Hitchcock's "Cultivation of Tulips" is far more interesting; the Dutch lady walking in her garden full of prim squares of flowers is quaint and has much human interest.

Painting, under any circumstances, is difficult, and with a refractory model it must be ten times more so. I met Mr. William Henry Howe not far from his picture, and when I complimented him on it (it is one of the finest cattle-pieces in the Exhibition) he told me he had had a terrible time with "the old white lady in the foreground"; she would not pose, but persistently lay down and rolled every time she was brought out. I may remark that "the old white lady" is a very fine life-sized cow. However great his difficulties, Mr. Howe has triumphantly overcome them and produced a lastingly fine picture, interesting not only for the animals but for the landscape; the moon, just rising behind a low hill, floods the whole scene with a soft light.

Several of the great French masters were at the *vernissage*, and I listened eagerly for any crumbs of wisdom that might fall from their lips; but, as a rule, they were extremely cautious. I did hear one very big man *indeed* remark that Charles Stanley Reinhart's "Drowned Sailor" was "*rudement bien fait*," which may be translated "stunningly well done"—a sentiment universally endorsed.

I have called the picture "A Drowned Sailor" simply because its official title, "*Un Épave*," is rather impossible in English. "A Castaway," the nearest one can get to it, suggests rafts and a desert island, whereas the sea has flung this poor fellow upon the beach of a Normandy fishing-village. The strongest bit of painting in the picture is the head of the man who kneels beside the unfortunate stranger, his hand to his breast as he has raised it to make the sign of the cross, while his lips move in prayer for the unknown dead. Mr. Reinhart witnessed an almost precisely similar episode on the coast near Tréport one morning after a terrible storm, in which eight boats went to pieces between there and Dieppe. One is almost inclined to connect this artist's two pictures. His second, the solitary figure of an old woman looking out to sea, might be the mother of the drowned man, and her face have acquired that strained, weary expression scanning the horizon for "those who will never come back to the town."

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Mr. Eugene Vail tells another tragedy of the sea. His "Widow," a young peasant woman holding a little boy by the hand, faces us on the canvas. Her figure is wonderfully well executed, and one can almost feel the salt, moist atmosphere and the wind that is blowing her hair and skirts.

There are fewer horrible pictures than usual this year, but there has certainly been a rage for hospital subjects. Gervex gives us Dr. Péan about to perform an operation on a young woman; he is surrounded by attentive students. Then we have "A Clinical Lesson at Salpêtrière," with an hysterical patient in the arms of a Sister of Mercy. "Pasteur Inoculating for Hydrophobia," having gathered his people from the ends of the earth—Arabs, Russians, Swedes—"The Ward of a Cholera Hospital," and a few more equally cheerful, indeed scientific, experiments, illustrations of Zola's *L'Œuvre*, and General Boulanger, are the three most popular themes. The latter gallant soldier we find repeated sixteen times, in paint, plaster, and marble. As some one wickedly said, the most flattering picture of him is that in which his face is not shown; it is by Roll, and is called "War." The general, on his well-known gray horse and muffled up in a military cloak, has just ordered his soldiers to march up a hill and dislodge some batteries of artillery. There is a scent of powder about the picture, and one can only hope fervently that it is not prophetic.

The landscapes are in profusion and of great excellence. There is a beautiful Pelouse, "The Source of the Bergerette," a cool, mossy-looking picture; "In Sologne," by Damoye; "A Summer Day," by Heilbuth; "The Pond at Vaux de Cernay," by Peter Alfred Gross; "Twilight," by Alexander Harrison, which is, for him, feeble; and "The Thames near Greenwich," by F. M. Boggs.

Pictures with any religious sentiment or feeling are conspicuous by their absence. Our old friend "Salome," of course, is to be met at every turn. She is as much an institution as Leda and her eternal swan. There is a "Death of St. Francis Regis," by Joseph Aubert, and a "Death of St. Cecilia," by Bertrand, neither suggestive of much spirituality; while Deschamps' "Sleep of Christ" is simply an insult to the Divine Infant and his Mother. He has chosen to represent the latter by the well-known model who has posed for all the "Madnesses" and "Miseries" he has painted in his own dead-and-dug-up-again manner. In fact, I think the only picture which impresses one as having been inspired by religious feeling is "The Last Supper," by Uhde, the Saxon painter. Our Lord and his apostles are seated at a table on rush-bottomed stools; through the diamond-paned window of the long, low room we see a cultivated landscape; on the table are pewter plates and drinking-horns. All these accessories are a little startling to one's preconceived notions, but, if done in the simplicity with which one would fain accredit them, they are as little shocking as the eccentricities of the pre-Raphaelites, and there is a certain dignity and refinement about the figures which is very charming.

AN ARMY WITHOUT LEADERS.

Is the cause of religious education in the public schools a forlorn hope? To many it seems so. Yet its bold advocacy by the Rev. Mr. Geers in the recent Episcopal Synod of Long Island, with the sympathy of many other members of that body; the powerful argument for it by the late Dr. Hodge, of Princeton Seminary; and many utterances, written and spoken, of representative men in the Protestant denominations generally, give solid grounds of hope. The Catholic Church is no longer alone on the right side of the school question. There is not

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a particle of doubt that Catholics and Protestants can come to a fair understanding.

But there are two difficulties: one as to the attitude of atheists, and the other as to the attitude of the politicians. As to the former we have nothing to say just now; but as to the latter we affirm that the end of all legislation is that citizens should lead virtuous lives, each according to his conscience. Now, the whole body of the American people are persuaded that religion and morality are conditions of good citizenship; it remains that they shall be convinced that unreligious schools are destructive of religion and morality, and hence of good citizenship. Such is already the mind of great numbers of honest Protestants and of the whole body of the Catholics. Why, then, is there scarce a ripple of agitation in the political world on the question? It is because our political leaders, of all forms of belief, have set themselves up as breakwaters to keep out of the halls of legislation the rising tide of the popular conscience. Nor is this unnatural. Nearly all men in public political life are seeking for office; but that is only half the truth—they are seeking for office by the easiest road and at the earliest moment. Both are best got by routine methods—the caucus. When politicians cultivate the knowledge of first principles, and devote their lives to the art of persuasion rather than of office-getting, education will be set right before the law. As yet the true view is but a wide-spread conviction, and no form of party whatever. But this state of things cannot long endure. There are true politicians in public life, and what a true politician wants is a good cause and an audience to address from press or platform. What a bogus politician wants is an office. Access to minds and hearts is the aim of the one; access to place and the treasury, of the other. Any man who knows his right hand from his left knows that a real leader in politics is one who has much to say of the right and wrong of public questions—*i.e.*, of their bearing on questions of religion and morality.

But an army like that of the friends of religious education, whose ranks are filling up with brave men, will not long want leaders to set it in array. Most probably they will be new-bred from the rank and file, and trained by the zeal of their very cause. We shall yet have leaders who will want to be right first and successful afterwards; who will perceive that a measure will succeed here if it ought to. At present Catholic politicians, big and little, evade this supreme question of the making of the citizen—the school question. They shrink from it. They wriggle out of it. They ravage the dictionary for meaningless words when forced to speak about it. They plunge into a sea of generalities when you strive to pin them to a square issue. All of which means that our people's first crop of politicians is rank and overgrown with weeds. But these will be ploughed under: a better class will soon appear.

Let us hope that the new men will be numerous enough and able and earnest enough to sweep aside the traders and hucksters of the noble vocation of politics. An organized movement in favor of religious schools for the children of religious parents is now to be prayed for and to be looked for.

There is not a city in America where the friends of education, truly so called, Catholics and Protestants, would not hold the balance of power at the next election for legislative officers, if they were only well organized upon the lines of this issue.

A PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL.

By what right does Henry C. Potter, of the Episcopal Church, ask his fellow-citizens of New York to build him a church? Is it because he is their bishop and

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wants a cathedral? He does not say so; he styles himself an "ecclesiastic by profession" and a "minister," a "servant" of the Episcopal Church; indeed, he nowhere calls the building a cathedral, using the word but once, and then in reference to St. Paul's, London. But the "structure," "building," "stately fabric," "sanctuary," "church," "shrine" of his letter everybody else calls the Protestant cathedral, and the men who are to collect the money and to build the church are called by the press the cathedral trustees. Webster's Dictionary says that a cathedral is the principal church in a diocese, so-called because in it the bishop has his official chair or throne. Why, then, does he not appeal to his fellow-citizens as their bishop? Because he seeks to win the general non-Catholic public to his enterprise. For the same reason he promises that it shall be a centre for "our common Christianity" and "various schools of thought." Yet he avows that it is to be built by his denomination and the administration of it confided to its control.

We are entirely willing to call Henry C. Potter by the name of bishop by courtesy, as we would a Methodist bishop. But he is very shrewd to forego that name in his appeal for his big church, and to omit the name of cathedral. He is really what he terms himself, a "professional ecclesiastic," a "minister" and a "servant" of his denomination, and one of excellent abilities; but bishop he is not, and his chief church can never have a chair or throne of apostolic authority, and might just as well be called a mosque or a pagoda as a cathedral. The millions may be raised and their total increased by Presbyterian and Methodist and Baptist contributions, and a great hall for religious uses for men of every shade of belief or unbelief be built; but millions cannot get them a real bishop to put into it. Common-sense millionaires will build no cathedral till they are sure of a bishop; of that fact Bishop Potter seems practically conscious.

An ecclesiastic by profession needs no cathedral. But he says he needs, and he declares solemnly that all of us New-Yorkers need, a great religious edifice. Granted; granted that we need a round dozen of them, and that, for the sake of art alone, men should rear stately temples and fill them with devotional painting and sculpture, and that New York should have many such. Why only one, and that one built and owned and administered by the Protestant Episcopal Church? Is that denomination the religious representative of New York's population? We think quite the reverse. History tells us that that church as an organization hated the liberty of the people of New York during the Revolutionary War. Not only so, but, says Bancroft, the Episcopal clergy of New York fomented distrust of the neighboring colonies. They were active and malignant Tories. Bishop Potter speaks in his appeal of "that trust in God which kept alive in our fathers courage, heroism, and rectitude"; does he mean by "fathers" Governor Tryon and his Tory militia, and were the courage, heroism, and rectitude which he mentions qualities of the enemies of the Patriot cause? The New York patriots imbibed no such sentiments from the Anglicanism of that day.

And at this day the Protestant Episcopal Church, although numbering many honest, well-meaning persons, is but a form of Anglicanism. It furnishes a large share of that contemptible class among us called Anglomaniacs. They answered as an organization to the call of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Pan-Anglican Synod, and sent delegates to it. Therefore Bishop Potter's promise that the new shrine shall be "the symbol of no foreign sovereignty, whether in the domain of faith or morals," though meant as an insult to Catholics—fully one-half of the "men and brethren" he addresses—will be hard of fulfilment if built and managed by his church. The English nation and the Anglican Church, in their hatred

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of everything foreign, have, in the British Islands, rivalled the Chinese, and that, too, at the same time they were emulating Moslemism in propagating a foreign creed in Ireland by force of arms. In truth, it is a bad sign for any religion when its spokesman sneers at foreigners, especially if he claims the Christian name. Tell us, Bishop Potter, why did Christ rebuke the narrowness of the Jews by selecting the Samaritan, a foreigner, as the type of the Christian virtue of charity, and again of gratitude for the cure of leprosy? And why did Christ say that he will cite foreign Tyre and Sidon against those blue-blood Jews who hated the Son of David as much as they were jealous of foreigners? Tell us, sir, would you have us be American in religion? Shall we not be one with all men and know neither Jew nor Greek, nor bond nor free, nor native nor foreign in our religious life? It is no objection to a religion that either in its membership or its authority it is "foreign"; a true American wants to know only one thing of a religion—is it divine? If American institutions have any religious cast it is towards universality in religion, least of all in the direction of the narrowest of the sects.

"It would be a people's church," says the appeal, and its services conducted in a "language understood by the common people." The common people just yet have no general access to Protestant Episcopal churches. These structures are owned by the rich, the pews filled with the rich, and the rich of other denominations constantly attracted to this one as to congenial company. How, then, will you make this a people's church? Shall it be deeded over to the Corporation of New York or to the Knights of Labor? A people's church? Tell us, bishop, will the people own the property, the trustees and professional ecclesiastics be elected by the people? Will the people fill the "cathedral" any more than they do Trinity now, or Grace Church?

There is a bishop in New York, and he is a real one. He holds a place in that apostolic line from which Henry C. Potter's "succession" was severed by a prick from Elizabeth's bodkin. He is not an "ecclesiastic by profession," but a bishop by divine right. And he has a cathedral, an edifice of which New-Yorkers are proud. It is, too, in every sense a people's church, thronged with men and women of every class, and where the true faith once revealed is plainly taught and with authority. If the writer of the appeal, or any other of our Protestant brethren, thinks that this building is inadequate as an architectural expression of religious life, he cannot deny that it is New York's cathedral. If it were a shanty on the rocks or a tent by the shore, it is a cathedral, the chief church of a real diocese, in which is the chair of a genuine successor of the Apostles, wielding a real authority.

If our Protestant friends desire to have a great building, of magnificent proportions, of costly adornment, thrown open for any and all religious purposes, we say, Go ahead. We shall not be jealous of you; only be careful lest any particular denomination get control of it. But for any Protestant church or meeting-house the word cathedral is a misnomer.

Bishop Potter appeals to the people, but he means a few wealthy individuals. We can tell the men of wealth that no Anglican church edifice can ever be the cathedral of New York. Whatever shortcomings of doctrine or lukewarmness of practice we perceive in the religious state of New York Protestants, we affirm that it is worthy of a better exponent than the American form of Anglicanism. Anglicanism never has been, is not now, and never will be the expression of the religious sentiments of the people of the metropolis, whether Protestant or not.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS: NEW YORK. By Ellis H. Roberts. 2 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

It must be confessed that there is not very much that appeals to the imagination in the origin and growth of the great American commonwealths. The mellow tints and mystic shadows of a remote historic age are altogether wanting, and the picturesque and the poetic are not particularly prominent.

The events in our early history, though often stirring and always pregnant with great results, belong for the most part to the matter-of-fact and commonplace order of a people's material progress and prosperity. The early history of New York, however, is relieved from the monotony of colonial settlement and growth by the enterprise and heroism of the Jesuit missionaries on its borders, and the thrilling scenes of the French and Indian wars, so that the Empire State can claim the first place in historic interest as well as in the development of wealth and population. From that autumn day in 1609 when the *Half-Moon* furrowed the silent waters of New York Bay and sailed up the course of the majestic river that bears the name of her commander, New York has been the theatre of events in every way worthy the dignity of history. These events are well grouped and graphically described in the work before us.

Mr. Roberts discusses at some length the first discoveries made on our coast, and he furnishes evidence which leaves no room for doubt that the Florentine navigator, Giovanni Verrazzano, entered New York Bay in his ship, *La Dauphine*, and pushed on up the Hudson as early as the spring of 1524. This Catholic explorer even gave the name of Cape St. Mary to Sandy Hook. But it was the discovery of Henry Hudson nearly a hundred years later that led to practical results and laid the foundation of our history.

The country immediately south of the St. Lawrence had been explored, and to some extent settled also, by French outposts and Jesuit missionaries long before the Dutch moved up the valley of the Mohawk. And this early page in the history of the State receives its full share of attention from Mr. Roberts.

The period of the Dutch colonization, with its struggles and successes, its hopes and fears, and something of its manners and customs also, is agreeably portrayed by his fluent pen. The English occupation—or perhaps it would be more correct to call it usurpation—with all the important events that transpired under the rule of colonial governors, is fully, and we think fairly, discussed. The growth of the spirit of liberty among the descendants of the old colonists is traced to its final fruition in the war of Independence, and the part New York played in the great struggle is set forth. Then each step in the progress of the great commonwealth is described down to the present year, making the history complete, if not exhaustive.

There is not a dull chapter in the whole work, and it is written in a spirit of justice to all the actors on the scene which will make the publication acceptable to all fair-minded men. If the other volumes of the series

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be written in the same broad and generous spirit, *American Commonwealths* will usher in a new era in our historical literature.

ABRAHAM, JOSEPH, AND MOSES IN EGYPT. By Rev. A. H. Kellogg, D.D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.; London: Trübner & Co. 1887.

We have here, published in the best style of typography, and adorned with several spirited sketches representing Egyptian Pharaohs, a volume containing several lectures delivered by the author at the Princeton Theological Seminary. The author's main object is to compare the chronological data of Genesis and Exodus with those of Egyptian monuments, so as to ascertain the position of Abraham, Joseph, and Moses in the history of Egypt with respect to the dynasties and reigns during which they severally made their appearance at the court of the Pharaohs.

The opinion of the author is that four hundred and thirty years elapsed between the seventy-fifth year of Abraham and the Exodus. He argues—as it seems to us, very conclusively—that Abraham visited Egypt during the reign of one of the Shepherd Kings; that the career of Joseph is to be placed in the period of the eighteenth dynasty, after the expulsion of the Shepherds, and that the Exodus took place at the end of the nineteenth dynasty. Dr. Kellogg conjectures that Apepi may have been the Pharaoh visited by Abraham. The Pharaoh who elevated Joseph he supposes to have been either Thothmes III. or Amenophis III. It is certain that the stone city of Pithom was built by the children of Israel during the reign of Rameses II. This king reigned sixty-seven years and lived to the age of ninety-six. The princess who adopted Moses may have been his daughter. Rameses made his thirteenth son, Mineptah, his colleague twelve years before his death, and was succeeded by him. After Mineptah came three short reigns of kings whose order of succession is uncertain, then a period of confusion, followed by the inauguration of the twentieth dynasty. Whichever of the last three kings was the last one of the three was the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

The author makes no attempt to fix the absolute chronology of the period under examination. His effort is professedly in a great measure only tentative; his examination of historical and monumental data is conducted in a strictly critical manner, without dogmatism, in the cautious and moderate spirit of genuine and solid scholarship. We consider his work to be one of real value and utility, a specimen of a class of writings on topics of ancient and obscure history, having an important religious bearing apart from their purely scientific scope, which it is very desirable to have multiplied.

SERMONS AT MASS. By the Rev. Patrick O'Keeffe, C.C., author of *Moral Discourses*. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1887. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

These sermons are written in a clear and forcible style. In this new volume Father O'Keeffe has followed the plan adopted in his *Moral Discourses* published seven years ago, which have been highly praised by competent judges. While the masterpieces of pulpit oratory produced by Bossuet and others must ever be admired by scholars, very few priests can successfully imitate them; and even if they could, many persons in their congregations would derive very little benefit. Where, for example, the vice of intemperance is prevalent, it is of more importance that the people

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should be instructed how to avoid drunkenness, and all the occasions that lead to it proximately and remotely, than that they should have their attention directed to the glorious epochs of church history, the rise and fall of empires, etc. For the present welfare of Christians in many parishes, it is quite as necessary to censure the saloon-keepers who are doing the devil's work as it is to denounce the heretics who are teaching false doctrines.

All the subjects chosen by Father O'Keeffe are eminently practical, especially that of intemperance. "Those engaged in selling drink," he says, "will not be pleased if any one says a word to prevent the tippler from banking his money safely in their tills. Quite so; but are not the heart-broken wife and children of this same tippler to have any voice in the matter? Are they to have no voice in the disbursement of the hard-earned money, which by right belongs to them?"

Any one who can write such sermons has no need to apologize for his youth. Though only a curate in the archdiocese of Cashel, Father O'Keeffe has had the gratification of receiving a letter of approval from Archbishop Croke, who is himself most accomplished in the art of plain speaking.

We would recommend to all the younger clergy of Ireland the careful perusal of the declarations concerning intemperance recently promulgated by the archbishops and bishops of the United States assembled in the Council of Baltimore. In our opinion it is the most complete statement to be found of the church's teaching in regard to the business of liquor-selling.

ELEMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAW. Compiled with reference to the latest decisions of the Roman Congregations, and adapted especially to the discipline of the Church in the United States. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. Vol. I. Ecclesiastical Persons. Sixth edition. Completely revised according to the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

This new edition of Dr. Smith's work has special value on account of containing a full treatment of the ecclesiastical law as shaped by the legislation of the last Plenary Council. Diocesan consultors, their official relations to the ordinary and to the diocese, are fully treated of. The nomination of bishops as provided for by the council, the relative functions therein of the bishops of the province and the diocesan consultors and irremovable rectors, the canonical status of the clergy of different grades, the conditions for obtaining rectorships, for dividing parishes and missions, the canonical status of religious communities under the constitution *Romanos Pontifices*, and indeed the whole canon law of the church in America, is embraced in Dr. Smith's learned work.

If any man among us is entitled to a fortune for patient, intelligent literary and scientific labor for the common good of the church, it is the author of this work.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN COLONIAL DAYS. The thirteen colonies, the Ottawa and Illinois country, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, 1521–1763. With portraits, views, maps, and fac-similes. By John Gilmary Shea. New York: John G. Shea. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Mr. Shea has here conferred a signal and perpetual benefit on American and Catholic literature. We have read this first volume of the history of the church in America with great interest, admiring the diligence, enterprise,

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perseverance, and judgment of its distinguished author; we hope to find the second volume, already promised, the life of Archbishop Carroll, to be of even greater interest. Concerning it we venture to suggest a full treatment of the establishment of the hierarchy in the United States. The communication of the nuncio at Paris to Benjamin Franklin and its answer, the letters between Franklin and the Washington government, should, we think, all be studied with special care and presented to the public fully. The communication of the government of the United States in which it is affirmed that the question of establishing the Catholic bishopric is a matter not within its jurisdiction should be given verbatim.

All public-spirited Catholics should assist Mr. Shea and the Catholic Historical Society, of which he is the most conspicuous member, in getting out this series, and should support the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*, a quarterly whose title denotes its mission. In this connection we notice with pleasure the publication of the first volume of Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia.

THE CHURCH AND THE VARIOUS NATIONALITIES IN THE UNITED STATES. Are German Catholics unfairly treated? By Rev. John Gmeiner. Milwaukee, Wis.: H. H. Zahn & Co.

The American Republic has gathered to its bosom portions of all the races of the civilized world, and infused into them a principle of civil and political unity. The American state is a means of blending different and even antagonistic races into one. Everywhere, except in the large cities where the trial is not fairly made, the unifying process is a real success. There are American States whose area is as great as some of the empires of the Old World, whose people, counted by millions, are of from six to ten different nationalities and languages; yet they live in peace together, carry on the legislative, judicial, and executive functions of government successfully, and are good American citizens.

This is mainly the result of intelligent self-interest. Good citizenship in America is a condition of personal welfare. Rational civil freedom and civil equality produce civil fraternity or unity. Father Gmeiner discusses a phase of the church's solution of the same problem in the spiritual order, where self-interest is of a spiritual kind only, and where the chief concern is man's hereafter. His pamphlet, written with great intelligence and undoubted impartiality, shows the difficulty of the church's task—a difficulty explained by the supernatural motives necessary to assimilate the principle of unity inherent in the Catholic organism. But this pamphlet, written by a German, but from the point of view of universality, is a sure sign of the success of the work the church has in hand among our different nationalities. Whatever unifying force American civil institutions possess, the church has those which are of immediate divine institution, and the discerning observer can everywhere perceive the gradual merging of the race distinctions among her children.

ST. TERESA'S PATER NOSTER: A Treatise on Prayer. By Joseph Frassinetti. Translated from the Italian by Wm. Hutch, D.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is a compendium of what St. Teresa has taught on the subject of prayer. It is condensed chiefly from her *Way of Perfection* and her commentaries, made for the instruction of her nuns, on the Lord's Prayer. She is quoted verbatim, though not at great length, and the remarks which

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Father Frassinetti subjoins to his extracts are not unseldom merely a restatement of her words. Now and again, however, he enlarges upon the theme which she supplies; as, for example, when he pleads for greater liberty of spirit on the part of directors guiding penitents along the road of contemplation. It is thorny and hard enough already, he contends; do not make it harder by showing an exaggerated fear of supernatural foes lurking behind every bush that looks green and pleasant. What you are inclined to mistrust as an ambush is quite as likely to be a real oasis in the desert—its springs sweet and living, and its fruits a necessary refreshment. In many respects this brief summary of whatever is practical in St. Teresa's teaching is better adapted to general use than the larger works from which it has been prepared.

HISTORY OF ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT, EDINBURGH, the first religious house founded in Scotland since the so-called Reformation; and the Autobiography of Sister Agnes Xavier Trail. With a Preface by the Most Rev. Wm. Smith, D.D., Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. Edinburgh and London: John Chisholm.

Doubtless there are many things of interest in the history of the restoration of conventual life in Scotland as told in this beautiful volume, but the autobiography of its pioneer, Sister Agnes Xavier Trail, is a perfect gem. She was the daughter of a Scotch Calvinistic minister, and from her earliest years of an intensely religious character of mind. She reached the true faith by treading the hard intellectual way. Although an artist of more than ordinary gifts, her works being praised by the best judges and greatly sought after, the æsthetic side of Catholicity seems never to have had much influence in attracting her to the church. The efficacious means of her conversion were solid reasons drawn from God's word, of which she was a most devoted student, and from her interior difficulties. There were circumstances that seem somewhat miraculous, but the main process was the work of an honest conscience following enlightened reason. It would be hard to find a better-told story; it is simple, clear, breathing intelligent devotion to truth in every word. How dense was her original ignorance of Catholicity, how strange the mixture of good and evil in her life as a Protestant, how her first doubt arose and the long agony that then followed, her conferences with Catholic priests, with Calvinistic ministers, with beseeching friends—all is told in a most interesting way. The last struggles are particularly interesting—that is, the resistance of natural affection, the infliction of those who came but to aggravate her difficulties, to appeal to family pride, worldly ambition, and her treatment at the hands of those "who," as she says, "came but to throw salt on the wounds" of her bleeding heart.

There is an interesting account of the settlement of Scotch Catholics in Canada.

LIFE OF HENRY CLAY. (American Statesmen Series.) By Carl Schurz. 2 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIFE OF THOMAS HART BENTON. (American Statesmen Series.) Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We will not say that Mr. Carl Schurz has written this very entertaining book as a partisan of Whig principles and methods; yet he does write as their hearty advocate. Henry Clay and the statesmen who took part with him in the passage of the Missouri Compromise, in the settlement of the nullfication dispute, and in the passage of the compromise measures of

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1850, prevented disunion. They thereby enabled the country to solidify into a nationality, and averted war until it was powerless to divide us.

The publishers deserve credit not merely for their enterprise in getting out this American Statesmen Series, but for their judgment in the selection of contributors to it. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's life of Thomas Hart Benton is vigorously and simply written, and is well on a level with its subject.

LIFE OF REV. MOTHER ST. JOHN FONTBONNE. From the French of the Abbé Rivaux. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

This devout and saintly soul served God in France during the troubled times of the Revolution. She was the foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons, a congregation which has sixty houses in this country and Canada engaged in works of education and charity, directing two hundred and forty-nine parochial schools.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST, THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS CHRIST, LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST, AND NOVENA TO THE HOLY GHOST. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

The Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the Novena to the Holy Spirit, published in this volume, are not the most conspicuous of the works of St. Alphonsus, but they are, especially the former, wonderful helps to a devout life. Words cannot exaggerate the fervor of these accents of tender love. The holy soul of the saint seems to have melted with love of our Lord in composing them, and the Spirit of God gave him the rare gift of communicating his fervor to others by his writings.

WHY HAVE I A RELIGION? Why am I a Christian? Why am I a Catholic? By James Aug. Healy, Bishop of Portland. Boston: Thos. B. Noonan & Co.

For a compact argument, plain, pointed, and conclusive, this little pamphlet has, we think, seldom been excelled. It was prepared by its writer for distribution in his diocese, and bears the marks of long experience with men's difficulties and great skill in answering them. We should be glad to see it distributed everywhere. It is sold for $2 a hundred—a price making it accessible to the clergy of the poorest missions. It has added to it a summary of the essential truths of religion. and also the prayers in common use for daily devotions, a feature making it of value for the instruction of converts.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE. With Sketches of the great Catholic Scientists. By Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M., Rector of the Church of St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Louis, Mo. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

This book supplies a lost chapter in history; for where else will you find a historian who tells as he ought what religious men have done for the natural sciences? Besides doing this, and doing it well, the author gives an excellent summary of scientific history in general, simply told, arranged conveniently in short chapters, embracing all the natural sciences, provided with an index and a list of questions for the use of teachers, should the book be used as a class-book in schools, for which it is well adapted. No man nowadays has so much need to let his neighbors know that he is a Christian as a man of science. We are glad to see Father Brennan alive to this duty.

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The book is a good-looking little volume of 218 pages, well printed and passably well bound.

THE TEACHING OF ST. BENEDICT. By the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is a very important book. It gives an account of an order that has lasted many hundred years and contributed much to the success of the Catholic Church and to the civilization of the world. It is a compilation of the substance of the commentaries made by the wisest and best of the Benedictine order on their rules. We think no man can be a thorough student of history without reading such books. They show how St. Benedict and his companions and successors understood and practised Christianity and shaped the civilization of the human race. This great order had for a long period almost the exclusive custody of the purposes of Providence in both church and state. Can as much be said of any other organization? History, especially in its latest contributions, has shown with what supernatural prudence the Order of St. Benedict was guided.

This book is beautifully printed and well got up.

INSTRUCTIONS AND DEVOTIONS FOR CONFESSION AND COMMUNION. For the use of convent schools. Compiled from approved sources and approved by a priest. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This little manual is arranged with much judgment. We particularly commend the discretion with which the table of sins for examination of conscience has been prepared, avoiding at once scrupulosity and carelessness.

COMPENDIUM ANTIPHONARII ET BREVIARII ROMANI, concinnatum ex editionibus typicis cura et auctoritate S. R. Cong. publicatis. New York: Fr. Pustet.

This book is meant for use by the clergy and choirs of churches and communities in which the Divine Office is chanted; it contains the Little Hours, Vespers, and Compline for all Sundays and double festivals of the year. It also has Matins and Lauds, and the Divine Office complete for Christmas, Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and Easter Sunday; also the complete office for the dead. It has the antiphons for *Magnificat* and *Benedictus*, and the prayers for all semi-doubles, simples, and ferials. It is of very convenient size, well bound, and both words and notes plainly printed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE HISTORY OF ST. CUTHBERT. By Charles, Archbishop of Glasgow. Third edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

YOUNG IRELAND. Four Years of Irish History. Part 2. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

FIORDALISA: A Quaint Italian Tale. By Anton Giulio Barrili. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Co.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE, AND OTHER SACRED POEMS. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. With a preface by Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J. Published and sold for the benefit of the Church of St. Monica, Atlantic City, N. J.

CONTEMPLATIONS AND MEDITATIONS FOR THE FEASTS OF THE B. V. M. AND THE SAINTS. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. 1887. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A LIFE. A Novel. By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

THE SALVE REGINA, IN MEDITATIONS. By Father Antony Denis, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

ANGELUS LIBRARY. No. 1. *The Way of the Transgressor.* Detroit, Mich.: The A. P. Co.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION.

EDMUND CAMPION, the protomartyr of the Jesuits in England, was born on the 25th of January, 1540. His father, a bookseller and a citizen of London, had intended, when his son was nine or ten years old, to apprentice him to a merchant, but some of the members of one of the trades companies, who had remarked the boy's "sharp and pregnant wit," and his love of learning, induced his father to decide otherwise by an offer on the part of their guild to undertake the charges of his education.

From the grammar-school to which he went at first he was removed to Christ's Hospital, in Newgate Street. Here he came off victor in all the disputations then so much in vogue. It was a proud day for the "Blue Coats" when, on the royal entry of Mary Tudor into London on the 3d of August, 1553, none of "Powle's Pigeons," as the scholars of Dean Colet's famous school were called, was found so worthy to welcome her, in the name of the youthful scholarship of London, as their own *rara avis*, young Campion, who was sent for, all the way from Newgate Street, to make a speech in Latin to her majesty when she halted at St. Paul's Cross. The queen was much pleased with him, and the people cheered him heartily, whether they heard him or not; for his clear young voice had not then the power of that "full, rich, modulated, and sonorous bass" with which he afterwards moved hearts to so high resolves. When Sir Thomas White founded St. John's College, Oxford, Campion became a student there, and in 1557 Junior Fellow.

In November, 1558, Queen Mary died. Elizabeth succeeded, chiefly by the aid of the Catholics, who trusted in her continuance in the ancient faith, of which she had made much demon-

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stration whilst her sister lived. But within a few weeks the new queen had in many ways excited such suspicion that a bishop could hardly be procured to crown her. After her coronation she quite threw off the mask, and by a packed party in the "Beardless Parliament," and a majority of one voice in the House of Lords—from which, by threats and cajolery, she had caused the chief Catholic nobles to absent themselves—against the unanimous decision of the bishops and the expressed wishes of Convocation, she substituted the Anglican Establishment for the Catholic Church.

Where tyranny could not force the new religion upon the people, subtlety was employed to beguile them into adhesion to it, real or apparent. Oxford was not made to feel the change at first. The oath of supremacy was not tendered to Campion until 1564, by which time the intellectual seductions of the university, a host of friends and admirers, and even his own gift of eloquence and his personal attractiveness, had combined to ensnare him; and thus, excusing himself, as being a mere layman, from immediate study of so inconvenient a point, he took the oath. He took it, however, against his conscience, and whenever he could save others from taking it, he did so.

When Elizabeth visited the university in 1566, Campion greatly distinguished himself by his learning and eloquence, particularly when suddenly called upon to extemporize before the queen and court.

"All these successes," wrote Father Parsons, "put him into great danger, for at heart he utterly condemned the new religion; yet the queen's sugared words, and his own youth and ambition, sorely pulled him one way, while his pricking conscience . . . urged him another."

While in this state he became acquainted with Dr. Cheney, the Protestant Bishop of Gloucester, a mild, persuasive old man, who was fond of quoting the example of Naaman bowing in the temple of Remmon as an excuse for "conforming" Catholics. He was in bad repute with his brethren of the bench—partly as being the only Lutheran among them, while all the rest were Calvinists—but still more because he was the only Elizabethan bishop who refused to persecute the Catholics of his diocese. It was his praise of the church Councils and Fathers that first attracted Campion, who, after a time, even allowed Dr. Cheney to ordain him deacon in the Establishment, "not thinking," as he afterwards said, "that the matter had been so odious and abominable as it was." But immediately after this pseudo-ordination he was filled with remorse, and resigned his Fellowship

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at St. John's, as well as his proctorship of the university, on the 1st of August, 1569. He is one of the few whose fall has been the direct occasion of their rise.'

He retired to Dublin and was cordially received by James Stanihurst, the father of one of his pupils, in whose house he led a kind of monastic life. He employed his time, when not teaching, in controversies with heretics, and in writing his classical discourse, *De Juvene Academico*, and his *History of Ireland*. He lived openly as a Catholic, for which reason the lord-chancellor, Dr. Weston, gave orders for his arrest; but the lord-deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, who was his friend, sent him timely warning on the previous night. He escaped in the darkness to the hospitable house of Sir Christopher Barnewell at Turvey, but only for a short time, having to dodge the pursuivants in several places. At last, from fear of endangering his friends, he resolved to return to England, and under the name of Mr. Patrick, and disguised as a lackey, he took ship at Tredagh. He was scarcely on board when some officers came to search the ship, asking for him by name. In the surprise of the moment he took no precautions, but stood quietly on deck while the officers tumbled the cargo and searched every hole to find "the seditious villain." Devoutly invoking St. Patrick, as he did on similar occasions ever after, he saw everybody examined but himself, and so escaped, though his manuscripts were seized.

On reaching England he missed the warm hospitality of his dear Irish friends, and found "nothing but fears, suspicions, arrestings, condemnations, tortures, and executions." The proceedings against Catholics being so rigorous, and all men in fear and jealousy of one another, and no secure living for a Catholic with a conscience, he resolved to fly for good over sea. He went to Douai, to the splendid foundation of Dr. Allen for seminary priests, where he arrived in 1570, and shortly after wrote his famous letter to Dr. Cheney. Cheney had by that time got into disgrace for his non-appearance at the Anglican Convocation in 1571. The visitation articles of Archbishop Grindal, whereby the prelates in this Convocation tried to sweep away all the lingering remnants of the old religion, sufficiently indicate why Cheney absented himself. The communion was no longer to be put into the communicant's mouth but into his hands; all ceremonies and gestures not prescribed in the prayer-book were to cease; people were to communicate three times a year, not, like the papists, at Easter or Christmas, but on Ash-Wednesday and one of the two Sundays before Easter, Whit-

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sunday, and Christmas. All altars were to be pulled down and the altar-stones defaced and put to some common use. All prayers for the dead, at funerals or commemorations, were to cease; no person was to be allowed to wear rosaries or pray upon them in Latin or English, or to burn candles on the feast of the Purification, or to make the sign of the cross, even on entering the church. Cheney was allowed to live in retirement at Gloucester, where, after eight years, he died. He had treasured Campion's letter as his most precious possession, and kept it in the archives of his see. Though Campion did not know the fact, yet a successor in the see, Godfrey Goodman, said: "It was certain that he died a papist." *

At Douai Campion completed his course of theology, took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and received minor orders. But the thought of that miserable Anglican diaconate, which he called "the mark of the English Beast," so preyed upon his mind that, after remaining a year at Douai, he determined to break entirely with the world, make a pilgrimage to the Tomb of the Apostles at Rome, and by their good help become a Jesuit. He went thither on foot as a poor pilgrim, and reached it in the autumn of 1572.

In April, 1573, he presented himself as a postulant to the general of the society, Everardus Mercurianus—who had succeeded St. Francis Borgia—and was accepted at once. He was sent to make his novitiate at Brunn. According to the rule, the novice was to spend one month in complete retirement, a second in attendance on the sick in the hospitals; during a third he had to beg alms from door to door, and for the fourth perform all the most menial employments in the house. Into all these duties Campion threw himself with heartiness and fervor, so that they were, "though poor in seeming, rich in fruit." He was also sent to teach catechism in the neighboring villages, all more or less infected with the Hussite heresy, and was largely successful in reconciling converts to the church.

Before he left Brunn he was warned of the death he would die; indeed, his letters show that he went to England fully impressed with his fate. His presentiment, says Schmidt, was founded on a vision of Our Lady, who appeared to him in the garden and exhibited to him a crimson cloth, which he understood to be a sign that he was to shed his blood for religion.

In September he was made professor of rhetoric in the Col-

* This testimony seems borne out by the fact that, although he was buried in his cathedral, no monument was put up to his memory.

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lege of the Jesuits at Prague, and "opened the schools with a glorious panegyric." His extensive knowledge, exquisite taste, and rare oratorical power, as also the brightness and enthusiasm he threw into his work, excellently fitted him for this post. While at Prague he received from the archbishop of that city the true diaconate and priesthood, by which the memory of the false orders was blotted out. He said his first Mass on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, September 8, 1578.

It was about this time that Dr. Allen went to Rome to organize the English College there, and also to obtain the assistance of the Jesuits on the English mission. After mature deliberation it was determined that Fathers Parsons and Campion should be sent. The night before the order reached Prague, James Gall, one of the fathers (a Silesian), had written over the door of Father Campion's cell: "*P. Edmundus Campianus, Martyr.*" The writer, when discovered, was punished for his infringement of discipline, but declared that he had felt himself impelled to do what he had done. Campion arrived in Rome on Holy Saturday, the 5th of April, 1580.

The Jesuit fathers made only a part of the number of missionary priests sent by the Holy Father into England at this time. He had also approved and blessed the Association of Catholics in England organized by George Gilbert, a young man of large property and unwearied munificence. The members of this Association contented themselves with the bare necessaries of life, in order to give all the rest of their goods for the needs of the Catholics and their hunted priests. All this time the spies of Walsingham were sending him information of all that was being done, and lists of the English students in the colleges abroad.

The company of missionaries left Rome on the 18th of April, all arrangements being made under the management of Father Parsons, who was also appointed Father Campion's superior. After various adventures they arrived at Rheims (where they were joined by three more priests), and, on leaving, divided into small parties, so as to reach England by different roads.

Father Campion left Calais on the evening of the 24th of June, and reached Dover before daylight. On landing he retired behind a rock, and, kneeling down, commended his coming and his cause to God. The searchers, having suspicions of his true character, took him before the mayor of Dover, who resolved to send him up, under guard, to London. While the horses were got ready the father stood quietly praying to God and begging the intercession of St. John Baptist, when an old man came out of

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the room to which the mayor had retired. "You are dismissed," he said; "good-by!"

Meantime in London much prayer was being made for his safety. On landing at Hythe he was met by one of the Catholic Association, who led him to the house in Chancery Lane, where he was clothed and armed like a gentleman, and furnished with a horse.

Father Parsons, who was at work in the country, had left word that Father Campion should stay in London until his return, using his time as best he could for the comfort of Catholics there. And thus at one house he said Mass, at another he preached, at another heard confessions or held conferences, while Catholic gentlemen guarded the doors. But the spies and searchers were now so eager and numerous that scarcely an hour passed without some Catholic being arrested. Father Parsons returned to London, but the friends of the fathers advised them, for a time at least, to retire again to the shires. This they did, but before separating each wrote a brief declaration of the true cause of their coming to England, showing that it was purely apostolical and to treat in truth and simplicity on matters of religion. Father Campion, after entreating to be allowed opportunity for "fair and open argument and public disputation," adds:

"Many innocent hands are lifted up for you, daily and hourly, by those English students who beyond the seas, gathering virtue and sufficient knowledge for the purpose, are determined never to give you over, but either win you to heaven or die upon your pikes. And touching our society, be it known unto you that we have made a league—all the Jesuits in the world . . . cheerfully to carry the cross that you shall lay upon us, and never to despair of your recovery while we have a man left to enjoy your Tyburn, or to be racked with your torments or consumed with your prisons."

On learning of the departure of the fathers from London the council sent pursuivants in various directions with powers to apprehend them. But they were diligently warned, and during about four months passed through most of the shires, preaching and administering the sacraments in almost every gentleman's and nobleman's house they passed by.

On the 3d of July a proclamation was issued against harboring Jesuits, and measures were taken for putting all the Catholic gentry under surveillance. Certain castles were fixed upon for the custody of the recusants, and in each of these the prisoners were to be forced to hold common prayer daily with, and be preached to and "conferred with" by, a Protestant minister, for whose charge and maintenance they were to pay; if they re-

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fused, the bishop could fine them at his pleasure. They were allowed no books, papers, or notes of their own, but only a Protestant Bible or books approved by a minister. The latter could bring other ministers to worry and insult them whenever he chose. They were not allowed to speak to one another except at meals, and then under surveillance. To this treatment Feckenham, the last Abbot of Westminster, and Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, besides many other dignitaries, were subjected.

When the chief gentry had thus been captured in their homes, the council began a general raid against all the Catholics of England, the Protestant bishops, obedient to their supreme governors, showing themselves active in summoning and committing the "recusants" of their several dioceses. "Thus," as Dr. Allen wrote, "was the whole Catholic population afflicted in soul and body by this disgraceful tyranny of one woman."

The Jesuit fathers were satisfied with the results of this first expedition. They found among the country people more love to the old faith than among the merchants and artisans in the towns, amongst whom "the infection of ministers bore most rule." Not a few, indeed, had been led into such a maze by Protestant sermons that they had come to doubt even the existence of a God.

In October the fathers returned to London to meet and confer together. Thence they each wrote to their superiors, giving an account of their labors. Father Campion, after describing the greatness of the harvest and the need of more laborers to gather it in, continues:

"I cannot long escape the hands of the heretics: the enemies have so many eyes, so many tongues, so many scouts and crafts. I am in apparel to myself very ridiculous. I often change that, and my name also. . . . Let such as you send, for supply, premeditate and make account of this always. Marry, the solaces that are ever intermingled with these miseries are so great that they do not only countervail the fear of what punishment temporal soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains, be they never so great, seem nothing."

He then mentions his entreaty to be allowed open disputation with the new ministers, and also an audience (under safe conduct) of the queen and council, proffering discussion in their presence with the adversaries.

"Whereat the latter, being mad, instead of making answer, tear and sting us with their venomous tongues, calling us seditious, hypocrites, yea, heretics too, which is much laughed at. The people hereupon is ours. . . . Of their martyrs the heretics brag no more; for it is now come to pass that for a few apostates and cobblers of theirs burnt we have bishops, the

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old nobility—patterns of learning, piety, and prudence—the flower of the youth, noble matrons, and of the inferior sort innumerable, either martyred at once, or, by consuming imprisonment, dying daily."

Father Parsons, on reaching London, found the persecution become so hot, and the search for Father Campion so incessant, that he sent him word to halt at Uxbridge. There they met, together with other missionary priests, compared notes, and arranged their plans for the next expedition. Here it was proposed that, no answer having appeared to his challenge, Father Campion should now write something in Latin to the universities. He consented, and produced his famous *Decem Rationes*. Then, after prayer and mutual confession, and the renewal of their vows, the fathers parted—Campion for Lancashire, Parsons returning to London.

Father Campion, being much beset on his way, was for some time hidden in various houses in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, daily preaching, confessing, and conferring upon religion with numbers who at every place secretly came to him, drawn not so much by his admirable eloquence as by a hidden power which they believed could only flow from the Holy Spirit.

Meanwhile the government, balked of the prey it hunted so eagerly, turned upon its captured victims. On the 10th of December, 1580, Luke Kirby and Thomas Cottam were put into the Scavenger's Daughter in the Tower, a list of questions having been prepared to be put to them while under torture. Sherwin and Johnson, the latter an elderly priest and a very holy man, were racked December 15—Sherwin again next day. Hart and Orton, laymen, were racked December 31, and also a servant of Brinkley who had lent his house for the printing-press; Christopher Thompson, an aged priest, was racked January 3, 1581, and Nicholas Roscarock, a gentleman at whose house Sherwin had been taken saying Mass, was racked January 14.

But these severities were not enough to satisfy the Protestant bishops. He of Chester, on this same day, wrote to urge the council to bring in a bill making "all vagrant priests traitors and felons, without benefit of clergy." Other bishops begged to have the commission in their dioceses, "the recusants being so numerous and obstinate."

These recommendations were carried out to the full. The proclamation of January 10 had commanded the return of all English students and seminarists from abroad, and at the same

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time sentenced all priests to banishment. This was now followed up by the "Act to restrain the queen's majesty's subjects in due obedience," which made it treason to absolve any Englishman, treason to convert him to the Catholic religion, and treason to be so absolved or converted. Among many other iniquitous enactments, a system of fines was imposed which for fifty years became one of the chief items in the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In May, 1581, Father Campion was sent for to London to see to the printing of his book, the *Decem Rationes*. While there he often had to pass Tyburn Gate, a few yards beyond the present Marble Arch. Just outside of this gate stood the famous gallows. He would always walk between its posts with his hat off, saluting it in honor of the cross which it figured, of the martyrs who had already suffered on it for the faith, and because, as he told Father Parsons, it was one day to be the place of his own conflict.

After numberless difficulties the *Decem Rationes* was finally printed, and on the 27th of June the benches of the University Church of St. Mary's at Oxford were found strewn with copies of the book.

The young Oxford men had long chafed under the Elizabethan drill. They were as tinder, and this book was the spark to set them in a blaze. The Anglican authorities were furious. They could not answer the *Ten Reasons*, but they tried to make up for their impotence by unmeasured abuse and by every endeavor to suppress them.

Before the fathers parted, as each felt for the last time, Father Campion obtained leave to visit the house of Mr. Yate, of Lyford, now a prisoner in London for his faith, who had entreated him to visit his family.

"I know your easy temper," said Father Parsons. "If you once get in there you will never get away." He then made Ralph Emerson Father Campion's superior on the journey, and told the father to obey him. Campion was happy: he might go to the Grange, and he had received a delightful humiliation in being put under obedience to a lay brother. He went, and was received with the utmost joy.

The traitor Eliot, furnished with full powers, and with a pursuivant to attend him, was at that very time lying in wait for him in the neighborhood, on the watch for any movement which might favor his designs.

On Sunday, the 16th of July, just as the father, after a night

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spent in hearing confessions and in conferences, was about to say Mass, Eliot, with his companion, came towards the house and called the cook on to the draw-bridge. The cook knew him to be a Catholic, and therefore, when with pious sighs he confided his "longing to be present once more at the Holy Sacrifice, which doubtless," he said, "in such a house, must be offered on Sundays," the cook owned that so it was, and, moreover, "with much ado" got leave for him to be admitted. As he let him in he whispered to Eliot that he was a lucky man, for he would hear Father Campion preach! On this, Eliot asked for "one moment to send away the heretic who was with him," and despatched the man to a neighboring magistrate, with an order in the queen's name to bring a hundred men to Lyford to apprehend Campion, against whom he had a warrant. Then, with all apparent devotion, he entered the chapel, heard the Mass, and the sermon upon the Gospel of the day: "When Jesus drew near to the city he wept over it. . . . Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets . . ." Every part of the passage conspired with the circumstances of the day and his own presentiments to raise Campion's eloquence to the highest pitch; and his audience declared that they had never heard such preaching.

After the sermon came dinner, after which the father was to ride off towards Norfolk. But dinner was not over when a watchman on one of the turrets announced that the place was surrounded with armed men. Ford and Collingwood, two other priests, hurried Campion away to a chamber hollowed out of the wall above the gateway, where was a narrow bed, on which they stowed themselves. There they lay in silence and prayer, hour after hour, while "Judas Eliot," or "Eliot Iscariot," as he was henceforth called, led the searchers into every chamber, turning everything topsy-turvy from cellar to garret. Twice the searchers, all Berkshire men and disgusted with the work, declared they would go on with it no longer. Eliot, enraged, threatened to report them to the council if they refused to break through the walls where there might be hiding-holes. Sulkily they obeyed, and the work of destruction was continued, but in vain; and the wearied men were again departing when Eliot, in descending the stairs, clapped his hand on the wall, and saying, "We have not broken through here," asked for a smith's hammer and smashed in the wall. There in their narrow cell lay the three priests side by side, calmly, in prayer. Father Campion, we are told, spoke and looked so cheerfully as to disarm the malice of his captors.

When the sheriff of Berkshire arrived he sent to London to

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know the will of the council. On the fourth day came the command that Campion and nine others taken with him should be sent to London under a strong guard. The party halted at Abingdon, Henley, and Colebrook. So far the prisoners had been treated like gentlemen; but here orders arrived from the council to tie their elbows behind them, and their feet under the saddle-girth of their horses. Father Campion, who had to ride first, was further marked out by a paper stuck to his hat, on which was written, "Campion, the seditious Jesuit."

Thus on Saturday, the 22d of July, they were paraded through the whole length of the city until they reached the Tower. There the father courteously thanked his guards, forgiving any wrong they had done him, and, praying God to enlighten their souls, the gloomy gates closed behind him.

Sir Owen Hopton, the lieutenant of the Tower, thinking to do his masters a pleasure, at once thrust Father Campion into the low and narrow dungeon of "Little Ease," in which he could neither stand nor lie at length, and where he remained four days. Then, with great secrecy, he was put into a boat and rowed to the house of the Earl of Leicester, and by him and the Earl of Bedford closely examined as to the cause of his coming to England. He answered them sincerely and readily, so that they told him they "found no fault with him, except that he was a papist." "Which," he replied, "is my greatest glory." It did not come out until Campion's trial that at this interview the queen herself was present, and on hearing his answers "offered him his life, liberty, riches, and honors, if only he would conform."

He was then sent back to the Tower. Hopton, finding him a man of so much account, now professed for him extraordinary affection. The earls had commanded his removal to a more commodious cell. Hopton paid him frequent visits, holding out all the promises he judged likely to impress his prisoner, and publicly said he "doubted not he should soon prevail." This was just what the council wanted. They spread a report, in Paris as well as London, that "Campion had retracted, to the great contentment of the queen," and talked of his having the see of Canterbury. When, after a few days, Hopton ventured openly to propose to the father to "conform," his proposal was received with such disdain that, by order of the council, he returned to his former treatment, but with increased rigor.

Two Protestant ministers, with Norton, the rack-master, were then sent to "examine" the prisoner, and, in case of obstinacy, to "deal with him by the rack." Father Campion's first racking

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seems to have been on Sunday, the 30th of July. One who was present * says that "to all the questions now put to him Campion answered little or nothing, nor would he betray his Catholic brethren." But others, and among them serving-men of houses which had received the fathers, were also put to the torture, and under it one poor fellow confessed, scarcely knowing in his agony what he said. Fresh discoveries had been made, moreover, by "Judas" Eliot, and it was given out that all these things had been confessed by Campion. It was noticed, however, that he was never allowed to see face to face any of those whose names he was said to have given up, nor would the council allow him to be publicly interrogated about his so-called confessions.

When the *Decem Rationes* flew abroad Burghley wrote to Aylmer, Bishop of London, to answer it. But Aylmer pleaded "ague in the leg," and gave a list of twenty deans, doctors of divinity, and other "divines" who "had better undertake the task" of replying to this one little book, written in haste, upon a journey, and of which he pretended to speak slightingly. It had, however, excited so much enthusiasm, even as a model of style, that the nobles and courtiers eagerly desired to hear the renowned author speak. Some higher will ruled Burghley at last to allow a public disputation in the chapel of the Tower. To this Aylmer opposed himself in vain. He resolved, however, to leave nothing undone to secure victory to the Protestant side. The deans of St. Paul's and of Windsor were to prepare for it carefully, and the prisoner was not even to know of it until an hour or so before he was led to the chapel, no books or notes being allowed him.

The programme was duly carried out. A Catholic present, who managed to take notes of the proceedings, remarks on the sickly face and mental weariness of Father Campion, worn as he was with the rack. He thanks God that he was present, "for there," he says, "I heard Father Edmund reply to the subtleties of his adversaries so easily and readily, and bear so patiently all their contumely, abuse, derision, and jokes, that the greatest part of the audience, even the heretics who had persecuted him, admired him exceedingly." One of the converts made on this occasion was Philip, Earl of Arundel, for "by what he then saw and heard he easily perceived on which side the truth and true religion was."

Three more conferences followed from which the people were shut out. At the fourth Father Campion was more

* The author of the French account of his death, translated by Dr. Laing.

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brutally treated than at any of the preceding. But now the popular voice began to make itself heard. All the reports of his betrayal of friends and of his own recantation were disproved, and the people vented their feelings in ballads which brought more than one hapless singer to the dungeons of the Fleet and the Marshalsea.

Burghley and Walsingham, foiled in their endeavors to bring Father Campion into disrepute, now suborned false witnesses to prove that he and his fellow-prisoners for the faith were traitors. He and others were, on the 29th of October, barbarously racked in order to force from them some admission that they knew persons charged with rebellion against the government. On the 31st Campion was again so tortured that he told a friend he thought they meant to make away with him in that manner. But no word that could be twisted into treason was extorted from him or any one of those brave sufferers. The indictment that was made out rested, therefore, for "proof" solely on the evidences of false witnesses. No matter; the law officers of the crown were directed to "obtain a conviction *by any means that might be necessary.*"

On Tuesday, November 14, the prisoners were arraigned at Westminster Hall. When commanded to hold up their hands, "both Campion's arms being pitifully benumbed by his often cruel racking, . . . one of his companions, kissing his hand, so abused for the confession of Christ, lifted it for him." They all pleaded "not guilty," and were remanded to prison until the day of their trial. This took place on the 20th of November, and even the Protestant Hallam says of it: "The prosecution was as unfairly conducted and supported by as slender evidence as any, perhaps, that can be found on our books."

The endeavor was to get the prisoners condemned for treason, so as to make of them traitors, not martyrs; but to all the accusations of the queen's counsel Father Campion most temperately replied, nor could his words be gainsaid.

"'There was,' he said, 'an offer made unto us that if we would come to the church to hear sermons we should be set at liberty. So Pascall and Nichols, otherwise as culpable as we, yet, upon acceptance of that offer, were received to grace and pardon; whereas if they had been so happy as to have persevered unto the end they had been partakers of our calamities; . . . so that our religion was the cause of our imprisonment, and, *ex consequenti*, of our condemnation.'"

The pleadings took about three hours, and not a single proof of guilt had been found when the jury retired under pretence

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of considering their verdict. Almost all the lawyers present thought an acquittal certain, seeing no crime had been proven; but judges and jury had all been bought. When the jury returned they pronounced all "*Guilty.*" The queen's counsel then prayed their lordships in her majesty's behalf to give judgment against them as traitors.

"*Lord Chief-Justice.* Campion and the rest, what can you say why you should not die?

"*Campion.* 'It was not our deaths that ever we feared. But we knew that we were not lords of our own lives, and therefore would not, for want of answer, be guilty of our own deaths. The only thing that we have now to say is, that if our religion do make us traitors, then are we worthy to be condemned; but otherwise are as true and faithful subjects as ever the queen had. In condemning us you condemn all your own ancestors—all the ancient priests, bishops, and kings; all that was once the glory of England, the Island of Saints and the most devoted child of the see of Peter. For what have we taught, that you qualify with the odious name of treason, that they did not uniformly teach? To be condemned with these old lights —not of England only, but of the world—by their degenerate descendants, is both gladness and glory to us. God lives; posterity will live. Their judgment is not so liable to corruption as that of those who are now going to sentence us to death."

After the sentence was pronounced Campion cried aloud: "*Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur!*" Sherwin took up the song: "*Hæc est dies quam fecit Dominus; exultemus et lætemur in illa!*" And the rest expressed their joy, some in one phrase of Scripture, some in another. Father Campion was rowed back to the Tower, and the rest, fourteen in number, remanded to their prisons. All were to be put in irons for the rest of their time, until "their souls should escape as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, and they by a bitter death be for ever delivered."

After twice changing the day of execution the council finally fixed it for December 1. In the meantime the Catholics implored the Duke of Anjou, then high in favor at court, to use his influence with the queen to hinder this foul tragedy. He promised, but did nothing.

In the splash and mud of a rainy December morning Father Campion was brought from his cell to the Coleharbor Tower, where Sherwin and Briant, who were to be his companions in suffering, joined him. Outside the Tower a vast crowd was already collected. Campion looked cheerfully around and saluted them: "God save you all, gentlemen! God bless you and make you all good Catholics"! Then he knelt down and prayed, concluding with the words, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*"

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Two hurdles were waiting, each tied to the tails of two horses. On one Sherwin and Briant were laid and bound, Campion on the other. As they were dragged along through the mire a rabble of ministers and fanatics followed, yelling at the victims to recant. But these were presently pressed away by Catholics eager to get if but a word from the holy confessors, and thus many received comfort.

The procession took the usual route by Cheapside and Holborn; and when the hurdles were dragged under the arch of Newgate, Father Campion, perceiving in the niche over the gate the image of the Blessed Virgin, then still untouched by the hammer, with a great effort raised himself, and, as well as his bonds would allow, saluted the Queen of Heaven, whom he hoped so soon to see. There was a throng through all the streets, but at Tyburn the crowd exceeded all that any one could remember. The people noticed with wonder the glad faces of the prisoners as they were jolted to their death. When the hurdles were driven up to the place of execution the sun shone out brightly. After working slowly through the press of people, Father Campion was first put into the cart under the gallows, and ordered to put his head into the halter, which he did with all obedience. Then, after waiting a little for the mighty murmur of so many people to be somewhat stilled, he, with grave countenance and sweet voice, fearlessly spoke out: "*Spectaculum facti sumus, Deo, angelis et hominibus,*" and was proceeding to speak thereon when he was interrupted by the sheriffs, who, unless he would own himself guilty of treason, would not permit him to speak to the people. A declaration was then read that the prisoners were executed for treason, not religion. Father Campion was all the while devoutly praying. The lords of the council began afresh to question him in regard to the pope and the queen, but he answered them not. Then they asked him if he renounced the pope, to which he answered, "I am a Catholic!" Upon this one exclaimed, "In your Catholicism is contained all treason!"

At length, when he was preparing himself to drink the last draught of Christ's cup, he was again interrupted by a minister requiring that he would pray with him. "Unto whom" (writes an eye-witness) "looking back with mild countenance, he humbly said: 'You and I are not one in religion, wherefore, I pray you, content yourself. I bar none of prayer, but I only desire them of the household of faith to pray with me, and in mine agony to say one creed!'" Then he turned again to his prayers, and

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some called out to him to "pray in English"; but he pleasantly answered that "he would pray to God in a language that they both well understood."

While he was praying for his murderers the cart was drawn away, and the blessed martyr, amid the tears and groans of the vast multitude, meekly yielded his soul unto his Saviour, protesting that he died wholly a Catholic.

He was allowed to hang until he was dead, and then the butchery was proceeded with. The saintly Sherwin was next in turn, the multitude crying out to him, "Good Mr. Sherwin, the Lord God receive your soul!" Lastly came young Briant (he was not more than twenty-eight, and his innocent and angelic face greatly moved all who saw him), "rejoicing exceedingly" that "God had made him worthy to suffer death for the Catholic faith, in company with Father Campion, whom he revered with all his heart."

Thus these three martyrs gloriously won their crowns, and in the blood of a noble army of athletes such as they were the walls of the new Jericho set up.

E. M. RAYMOND-BARKER.

SONNET.

What lacks our age? With all its glorious gifts
Of human thought, inventions manifold;
Its scroll of hidden earth-lore clear unrolled;
Its science compassing each star that drifts
Athwart our lengthened vision; love that lifts
From slave, and child, and beast the burden old
Of selfish tyranny; its wealth untold
Of learning, art, to smooth life's ragged rifts;
Its "harnessed lightning" speaking as it flies;
For nature, country, home, its love intense;
We yet feel something lacking. List the cries
That voice our century's intelligence!
How faint and few the words that, nobly wise,
Bespeak Heaven's gift, *the spiritual sense!*

L. D. PYCHOWSKA.

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"JUDGE LYNCH."

THE origin of the term "lynch-law" is not known. It is sometimes traced to one Lynch, said to be the founder of Lynchburg, Va., but nothing connected with him justifies or gives color to this claim. James Lynch, a justice of the peace in one of the Piedmont counties in Virginia, whose modes of administering justice were reputed to have been severe and summary, is also accredited with having given his name to the offhand and expeditious dealing with criminals now generally called lynch-law.

But it seems probable that the name arose long before the existence of either of these persons, and in another country. In the latter part of the fifteenth century one James Fitzstephens Lynch was the mayor of the town of Galway, in Ireland, which was then a more important place than now and had considerable foreign trade. Lynch was a merchant and shipper, and in the year 1495 sent his son on a trading expedition in a vessel with a good cargo, and furnished him with a large sum of money. In due time the ship came back well laden with valuable commodities which the young man reported to his father as having been purchased with the money given him and the proceeds of the outgoing cargo. But after some time a man arrived at Galway from Spain, who came to see Mr. Lynch and demanded payment for the goods brought back by his vessel. Lynch refused to pay, declaring that his son had paid in cash at the time of the purchase. The stranger, however, persisted, and exhibited papers, signed by young Lynch himself, showing that the cargo had been in fact bought on credit. About this time it became known that one of the sailors, then in Galway, who had made the voyage, had on several occasions hinted that he could reveal dark and dreadful secrets in connection with it. He was hunted up, brought before the mayor, and there disclosed that young Lynch, after having spent in debauchery the money given him by his father, as well as what he received for the cargo, had bought goods from a large firm on credit; that one of the partners of the firm had accompanied the cargo to receive the money when it was sold, and that young Lynch had murdered and thrown him overboard to conceal from his father what had occurred.

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The young man was at once arrested and brought before his father, whose duty it was to try men charged with such offences, and condemned to death. The mother and sisters of the young man begged the father for mercy; but, fearing his own weakness and apprehending that he might yield to the entreaties of his wife, the mayor determined not to await the slow process of the law, but to inflict with his own hand the punishment which his son deserved. He took him up-stairs in his warehouse, adjusted a rope around his neck, which he secured inside, and then pushed the young man out of the window, where his death-struggles were witnessed by hundreds of people, startled and shocked at such a spectacle. This is an historical fact, and at this day in the council-books of Galway this entry is plainly legible:

"James Lynch, mayor of Galway, hanged his own son out of the window for defrauding and killing strangers, without martial or common law, to show a good example to posterity."

Thus it will be seen that lynch-law, in fact, took its name about the time of the discovery of America instead of originating here. It is not a peculiar American institution, as is commonly supposed, nor the product of the unbridled and even savage democracy of the United States, but has been and is practised in many countries and by many people. In fact, the same state of things which gave rise to its application here produced it also elsewhere.

In England it was long known as Lydford law, from a walled town of that name in Devonshire, and it is just possible that lynch-law may be a corruption of Lydford law. In Scotland it was called "Cowper law," "Jedburg or Jedwood justice"; and all readers of Scott's novels will recollect the reference made to it by the Douglas in the *Fair Maid of Perth*:

"'We will not hesitate an instant,' said the Douglas to his near kinsman, the Lord Balveny, as soon as they returned from the dungeon. 'Away with the murderers! Hang them over the battlements.'

"'But, my lord, some trial may be fitting,' answered Balveny.

"'To what purpose?' answered Douglas. 'I have taken them red-hand; my authority will stretch to instant execution. Yet stay; have we not some Jedwood men in our troop?'

"'Plenty of Turnbulls, Rutherfords, Ainslies, and so forth,' said Balveny.

"'Call me an inquest of these together; they are all good men and true, saving a little shifting for their living. Do you see to the execution of these felons while I hold a court in the great hall, and we will try whether the jury or the provost-marshal do their work first; we will have Jedwood justice—hang in haste and try at leisure.' . . .

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"In a quarter of an hour afterwards Balveny descended to tell the Douglas that the criminals were executed.

"'Then there is no further use in the trial,' said the earl. 'How say you, good men of inquest, were these men guilty of high treason—ay or no?'

"'Guilty; we need no farther evidence.'"

Scott also tells the world the graphic story of the lynching of Captain Porteous in Edinburgh in the year 1736. Porteous was an officer in the service of the government and was stationed at Edinburgh. On the occasion of the execution of a man named Wilson, who was a popular hero, and was condemned to death for breaking into the house where the collector of customs lodged and taking about £200 of public money, there were apprehensions that an attempt at rescue would be made, and Porteous with his troop was detailed as a guard. Under the alleged pretext that a riot was in progress, he ordered his men to fire, and, taking a musket from the hands of one of his soldiers, he fired and killed one of the bystanders instantly. For this he was arrested, convicted, and condemned to death. When the day fixed for his execution arrived the streets were crowded with people, all inflamed to the greatest degree against Porteous and eager to witness his death by the rope. But the government reprieved him, and this action produced, if possible, a deadlier feeling of rage and hatred against the captain than already existed. The determination to take the punishment of Porteous into their own hands seems to have sprung simultaneously into the minds and hearts of thousands of people. They acted with wonderful secrecy, despatch, and discretion; for that very night they were organized like a well-disciplined army, and took possession of all the gates of the city, which they secured and guarded. They then went to the tolbooth, into which they obtained entrance with great difficulty. But, once in, they soon seized Porteous, carried him to the place where Wilson was executed, and there hanged him; afterwards dispersing as quietly and noiselessly as they had assembled. In a very few minutes after the last death-struggle of Porteous the streets were as deserted and the city as quiet as if the whole population had been stricken dead.

The form in which lynch-law prevailed in England up to a very recent period, and perhaps prevails even now, is a very mild one, and generally a sort of frolic. A culprit, caught in the act of picking pockets in a crowd, is taken to the nearest stream or pond and ducked; or, if none is near, a liberal supply of water

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is pumped or thrown over him till the crowd is satisfied, and then he is dismissed. The police, though they often witnessed such scenes, never interfered, but stood by and enjoyed the fun.

The execution of the gamblers in Vicksburg about the year 1835 may be said to have inaugurated the practice of lynch-law on an extensive scale in the United States. The event startled the country and drew the attention of the whole world. It was not an ordinary lynching of a single criminal for some great crime, but it was the act of the people themselves—nearly all the people, headed by the best citizens—to rid the community of an intolerable evil, and one they saw no other way of curing. For it must be conceded that at times there arises a condition of things with which the law is incompetent to deal. The courts can only try single offenders, for well-defined offences, and that only when brought before them by due process of law, and when the rules of evidence must be applied. But there is a class of crimes and vices combined which sometimes does more real harm than the great criminal with his single act of arson, burglary, or murder. The air becomes tainted, the people, especially the young, demoralized. The guilty are numerous, their evil influence far-reaching and permeating; they do not commit the offences to which high penalties are attached, but they ruin young men and women and the fathers of families. The law cannot reach them; even if it could they are too numerous to be tried in detail, and have been guilty only of deeds punished by fines, perhaps, or some light penalty wholly disproportionate to the deep damnation of their iniquities.

This was the situation in Vicksburg. A number of gamblers and saloon-keepers, receivers of stolen goods, thieves and burglars, had made that place their headquarters. They seemed to be under no restraints; they insulted women on the streets, bullied and beat peaceful men going about their business, enticed the boys to their drinking-saloons and gambling-houses, and ruined many families. They were always armed and ready to use the bowie-knife—then the fearful and prevalent weapon—on the slightest provocation, and terrorized the whole city till life became almost intolerable.

Sometimes one of these men was arrested and tried, but never convicted; for they had in their employment a set of subborned witnesses, who were always ready to prove an alibi or some other good defence. They became so wanton that they delighted to outrage the community in useless ways: they would stand in crowds and jeer persons passing by; they at-

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tended public meetings only to create disturbances and break them up.

The people were becoming desperate when at last a circumstance occurred which brought matters to a crisis and caused the outraged citizens to organize for their own protection. An officer of the militia had put one of the gamblers, whose name was Cabler, out of a house into which he had intruded himself, and where he was making a disturbance while an assembly was in progress. The next day Cabler made his appearance with the openly-avowed purpose of killing the officer as soon as he met him. But he was arrested before getting the opportunity he desired, and was found heavily armed with several weapons, all formidable. He was seized, taken out of the city into the woods, cowhided, tarred and feathered, and ordered to depart at once. This brought on open war between the citizens and the gamblers. A public notice was printed, circulated, and affixed to all prominent places in the city, warning the gamblers to leave without delay. The militia turned out, and, accompanied by a large body of armed citizens, visited the saloons and resorts of the gamblers for the purpose of closing the former and destroying the gambling implements and driving the gamblers themselves away. Here is a contemporaneous account of what occurred:

"At length they approached a house which was occupied by one of the most profligate of the gang, whose name was North, and in which, it was understood, a garrison of armed men had been stationed. All hoped that these wretches would be intimidated by the superior numbers of their assailants, and surrender themselves at discretion rather than attempt a desperate defence. The house being surrounded, the back-door was burst open, when four or five shots were fired from the interior, one of which instantly killed Dr. Hugh S. Bodley, a citizen universally loved and respected. The interior was so dark the villains could not be seen, but several citizens, guided by the flash of their guns, returned the fire. A yell from one of the party announced that one shot had been effectual, and by this time a crowd of citizens, their indignation overcoming all other feelings, burst open every door in the building and dragged into the light those who had not been wounded.

"North, the ringleader, who had contrived this desperate plot, could not be found in the building, but was apprehended by a citizen while attempting, with another, to make his escape to a place not far distant. He, with the rest of the prisoners, was then conducted, *in silence*, to the scaffold. One of them, not having been in the building before it was attacked, nor appearing to be concerned with the rest, except that he was the brother of one of them, was set at liberty. The remaining number of five, among whom was the individual who was shot, but who still lived, were immediately executed in the presence of the assembled multitude."

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In this case there does not seem to have been any purpose to do more in the beginning than drive the leading men of the bad classes out of the city. The armed resistance of the desperadoes and the killing of Dr. Bodley inflamed everybody and sealed the fate of the prisoners. No words seem to have been spoken by either the people or the criminals, and in less than thirty minutes after their capture the five men were hanging dead, side by side, in the streets of Vicksburg and in view of the whole population.

Fifteen years after this event similar scenes were witnessed on the far-off Pacific coast. Gold had been discovered in California, and the city of San Francisco had sprung up at the Golden Gate. The population was composed almost entirely of males, gathered from all classes and all nations. There were few women and children to bring softening influences. Many who went there good men were probably corrupted by the greed of gold and their evil surroundings. Criminals flocked there for security and plunder; gamblers to gather the gold which the enterprising men dug out of the earth; saloon-keepers to supply the means for indulging in strong drinks, for which such scenes produce an appetite. The voyage from Australia and New South Wales to California was not very long, and ticket-of-leave men and escaped convicts from the British possessions found their way across the Pacific, and were known as "Sidney Coves." Crime and vice were almost unrestrained. The police were few in numbers, and generally inefficient, and did not escape the general demoralization; some of them were known to be in league with the criminal classes. The houses were usually built of wood, and incendiary fires were of almost daily occurrence. It may be said with truth that scarcely a single night passed which did not witness burglaries and robberies, and often murders; gambling-houses and drinking-saloons were open all day and all night, Sunday making no exception. Hundreds of atrocious and bloody murders had been committed, and not one of the murderers had been convicted and executed by the law.

The law being so ineffectual and the condition of things so bad, it naturally followed that the good citizens were forced to resort to some organization for their own protection, and they formed the first Vigilance Committee that existed on the Pacific coast. They adopted a regular constitution, and their organization was of both a civil and a military character.

The first occasion on which they exercised their powers was at once singular and exciting. John Jenkins, well known as a criminal character, stole a small safe in broad daylight, and by

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some means got it to the bay and into a boat, and then sculled out into the harbor. But he was seen, pursued, and captured. The committee had secured a hall for their meetings, where there was a large bell, and some of the members were bound to be in attendance all the time. Signals to be given by the bell were arranged, which members of the committee could hear anywhere in the city, and which would give them notice of what was going on and what they were to do. Jenkins was taken to this hall, the proper signal given, and in a few minutes a jury and court of the committee were in attendance, the evidence heard, and the prisoner condemned to death. A minister was sent for, and Jenkins allowed an interview with him. He was then bound, marched through the streets, guarded by members of the committee well armed. The civil authorities met the solemn procession and made some show of interfering, but were told to stand back, which they did, and Jenkins was hanged. The committee kept a record of their proceedings and of the evidence in each case.

One of the city papers having commented unfavorably on this affair, the members of the Vigilance Committee, to the number of several hundreds, published and circulated a card, signed with their own names, in which they acknowledged and justified their participation in the trial and execution of Jenkins, presenting a most remarkable spectacle. For, in strict law, those who hanged Jenkins were guilty of technical murder; yet so universally approved was their course, and so profound the feeling of the absolute necessity of some such heroic measures to preserve society itself, that no one, not even the public authorities, thought of a prosecution.

After the execution of a few more notorious criminals the Vigilance Committee of 1850–51 dissolved.

In the years 1855–56 there grew up in San Francisco a condition of things very similar to what existed in 1850–51. The city was once more overrun by the criminal and vicious classes, and the courts either corrupt or powerless. The civil authorities seemed unable or unwilling to deal with the situation, and, as a natural consequence, a Vigilance Committee was organized, which embraced a large portion of the male inhabitants of the city, and was composed almost exclusively of good citizens. Their discipline and drill were like those of a regular army. They were divided into companies of a hundred each, with proper officers and a fixed place of meeting. As in the former case, they rented a large hall for their meetings and for the trial of prison-

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ers, and mounted on it a large bell which could be heard in the remotest quarters. They had quietly obtained possession of most of the guns and ammunition in the city, which they stored at their hall. This they fortified with sand-bags, and procured a battery of artillery, which they stationed in a commanding place.

All these things were done openly, and the attention of the governor was called to them; and as he and others regarded them as in rebellion, he appointed General W. T. Sherman—then a banker in San Francisco—a general of the militia, and directed him to organize his forces and have them in readiness to suppress all riotous or illegal proceedings. Sherman accepted the commission and made an effort to get the militia into some effective form. But he speedily found out that his force was neither a large nor a very willing one, and that it was almost entirely without arms. In this emergency he and the governor appealed to General Wool, who was then in command there, for aid and for the use of arms and ammunition. But Wool said he had no authority to do anything of the sort, and apparently was not inclined to meddle with the domestic squabbles of the people. Admiral Farragut, too, was there with a United States war-vessel, and was asked merely to station his ship at some place where it would look as though its guns might be used; but he declined also.

Just at this time an event happened which inflamed the whole city. Electoral frauds were among the worst of the prevailing practices. A bad set of men managed to get such control as enabled them to declare anybody elected they chose. A disreputable fellow named Casey was declared elected one of the supervisors, though it was a fact that not a single printed ticket for him was found in the ballot-box. James King then edited an evening paper called the *Bulletin*, which had been active in the cause of reform. He wrote an editorial in which he denounced Casey as a New York convict, and exposed the manner of his so-called election. The next day Casey met King in the street and shot him.

Casey, probably fearing what might happen to him if he fell into the hands of the committee, very willingly submitted to arrest at the hands of the civil authorities and was taken to jail. Public opinion was clamorous for his immediate execution; but King lived six days, and the committee waited to ascertain his fate before acting. When King did die, then the fearful bell was heard for the first time within five years. At the signal twenty-four companies of a hundred men each started for their rendez-

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vous—the jail; and their movements were so well timed, and all the arrangements so complete, that, though some of the companies were near and others quite distant, they all arrived at nearly the same moment.

General Sherman and Governor Johnson had heard the bell and knew what it meant. They went to the roof of the International Hotel, from which they had an extensive view over the city, and from that point witnessed the crowds in the streets and saw the companies, with their guns at port, marching by with steady and resolute step. As in other instances, there was no noisy demonstration—almost the only sound to be heard was the orderly tread of the men in the companies.

The wardens of the jail could offer no resistance to such a force, and, after a short parley, surrendered Casey and also one Cora, who was imprisoned for killing a United States marshal. The sidewalks and houses were full of people as the procession went by, the prisoners bound and walking in the middle of the street, guarded all around by the companies, silent and resolute.

No jury was impanelled in this case, but the executive committee sat as a court. Casey and Cora were allowed counsel, and two able lawyers were detailed to defend them. But they were condemned, and in order to make the execution as impressive and dramatic as possible they were sentenced to be hanged at the same moment that King was buried. And while the procession of thousands was following the body of King to the grave, and all the church-bells in the city were tolling, Casey and Cora were swung from the great beams projecting from the front of the hall, and their death-knell was sounded by the big bell of the committee.

Among those arrested by the committee was "Yankee" Sullivan, a renowned pugilist who had made himself very active in the affairs of the city, especially in elections. He was a bold and skilful manipulator of the ballot-boxes, and generally a man of whom it was desirable to relieve the city. Although so fearless and hardy in the ring, no sooner was he placed in confinement than his courage abandoned him and he succumbed in the most abject fashion. He died in the custody of the committee. The general belief was that he had committed suicide from terror, but many thought that he perished from fright and physical collapse, though the circumstances of his death were somewhat mysterious. The committee could not have executed him, for their plan was to do that in the most public manner possible. This was the occasion of a temporary reaction. A public meeting was held, and an effort made by the "law-and-order" party

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to wrench control from the committee. It failed, however, notwithstanding the bad effect of the episode of Sullivan, a large majority of the citizens still siding with the committee.

The governor now issued a proclamation that San Francisco was in a state of rebellion, and ordered the committee to disband and disperse. The militia were directed to report to General Sherman and obey his orders, and it appeared as if a fight between the committee and the law-and-order party was about to take place. But the militia did not come at the call of the governor; the hearts of the people were with the committee. Many very prominent men are still alive who took sides in the affair. The present writer only recently had a conversation with a gentleman, a resident of San Francisco at the time, who adhered to the law-and-order party and was placed in command of a force of three hundred and fifty enrolled men, and who afterwards became a United States senator. When he received Sherman's order he immediately notified his men, and called upon them to rendezvous at the jail. Of the three hundred and fifty only thirty-five came. One striking and fearful characteristic of all the proceedings of the committee was the silence with which they were conducted. That created a profounder impression of the committee's power and determination than any language could have done. There was also a sort of mystery, which had both its charm and its terror in the sight of so large a body of men embarking in such a work in so noiseless a way. Of the thirty-five who assembled with my informant on that day, Flood and O'Brien, two of the Bonanza kings, were present. William T. Coleman, spoken of recently as a candidate for the Presidency, was a conspicuous member of the Vigilance Committee.

Only once more did the Vigilance Committee exercise its power in the execution of criminals. Two men, Brace and Hetherington, were hanged—Brace for a murder committed two years before, and Hetherington for killing a Dr. Randall in a quarrel. A good many notoriously evil men, especially ballot-box stuffers, were sent out of the city and warned never to return—a warning which they seem to have heeded.

The events which occurred in Vicksburg and San Francisco can hardly be designated as lynch-law as the term is now understood. They were popular risings of the good citizens of each place, who were in some sort forced to combine for self-protection, but only after they had themselves witnessed repeated failures of the law, seen the general disorder and demoralization of the community, been cognizant of the ruin of many persons, and were in despair of any other relief. In the Vicksburg

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matter it must not be forgotten that it was not intended in the beginning to hang the gamblers, but merely to drive them from the city. But the death of Dr. Bodley inflamed the people beyond control, and, as it were, drove them to the extreme measure of taking the lives of his slayers.

It must be remembered, too, that while hundreds of men were tried and acquitted in San Francisco for hideous crimes of which they were undoubtedly guilty, the two men, Burdue and his companion, who were the first men convicted by the courts, were proved conclusively to be innocent. The acquittal of guilty men and the conviction of the innocent were things very well calculated to make the people resort to other methods than the legal tribunals for the punishment of crime and enforcement of order; and it is sure that after the operations of the Vigilance Committee the city of San Francisco, for some years at least, had fair elections and an honest municipal government, and the law was administered justly.

What does the reader think of such cases of lynch-law as those of Vicksburg and San Francisco? Does he think that the Vigilance Committees, made up of and managed by the merchants, property-holders, and professional men, were justified? The plea is that the ordinary tribunals had ceased to protect the people from the disorderly classes and from murder and rapine, and had even become a protection to the criminals themselves; their authority lapsed, and resort was therefore necessarily had to the original divine depository of public power. The community, in its primary elements, embracing the larger and better part of all classes, assumed in self-defence a new organization for the temporary but absolutely necessary exercise of civil jurisdiction over life and death. Does the reader think that this was rightfully done, and the death-penalty and other penalties inflicted by legitimate authority? Does he think that it can ever be justly done? Or does he condemn the Vigilantes as rioters and murderers? The question is one of much interest.

The practice of lynching in particular cases for crimes of peculiar atrocity stands on a different footing. The writer by no means approves of it, yet he believes it to be due in large measure to defects in the judiciary system of nearly all the States of the Union, to delays in the trial of prisoners, the inefficiency of courts and their officers, to the technical defences upon which guilty men are often allowed to go free, and to a general and deep-seated want of confidence in the judicial tribunals existing throughout nearly the whole country.

And in this respect the English and American people present

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a singular contrast. The English people are proverbially slow and cautious; it takes a quarter of a century to get through Parliament a reform which the whole country admits to be necessary, and the machinery of public authority moves with great deliberation, except in one respect—there is no delay in trying prisoners. The judges are a good class of men, the prosecuting attorneys able lawyers, and a fair trial, at least in cases not political, speedily follows an arrest; and it is probably to this fact that England owes her immunity from lynching. But in the United States the case is exactly the reverse. The American is prompt and decided in action, and everything proceeds with railroad speed except the trial of criminals; that often languishes for months and even years. An atrocious crime is committed and the whole country deeply interested; the offender is arrested, arraigned, but not tried; he is remanded to jail, and his case continued and again continued, till the people forget all about it. In the meantime witnesses go away, or are dealt with, or forget; and after the lapse of a long time the prisoner is brought in, goes through the form of a trial, and is acquitted or the jury disagrees.

The grand jury, which is considered a protection to the people, is a cumbersome affair. Exactly how it protects personal liberty and contributes to the efficiency of the courts is not easy to see. It is composed of honest, good citizens usually, but they are not skilful in sifting facts nor learned in the law. They sit in secret, only examine such witnesses as are sent before them, do not allow the accused to cross-examine, to be heard by counsel, or to send in witnesses. Its construction has little element either of fairness or efficiency; but as the Constitution of the United States declares that trials cannot be had in certain cases without an indictment by a grand jury, the system must be retained, at least for United States courts.

If lynching is to be stopped it must be done by a complete and thorough reform of our judiciary system. Appoint grand juries, not for a single session, as is done now in most States, but for a term—say twelve months—and let the criminal courts be always open. When a man is arrested for crime let the grand jury be at once impanelled, the court opened, and the trial proceed as soon as the witnesses can be brought in. Give the courts power to issue compulsory processes, if necessary, to compel their attendance. Have good men on the bench to represent the State. When the people see this done confidence in the courts will be restored and lynching will disappear, but not till then.

JOHN W. JOHNSTON.

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CAPTAIN PARLYBRICK'S COURTSHIP.

IT was about five in the afternoon of a lovely July day. Two omnibuses stood with wide-open doors waiting for the travellers who were about to alight from the train that came puffing into the station of Petitgare. There was nothing to guide you to a choice between the two. Both vehicles were equally shabby, and both conductors equally importunate. A broad-shouldered, bronzed-featured man, who had alighted from a first-class carriage, stood with his portmanteau in one hand and his bag in the other, considering which he should take—the one for the Hôtel Bricotte or the one for the Hôtel Petitgare. While he hesitated one of the conductors came running forward to meet two ladies, and seized their bags with an air of proprietorship.

"Hôtel Bricotte?" said the younger one in a clear, challenging tone, and without letting go her bag.

"But yes! Does mademoiselle think I do not remember her?"

Thus reassured, the two ladies followed the conductor. The elder one was getting in first, but just as she stood on the high step she lost her footing, slipped, and must have fallen with her whole weight backwards if the broad-shouldered traveller had not been quick enough to catch her in his arms and hold her up till she regained her footing. The poor lady was too frightened to express her gratitude except by a nervously-iterated "*Merci, merci beaucoup, monsieur!*" But her daughter ran forward and poured out her thanks with an earnest and graceful volubility that made the rescuer long to rescue somebody else. He replied in a few words of sonorously English French, and, after assisting up the young lady, got in himself; other travellers came crowding in after them, and the omnibus went rumbling on to the Hôtel Bricotte.

On the way thither Captain Parlybrick had an opportunity of considering the two ladies at his ease. The younger one was a bright little blonde of about twenty, with neat features, blue eyes, and masses of rich brown hair that fell in soft waves over a broad, frank brow. The elder was a woman under fifty, with a face like a faded flower, wan and sweet; the mouth was vacillating, the chin weak, the whole expression feeble and suggesting a capacity for letting herself be managed by any one who took the trouble. It was evident that her daughter did take the trouble.

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The omnibus pulled up before the Hôtel Bricotte. A white-capped soubrette led Captain Parlybrick to a room on the first floor fronting the sea; "*Soor le dévang*," he had stipulated, emphasizing the last syllable to make the situation clearer.

"Who are those ladies in half-mourning?" he inquired—"a mother and daughter, one in black, the other in light gray?"

"Mme. *et* Mlle. Duhallon, monsieur. Charming ladies! This is their third visit to Petitgare. Madame's husband was here with them the first time. It is very sad for them now. Ah! behold the dinner-bell. Monsieur has all he wants? Then I go."

Captain Parlybrick pulled open his portmanteau, made a hasty change of dress, and went down to the dining-room. He saw at a glance that the two ladies were not there; but a great many other people were, and he noticed with satisfaction that none of them looked English. His seat at table was next an elderly man with spectacles and a sandy beard, unmistakably a German; and opposite to him was a young man whose jet-black, sleek hair and olive skin bespoke him a Spaniard or a Portuguese.

The company had settled to the business of soup, and for some minutes there was no conversation. Captain Parlybrick was wondering why the ladies Duhallon did not appear, when suddenly the olive-skinned young man broke the silence.

"I will trouble you for the Cayenne pepper," he said, speaking across the table, and in English, genuine-born English.

"What a sell!" muttered the captain under his breath.

His sandy-bearded neighbor overheard the exclamation. "Yes," he said, also in genuine-born English, "the soup is generally a sell, but the rest of the cooking is not bad; it is not a bad place altogether. There are lots of English here; in fact, you hear more English on the plaza than French."

"The deuce you do!" said the captain, pushing away his plate.

The German who was no German looked at him in evident surprise.

"The fact is," said the captain, feeling called on to explain himself, "I came down here on purpose to get on in my French and to be entirely amongst French people; but if there are more English than French in the place, I don't see how I am to do either. I might as well have stayed in Paris."

"It is disappointing, certainly," assented the other. "Have you made any way with the language already?"

"Oh, dear, yes! I have been hard at work on it for over a

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year. I begin to feel my way through the participles and the genders and that sort of thing, but what bothers me is the prepositions; I can't get on with the prepositions. They are such plaguey things to manage, and there are such a lot of them! Take the preposition *in*, for instance. They have a score of words in French for our one. There is *en* [he pronounced it *ong*], then *dong*, then *dédong*, then *endédong*, and ever so many more. How the deuce is a man to know which is which, unless he has been born to the use of them?"

"You ought to write them down and get them by heart," observed his neighbor, with an effort to preserve his gravity.

"I do! I know them all by heart! I have a capital book about prepositions, and I have a professor, a first-rate one, who makes me write out exercises about them; and for all that the confounded things are always coming wrong."

The sandy-bearded man made no remark for a moment; but presently, as if he had been digesting the matter, "I only see one thing for you to do, then," he said, looking at the captain and pausing: "you must get a French wife."

"That would be a—strong measure, eh?" observed the captain.

The two strangers exchanged a knowing glance, and then indulged in that freemasonic laugh at the expense of the fair sex which makes men brothers in the twinkling of an eye. After this they went on to discuss broader subjects—the prospect of affairs at home, the chances of war abroad. The captain seemed to know a good deal about the state of affairs in India and to be much interested in the Cape.

Meantime the sandy-bearded traveller was wondering what motive he could have in pursuing so energetically the conquest of the French prepositions. He did not talk like a man of science, or even of letters, and he was long past the age for going up for any kind of examinations.

When dinner was over the gentlemen exchanged cards. That of the sandy-bearded man bore the words, *Mr. Silverbar, Solicitor, Wimpole Street.*

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Captain Parlybrick, "can you be the friend and solicitor of my nephew, Bob Jefferton?"

"You are Bob's uncle? Why, you look as young as Bob himself."

"I am only ten years his senior. He was the son of my eldest sister, who was twenty years older than I. Well, this is a most extraordinary coincidence!"

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Mr. Silverbar was amused at this naïveté in a man of Parlybrick's years. He was himself too old and world-taught to be surprised at anything.

They went for a walk, and had a long chat about Bob and other friends whom they found out they had in common; but Mr. Silverbar got no clue to the captain's vehement pursuit of the French language.

Next morning Captain Parlybrick devoted an hour to his French, and then went down to the beach to enjoy the salt breeze that was blowing in the tide. The first persons he saw, sitting under white umbrellas on camp-stools, were Mme. and Mlle. Duhallon. A gracious bow encouraged him to approach and inquire, in his best French, for the health of the elder lady. The ice once broken, he was quickly afloat and in full swing of conversation with them. He informed them that his object in coming to Petitgare was to get on with his French, his great ambition being to speak the language like a native.

"My professor assures me all I want is practice," he said.

"You must talk with us, and allow me to correct you occasionally," observed Mme. Duhallon in her drawling tones, and smiling blandly.

"O mamma!" said Léonie, "monsieur might not like that; it is only philosophers who like to be told of their faults."

"And pray, mademoiselle, why do you assume that I am not a philosopher?" demanded the captain.

"Monsieur, if you tell me that you are I am quite ready to believe it," protested Léonie; "but"—she put her head on one side with a comical little grimace—"I have never known a gentleman, even a philosopher, who liked being laughed at."

"Ah! you are apparently in the habit of trying the experiment, and you think I would provide you with an opportunity for repeating it. Well, try me; I promise to bear it without wincing. I would bear a great deal in order to get on with my French, and it is everything to me to have a chance of practising it with people who don't speak English. That makes all the difference. I always speak better when I feel I must make it out somehow and cannot turn to English for the word."

"Oh!—" Mme. Duhallon was going to say something, but Léonie made a face at her and she stopped short.

When the captain went away Léonie said, speaking in perfectly pure English: "We must not let him suspect that we speak English; it would only disappoint him, and it would spoil all our fun. I think he is going to be amusing."

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"But is it not a little bit treacherous?" said Mme. Duhallon.

"Not a bit, since he would rather be deceived."

Mme. Duhallon saw no flaw, apparently, in this logic, for she gave in at once to Léonie's view of the matter.

The captain was with them constantly after this, and at the end of a week he began to think that he might do worse than follow Mr. Silverbar's suggestion. The question was, which of the two ladies would be the wiser choice. The younger one was unquestionably the more attractive of the two, but there was a spice of the devil in her which, though it added to her charm in one way, indicated a capacity for getting fun out of you that it was pleasanter to see exercised on others than on one's self. She had a will of her own, too, and evidently ruled her mother completely. Mme. Duhallon was the very opposite of all this. She had no will at all, or, if she had, it was so limp and pliable that it could not stand by itself, but always wanted some one else's to cling to—an adorable weakness in a wife for a man who liked to have his own way, as some men do. Captain Parlybrick kept balancing the ladies in his mind, but he divided his attentions at first so nicely between the two that no one could have said to which side the balance dipped.

Léonie, however, put herself *hors de concours* before the week was out by getting tired of the prepositions, and leaving the captain to be helped on in his struggles with them by her mother. Mme. Duhallon's easy good-nature and want of anything to do made her more patient with his mania. Correcting this good-looking Englishman in his French made a pleasant diversion in the monotony of crochet and taking care of her health. But they were all puzzled as to what his motive could be in pursuing so obstinately "the conquest of the language," as his phrase was.

"Can you not find out?" Léonie kept asking Mr. Silverbar, whom she had drawn into the cheat of not letting the captain know they spoke English.

Mr. Silverbar declared that he could not, but that never before had he known a man so possessed by a hobby.

One afternoon they were all sitting in the Casino (which was in front of the hotel), the ladies fanning themselves, Mr. Silverbar reading the newspaper, and Captain Parlybrick listening with all his ears to two Frenchmen who were discussing their respective politics close by. In the course of the voluble and excited conversation the word *enfin* recurred frequently, as it is apt to do in French talk.

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"Good gracious!" exclaimed the captain in an exasperated tone; and, turning suddenly to Mr. Silverbar, "What a lot of words there are in French, to be sure! If I could only get to speak like those fellows! But will you tell me why they keep on saying 'at last' all the time they are talking?"

"Do they? I never noticed it."

"Oh! but they do. I have often noticed it; these two men have been saying it a dozen times a minute. Just you listen. There!—onfang, onfang!"

"*Enfin* doesn't mean 'at last,'" said Mr. Silverbar, looking steadily into his newspaper. "*Enfin* means—"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, it does," protested the captain. "I can show it to you in my book of prepositions. I'll just run in and fetch it."

Mr. Silverbar was thankful he did run in, for the moment he disappeared the lawyer threw back his head and roared. Léonie, who had overheard it all, joined heartily in the laugh; but her mother protested that they were both very ill-natured.

"And it really is very deceitful of us," she said, "not to let him know that we speak English like our mother-tongue. I think I must tell him, poor, dear man!"

"That would be very treacherous to Mr. Silverbar and me," said Léonie, "and it would spoil all our fun, besides disappointing the captain awfully—which would be ungrateful, mamma, for I believe he saved you from breaking your leg."

"He is a dear, kind, excellent man," said the widow complacently.

The captain certainly took pains to make himself agreeable to her; he was continually at her side, ready to fetch and carry for her, to pick up her worsted balls, to wrap and unwrap her, to make himself useful in many ways. Mme. Duhallon always wanted somebody to wait upon her and make a fuss over her, to tell her what she ought and ought not to do. All day long it was, "Léonie, shall I be too warm in my black shawl?" "Léonie, will it tire me to walk to the sands?" "Léonie, do I want to have a bowl of soup before I go out?" No wonder Léonie came to rule and manage this helpless, will-less mother as if she had been a baby. By the end of a fortnight Captain Parlybrick had quite made up his mind which would be the more eligible wife of the two, and he was pursuing the conquest of the widow and her eight hundred a year as energetically as the conquest of the prepositions. They had grown very intimate over the study and pronunciation of the French language,

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and in the course of conversation he had learned all about her circumstances that he wanted to know. He had discovered at a very early date that the chief, indeed the one, obstacle in his way was Léonie's influence, and he had set himself steadily and quietly to undermine it. He affected to resent her way of managing and domineering her mother.

"You are *too* gentle, my dear lady," he would say when Léonie, before starting on her walk, had left some emphatic injunction about what shawl Mme. Duhallon was to take, and how long she was to stay out. "You are a perfect angel of meekness; but, if you will excuse my saying so, I think it is hardly right to encourage Mlle. Léonie in being so self-willed. You spoil her so that no husband will be able to manage her. She orders everything for you without even consulting you."

Mme. Duhallon would sigh, and remark, with one of her languid smiles, that it was perhaps better to be kept in order than to be too much petted.

"But you ought to be petted," the manœuvring lover would urge; "you are just the kind of creature everybody wants to pet—at least we men always do; you are so dependent, so womanly. I hate your strong-minded, independent women."

Mme. Duhallon found it very pleasant to be lectured in this way, even in ungrammatical French. Little by little the spell was working against Léonie; the new influence was subtly supplanting and counteracting the old one. Léonie all this time suspected nothing. Thankful that her mother had found some one to talk to her and keep her amused, she went off with the young folk of the place shrimping and boating, and thoroughly enjoying the sea-side pleasures of Petitgare.

But Mr. Silverbar saw the game that Parlybrick was playing, and he was sorry for Léonie; he saw she was tenderly devoted to her mother, and he felt instinctively that when the position of affairs broke upon her it would be a terrible blow. But it was no business of his to interfere.

They had been about a month at Petitgare when Léonie's eyes were opened brusquely one morning. She came unexpectedly on her mother and the captain sitting close together in a sheltered spot, he holding her hand while he read to her out of some French book; she was overlooking the page, and stopping him now and then playfully with a correction. They did not see Léonie, though she was close to them, near enough to hear what they were saying. "Le goovernemong fronsay," read the captain. "*Gou-ver-ne-ment français*," corrected Mme. Duhal-

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lon, making him repeat each syllable distinctly. Léonie took it all in at a glance. She could not utter even an exclamation, but stood rooted to the spot, struck dumb with dismay and disgust. Her first impulse was to rush forward and snatch her mother's hand from that odious grasp; but she conquered it, and, stifling the emotion that swelled her heart almost to bursting, she stepped quietly away without betraying her presence. As she walked home by the beach the sea and the sky seemed to be spinning round her. What was she to do? Was there, indeed, anything to be done? The only thing that suggested itself to her was that they should leave Petitgare at once; but her mother, most likely, would not be inclined to do this; and, limp and inert as Mme. Duhallon was, she could, as Léonie knew, put forth on occasions that passive strength of resistance which is the toughest and strongest of all forces to pull against. And even if she consented to come away that man would come after them. It was all his doing. The notion that her mother had fallen in love with him was so revolting to the girl's filial reverence and to her common sense that she kept protesting to herself it was impossible; there was something positively unnatural in the idea of a woman of Mme. Duhallon's age having a lover, while her daughter, in the springtide of youth, was still waiting for the romance of life to begin. The whole odium of the folly was on Captain Parlybrick's side; he was making love to Mme. Duhallon, who, in her foolish good-nature and love of being made much of, had tolerated his designing overtures. Of course it could only be her money he was after. But how was Léonie to break off this absurd and humiliating comedy, and make her mother realize the danger she was in? A word of passionate appeal, of warning, might only wound her self love and move her languid inertia to dogged, inexorable resistance. In her perplexity Léonie avoided her mother for the rest of the morning, and when she met Captain Parlybrick in the afternoon the cold, contemptuous hostility of her manner at once warned him that he had been found out.

"There is no time to be lost now," he said to himself, and before the sun went down into the sea he had proposed to Mme. Duhallon and been accepted.

The blow was not much softened to Léonie by the few hours' preparation that had gone before. She knew that it was perfectly useless to try to move her mother from the folly she was bent on: it would have been as easy to argue back the sea and dissuade the waves from breaking on the beach; but it was not

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in human nature to give up the love and the supremacy that had hitherto been all her own, without making one desperate effort to retain them. She prayed, she wept, she upbraided, she fell at her mother's feet and implored her to reflect, to wait a little while before she took this irrevocable step. It was worse than useless. Mme. Duhallon grew excited and hysterical, and declared that she was "ready to faint."

"You ought to have some feeling for me, knowing how nervous and easily upset I am," she protested; "but you have always had your own way and never considered me. But I mean to be happy now and to have some one to love me!"

Léonie had been prepared for much, but not for this. She was cut to the heart. There was no more to be said. There was nothing to be done. She rose from her knees and dried her eyes, and nerved herself to meet the inevitable.

Mr. Silverbar was very kind and sympathetic. He felt a twinge of remorse in presence of the girl's misery. Who knows?—might it not all have come from that suggestion of his, made in jest to the captain, and carried out so promptly and successfully?

"My dear young lady," he said, "you must not take it to heart as such a terrible calamity. In the first place, you won't, in all probability, have long to put up with it; you will be carried off one of these days to a home of your own. And, meantime, Parlybrick is not half a bad fellow; your mother might have fallen into worse hands. He will take care of her. I know his nephew well, and I have always heard him speak of Parlybrick in terms of respect and affection. Don't treat him like an enemy, my dear. He may prove a useful friend to you. And I have no doubt but that he will be kind to your mother; he seems really very spooney on her."

This last argument was a mistake; it was the captain's crowning offence in Léonie's eyes. What right had this strange man to be "spooney" on *her* mother? It was disgusting, it was odious to think of. Still, it had to be borne, and Léonie called her pride and her good sense to the rescue, and, after the first burst of indignation and grief had subsided, she resolved to follow Mr. Silverbar's advice and not to make an enemy of the captain by treating him as such.

"At any rate," she said, her sense of fun asserting itself, "we shall now find out why he is so bent on mastering the prepositions!"

Mr. Silverbar placed his legal services at the disposal of the

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widow for the drawing up of the settlements, etc.; but they were declined with thanks. When the subject was broached by the captain to Mme. Duhallon, he declared that she burst into tears and became so hysterical that she quite alarmed him. "She insists on leaving everything in my hands," he said to Mr. Silverbar; "and she is so awfully fond of me I do not like to go against her wishes."

"Fudge and nonsense!" said Mr. Silverbar, with a lawyer's contempt for this sentimental disregard of the protection of the law, and irritated by the danger to which the silly woman was deliberately exposing her daughter. "However, if she chooses to behave like a fool, that is no reason why you should be suspected of behaving—unhandsomely in the matter. What do you mean to do? If you don't like to insist on settlements, which would be the proper, legal course to pursue, you can make your will the day of your marriage, and secure Mrs. Parlybrick's property to herself and her daughter. There would be an air of magnanimity about that, perhaps, that would please her."

"That is a good idea," replied the captain; "I will do that. You will draw up the will for me at once, and I will let you have it as soon as the knot is tied."

"All right," said Mr. Silverbar, thankful to have rescued Léonie from a position that, to him, seemed a very perilous one.

The will was duly executed and delivered to Mr. Silverbar's keeping the day that Mme. Duhallon became Mrs. Parlybrick.

The marriage took place at Boulogne, from the pretty house that M. Duhallon had built for his wife. Léonie was not present. It was settled, agreeably to all parties, that she should go to stay with friends in England till all was over and the newly-married couple had returned from their honeymoon, which they were to pass in Switzerland.

They had been home nearly a month when Léonie joined them here. She felt like a deposed princess coming back to the kingdom where her throne was occupied by another. The new potentate seemed, however, very anxious to propitiate her. He went to meet her at the boat, and gave her a kiss when she held out her hand to him. Léonie was inclined to return the impertinence by a box on the ears. It was a liberty he had no right to take, and his bumptious, master-of-the-house air as he imprinted the sonorous smack on her cheek was insufferable. She submitted to it in silence, but he saw that his attention was not appreciated. They talked good-humoredly, however, on their way to the house, where Mrs. Parlybrick, looking

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very youthful in a beautiful dress, stood waiting to welcome her child home.

When the two were up-stairs in Léonie's room she laid a hand on her mother's shoulders, and, holding her out at arms' length, took a wistful, searching look at her.

"Now, tell me the truth, little mother," she said: "has the captain been taking as much care of you as I did?"

Mrs. Parlybrick answered her first with a kiss. "Almost," she said.

"And now tell me something else: have you found out why he wants so badly to master the prepositions?"

"No, dear, I have not. I really believe it is pure love of the prepositions."

"Has he mastered them?"

"Not quite—" with some hesitation; "the fact is, he has been too busy trying to master me."

"Then he has given up talking French? What a mercy!"

"Oh! no, darling," said Mrs. Parlybrick quickly. "We never talk anything else; and you and I must always speak French when he is present. For my sake, Léonie!" she added, with a beseeching look that went to the girl's heart. It was evident her mother had been more easily mastered than the prepositions.

Things passed off pleasantly enough that evening. Léonie had a great deal to tell about her visit to England, and the captain listened complacently, enjoying the good lesson in French.

Next morning he had his letters and newspapers to occupy him during breakfast; then he had his French lesson; but the moment this was over Léonie's plumes began to ruffle. It was intolerable to see this strange man taking the upper hand in the house, ordering everything "as if he were master of the whole place," thought Léonie, forgetting that he was master; it was disgusting to hear her mother call him "Fred," and still worse to hear him calling her "Sherry"—he meant *chérie*, but he pronounced it sherry. This term of endearment was near bringing about a violent explosion that very day at dinner. Mrs. Parlybrick asked Léonie if she would have some cucumber; she said, "No, thank you"; upon which the captain said, "I will have some, Sherry."

"It is beside you," said Léonie.

"What?" said the captain.

"The sherry; I thought you asked for it."

"He means me, dear," interposed Mrs. Parlybrick, alarmed by this opening shot.

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"Why does he call you after the wine?" inquired Léonie, pretending not to understand.

"He calls me *chérie*," explained her mother nervously.

"Then you ought to teach him to pronounce it properly, or else people will be always passing the decanter when he calls to you."

The captain looked exceedingly angry. He did not address Léonie during dinner, and spent the evening reading his abominable French to Mrs. Parlybrick and making her correct him.

The next morning he wrote to Mr. Silverbar and complained of Léonie. "I am afraid," he said, "that, as far as she is concerned, I have made a mistake. She seems determined not to help me on a bit in my French. I must only work the harder with my master, who assures me I am getting on splendidly."

This master was a great blessing to the family. The captain spent two hours every morning with him, and after lunch he went out on horseback, and the rest of the afternoon he got through going about talking to any French people he knew, and picking up new words and idioms, so that it was only in the evening he inflicted his society on Léonie. He really gave her no reason to complain of him, except that he had married her mother and talked vile French. Otherwise he was always civil, and would have been affectionate if she had let him. He was naturally good-tempered, like most self-indulgent people; he enjoyed a soft life, and his wife's income, added to his own three hundred a year, gave him all the luxuries he delighted in.

Léonie had been about a month at home when the captain received a letter from Bob Jefferton, saying he had just arrived in London on three months' furlough.

"We must have him over at once," said the delighted uncle. "Bob is the best of good fellows. You'll like him awfully, Sherry."

Sherry said she had no doubt she would, and cordially seconded the captain's desire to have him over. There was something touching in the elderly man's fresh delight at the prospect of seeing his nephew. Even Léonie was melted by it.

"I dare say he is a horrid bore," was her private reflection; "but, at any rate, he will take bore No. 1 off our hands."

Nevertheless it was with a little flutter of excitement that, a few evenings later, she sat waiting for the appearance of bore No. 2 in the pretty salon, which was enlivened for the occasion with a festal display of lights. When his step sounded on the stairs Léonie turned instinctively to the glass, touched her braids and

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shook out her skirts, and advanced to receive her mother's guest.

"This is my nephew, Bob Jefferton; my step-daughter, Mlle. Doohallon," said the captain, as, button-holing his guest, he fussed in like a policeman who had captured a thief. The young lady and the young gentleman bowed to each other.

Léonie saw at a glance that "Bob" was the very opposite of what she had expected; he was a complete contrast to his uncle, both in appearance and manner. The young Indian officer was tall, slim, and fair; he was a little shy at first, but this soon wore off, and before he had been an hour in the room Bob was quite at his ease and had made a most agreeable impression on both the ladies. Dinner was announced, and he took Mrs. Parlybrick down-stairs. The captain seized the opportunity of whispering to Léonie, "Isn't he a nice fellow, now?" And Léonie, cordially enough, admitted that he was very pleasant. Bob was extremely entertaining during dinner. The captain, who was bursting with pride, drew him out about his life in India, his tiger-hunting and other stirring adventures, which the young man related with great spirit and a quiet humor that was very sympathetic. When they returned to the drawing-room the captain, bent on showing off all Bob's accomplishments, asked him to sing one of those comic songs he had been famous for in earlier days. Mrs. Parlybrick insisted, and Bob, after some show of resistance, allowed himself to be persuaded, and sang a couple of buccaneering songs with great success; after that he and Léonie sang a duet together, and so the evening with bore No. 2 passed off quite brilliantly.

"He is *too* charming!" cried Mrs. Parlybrick as she wished Léonie good-night; "but I knew he must be, Fred is *so* fond of him."

But Fred, fond as he was of his nephew, could not, of course, sacrifice the prepositions to him; he worked away at them for his usual two hours next morning, and meanwhile Bob was sent out, with Léonie as an escort, to see the town and take a walk by the sea. The two were very glad of the opportunity. They had a wonderful sense of youth and fun in common. As they stood on the ramparts, looking out at the white horses that were racing in the tide, Léonie said:

"Mr. Jefferton, there is something I should very much like to ask you."

"What is that, Mlle. Duhallon?" said Bob, looking as if there were something he should very much like to tell her.

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"I want badly to know why your uncle is so bent on the conquest of the French language?" There was a twinkle in her eye as she looked at Bob, and Bob's eye, obeying a law of nature, began to twinkle too.

"I have not the remotest idea!" he said very solemnly; "but I believe it is in the nature of man to be always bent on the conquest of something." They both burst out laughing. After this they began to feel very confidential.

In the afternoon Bob went for a ride with his uncle, and congratulated him, with entire sincerity, on having found such a pleasant home and such a nice wife.

"Yes," assented the captain, "she is a nice creature, and she is awfully fond of me; but she does not get me on in my French as I expected. The fact is, I was rather taken in on that point. It was only after I had proposed that I found out they both spoke English as well as French. It was a great sell, for it was that—the French, I mean—that first put it into my head to think of marrying her. But, of course, Mrs. Parlybrick did not know that," he added, not wishing to blacken his wife too much in Bob's eyes.

Bob was sorry for Mrs. Parlybrick, and rather ashamed for his uncle.

Music makes a delightful and dangerous opportunity. Nothing makes hearts beat in unison like voices singing in unison. There were more duets that evening, and more walks and talks next morning, and so on every day, and by the end of the week Léonie and Bob were like old friends. The captain was delighted to see the young folks so intimate, and when Bob spoke of going he protested vehemently, and Mrs. Parlybrick joined so cordially in the protest that Bob, after a decent feint at resistance, consented to prolong his visit from a week to a month. "And then we shall see," said the captain. But the very next morning came a telegram from the War Office calling Bob back to London "immediately." He was greatly annoyed and he was greatly perplexed; he had not the least idea what the summons meant; he was not conscious of any breach of rules that he could be called to order for. However, the mystery would soon be explained; there was nothing to do for the moment but obey the order and take the boat for Folkstone.

"Telegraph at once what it is all about," said the captain, as he shook hands with his nephew on board the steamer, "and say by what boat we are to expect you back."

Mr. Jefferton promised; but he was only able to fulfil one

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part of the promise. "Fighting at the Cape. Regiment ordered on. Starting to join it," was the message he wired to Boulogne next day. It was a great disappointment to them all, but most of all to Léonie. The shock of discovering what a place Robert Jefferton had taken in her life was almost as great as the pain of the disappointment. But the latter soon predominated, and brought with it a whole procession of other pains, doubts, and stings and humiliations. Did Bob care for her as she did for him? Had she unconsciously betrayed to him how much she cared? If so, did he despise her for it? If he cared at all for her, why had he not said anything or made a sign of some sort before putting half the world between them? He could not have cared a straw! And yet that day on the beach, and that other day when she drove him to the Abbaye, and he talked to her about his little sister who died when he was a boy—he must surely have felt great sympathy with her to have opened his heart to her in that intimate and spontaneous way? But then, again, sympathy was not love; you may feel great sympathy with people, and yet be a long way off from loving them. She herself had great sympathy with Mr. Silverbar, for instance, but she did not love him. The more she puzzled over the problem the farther she seemed to get from solving it. Her great terror, from the moment she found out the secret of her heart, was that any one else should find it out. In her anxiety to hide the wound she was ashamed of, Léonie played the hypocrite, and talked of Robert's departure with an indifference that sounded ill-natured to the captain, who was so distressed at losing him that for several days he kept forgetting himself and lapsing into English in his lamentations. He set down Léonie's behavior to her natural perverseness and want of sympathy with him. Had he known how keenly she was suffering it would have touched his heart, which was kindly at the core, and created a bond between them that might have bridged over the gulf made by the prepositions. But she would have died of her pain rather than let the captain suspect it. She shrank into herself, and appeared unsympathetic and even hostile, when she was only nervous and miserable and making superhuman efforts to keep up. The strain told on her looks and manner so visibly that any two people less self-absorbed than the captain and Mrs. Parlybrick must have noticed it; but neither of them saw anything. The captain worked away at his French out loud of an evening, floundering through a swamp of genders, verbs, and prepositions, all at loggerheads and running riot on his exercise-book; and Léonie would never

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come to the rescue, but go on drawing her needle through her canvas with the regularity of an automaton. It was most exasperating to the captain. Sometimes he would exclaim querulously, like a child that could not make its sum add up: "You really might help me, Léonie!" Thus adjured, Léonie would look up from her tapestry, inquire into the difficulty, and after a short, technical explanation, given so clearly that it made the captain long for more, she would resume her work. Mrs. Parlybrick, who was by the way of preparing him for the morrow's lesson, was generally either fast asleep on the sofa or, half-asleep, nodding in her chair.

"My dear," she would say to Léonie when they were alone, "I wish you would be a little kinder to Fred; he feels very much that you don't take an interest in his French."

In due course there came a letter from Robert announcing his safe arrival. He wrote in high spirits; there was not the faintest undertone of sentiment in the short letter; he was full of Kaffirs and of sanguinary satisfaction at the prospect of slaughtering them, and of the possible promotion to come after the slaughter.

"He has forgotten me as if he had never seen me," thought Léonie; and she hated herself for not being able to forget, too. But she could not. The long silence that followed this letter only made her hunger the more for tidings. She thought of Robert Jefferton all day; she dreamed of him all night. She suspected that the captain had news, and that out of sheer ill-nature he would not say so. She longed to ask him if he had heard from India, but she dared not trust herself to put the question. She was afraid to pronounce Robert's name. She tried it when she was alone. Sometimes, in her own room, she would say out loud: "Have you heard from Mr. Jefferton?" or "How odd that Mr. Jefferton has not written again!" but her voice sounded conscious and unsteady; she felt sure it would betray her. Even "I wonder you don't hear from the Cape" seemed too personal to trust herself to utter. It was, of course, possible that the captain had no more news than she had; still, it was unlikely. Unable to bear the silence and suspense any longer, Léonie determined at last to ask her mother if there had been no letters. The captain was sure to tell her if there had been; they were a very affectionate couple, and had grown more so of late. Léonie had felt as if this closer union was isolating her from her mother; still, her mother was her mother, and she made up her mind to speak to her about Robert and trust her secret to her. The

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misery of suspense and separation would be easier to bear if she could open her heart to some one about it; and surely her mother would sympathize with her and respect her confidence. She, who was so extremely romantic in her own case, would be responsive to the romance of her child. Léonie waited one morning till the captain had gone out for his ride—after shouting out his usual "Au revoir, Sherry!" from the street up to the window where "Sherry" stood to see him mount and ride off—and then she came down from her own room to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Parlybrick had already gone back to her sofa, and was comfortably reclining against a couple of cushions, fingering her crochet.

"Mamma, I want to have a little talk with you," said Léonie, drawing a low chair beside the sofa, "but I want you first to promise me to keep what I am going to say a secret."

"My dear! a secret?" repeated Mrs. Parlybrick, preparing to be nervous.

"Yes. You must promise not to speak of it, even to the captain."

"My dear Léonie! This is very serious. I don't see how I can promise you that. It is the duty of a wife to have no secrets from her husband."

"But I am your child, mamma. Have you no duty to me?"

"Certainly; and I thought, I really *did* think, I had always done my duty to you as a mother. How oddly you are talking, Léonie! What *can* this secret be about? It is making me quite nervous."

"It need not do that, mamma. There is nothing in it that need agitate you; it only concerns myself, and—and it will be a great comfort if I may open my heart to you about it; but you must promise me not to say anything to Captain Parlybrick."

"I don't see how I can do that. Fred is very sensitive; he would be quite hurt if he thought I had a secret from him; and, besides, it is my duty to tell him everything. You cannot understand the feelings of a wife towards a loving husband."

"No; but I thought I did understand the feelings of a mother towards a loving child," said Léonie, her voice trembling a little.

"What *can* you mean?" said Mrs. Parlybrick, growing very nervous and excited. "It is most ungrateful of you to talk in this way. I have always been a perfect mother to you, and let you have your own way in everything; and you have been very selfish and neglectful of me latterly, and I have never reproached

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you. If it were not for dear Fred's tender care I don't know what I should do; but he loves me dearly, and it would be most ungrateful of me to have secrets from him!"

"In that case I will not burden you with mine," said Léonie, rising and putting away her chair; "but I have a right to ask, to exact, mamma, that you will not repeat to your husband the little that I have said."

"This is the way you speak to your mother? What *have* I done to be treated with such disrespect?"

"I have shown you no disrespect, mamma; but as it seems I count for nothing in your life now, I will never again trouble you with anything that concerns me." The girl's heart was full to bursting as she walked deliberately out of the room, deaf to her mother's feeble wailing after her to come back and say what she meant.

After this scene the mother and daughter drifted imperceptibly asunder. Léonie suffered, but made no complaint, and was careful to avoid giving any cause for complaint. But she felt that her heart was closing against her mother and hardening against the captain; it was losing its sweetness, because it was letting go its love. She was losing her patience with the captain, which had been sustained by her love for her mother; the sound of his voice mouthing his villanous French was growing every day more intolerable. Sometimes, of an evening, when he sat hammering away with his book of prepositions, it was all she could do not to snatch the book out of his hands and fling it into the fire. She grew to hate that book with the sort of personal spite one feels towards a vicious live thing that can hurt and is always getting in the way.

One morning she ran down to the drawing-room to fetch a letter she had left there the night before. After searching everywhere she found it at last in the book of prepositions; the captain had evidently put it there to mark his place. Léonie shut up the book and flung it down on the table. "You beast! How I do hate you!" she said, thumping the poor book with the angry petulance of a child.

"I am sorry my book is so disagreeable to you," said a voice behind her.

Léonie started, and, turning round, beheld the captain in the doorway. He strode across the room, took up his book, and walked off with it in dudgeon. Léonie said nothing till he was gone, then she fell into a chair and exploded in a fit of smothered laughter.

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The captain carried his book and his wounded feelings straight to Mrs. Parlybrick.

"I can't think why the girl hates me so," he said, much aggrieved.

"She did not say she hated you, dearest," pleaded his wife.

"Nonsense, Sherry! 'Love me, love my book.' She said she hated my book; she called it a beast! If you could have seen the way she thumped it! I could see she was wishing it was I."

Mrs. Parlybrick pitied herself very much for having to hear these complaints, and blamed Léonie for not behaving better to Fred. The two did not speak after this for the rest of the day.

The next morning, when the captain had gone out for his ride, Mrs. Parlybrick remarked that he was not looking well, that she was a little anxious about him.

"I did not notice that he looked ill," said Léonie; "what does he complain of?"

"Oh! nothing. He won't admit that he is not perfectly well; he laughs at me, and says he means to bury us all; that his ancestors have all been extraordinarily long-lived people, and that he is safe to outdo them all and live to be a hundred; that every organ in his body is as sound as a bell."

"Well, in that case, what are you uneasy about?"

"I don't know exactly. Perhaps I am over-anxious; but he looks pale, and he has been very languid lately, and—I can't say what it is, but he is changed. I think a trip to London might do him good."

Léonie looked at the captain after this conversation, and she recognized that her mother was right: he was decidedly altered. So true it is that we may live with people, and look at them all day long, and never see them. It is only the eyes of love that always see those they look at. Léonie felt a relenting towards the captain, and held out the olive-branch to him that afternoon in the shape of a correction in some sentence he was stumbling through to the servant; but he took no notice of the overture: he was evidently too deeply offended to be readily appeased.

"I think you are right, mamma," Léonie said to her mother. "The captain looks pale, and he is black under the eyes. Try and make him run over for a few days to Mr. Silverbar. He always enjoys that."

This was true. The captain was fond of Mr. Silverbar, and he could talk about Bob to him, for Bob wrote to him oftener than to any one else. When Mrs. Parlybrick proposed that he

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should take the boat and go over and spend a week with him, as he had a standing invitation to do, the captain replied:

"That is just what I was thinking of doing. I want badly to see Silverbar."

He took the boat that evening. He stayed two days in London, and came home in good spirits, but still looking pale and tired. A few days after his return the maid ran up to Léonie's room in great agitation.

"Come, please, mademoiselle!" she said in a breathless voice. "Monsieur is ill in the dining-room. I have not called madame."

Léonie flew down the stairs with a sudden presentiment of evil. The captain was in a chair before his writing-table, his head fallen forward on his breast, his right arm hanging. He had been in the act of writing when he fainted; the pen had dropped from his hand and lay on the carpet. Léonie tore open his cravat and opened the window, and then she and the maid applied restoratives and waited anxiously for a sign of returning consciousness.

"Shall I go for madame?" asked the girl at last in a whisper.

"No; wait a little."

As Léonie said this the captain opened his eyes and turned them on her, first blankly, but then with a look of strange intensity. They seemed almost to speak.

"Léonie!" he said, gasping painfully, "I am sorry I—O my God!—is this—death? Forgive me! I—"

His head fell heavily on his breast. All was over!

It was the first time Léonie had ever seen death. The shock was very great. It seemed as if the world stood still, as if the wheel of life could never be set going again with the old careless speed. To her mother the shock of so sudden a death would have been terrible, even if she had had the remote warning of the presence of organic danger in the captain's health; but neither she nor he had had the faintest suspicion of any such danger. Only that very morning he had laughed at her remark that she must take him to some watering-place in the summer; he had assured her that he meant to bury Léonie's grandchildren, little dreaming that, as he spoke, the death-watch was ticking treacherously in his heart, telling away the few hours he had yet to live.

Everything that had to be done now devolved on Léonie. She gave the orders for the funeral, wrote all the letters, took

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all the trouble off her mother's hands. Mrs. Parlybrick's strength was barely sufficient to carry her through the fatigue of trying on her weeds; then she admitted a few intimate friends to condole with her, as she lay on the sofa in her sable draperies, mourning for Fred and wetting cambric handkerchiefs.

Léonie wrote to Mr. Silverbar and informed him of the captain's death, and said that she and her mother counted on his kind services in managing for them the legal business that had to be done. Instead of answering her letter the lawyer arrived in person. He found her alone.

"My poor child, this is a bad business," he said, and he drew her to him and kissed her as if she had been his child.

Léonie was touched, but greatly surprised. The death of Captain Parlybrick seemed no sufficient reason for the sympathy which Mr. Silverbar's manner betrayed, nor the strong compassion that evidently stirred him. He inquired for her mother's health and her own, and then, with the air of a man who wished to come to the point and get over a painful business at once, he said abruptly:

"You wish me to communicate with Jefferton. I will do so, since some one must do it. I am sure he will be as much shocked and surprised as any of us. The whole thing is shocking beyond anything in my experience. You have the will? Give it to me, and I will make out a copy and send it to Jefferton."

"The will!" said Léonie. "I thought you had it, Mr. Silverbar. He told mamma he gave it to you the day after his marriage."

"So he did, but— Has he left no other instructions? Have you found nothing of a later date?"

"No, nothing. I have turned out every drawer of his, poor man, but I have not found the smallest memorandum."

"Ah!" The interjection sounded like a breath of relief. "In that case I have only to administer the will in my possession. You know, perhaps, that it only concerns your mother's property. No mention is made of the captain's own property."

"But what had he to do with mamma's? All that she had was her own. The captain could have nothing to say to it."

"Oh! yes, he had; but that is neither here nor there now. We have only to carry out the law concerning his property. One-third of it comes to your mother, and the remainder goes to Jefferton as heir and nearest of kin."

"Mamma won't have any of it," said Léonie. "She says it

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would not be fair to take what belongs by right to his family when she has enough of her own."

"But it is hers according to law."

"She does not care about the law; she prefers to do what is right. She will let it all go to Mr. Jefferton."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" was the lawyer's angry rejoinder.

But Mrs. Parlybrick maintained what Léonie had said, so Mr. Silverbar, mentally voting them a pair of silly fools, but glad enough that Bob Jefferton should profit by their folly, wrote to inform him that he had come into three hundred a year.

After this things fell back into the old quiet tenor, as if nothing had ever interrupted it. The mother and daughter resumed their old relations; Léonie took the management of the house, all the trouble and responsibility of their common life, on her hands once more, and Mrs. Parlybrick took back the staff that she had thrown away so ungratefully six months ago, and leaned on it as formerly with all her weight of weakness. It seemed quite natural to her to depend again on Léonie for everything, and she found Léonie just as ready as before to think and act for her. There was no change outwardly, and Mrs. Parlybrick never looked below the surface of things in any direction. But Léonie was changed. She could not forget in a moment that a stranger had stepped in between them, and that her mother had set her aside for him. There was no need to fear a betrayal of her secret now, and she longed more than ever to open her heart, to get that touch which one woman can only get from another. But she could not speak to Mrs. Parlybrick; it was too soon yet. Perhaps later the wound might heal; but now "Fred's" widow stood too distinctly between her and her mother. She was very gentle and attentive, so much so that Mrs. Parlybrick thought she was trying to atone for her selfish behavior in dear Fred's lifetime.

"Dear child," she said one morning, when Léonie had been fagging up and down stairs for an hour, fetching her smelling-bottle and her spectacles and her book, and a variety of odds and ends that might just as well have been fetched in one journey, if Mrs. Parlybrick had thought of them or of Léonie's legs —"dear child, I want to tell you that I *quite* forgive all I had to complain of during the winter; I have forgotten *everything* except that you are my child and that I am your mother, and that I love you dearly."

Léonie took the kiss and the forgiveness without a word of resentment or of thanks.

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Two months went by, and one morning, a sharp morning in spring, when the sun was shining and the east wind blowing, Léonie ran down to the dining-room to fetch a volume out of the book-case. She drew it out so quickly that another came with it and fell at her feet. She picked it up, and saw that it was the book of prepositions.

"Poor old book, how I used to hate you!" she said with a remorseful smile, and she opened it to look at the *ongs* and *dongs* that used to come twanging from the dumb pages. "What is this?" she said, coming upon a sheet of folded note-paper; the outer page was blank, but inside it was closely written on. "Some old exercise of the poor captain's." She looked at it and turned pale. At the head of the page was written in the captain's hand: "*My last will and testament.*" After a few words of legal formula the testator said: "I give and bequeath to my nephew, Robert Jefferton, all my personal estate, including the property held by my wife before her marriage [here followed the list of Mme. Duhallon's investments, *rentes*, railway shares, etc.], my house in Boulogne with the plate, furniture, and linen therein. . . ." The will was duly signed and witnessed, and dated ten days before the testator's death. Léonie read it again, breathless and trembling. "He must have been mad," she said; "how could he give and bequeath mamma's house and money, and mine?"

Still, a horrible fear fastened on her that it was the act, not of a madman, but of a vindictive man who knew the law and had used it to a cruel purpose. But even if this sheet of note-paper were a valid legal instrument, it was none the less a wicked and dishonest one, and ought, as such, to be destroyed.

"I had better burn it and say nothing about it to mamma," thought Léonie, looking with scared, fixed eyes at the document. A step approaching the door made her start; she slipped the will back into the prepositions, shut up the book and replaced it in the book-case. It was like a bit of childish spite in the captain to have made that detestable book the medium of this blow to her.

"Of course it is only a bit of waste paper," she kept repeating to herself; "it is too absurd to admit for a moment that such a dishonest, spiteful trick could have force of law." But in her heart she was full of doubt and fear. She could not face her mother in this agitation. She went out, and remained out all the afternoon.

What had happened about the will was this. The captain,

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in his angry mood, had gone to London and told Mr. Silverbar that he meant to change his will, and in what sense.

"I have come over on purpose for you to make it," he said.

"I will not make it," replied the lawyer. "I consider that it would be a cruel and unwarrantable act of injustice in you to make such a will, and I will not be a party to it. I decline to execute it."

The captain was at first greatly offended; but after some conversation he seemed to be appeased, and to recognize the justice of Mr. Silverbar's refusal, from his point of view. They parted friendly; but the lawyer was under the impression that he meant to go somewhere else and have the will drawn up by a less scrupulous agent. Under the belief that the captain had done this, Mr. Silverbar was full of tacit sympathy and indignation when he met Léonie after the funeral. It was a surprise and a relief to discover that no second will was forthcoming.

Léonie did not come in till dinner-time, and then she was suffering from a severe headache and could touch nothing.

"You should not have stayed out in that east wind," said Mrs. Parlybrick; and Léonie agreed it was the east wind that had done it. When they went up to the drawing-room she sat looking into the fire, her headache sufficiently accounting for her silence. Presently that mysterious current which runs between human beings whose lives and sympathies lie close together turned Mrs. Parlybrick's thoughts towards the centre round which Léonie's were whirling in confused and bewildering misery.

"I wonder we have not heard from Robert," she said. "I suppose he wrote to Mr. Silverbar; but he ought to have written to me: he owed me that mark of respect and sympathy. Perhaps he is disappointed that his poor uncle did not leave him more."

Léonie's heart gave a sudden leap and then sank. "He got more than his uncle could have left him," she said, speaking with an effort.

"Oh! no. Fred might have left him some of my money."

"Your money, mamma? My father's money?"

"It was Fred's from the day I married him. There was no marriage settlement. He reminded me of that one day that he was angry with you—you were very trying to my poor Fred sometimes, dear. How frightened I was! I reproached myself for being so confiding; but I did him a wrong: he was too generous to revoke his will and to take advantage of his right to punish you."

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"His right!" repeated Léonie, with a vehemence that startled her mother. "You call that a right? It would have been a monstrous piece of dishonesty if he had given away your money, my father's money, to a stranger! It would have been disgraceful of him. But, of course, if he had done such a thing, you would have burnt the will. That is all the harm it would have done."

"Burnt the will! Why, child, that would be felony. They send you to prison with hard labor for the rest of your life for burning a will. A will is the law."

"The law! Whose law? Not God's law—not a will like that! The devil's law, perhaps." Her voice shook with excitement. She had lost control over herself.

"How you do excite yourself, Léonie, and all about nothing!" said her mother. "It is most inconsiderate of you; you know how nervous I am. And it hurts me to hear you fly out against my poor Fred for a thing he never did, though he might have done it, only he was too kind-hearted and generous—dear, noble fellow!"

The servant came in with the tea, and Léonie, declaring her head was much worse, said she must go to bed. She kissed her mother with white lips and went up to her room, locked the door, and, without lighting her candle, sat down on the edge of her bed. There was light enough from the stars, for the curtains were not drawn. Was it possible that this was true, that they were both of them made beggars by that sheet of note-paper down-stairs, and that it would be a deadly sin, a crime, to destroy it? She and her mother were to be turned houseless and penniless on the world; and it was by her mother's fault, and both must suffer for it! It did not occur to Léonie at this moment to resent the folly that had brought this calamity on them both; pity for her mother was even now uppermost in her heart; but she felt crushed under the burden of the dreadful future that rose before her in its cruel realities, under the burden of the double life that she must henceforth provide for. How was she to do it? She was well educated, but she had no talent that could be turned into money sufficient to support two people. She saw herself running about the town trying to get work—lessons, sewing, anything that would buy bread and pay for a room with two beds; she saw her mother's helpless misery; she heard her lamentations, her ceaseless repining and remorse. All the sordid care and discomforts and hard privations of their lot passed before her like a bad dream. Was it possible there

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was no escape, no way of eluding this cruel and unjust fate? If she could only speak to some one and take counsel; it seemed impossible but that there was something to be done. She thought of Mr. Silverbar; but he was a lawyer, and would, of course, stand by the law, and she wanted some one who would support her in breaking the law, in over-ruling it with the law of God and human morality and society. The law of God commanded a father to provide for his child, so did the moral law; it was clearly a violation of both these laws for a stranger to come in and rob the child of the provision made for her by the father in obedience to divine ordinance and sacred and natural instinct. "God cannot sanction such an act, not if all the lawyers in England pronounced it legal," cried Léonie in her heart; "it is a blind, irrational superstition to bow to such injustice and call it the law. Why should I be sacrificed to a superstition? If mamma were in India somewhere, the law would command her to burn herself on the funeral pyre of her husband, and it would be a crime if she refused to do it." She grew chilled and numb from sitting in the cold, and got up and walked up and down the room to warm herself. The house was perfectly silent. So was the street. It was past midnight. She had been sitting there since nine o'clock. The stars were ticking away diligently in the dark blue sky. She stood at the window and looked up at them, vaguely longing for some sign from their luminous depths. If the spirit of the man who had driven her to the terrible alternatives between which her will was oscillating—felony and beggary—were wandering anywhere near those starry spheres, he might see her and pity her, and be permitted to help her and atone for his evil deed. Surely he must repent it now? Surely he would undo it if he could? Léonie started, and her heart gave a great leap; a light seemed to flash straight down to her from the stars. "Repent? He did repent!" she cried. "He asked me to forgive him; he felt he was dying, and he gasped out with his dying breath, '*Forgive me!*' It must have been that! He would have told me to destroy the will, if there had been time! I can see it all now. Thank God! I can burn the will with a clear conscience, and mamma need never hear anything about it. Oh, thank God!"

She fell on her knees, sobbing violently. The reaction from despair and the shuddering apprehension of guilt was so sudden that it quite overpowered her; but the copious flow of tears brought relief, and soon she grew calmer, and undressed and went to bed.

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She slept soundly and late. It was Mrs. Parlybrick's self-indulgent habit to take her chocolate in bed, so Léonie always ate her breakfast alone. She was very glad to be alone this morning. But somehow the deed she had to do there wore a different aspect now from that which it had worn last night. As she sat opposite the glazed book-case where the will was shut up, the resolution, that had seemed so clear and straight after that miserable watch by the starlight, had a dubious look. No transcendental arguments about internal evidence and the divine and moral and natural law could alter the fact that she was going to perform an act criminal according to the established law, and which would brand her as a felon if it were known. There was a flaw in her moral theology somewhere; Léonie felt it, though she could not put her finger on it. Suppose she should find it out when it was too late? She felt like a man about to commit suicide to escape from a great sorrow, and who stands hesitating on the water's edge, wondering how it will be when he has taken the plunge into the dark abyss, and whether what awaits him down below may not be worse than what he is flying from. How would she feel when the deed was done? If only she might try it first as an experiment before doing it irrevocably! But no; such a deed was like death: it could only be done once, and, once done, it could never be undone. And how if, when the deed was done, conscience should turn round and accuse her and destroy her peace for evermore? She sat looking at her untasted breakfast, excited, bewildered. The room was bright and warm—a snug English dining-room, pleasant to sit in, not merely a place to take meals in. It had never seemed so pleasant before; its rich red curtains, and soft carpet, and glowing fire, its delicate fare and elegantly-appointed table, seemed to represent all that she was going to lose, and to force upon her the contrast of the lot she was going to accept—if she did not drop the will into that coal-fire blazing in the steel grate. Poverty, utter destitution, suffering and humiliation—this was what she might save her mother from by burning that bit of paper. "If it had been only for myself I would not have done it; but for my mother's sake I *must* do it. The captain most certainly never meant her to suffer," she said. "Even if I am doing wrong, the motive will justify me before God; and if I sacrifice my own peace of mind for mamma's sake, I will bear it as an atonement."

She drank off her tea, rose from the table, and went and stood before the book-case, one hand on the key, the other laid

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open on her breast, as if pressing down the conflict that was going on within it. She was very white, but there was a fixed, resolute look in her face; for one minute she seemed to waver, then she opened the book-case and took out the volume that contained the will.

"I will write to Robert and tell him the truth," she said suddenly; and she sat down at the writing-table in the window, and wrote to Robert, copying out part of the will, that was open before her.

When the letter was written she read it over, and after musing a little, "That won't do; it is like an appeal to him to spare us," she said; and she got up and walked to the fire, as if consulting the red-hot coals; then, with a gleam of satisfaction, she came back to the table, twisted up the letter and flung it into the grate, and wrote another. This seemed to satisfy her, and she closed the envelope. As she was addressing it a ring sounded at the hall-door.

"Who can this bore be?" thought Léonie; and she slipped the letter into her pocket, and the blotter with the will into the drawer of the table, and drew out the key. She meant to take the letter to the post herself, and stood waiting for the visitor either to leave a message or to be shown up-stairs; but, instead of this, the dining-room door opened and Robert Jefferton walked in.

"You are surprised to see me?" he said, coming up to Léonie, who stood like a statue, unable to articulate a word of greeting. She gave him her hand mechanically, apparently unconscious that he retained it in his; but Robert felt that it trembled. At any rate, she was not quite indifferent to his presence.

"I have been so longing to see you," he said. "I was almost afraid to come; I was afraid you had forgotten me."

Her hand was still in his, and still trembling, but she met his ardent glance with a look so strangely direct and eager, so free from the shyness of happy, responsive love, that Robert's hopes ran down to zero.

"I had just written a letter to you," Léonie said, her eyes still uplifted to his with that strange directness.

"To me? Léonie!"

"Perhaps you had better read it at once." She drew it from her pocket and handed it to him.

In great surprise Robert opened it and proceeded to read it where he stood. Léonie sat down, partly from inability to stand, and partly that she might not seem to be watching him.

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"Good heavens! Why, he must have been mad!" exclaimed Robert before he had got half through her letter. When he had finished it he stood looking at Léonie in silence, crushing it in his hand.

"Léonie," he said, in a low tone and without moving from where he stood, "do you suppose I mean to take advantage of this will?"

She made no answer, but turned her eyes slowly towards him. He read there that she had thought so.

"Where is the will? Have you got it?"

She unlocked the drawer, opened the blotter, and handed him the sheet of folded note-paper.

"'*Dear Mr. Jefferton*—' Why, this is another letter to me!"

"What!" Léonie snatched it from him. It was the letter she thought she had burned. Could it be—? She ran to the grate, picked up a charred fragment of twisted paper, and uttered a cry of dismay. "My God! *I have burned the will!*" She stood there holding her bit of blackened paper, the picture of guilt and terror.

There was something positively brutal in the glance of triumphant satisfaction with which Mr. Jefferton surveyed poor Léonie's air of shame and supplication.

"O Mr. Jefferton! what am I to do?" she said, appealing to him.

"You have committed a grave offence, Mlle. Duhallon," said Robert, still with that diabolical gleam in his eye. "You have taken from me what the law gave me, and that by an act which the law calls felony."

"O Mr. Jefferton!" The cry broke from her like a sob. She crushed her hands together and turned away.

After a moment's pause her tormentor went on: "You have done me another personal wrong: you suspected me of being devoid alike of principle and of heart, and you have robbed me of the chance of proving that I was not."

Léonie tried to articulate something, but the words would not come; she was trembling like a culprit before a judge.

"You might have thought a little better of me than that; you might have trusted something to my honor," Bob went on, his voice betraying emotion. "If the case had been reversed I should have trusted you; I should not have suspected you of being ready to jump at my rightful property, and taking advantage of the passing ill-temper of a man, who had all his life borne the character of an honest man, to beggar me. Good

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God! here have I been all this time living on the dream that you liked and respected me, and that I might some day persuade you into loving me, and I come back to find that you despise and hate me!"

"O Bob!" Léonie clasped her hands and looked quickly round; then, crimsoning to the roots of her hair, she looked away.

"No? Then what am I to think? You write me down a villain in every line of this letter." And Bob held it towards her, crushed in his strong hand.

"I did not know—I did not mean—I was so unhappy and bewildered—oh! let me go," cried Léonie, and, bursting into a paroxysm of tears, she turned to fly from the room.

But Bob intercepted her and caught her in his arms.

"Léonie! Darling, forgive me! I have been a brute, but I must have been more or less than man not to take some vengeance on you after the way you have treated me! Here have I been loving you to distraction all this time, and enduring agonies of suspense and impatience, and not only you prove that you don't care twopence for me, but you coolly treat me as if I were a heartless rascal! Look at me now, and say that you are ashamed of yourself and that you love me."

"No, I won't!" said Léonie, struggling away from him.

But Bob tightened his grasp and folded her to his heart. "Say: 'Bob, I beg your pardon, and I love you.' Say it this minute, and I will commute your punishment, from the maximum that it deserves, to the minimum at my discretion: I will let you off with marrying me, Bob Jefferton."

Léonie ceased to struggle, and let her head drop on his shoulder. Whether she made the desired confession or not, Bob took for granted that she did, and kissed her again and again with many endearing words and rapturous thanks. When at last he gave her a chance of speaking, she looked up at him with one of the old twinkles in her eye.

"Bob," she said, "the poor captain has carried his secret with him; we shall never know why he was so set on the conquest of the prepositions."

"No," said Bob; "but he has left behind him a secret that we two must carry to our graves. Your mother must never know that her husband robbed her and that her daughter committed felony."

KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

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WHY NOT GOLD?

IT is not merely land which, as Henry George expresses it, is "the spontaneous gift of nature." The shoes on our feet, the coat on our back, the roof above our head are as much the gift of God as the ample river, the gorgeous landscape, the rich parterre, the lofty mountain, the sea "blasted with stormy winds." If we were truly sensible of all our obligations to God, of all we inherit from his bounty, we should never cease to worship him. Our chief business should be praise.

To borrow an illustration from Henry George,* if the pen with which I write these lines be a serviceable instrument in the conveyance of my expressions; if it be

"Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,"

elegantly labored by an accomplished hand, polished and elastic; if it be indebted to an operative for its elegance of form, what would it be if the iron of which it was originally composed could be magically subtracted from it? Would it not resemble—to use an Irish joke—"a footless stocking without a leg"? Would it not be a nonentity? I greatly admire the skill of the artisan who fashioned the iron into this "mighty instrument of little men"; but the substance of which it is made, torn from the black caverns of the underlying rocks, could never be evolved or called into existence by all the art of man. No human skill could create iron. All the intelligence of all the nations of the universe, all the powers of the human mind, could never give existence to this morsel of cold metal. Here we see the insignificance of man and the stupendous greatness of the Author of the universe. The materials of the proudest habitations resemble the atom of metal of which this pen is composed. "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces" are indebted to man for their shape but to God for their material. This is equally true of our food. We are as truly fed by the gratuitous bounty of Heaven as were the Hebrews in the wilderness. The raw material of everything we enjoy is the gift of the Creator; and, compared to this, the petty improvements and peddling metamorphoses we make in the external appearances of things are in-

* *Progress and Poverty*, chapter i. book vii.

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significant. The substance is God's, to whom we can never be sufficiently grateful.

When Ovid describes the Phœnicians, in the early morning of time, hewing down with many a stroke the nodding pine upon the Syrian hills and plunging it into the tossing sea, fabricating, hammer and axe in hand, a galley out of this progeny of the forest—when Ovid describes all this it never occurs to the magnificent poet that the toiling drudges who labored on the timbers really created a galley! They merely shaped the materials which the sublime and adorable Author of the universe supplied. Creation is the prerogative of the Deity. The ship which the Phœnicians thus fabricated was as much the gift of Heaven as the splashing waves swirling in angry foam and tossing around its keel. When the Phœnician passengers on board this ship landed on a desolate coast strewn with micaceous sand; when they lighted a fire to prepare their humble repast, and converted unconsciously the sand into glass, they merited and have received the gratitude of mankind. But how infinitely greater should be our gratitude to Him whose thaumaturgic hand called into existence the materials of this beautiful crystal!

So it is with all our possessions. The Lord and Master of the universe is the giver of them all. In this respect the house which we inhabit resembles the ship with which we navigate the ocean. The substances of which it is composed cannot possibly be created by man. The granite foundations, the slated roofs, the marble mantels, the graceful columns, have been exhumed from quarries in which they were hoarded ages ago for the use of the ungrateful children of men who slight His inestimable bounties. Such is

> "The low ingratitude of mean mankind."

Henry George informs us that land is the "spontaneous gift of nature," called into objectivity by the Creator of the universe, the same who tessellated the cerulean with golden fires. But not more so than wool or leather, stone, timber, or metal, or the other materials on which men expend their energies. "Who can add a cubit to his stature?" asks Christ. And yet man owns himself. "Who can make a blade of grass?" And yet even George does not grudge the farmer his haystack. Who can even tell what a blade of grass is?

> "Well hast thou said, Athena's wisest son,
> All that we know is, nothing can be known."

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The world is full of mysteries, but of all its multiplied prodigies the most amazing is that the Creator made all these things out of nothing.

As to man, what is more extraordinary in the history of man than the efforts that were made during successive generations to produce gold? During fifteen hundred years smutted alchemists in smoky closets, gowned, bearded, and oracular, surrounded by a rabble rout of chemical paraphernalia—crucibles, retorts, and alembics—wasted the treasures of confiding kings in fruitless efforts to make gold. There is an immense amount of romance connected with this interesting subject which must be familiar to all the readers of "good-for-nothing lore." For instance, in his well-known play, *The Alchemist*, Jonson introduces a character named Sir Epicure Mammon, who proudly boasts—

"This night I'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold,
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers
To buy their tin and lead up, and to Lothbury
For all the copper.
Face. What? And turn that, too?
Mammon. Yes; and I'll purchase
Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies.
You admire?
Surly. No, faith.
Mammon. Do you think I fable with you?
I assure you he that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby which we call elixir,
Not only can do this, but by its virtue
Can confer honor, love, respect, long life."

Here we see how gold can be made out of lead. Another extract will teach us how gold can be made out of nothing—which is, of course, much more important. If we do not profit by the lucid instructions which a character named Subtile gives us in the following extract, it is not his fault but ours:

"*Subtile.* There is on the one part
A humid exhalation *materia liquida.*
The unctuous water!
On th' other part a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth; both which concorporate
Do make the elementary matter of gold,
Which is not yet the *propria materia,*
But common to all metals and all stones."

. . . . . .

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> Of that airy
> And oily water, mercury, is engendered
> Sulphur of fat and earthy parts. These two
> Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive;
> And even in gold they are. For we do find
> Seeds of them by our fire and gold in them."

This is very instructive. There can be no doubt but that if every man had his pocket full of gold the horrible pauperism which Mr. George depicts would be sensibly mitigated or disappear. But gold could not be manufactured. Now, if this be true—if gold be insusceptible of evolution by human industry, if it cannot be made—why should it not be subject to the same conditions as land? Why should it not be common property? "Nature," says Henry George, "acknowledges no ownership in man except as the result of exertion." Now, the unremitting labors of the alchemists, carried on during fifteen hundred years, prove beyond all question that gold, like land, is "the spontaneous gift of nature," and that as a consequence individuals have no right to appropriate it.

We are persuaded that if Mr. George will adopt this principle, will substitute gold for land in the next edition of his eloquent treatise, his chances of the mayoralty of New York will increase a hundred-fold. He will be the idol of the people—at least the pauper portion. He will be received with shouts of welcome, transports of enthusiasm, vastly surpassing anything he has hitherto enjoyed, because there are thousands of men in New York who covet the precious metals and have an insatiable appetite for gold, while they look on land with coldness, indifference, or disdain. A day is coming, we venture to assert, when the vulgar fastidiousness, the "degrading superstition," which originated in the ignorance, barbarism, and darkness of the past respecting *meum* and *tuum* will vanish from the face of society, and men will stand liberated, regenerated, and disenthralled from the degrading shackles with which they have been so long encumbered. The arguments which have been so eloquently applied to private ownership in land will be slightly extended so as to embrace the precious metals and everything else. "The injustice of private property in land" has been shown by Mr. George in one of his most eloquent chapters. It remains for that accomplished journalist to show the equal injustice of private property in gold. We venture to prophesy that some gifted disciple of Mr. George, if not himself, will write, with unanswerable logic, "The Political Economy of Theft," showing in the

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clearest light what an egregious error it is to put the slightest restraint on the furtive propensities of man—propensities implanted in the human mind by the unknowable creative energy for the most beneficial purposes. Let us ask for a moment what is theft? It is a mute but energetic protest against the horrible "injustice of private property" in goods or money. It is a philosophic effort to ameliorate the condition of society by establishing a community of goods! It is essentially philosophic in its nature, and may trace up its genealogy through a long line of martyrs and confessors to the brilliant mind of the eloquent Plato. How many martyrs in every age have laid down their precious lives to protest against the horrible injustice which makes the essential necessaries of life the private property of worthless individuals! It is heart-rending to think of the multitude of victims that have suffered cold, hunger, chains, and imprisonment as a reward for their laudable efforts to overturn a principle which is subversive of human happiness—a principle so unworthy of this age of electric lights!

So true is the observation of Carlyle: "The world, we fear, has shown but small favor to its teachers; hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison and the poisoned chalice, have in most times and countries been the market-price it has offered for wisdom, the welcome with which it has treated those who have come to enlighten and improve it." Is it not unquestionable that the jails of this country are filled with victims who are deprived of liberty and branded with ignominy because with reference to gold they entertain the *very* opinions which Mr. George has so unanswerably enforced on the subject of land? Is not this certain? Are they not men *incompris*, men misunderstood and unappreciated?

At one time in England, as every one is aware, the free-trader—or, as he was slanderously misnamed, the "smuggler"—was regarded as a culprit, shot down by "revenue officers," seized by rude hands, captured with brutal violence, tried for the violation of laws that were essentially unjust, imprisoned for years or hanged on a gallows! How different it is now! Owing to the revolution wrought in public opinion by the enlightened labors of such benefactors of mankind as Bright and Cobden, free-trade is regarded at present as the glory of the British nation and a blessing to the world! So it will be in future times with many who in the present day are stigmatized with the damning epithet of "thief." Here we see the importance of Henry George's book. It contains the germs of a great moral revolu-

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tion—the opening, as it were, of a new heaven and a new earth. We regret that Mr. George has not hitherto directed the powers of his strong and cultivated intellect to this particular branch of his subject. Because to such a mind as his it must be as facile as it would be effective. We are free to confess that we never understood, until we read *Progress and Poverty*, how much philosophy is locked up in jails and in penitentiaries, and this owing to the stupidity and ignorance and superstition of law-makers and judges! All that is wanted, however, is a slight extension of the principles of Henry George to justify in the most satisfactory manner the ingenious and persecuted industry of pocket-picking, to reform our legislation, to enlighten our law-makers, and wipe this disgraceful blot for ever from the face of civilization!

No truism has been more frequently repeated than that denunciative of the folly of the alchemists during their fifteen hundred years of fruitless experiment. It has been said a thousand times that had they succeeded in making gold, that metal would have immediately ceased to be valuable, because, owing to the nature of the human mind, owing to our unalterable and ingrained idiosyncrasy, it is impossible for our species to set value on anything which is not the fruit of human exertion, which is not an embodiment of labor, which often represents the drudgery and degradation of our fellow-men. It is man that is always valuable in the eyes of human beings—either the slave himself, or, as Mr. George has shown, certain results of human drudgery which we term wealth, and the evolution or genesis of which is often more grinding and insupportable in its process than slavery in its most undisguised and hideous enormity. The valiant, fierce, and irascible Achilles, as painted in the pages of Homer, parades his slaves or myrmidons. These are his pride and glory. He values himself on his mastery of men and his power of wielding and disposing of them as he will. This is what encourages him to hurl his defiance in the face of the ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν and overwhelm him with foul and scurrilous invective. He has slaves whom the brilliant son of Peleus can marshal in armed and rebellious war. He accordingly defies Agamemnon, "King of men." In this age of hypocrisy we have no slaves, no myrmidons, but we have the wealth which is the result, squeezed out of human exertion—exertion of which Henry George, to do him justice, has painted a most frightful picture: a picture that ought to make men crimson with shame. We have no longer any slave-owners. But to them has succeeded a generation of

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labor-owners. They have managed to combine in the most skilful, scientific, and cold-blooded manner the profits and advantages of slavery without the expense and odium of that mode of utilizing human strength. The planter clothed and housed his slaves. Need we say that the capitalist or manufacturer does not house, clothe, or subsist his drudges? This is the merit of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations.* He is the founder and father of this state of things, which the working-classes feel to be the most cruel and intolerable of all forms of slavery, the calm, intellectual wickedness of which is visible in every page of Adam Smith as well as in every bombshell in Chicago. The popularity of Henry George originates in the energy with which his accomplished hand has torn the mask from our hypocrisy and shown up our godless "civilization" in all its hideous and repulsive deformity.

It is a pity that he did not stop here: for if labor alone can create value—Mr. George's great principle—it follows as an inevitable consequence that as in every age of the world, from the days of Abraham to our own, men have bought land, land must be a manufactured article quite as much as drygoods, hardware, ships, or house property. Because men will and can buy nothing but labor, crystallized in the substance of some useful or amusing object. This was the doctrine of a greater philosopher than Henry George—namely, John Locke, the author of the famous *Essay on the Human Understanding.* Here is what he says, and it is worthy of the deepest attention:

"Let any one consider what the difference is between an acre of land sowed with wheat or barley, or planted with tobacco or sugar, and an acre of the same land lying in common without any husbandry upon it. I think it will be but a very modest computation to say that of the products of the earth, useful to the life of man, nine-tenths are the effects of labor. Nay, if we will rightly consider things as they come to our use, and cast up the several expenses about them, what in them is purely owing to nature and what to labor, we shall find that in most of them ninety-nine hundredths are wholly to be put down on account of labor. . . . 'Tis labor, then, which puts the greatest part of the value upon land, without which it would be scarcely worth anything. 'Tis to labor we owe the greatest part of its useful products; for all that the straw, bran, bread of that acre of wheat is more worth than the product of an acre of good land which lies waste, is all the effect of labor. For it is not merely the ploughman's pains, the reaper's and thresher's toil, and the baker's sweat that is to be counted into the bread we eat. The labor of those who broke the oxen, who digged and wrought the iron and stones, who felled and framed the timber employed about the plough; the mill, the oven, and other utensils—must all be charged to the account of labor, and received

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as the effect of it, nature and land furnishing only almost worthless materials. 'Twould be a strange catalogue of things that industry provided and made use of, if about every loaf of bread before it came into our use we reckoned the iron, the wood, the leather, the bark, the timber, the stone, the brick, coals, lime, cloth, dyeing-drugs, pitch, tar, masts, ropes, and all the materials made use of in the ship that brought away the commodities made use of by any of the workmen at any part of the work, all of which it would be almost impossible to reckon up" (*Of Civil Government*, book xi. sect. 40).

It should have sufficed any reformer to develop before the public cases such as that reported in the New York papers of April 28, 1887:

"Guilford Miller made his farm by seven years' incessant labor. In 1878 he settled on one hundred and sixty acres of land. He has lived there ever since, and, by industry and rigid economy, made a home for himself and his family under the Homestead laws. In 1885, when he had lived on and improved this homestead for seven years, one of the great railway corporations fastened its greedy eyes on Guilford Miller's farm and tried to drive him off. The corporation, with the force and impudence of two hundred millions of dollars, appealed to the Land Office to oust Miller and turn his little farm over to it. The case has hung because the corporation's claim was felt to be monstrous. But two hundred millions can afford to hire the ablest lawyers, and it was understood that if poor Guilford Miller could be driven off a multitude of other settlers like himself would share his fate and lose the fruits of their toil by a cold-blooded eviction worse than any in Ireland.

"Fortunately for the cause of justice, President Cleveland took the case into his own hands, and the result will cause every Western farmer's and every workingman's heart to rejoice, for Guilford Miller keeps his farm."

If man is capable of making anything, if it be in the power of human energy, guided by human intelligence, to manufacture anything, Guilford Miller "*made*" his farm. He called it into existence by his laudable and untiring labors, and every honest man in the United States will proclaim in the most emphatic language the utility and justice of "private property in land." Let us understand as clearly as possible what it is to make war on the wilderness; the difficulty, danger, and terror that distinguish that warfare; what the pioneer, the forlorn hope of civilization, has to do. Observe the prodigious height of that gigantic hemlock towering a hundred and fifty feet above his head and sending down its roots into the rocky soil to a depth equivalent to its immense breadth and elevation in the atmosphere. Consider what toil must be expended in hewing down that

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sylvan giant, and digging up its deep roots, which ramify in every direction and occupy in the soil a space as vast as the wide-spread branches that rock idly in the breeze. Consider what a task it must be to extirpate this gigantic aboriginal of the forest that has proudly waved its colossal head and held the earth in its grasp for a hundred years. Contemplate its immense girth, the magnitude of its gnarled circumference, which corresponds with the stupendous height of its lofty branches, which furnish aerial abodes to the winged and wandering denizens of the air. *Hoc opus, hic labor est.* Is not the toil expended in hewing down this enormous tree, burning up its useless ruins, grubbing out its stubborn roots, the most prodigious price that man can pay for the land which supports and nourishes it? What sophist will dare to dispute his legitimate title to the soil consecrated by this exhausting labor, over which the Cyclops might faint? But this monarch of the wild by no means stands alone. He is not an isolated sovereign. He is only one amid a crowd as stately, as towering, as wide-spread and kingly as himself. *Omnibus est labor imponendus.* Painful and exhausting labor must be expended on every one of them. The whole plain is overshadowed by a matted mass of similar trees, bidding, in their stately majesty, a proud defiance to the labors of the backwoodsman. How graceful they are! How haughtily they fling their gigantic boughs abroad in all the wildness of liberty! Then there is the ash, the *ingens fraxinus* of Virgil. They may be considered as gigantic weeds which must be uprooted from the land before it can be utilized. Nor these alone; there is an army of them—the birch, the hickory, the chestnut, the oak, which derive their sustenance from the ground and engross its possession. All must be hewn down and grubbed up before the land can be submitted to the *grave robur aratri* and float with the yellow harvests of Ceres. From these prodigious labors it is evident that to affirm a claim of property in land is to affirm at the same time a claim which is "founded in the organization of man and the laws of the material universe."

Here we see the difficulties which oppose the reclamation of the land. Twenty, thirty, fifty years after the forest rings for the first time to the sound of the axe and the crashing fall of these wild chiefs, the labors of reclamation will endure. How grateful we should be to the pioneers, those missioners of toil, the forlorn hope of the grand army of civilization! What fortitude, what patience, what perseverance, what intrepidity is exhibited in the prosecution of these labors! It is not enough to

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say that the trees must be felled and their stumps pulled out; it happens only too often that the spaces between the trees are encumbered with rocks, which must be removed year after year until the elimination is completely effected. The exhumation and removal of these rocks is often attended with so much drudgery as almost to break the heart of the husbandman. Owing to herculean labors of this nature the private ownership of land in every age of the world has been acknowledged as eminently just. Goldsmith has not exaggerated the calamities of the early colonists when he describes—

> "Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray
> And fiercely shed intolerable day;
> Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
> But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
> Those poisonous fields in rank luxuriance crowned,
> Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
> Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
> The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
> Where crouching panthers wait their helpless prey,
> And savage men more murderous still than they.
> Where oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
> Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies," etc.

To the backwoodsman's house Mr. George gives a title; but it is no exaggeration to say that the labor of building a house on such land is inferior to the labor of reclaiming it in the first instance. The two operations are very like. Both are "a part of nature," produced as to their essential elements by the Almighty, and both belong to the class in political economy styled wealth. There is on earth no power which can rightfully deprive the reclaimer or the builder of the ownership of either without adequate compensation.

Land, when conquered and subdued by labor, is productive of life; when the gratuitous offering of nature it is often pregnant with disease, pestilence, and death. It is the haunt of carnivora and herbivora which are deadly enemies of man, which regard him as their natural enemy, prowl round his habitation, and rejoice in his destruction. Clumsy bears and nimble panthers, wolves, snakes, and wildcats, fill the thicket with terror, lurk in the dusky underwood, and threaten destruction to his beloved children. Cooper, in his *Pioneers*, paints a picture which brings before our eyes in the most vivid colors the horrors and dangers which are entailed upon the young and beautiful by the

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ferocity of the panther, ferocious from hunger, thirsting for blood and bounding on his prey. Until he and his species are dispossessed, at the risk of the settler's life, that "individual property in land" which is the object of all his toils cannot be established by the farmer. All men have an equal right to the soil, as they have to the air they breathe, provided they purchase it by labor or receive it from the original reclaimer. The sanction which natural justice gives to property in land is based on the sweat, toil, and danger which the immigrant encounters in rendering it serviceable to himself and his descendants; in freeing it not only from noxious reptiles, pestiferous effluvia, carnivorous quadrupeds, but that worst description of wild beasts—wild men. Every military officer in the United States will admit that the American Indian is the most terrible enemy that ever encountered a soldier. What must he be to the agriculturist when in the dead of night, invested with terror, his war-whoop shakes the heart and pales the listener's face with unutterable fear? The title thus purchased, at a terrible price, far surpassing that of gold or houses, imparts the undeniable right of selling or loaning the land for the highest price. May he get it, were it a million!

The warrior who confronts death on the crimson field of patriotic war is not more worthy of recompense than the hardy and laborious pioneer who, axe in hand, invades the dismal shades of the matted forest, sweeps away its umbrageous encumbrances, its gnarled oaks and towering hemlocks, and admits the blaze of day into the antique shadow and exposes

> "The grim lair
> Where, growling low, some fierce old bear
> Lies amid bones and blood."

Labors akin to these excited the passionate gratitude of early Greece to elevate Hercules and Orpheus to the aerial heights of Olympian felicity *μετὰ δαίμονας ἄλλους*.

When the giants of the forest are felled; when, falling with a thunderous crash that shakes the earth and rebellows through the forest, they lie prostrate and degenerate into "lumber," their stumps remain massive, stubborn, and immovable, profoundly embedded in the earth, in utter defiance of the perspiring laborer. They will encumber the earth for perhaps thirty years, sustained by a swarm of sturdy roots ramifying in every direc-

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tion far and wide, and defying extraction and destruction even when

> "Pingue solum primis mensibus anni
> Fortes invertant tauri."

Here is the difficulty which arrests the genial labors of the plough, breaks its share, and shuts it out from a wide expanse. Twenty years may elapse before the plough will render this circular tract of land amenable to Ceres. The agriculturist must coast cautiously round this lost domain of the fallen monarch of the forest, ever and anon arrested by the subterranean branches of the wide-spread root, strong and sturdy as the lofty boughs which once rocked and waved in the upper air. Every stump has a circle of inutility around it, such as this, on which the plough, with all its strength, cannot intrude.

It is questionable if the early martyrs suffered more in winning heaven than the first immigrants in reclaiming the land, rendering it subservient to the plough and suitable to civilized purposes—gnawed, as they often were, by hunger, pelted by tempests, menaced by savages, drenched with rain, scared by wild beasts, and often wasted by disease.

> "Their hearts were sad, their homes were far away:
> Their sufferings never were surpassed.
>
> "Quo tempore primum
> Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem."

That land was *bought* with the courage and the toil which converted it from a howling wilderness into a smiling landscape. All this toil and labor no man would attempt if he were not certain of receiving as a reward what he so well deserved—the fee-simple of the land which he reclaimed.

C. M. O'KEEFFE.

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THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

LAVISH donations and bequests to this Museum have brought it lately into general notice. Some account of its organization, possessions, and prospects may therefore serve to direct the visitor or enlighten the inquirer whose interest has been awakened by recent newspaper announcements. It is the mission of the newspaper carefully to avoid any repetition of matter it has previously published. Novelty is its standard of value as regards information. Thus it may easily befall the New York Museum as it sometimes befalls an author who has at first risen gradually and afterwards suddenly to fame. His latest work, not necessarily his best or most characteristic production, is universally quoted and admired. The stepping-stones to notoriety and distinction, the foundations of his greatness, are overlooked, and the man himself is obscured in the fame which he has gained. But all public institutions of importance depend upon and reflect the public sentiment which has produced them. What is this sentiment in the present instance, and what has it altogether done so far?

Before we attempt to answer this question let it be observed that, although the Museum owes its existence to a certain public tendency and march of taste, and although it is undoubtedly to-day largely what the public makes it, it is, in the legal and strictly theoretic sense, an absolutely private institution. It occupies a public building, on public ground, and receives from the public an annual allowance which partially provides for the support of its machinery; but all this is by arrangement with a strictly private corporation, having entire control of its own management and official appointments, which pays the State an equivalent for its assistance. The Museum corporation may, whenever it chooses, vacate the building it occupies and sever its connection with the State. Meantime, as rent for the building occupied and as return for the yearly allowance, which only partially provides for running expenses, it allows free admission to the public on four days of each week. Before the removal, in 1879, from the building in Fourteenth Street to the building in the Central Park, an admission-fee was charged on every day of the week.

Criticisms have been occasionally made on the conduct of the institution which have not entirely taken into account its private

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character in a legal and theoretic sense. Until quite recently at least, nearly all the more valuable possessions of the Museum, its various collections and works of art, had been donated by the trustees of the corporation; and certainly the gratitude of the public to the donors should respect their wishes as to the conditions under which the donations should be enjoyed.

The private character of the Museum corporation has an important bearing on certain criticisms which are passed on the management. Such criticisms have occasionally been levelled at the quality of some of the works of art exhibited, or have referred to certain acquisitions as being less desirable than others which the critic in question would have preferred to see made. But in these matters the proverb about "looking a gift-horse in the mouth" certainly applies. It is within the power of any one who questions the artistic value of a certain gift to give something which is considered better; within the power of any one who questions the advantage of acquisitions in one direction to make good the deficiency supposed to exist by donation in the direction considered more advantageous. Complaints on this head are, in fact, lamentations because some one else is either richer or more generous than the complainant. It is an easy thing to be both wise and generous as to the disposition of money which belongs to another person.

On the other hand, making all allowances for the legally private character of the Museum corporation, it is quite clear that the Museum has always been a public institution, not only in its aims and mission, but also in the character of its general management, in the quality of its acquisitions, in the features which have been good and in the features which have been not so good—"public" in the sense that public sentiment distils itself through the private corporation. The most powerful and subtle influence in existence is the influence of public sentiment and public taste. This influence determines the character of institutions of learning, although the public may not be learned; and of institutions which support the interests of art, although the public may not be cultivated in the principles of its criticism. In the enormous development of specialties and branches of knowledge, and in the subdivision of scientific and artistic research, the most important quality has grown to be, in our time, the perception not of things but of men. We can only estimate the knowledge or the taste which we possess ourselves, but we may estimate none the less the character of a man who claims a knowledge or taste which we do not pretend to possess.

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The public is quick in its perception of charlatans and pretenders, and its verdict in such matters is generally a safe one. But the American public is also a somewhat chaotic body as to the meaning of the word "art" and as to the mission of a museum of art, and if there is anything chaotic in the Metropolitan Museum of Art the public is certainly to blame for it.

It is our purpose presently to describe the more important possessions and collections of the Museum, but their value depends on their ultimate relation to a general scheme. This relation may exist, although the scheme may not yet have been thought out in its details; and some suggestions as to its scope will assist to a comprehension of what the Museum already is.

A museum is not, strictly speaking, an art-gallery. There is no museum in Europe, corresponding to the general character of the one in New York, which contains a gallery of modern paintings. The institution of a system of loan exhibitions of modern paintings, and the formation of a collection of modern paintings owned by the Museum, is not a part of any corresponding institution in Europe. But this feature in the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been its greatest attraction, and the recent donations of certain famous modern pictures have attracted more attention than any previous acquisition. This departure from the ideal of corresponding institutions in other countries belongs to the nature of this country and is a strong point in favor of the New York Museum. Popularity may not be a good standard of success, but it is the condition of it.

Another distinction may also be drawn between this and corresponding institutions abroad. Only one of the more famous museums of other countries has been founded with a distinctly industrial and practical mission—viz., the South Kensington, in London. The great museums of Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, St. Petersburg, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Madrid have been founded and organized without reference to the utilitarian advantages undoubtedly derived by modern trade and modern manufactures from the contact with historic art. In several of the cities named, and elsewhere, industrial museums have been subsequently and separately organized, but they are quite distinct from the others mentioned. On the other hand, the South Kensington Museum has very little of a strictly archæologic character in its possessions or tendencies. The New York Museum differs in this respect from its European companions. It has followed the lead of the South Kensington, and has procured through it duplicates of at least one large collection of a

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distinctly industrial bearing (electrotypes of metal work), and it has also organized a Technical School of Design which has achieved in a very few years a phenomenal success. This school has risen from four pupils in 1880 to nearly three hundred pupils in 1886, and its work is evidently only in its beginnings. On the other hand, the archæological tendencies of the older European museums have also been pursued. The New York Museum has recently purchased a valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities. It began its career by the acquisition of a collection of old masters, and its Cypriote collections are notoriously archæological.

In two directions just noted the aims and mission of the New York Museum of Art are sufficiently intelligible. All people understand what a picture-gallery is, and few will fail to understand that a public picture-gallery is a desirable and valuable civic institution. Education in design for the technical ends of various trades is also a manifestly desirable thing for those intending to pursue these trades or already engaged in them, and it is clear that a museum of industrial art must be an interesting stimulus in such studies, and very often of great practical value to them.

It is undoubtedly in the department where the character of the Museum most nearly corresponds to that of similar institutions abroad—viz., that of archæology—that it has been least understood and least popular. Yet in this department it makes the most serious claims to attention, and it is in this department that it has received the most valuable gifts, both as to money value and as to ultimate worth. If the Museum has not received due consideration for its archæological possessions, it is, perhaps, partly to blame for it. It has not cultivated American archæology to any considerable extent, and this would be the true way to awaken an American interest in archæology in general. Men of science are much like other people: they do not like to give something for nothing. If they give interest or appreciation, then they expect interest and appreciation in return. There are not lacking men of high attainments in American archæology; they are scattered through the country in considerable numbers, but they have not been attracted to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Their interest turns rather to the National Museum at Washington or to the Peabody Museum at Cambridge. The moral support of these men of science would give vitality to the archæological department of the Museum in general, and this vitality it very much needs.

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It is easily clear to an American that relics of the mound-builders and of the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians have a substantial value. No person of an active mind can fail to take interest in the antiquities of his own country, and from these it is but a step to an interest in the antiquities of Europe. It is clear to an American that the absolute beauty of a piece of Peruvian pottery is not in question. As an actual relic of an extinct people it gives an impulse to the imagination which pages of written history might not convey. The object can be grasped by the eye in a minute, and hours might be devoted to a book without an equally stimulating result. To attract the class which is already interested in American antiquities, to increase the class which can understand and appreciate their value, would be a sure step in the direction of bringing archæology in general into the field of American vision as a sensible and necessary branch of study. It is not necessary or desirable that all people should be interested in all branches of science, but it is highly desirable that all branches of science should be recognized as such and as worthy of public support and recognition.

The contradictions and discrepancies between the field of archæology and that of ordinary artistic interests are considerable if modern art only be in question. There is no doubt that modern art may flourish successfully without any reference to archæology; no doubt that modern art has often been injured by archæologic studies and influences. This makes it necessary to inquire what a museum of art ought to be and what it is for. The natural presumption is that it is a means to artistic enjoyment and artistic training, using the word art as moderns use it generally. As a matter of fact, a museum of art has a much broader mission, one which can only be comprehended by considering the double revolution effected by modern machinery and the invention of printing. Before the introduction of machinery every artisan was an artist, and the humblest objects of ordinary utility were endowed with an artistic character befitting their use and place. Before the invention of printing, pictures and statues were the Bibles of the poor, the literature of the middle age, the poems and the moral law of the older pagan world, the historic memoranda and the monumental records of the ancient Oriental nations. It follows that the museum of historic art is a possible epitome of the history of the civilized world down to the time when printing usurped the mission of art, down to the time when machinery and division of labor destroyed the cultivating influences which so far had been enjoyed

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by the world's working-classes. These cultivating influences were versatility of occupation, the encouragement of creative effort, and the idealization of manual labor.

Narrow minds intent on the last three hundred years of history, and the nineteenth century in particular, or some one to come after it, as the be-all and the end-all of human nature and human capacities, will scarcely conceive of the possibilities of a museum of art. The museum of art is the history of the time when printing did not exist, when machinery was unknown, and it will be valued as a means to popular instruction according to the contraction or expansion of that prejudice which idealizes the present at the expense of the past—a prejudice having its root in two elements: ignorance of history, and coarse perceptions.

It is apparent that the equipment of an art museum from the standpoint just indicated is a task not within the grasp of any single man or of any single generation. It is one object of this paper to indicate what has been done so far in this direction for the New York Museum. It has been lately provided with the means for the purchase of a series of casts reproducing all the leading works of antique sculpture in Europe, including the results of the recent excavations at Olympia, the recent discoveries at Pergamum, and the most important pieces of the museums of Athens, Naples, Rome, Florence, Munich, Paris, and London. These casts will probably be supplemented by others for the sculpture of the Italian Renaissance, with its preparatory and subsequent development. It has also been provided with the means for the purchase of a series of casts illustrating the history of architecture. The sum bequeathed, amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars, should provide a more complete equipment in this direction than has so far been attempted by any museum in Europe.

A most valuable cast collection, already for some years on exhibition, has thus far attracted but little attention. It is from the series of mediæval ivory carvings selected for reproduction, by experts of the South Kensington Museum, from all the best pieces in Europe. Ivory carvings have peculiar importance for a most interesting period of history—the transition from antiquity to the middle age. From this period dates a series of carved book-covers and tablets of rare interest. It was a time when works of larger sculpture were seldom attempted, probably because it was also a time subject to revolutions and catastrophes by which objects in metal were doomed to the destruction which befalls those works whose matter is more highly valued

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by barbarism than their design. These ivory carvings, preserved to later times because they did not tempt cupidity, because their material was not exposed to decay, and because their size and use did not expose them to breakage, are the most valuable and almost the only direct connecting link between the arts of antiquity and those of the middle age. There are many who think that the arrangement of these pieces should follow that of the South Kensington, as their numbering does already, since the Museum republishes the South Kensington catalogue. The interest of the series lies in the gradual differentiation of the Byzantine style from the antique, in the development of mediæval design out of the Byzantine. Under the present arrangement the collection hardly meets the purpose it was intended to accomplish.

In the department of reproductions the electrotypes of artistic metal work must also be mentioned. Some years ago the South Kensington Museum undertook the reproduction of the vessels and utensils, especially those of gold and silver, which are exhibited in the various Imperial collections of Russia. Some of them were of Russian fabrication, others were presents from European sovereigns or importations from other countries. The set, made by the English firm of Elkington, was duplicated for the New York Museum, which thus possesses a comprehensive illustration for the history of the arts in metal. The electrotype reproductions are deceptive fac-similes.

In the line of individual original works of art owned by the Museum, the chief place belongs to the enamelled altar-piece by Luca della Robbia, an Assumption of the Blessed Virgin with attendant figures. The scale of the figures is about half the size of life. The work belongs to the Italian Renaissance of the fifteenth century. It is the largest specimen of Della Robbia's work outside of Italy, and a fine example in other respects. Such pieces are somewhat ill at ease in northern museums. They need the atmosphere of Tuscany and the original connection with related architectural surroundings. Some sentiment for the original location and locality of such a work assists to a comprehension of its value. The Museum also owns a large collection of Oriental porcelains and lacquers, three distinct collections of mediæval, Venetian, and ancient glass (aside from the glass of the Cypriote collections), all highly valuable, a very good collection of ancient gems, a rare collection of Assyrian and Chaldean signet "cylinders" and inscribed terra-cotta tablets, the Egyptian collection already mentioned, etc.

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Mention has been thus far reserved of the Cypriote collections, the most valuable, least attractive, and least understood of all the Museum possessions. There are two points of especial importance to a comprehension of the Cypriote collections. It is absolutely necessary that a person endeavoring to understand them should have some knowledge of the point reached by Oriental and by Greek historic studies at the time these discoveries were made; and necessary, in the second place, to understand that objects from Cyprus belong sometimes to the art of the Roman Empire, sometimes to the Greek art which subsequently grew into it, sometimes to that of the Orientals, Phœnicians, Egyptians, and Assyrians which grew into the Greek. In the statues are found representatives of all these styles and of all the gradations between them. The jewelry and gems have specimens for all these styles and periods. The glass belongs, with some exceptions, to the Roman period. The pottery is mainly Phœnician, or Phœnician art grafted on the Greek. A student of the Cypriote collections should not be a beginner. He needs some acquaintance with the antiquities of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, to understand those of Cyprus. And to understand their peculiar import he must have also some imaginative and combining faculty, for little has so far been written about them. In the years between 1865 and 1875, when the collections were mainly gotten together, the historians of Greek art had not reached the conviction that Greek civilization and Greek art were a direct though strangely novel development from the Oriental. The Cypriote collections were transported to America before European students had had opportunity or time to study and understand them. The scholars of our own country were too dependent on European studies to publish independent conclusions. Specialists of sufficient authority and standing have not yet been developed in America for such a task.

The bulk of the Cypriote sculpture in New York was discovered just before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. Neither France nor Germany could undertake the purchase at such a time. Russia was also fearful of being drawn into the war, and was prevented in this way from attempting to negotiate a purchase. The antiquities were shipped to London and offered to the British Museum, and only the events which secured an offer of purchase from citizens of New York prevented the British Museum from acquiring them. Previous to the shipment from London the British Museum obtained permission to photo-

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graph the statues. The preface to the British Museum photograph publication, written by Professor Sidney Colvin, is the only satisfactory account of these statues ever written by a European scholar from actual observation. It is a comprehensive and decisive statement of their relation to otherwise unsolved and otherwise unsuggested problems of ancient history; but this publication has had, from its nature, but a limited circulation and influence.

The collection of Cypriote gems and jewelry subsequently brought together was also exhibited in London. The British Museum was again a negotiator for purchase, and was again anticipated by a larger American offer. In this case European students made a fuller examination, with more specific results, but once more the related publications have been insufficient or are still delayed. Discoveries culminating in results which can only be determined and valued by the highest European authorities have been placed beyond their reach, thrown into the whirlpool of American newspaper criticism, and for the time being have been allowed to sink or swim in public estimation as best they might. On the other hand, it is something for America to have begun where Europe has left off. With every accession to the ranks of American archæologic scholars the reputation of the Cypriote collections will grow in this country; and every addition to the antiquarian collections of the Museum will place its Cypriote antiquities in a more comprehensible position for the general public.

The tribute which belongs to the objects themselves cannot be paid to their classification and arrangement. The Proto-Greek pieces belong to several different Oriental types, and in their case only would classification be possible. Arrangement as regards the classes would be a matter of hypothesis. But three-fourths of the whole number of statues represent a series of gradations and styles which are perfectly well known to the art-historian. Although they are productions of a provincial art and the work of artisans rather than artists, they are the more interesting on this account, as taking a place otherwise unrepresented. There is no series of works in existence which so thoroughly represents the provincial art-decadence of the late Roman period; no collection in existence which has so many illustrations of the latest period of the Roman decadence; no other collection which so well illustrates, or which illustrates at all, the transition from provincial Greek to provincial Greco-Roman style; and absolutely no other collection which so illustrates the transition

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from Proto-Greek to Greek art. In fact, this transition was undreamed of before the collection was found. There is no reason why these styles and transitions of style should not speak for themselves by the arrangement of the pieces.

Although the Cypriote sculpture in New York propounds one distinct discovery and several unsolved problems, it also illustrates a course of history otherwise perfectly well known, and a history of art which can be demonstrated by thousands of examples. The examples elsewhere are better, but they are scattered, and connecting links are broken. The examples elsewhere generally represent the centre (Athens or Rome). These represent the periphery. But the science of history itself has lately taken a new turn, and the Cypriote antiquities coincide with its tendencies. The greatest historian of Rome, Theodor Mommsen, has devoted his volume for the Empire to the Roman provinces. Droysen's history of the Alexandrine states points the same way for the history of the Greeks. We are beginning to study peoples rather than their rulers, civilizations rather than events.

A word for the "Old Masters" of the Museum gallery remains to be said. These were its first purchase. The gallery, mainly of the Flemish and Dutch schools, exhibits, to quote the words of its catalogue, "a certain number of superior pictures and a great many fair specimens." It might be added that the inferior pictures do not boast names superior to their qualities, and that they have the value of authenticity. This holds at least of the original purchase of about one hundred and fifty examples. The writer only remembers one later donation which has an attribution of distinctly dubious authenticity—a "Portrait of Rubens' Wife," which is a modern copy of a well-known original. These remarks, it should be well noted, have no reference to a certain number of old paintings loaned by private individuals. Among these there are several of fine quality, but in these cases the attributions to specific artists are those made by the owners themselves.

The Old-Master Gallery will probably be the least satisfactory feature of the Museum for some time to come. Comparisons are odious, but it is difficult not to make them. The most encouraging example is that offered by the gallery of the Berlin Museum. With only a few great masterpieces, this gallery is the best in Europe as regards a well-balanced choice and classification of good representative works of the various historic schools. From a standpoint which looks rather to instruction

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and to classification than to a rivalry with Rome or Paris in masterpieces, much might be done. The exhibition of classified photographs has already become a feature abroad, even in the British Museum. For the moment this field offers the surest and most satisfactory step to something better.

We have purposely omitted mention in this paper of the recent munificent donations of George I. Seney, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry Hilton, Horace Russell, and William Schaus. These will draw crowds to the modern picture-gallery, but modern pictures explain themselves. In leaving this gallery the visitor will generally saunter through the vast apartments and long-drawn aisles devoted to other objects, not always conscious of their meaning, their mute eloquence, and their silent prophecies.

PHARAOH.

I WONDER if from hidden sphere
Of spirits' dwelling, far or near,
The soul that once made Israel bow
May look upon its changed world now.

For vanished all the pomp of power,
The armèd hosts, that made its hour
Of mighty sway! For us there stand
The hoary stones of statues grand,

And, yielded to our searching day,
A blackened thing, the house of clay,
Which, once responsive to his will,
Is—silent, empty—"Pharaoh" still.

So frail a thing! yet, made by art
To vanquish time, it rules the heart
Of questioning man with regal power:
Great Pharaoh has again his hour.

And dost thou know, and care to reign
In this small age? I ask in vain;
That shrunken form with life will wake
Ere Egypt's king will answer make!

FLORENCE E. WELD.

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THE MOVEMENT TOWARD UNITY.

THE unity movement, in which our faith compels us to be more deeply interested than non-Catholics can imagine, has for its object, not the formation of a new sect, but the counteraction of sectarianism by the revival everywhere of those everlasting, unchangeable truths which the Divine Founder of Christianity has given to men. This idea is not an idle dream of the imagination, for Christianity is a system of objective truths which are unchangeable, and therefore it necessarily furnishes the basis for immutable unity. The Christianity of Christ cannot be resuscitated and unity be wanting. Unity and truth are convertible terms in religion. Unity can be reached if the truth is attainable. Now, none of those with whom we join issue will allow that Christ's teaching has been lost. True, Archdeacon Farrar and the Rev. James Freeman Clarke venture to assert that the truth of revelation was or has become unknowable, and the former says that sects must always be for that reason; but it is far otherwise with more spiritually-enlightened Protestants. Bishop Doane, Dr. Dix, President Seelye, Professor Fisher, and Dr. Dexter hold no such principles. Bishop Doane believes not only that the truth is attainable, but that it is taught by a visible church which is the "body of Christ," having "a unity that is alive." So far is he from opposing the Catholic doctrine of unity that he says:

> "There seems very little hope of any great movement toward any real unity until these (church) principles, which are utterly opposed to sectarianism, can be somehow put into the minds and consciences of men. They carry with them the necessity of one polity, one liturgy (so far as the sacramental offices are concerned), and, of course, one confession of faith."*

We lament that the bishop thinks that the "body which has a oneness that is alive" is at the same time in schism. Dr. Dix thinks that belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Nicene Creed, Baptism, Eucharist, and Apostolic Succession can be made the ground of unity. The Nicene Creed, it must be remembered, was framed by a church which professed to have *indivisible unity*, and, if authoritative, is so because the one church has declared it so to be. Dr. Newman, while an Angli-

* "Christian Unity," *Independent* of February 3.

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can, wrote: "There is more of evidence in antiquity for the necessity of unity than for the apostolical succession." The following comparison of the church of to-day with that of the fourth century was penned by him early in 1845:

"On the whole, then, we have reason to say that if there be a form of Christianity at this day distinguished for its careful organization and its consequent power; if it is spread over the world; if it is conspicuous for zealous maintenance of its own creed; if it is intolerant towards what it considers error; if it is engaged in ceaseless war with all other bodies called Christian; if it, and it alone, is called 'Catholic' by the world, nay, by those very bodies, and if it makes much of the title; if it names them heretics, and warns them of coming woe, and calls on them one by one to come over to itself, overlooking every other tie; and if they, on the other hand, call it seducer, harlot, apostate, Antichrist, devil; if, however they differ one with another, they consider it their common enemy; if they strive to unite together against it, and cannot; if they are but local; if they continually subdivide and it remains one; if they fall one after another and make way for new sects, and it remains the same—such a form of religion is not unlike the Christianity of the Nicene era."

It appears that Protestantism is not historical any more than it is Scriptural Christianity.

The best exposition of the purely evangelical basis of unity has, I think, been given in the *Independent* of December 23, 1886. It is well worth quoting:

"Leaving out the Unitarians, a small fellowship which hesitates to call itself Christian, and with whom nobody proposes to unite, the remaining Protestant denominations agree on the following points:

"1. The existence and authority of God.

"2. The divinity and authority of his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord.

"3. The converting and indwelling presence of his Holy Spirit.

"4. The inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures.

"5. The guilt and ill-desert of sin.

"6. Redemption and pardon through Jesus Christ.

"7. The necessity of conversion from a life of sin and selfishness to a life of holiness and consecration to the service of God and man.

"8. The supernatural history of Jesus Christ, his crucifixion and burial, his resurrection from the dead, and his ascension to heaven, where he sitteth at the right hand of God.

"9. The immortality of the soul, and the just awards of the future world—to the righteous eternal life, and to the finally impenitent eternal death.

"10. The establishment by our Lord of his church, with the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper.

"Tell us, is there 'nothing left' in this common faith of Protestantism?"

Yes, there is much left in this common faith of Protestantism. Believers in these principles surely do not hold that

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Christ's teaching has been lost, that the truths of revelation have become unknowable. The Catholic Church includes in her teaching every one of these doctrines. What, then, keeps us from being one?

Only this: that you Protestants have of yourselves chosen out these principles and have there stopped, and, relying upon your own judgment and authority, have established independent churches based upon a private and partial understanding of the Scripture teaching. This is the only possible way to account for the divisions of Christendom. You may claim that you had the right to separate. If you had, why did Jesus Christ himself build a church, and say of it, "If one will not hear the church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican"? Did our Lord say these words and many others of like meaning? And did he mean these words to apply for all time or not? And do *you* dare to relegate among the heathen persons who will not hear the churches which *you* have established?

Now, if man can be a church-builder, unity can never be reached. The unchangeable truth, as far as it can be made objective, must be perfectly embodied in a church which is essentially one. What does this mean? Does it mean that such a church would not be a human society because divinely organized and having a divinely-revealed doctrine? By no means. Cannot divine truth dwell in a human society as well as in an individual? Did it not dwell in the apostolic college as a body? Were the apostles essentially different from other men? Can we not abstract the divine word from the individual who utters it, the sacrament from its minister, the assistance of the Holy Spirit from the receiver of it? Is it not more difficult to conceive of the divine word, sacraments, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost as dwelling in a dismembered body than in one that is whole and indivisible? I do not mean to say that certain of the sacraments—as, for example, baptism, holy orders, and the Eucharist—may not have been carried away and be still retained among those in schism and heresy; but I know that the administration of the sacraments by such is not lawful.

Christianity did not come into the world as a "naked idea," although many Protestant controversialists, and even such a historian as Guizot, have decided that it did. Its Founder was a church-builder. His words in the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew plainly show this; they indicate that the church, considered as a concrete, visible, human society, was founded upon Peter, since the confession of St. Peter, "Thou art Christ, the

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Son of the living God," taken as an abstract idea simply, could not be the foundation of a concrete church whose office is to preach, baptize, and break the bread of life to men.

Yet, if we consider the church in the abstract, it may be said in a true sense that it is founded upon this confession, inasmuch as the doctrine of the divinity of Christ lies at the foundation of the Christian teaching. St. Augustine, who is frequently quoted as explaining "rock" to mean St. Peter's confession, interpreted this text far differently from most Protestants, for he says to the schismatical Donatists: "Number the bishops even from the very chair of Peter . . . that is, the Rock which the proud gates of hell prevail not against." Elsewhere he declares that Peter, "by reason of the primacy of his apostolate, represented the person of the church"; that "Christ made (Peter) one with himself, committing his sheep to him as to another self," and that he was himself "held in the Catholic Church by the succession of its bishops from Peter." St. Chrysostom also speaks of the church as built upon the confession of Peter, but he does not separate the faith of Peter from Peter himself. These are his words: "For He who built the church on the confession of Peter, . . . He who gave to him the keys of the kingdom of heaven, . . . spoke with authority: I will build my church on *thee*, and give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." The difference in gender between *Πέτρος* and *Πέτρα*, so commonly urged against the Catholic interpretation of the text, does not denote a difference in meaning between "Peter" and "Rock," * as a comparison with the more ancient Syriac, "Thou art Kipha, and on this Kipha," will show. It should be observed that it was against the church *as built upon Peter* that the gates of hell should never prevail. When the above passage of St. Matthew is compared with the following from St. John: "And Jesus, looking upon him, said, Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter" (St. John i. 42), the nature of St. Peter's name and office appears most clearly. Taken in the same connection, how significant is St. Luke's account of our Lord's words: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you"—*ὑμᾶς*, *i.e.*, all—"that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee"—*σοῦ*, in particular—"that *thy faith fail not*, and thou being once converted *confirm thy brethren*" (St. Luke xxii. 31, 32). St. John's record of the triple charge: "Feed my lambs," . . . "feed my

* In the Syro-Chaldaic language, in which our Lord spoke and in which St. Matthew wrote his Gospel, according to Papias, Origen, St. Irenæus, Eusebius, St. Jerome, St. Epiphanius, and other Fathers, the same word is used both for "Peter" and "Rock."

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lambs," . . . "feed my sheep" given to St. Peter by our Lord (St. John xxi. 16, 17), and the words, "Lovest thou me more than these?" spoken before the burden of so great a pastorate was imposed, when associated with the passages already quoted, argue mightily for the Catholic doctrine of unity. Add to these that St. Matthew calls St. Peter "The First," though he was not the first to be called to the apostolate; that St. Luke distinguishes his name by the article; that he is repeatedly singled out from the other apostles by the sacred writers in such expressions as "Peter and they that were with him," "Go tell the disciples and Peter," etc.; the general prominence of St. Peter in the Acts, and the evidence for the Catholic teaching becomes decisive.

I came years ago to this conclusion from my orthodox devotion to the Word of God as a Protestant, and for that reason was finally constrained to become a Catholic. For, I said, if the first Christians were bound to believe that Peter's faith could not fail, I have at least as much need of this guarantee of faith as they had, and while remaining out of communion with the successor of St. Peter I have it not. If there be now no living infallible teacher of faith and morals, then there are for us no such motives of credibility in religion as were possessed by the earliest Christians, the converts of the Apostle Peter, and the church of his day has passed away. The Bible was almost the first book that I ever read, and I reasoned out its competency as a witness of religious truth, using such helps as Scott's *Commentary* and Barnes' *Notes*, going from Genesis to Revelation, comparing the New and the Old Testaments, and weighing the arguments for authenticity and inspiration, and the objections of unbelievers. I became and have ever remained a Bible Christian in the truest sense of the term. I united with the Orthodox Congregational Church in 1868, believing orthodoxy, as I then understood it, to be as clearly revealed in the Sacred Scriptures as the physical laws which govern matter are in nature. It was the Bible that gave me religious principles which are essentially constructive and harmonious.

But when I came to the study of the Protestant Reformation in its origin, in spite of all that its best apologists could say for it, I found, alas! that I, as an orthodox Protestant, according to the Bible, had no better, nay, not so good a cause against the Catholic as the Unitarian and Universalist had against me, an orthodox Congregationalist. It then became plain that orthodoxy, if carried to its consequences, must lead to harmony and unity, otherwise it could not be true. So the Bible piloted me through Pro-

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testant orthodoxy to Rome, and in the communion of the Catholic Church, which I entered in 1871, I have found the written testimonies of the Lord abundantly fulfilled. Nor was my faith in the Bible or in apostolic infallibility shaken on account of St. Paul's withstanding St. Peter face to face when he was to be blamed, because the difference was not in essentials, nor were the utterances those of the apostles in the exercise of their official functions as world-teachers. Nor, again, did I find difficulty in the doctrine of the infallibility of Peter's successors, even though popes might be proved to have been mistaken in their private opinions. As a matter of fact, no one is able to point out any two *ex cathedra* definitions which are contradictory. Genuine orthodoxy, the true faith, alone offers such a consistency as this. A church which teaches false doctrine cannot have such a harmonious creed-system as we find in the Roman Catholic Church. On the other hand, the true doctrine cannot be expressed by the discordant confessions of faith which Protestantism has developed. Cardinal Newman has well said: "Truth is unitive and has the power of preserving its identity" [for all time]. "Christianity being one," he argues, "all its doctrines are of necessity one, consistent with each other, and form a whole. . . . Its doctrines make up an integral religion." Protestantism is not such a system as this. I am therefore forced to conclude that it is not Scriptural Christianity.

Unity, invisible and visible, is what the Christian faith gives us. Earnestly we pray to God, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven." When we see the great unity movement in which so many zealous non-Catholic Christians are engaged, the way seems to us to be opening up for the truth to win a great victory. The Good Shepherd of our souls has said: "*Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.*"

H. H. WYMAN.

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IRELAND AGAIN UNDER COERCION.

Ουδὲν σὺ μεμπτὸν ἐνθάδ' ὧν ἐρεῖς ἐμοί·
οἶκοι δὲ ἡμεῖς εἰσόμεσθ' ἃ χρὴ ποιεῖν.
—SOPHOCLES: *Œdipus Coloneus.*

I.

THE MACHINE IN OPERATION.

DE MAUPAS, the confidant of Napoleon III. and author of *The Story of the Coup d'État*, says: "Amongst the Romans the dictatorship was not, as in modern times, a fortuitous act, a recuperative incident, rendered necessary in consequence of violent revolutionary shocks, in order to afford the country the opportunity of recovering her composure and reason previous to entering upon a new and regular period; among the Romans the dictatorship attained the dignity of an institution." Coercion in Ireland has attained the dignity of an institution. England, boastful of her fosterage of constitutional forms, almost proud of regicide for violating them, contemptuous of all government avowedly despotic, ready to bare the sword on the Danube and in the Balkans for even a sham of constitutionalism, confesses for the hundredth time in less than one hundred years that she cannot govern a little island a few hours' sail from her shores, except by a dictatorship. "The Roman dictatorship," continues De Maupas, "assumed various forms. It was most often the concentration into one hand of all the powers of the state." That is the coercion law of 1887. Into whose hand are all the powers of the state concentrated?

Before this question may be answered let us look at the machine of the dictatorship. Of another and earlier coercion law devised by England for Ireland, Burke said it was "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Like the coercion law of 1887, that coercion law was branded "permanent." The new machine differs from its ninety-and-nine predecessors in this extraordinary distinction. Therein it brings Ireland back to the Penal Code. In another respect also it resembles that

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immortal infamy. It aims at human nature in the people; not merely at their personal liberty or their preferences among political parties, but at human nature itself. In this respect it is more disgraceful to its authors than any coercion law since that of the last year of the last century. The poison is decocted in the inquisitorial clauses. Under the Penal Code the treachery of the wife to the husband, of the son to the father, was rewarded by the law in the confiscation of estates and the transfer or control of property. Under the coercion law of 1887 the same perfidious principle is set at work.

To appreciate this we may assume the law in operation. That assumption involves the annulment, without notice, of all those organic rights supposed to adhere to the citizen dwelling under the shadow of the thing known as the British constitution. Among these imaginary rights are immunity from arrest and security against imprisonment except upon warrant and after judicial inquiry. Among those imaginary rights is that of refusing to testify under oath except in relation to a cause under investigation, and then with the privilege of silence should a truthful answer inculpate the witness. Among those imaginary rights is that of being confronted, if under accusation, with one's accusers. Among those imaginary rights is the right to bail except for certain felonies specifically excluded by law from bailable offences. The coercion law of 1887 is a sister of the Penal Code not only in sweeping away all these rights, but in the substitution for them of a secret inquisition aimed at the degradation of human nature itself, designed to engender falsehood, treachery, and unnatural malice.

Without warrant the police, as numerous as locusts, may enter any house in Ireland; exclude from their presence all persons except the one selected for inquisition; require him or her to answer any question, touching any matter or person, without the aid of counsel, without relevancy to any cause under judicial examination, without reserve for possible incrimination of the witness; and if the answer be not to the satisfaction of the inquisitor, the citizen may be imprisoned, without any appeal; and this imprisonment may be indefinitely continued. In fact, like the act itself, it may be permanent.

A more brutal law was never known in the despotic days of the Greek autocracies. Under the Roman dictatorship such inquisitions were not unknown. In France this mode of government filled the Bastile, and the Bastile insured the Revolution.

It is true that there are no longer estates to be confiscated.

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They are all in possession of those whose titles represent apostasy under the code or confiscation or seizure by violence anterior to it. It is true that religious distinctions do not find specific mention in the law. But it is notorious that this coercion law represents the vindictive and ferocious spirit of Orangeism against the religion of five-sixths of the people of Ireland as distinctly as the Penal Code did. There is no element in the population opposed to Home Rule except the inconsiderable minority whose traditions were nursed in that cradle of shame, and in whose behalf the liberty of their country is annihilated, not only without protest on their part, but with their gleeful concurrence.

These clauses will fill the prisons of Ireland not only with men but with women, should the enforcement of them be general. Many will go to prison freely rather than submit their honor to such suspicion. Others—for the weak, the cringing, and the cowardly must still enfeeble the earth—will accuse in secret the innocent or betray the incautious; and thus the cells and plank beds which contumacious witnesses will not require will be occupied by suspects.

Under the coercion act last enacted by Mr. Gladstone the suspect possessed at least a shred of the constitution to furnish him amusement in his dreary idleness. He might be condemned to the plank bed, he might be refused bail or trial, but at least a petty magistrate could not rob him of all his privileges; a judicial inquiry was necessary, however farcical, and he was ushered into his cell with some pretence of ceremony. Under the current perpetual-motion coercion act even this fol-de-rol of British constitutionalism is to be dispensed with. The half-sir, the sham squire, the squireen, the knight of the crow-bar, the lord of the rent-office, becomes the successor of Augustus, who, according to De Maupas, had conferred upon himself power "to substitute the imperial régime for the republican constitution rendered ineffectual by anarchy."

The petty magistrate becomes the dictator of Ireland. In his hand are concentrated all the powers of the state. He represents directly or indirectly the landlord. It is for him that this perpetual-motion coercion law was devised, and for him it will be enforced. It is intended to offset effectually all the land legislation of the last seventeen years. There is not a clause of the Bright acts, of the Gladstone acts or of the revisions of them by Parnell, which this coercion law does not enable the landlord to antagonize. It practically suspends the Land Courts, so far as any new business is concerned, and may place an embargo on

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their operation in relation to actions already entered. For the law empowers the petty magistrate to imprison citizens for so many things, for things which are but the abstract images of deeds, that it will be impossible for a friend to advise the tenant to seek the Land Court without incurring the penalties provided by the clauses designating as crime any incitement against rack-rent paying.

This permanent coercion law is even psychological. It undertakes to search the very imaginations and minds of men. An intention to advise against rack-rents, which the inquisitor may detect lurking in the secret recesses of a citizen's intelligence, will be sufficient to justify his indefinite imprisonment. Overt acts were never necessary for the loss of liberty in Ireland, but it remained for the Tory government in 1887 to contrive a psychologic statute to make felonious not merely opinions out-spoken—that is too common in Ireland—but the very conception of an opinion objectionable to a petty magistrate.

It is needless to say that all the public liberties of the nation have perished. The right to prohibit public meetings is one which the government has never abrogated and has always exercised with varying caprice, according to the temper of different periods. It is scarcely probable that any meetings will be tolerated now which it will be possible for the magistracy to anticipate or pounce upon.

The freedom of the press will be jealously protected as far as the organs of faction which pander to the passions of the Orange minority are concerned. The editors of the National journals have been taught wariness by costly experience. They have been compelled to reduce constructive treason to the delicacy of a fine art, and may be expected to watch their columns with one eye on the coercion law and the other on the proof. The worst use a good newspaper editor can be put to is to imprison him, he being, in his relation to political society, excluded from the class of patriots in general, many of whom do their country more good in jail than out of it, under certain conditions. Of course there is nothing to prevent the "government" from pieing the forms of all the National organs at any moment. It cannot be mulcted in damages for injury to property, nor sent to jail for any violation of its own code. But the fact that the Liberal press of England will resent any special oppression of the press of Ireland, so long as that press does not afford technical justification for interference, will probably keep the newspaper offices under surveillance, but will also keep their editors out of jail.

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The original clause which proposed to fetch over to England accused persons whom juries in Ireland might not be ready to imprison without cause, was dropped for one which may work well or ill according to the character of the English judge sent over to Ireland to sit with the Irish judges to try accused citizens without juries. The principle of trial by jury was withheld from Ireland, in violation of express royal promises, long after it had gone into general use in England. On the slightest excuse it has been suspended in Ireland from time to time ever since its introduction. The sending over to Ireland of an English judge is a novelty in jury suspension which may prove entertaining. A jury was easily packed to convict O'Connell in Dublin. But even a Lord Denman could not abide the violation of constitutional law by which the verdict was brought about. There are men on the bench of England so calm in spirit, so fond of constitutional principles, so independent in their station that if they were sent to Ireland the people might have reason to rejoice. It remains to be seen whether the "government" will choose their bencher wisely for their own purposes or for the people.

Augustus assumed the dictator's powers, according to De Maupas, because the republican constitution had been rendered ineffectual by anarchy. Is that the justification for abolishing all liberty in Ireland? Who is the great anarch? Who are the inciters of lawlessness? When, where has any leader of the Home Rule movement uttered one word against the strictest social order, or, when speaking, failed to impress upon the people that in order, peace, and virtue lies the hope of their future?

For the present Ireland must accept coercion with dignified submission. But when the Tories sent the bill over the Channel, with the brand of "permanent" on the forehead of their messenger, they should have looked upon the scornful countenance of History. She has seen that Medusan brow before, and it bore the same untruth under its snaky tresses.

II.

SICAMBER.

But the law cannot be permanent. The Liberal party is pledged to its repeal, and repealed it will be as soon as Mr. Gladstone has educated the democracy of England and Scotland into a realization of their power and their rights. The politics of Eng-

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land have presented strange contradictions; none in the past is more curious than that Ireland should look with reliance and expectation to the statesman who has furnished the very arguments by which Home Rule, after he espoused it, was defeated, and coercion, after he abandoned it, has been once more enacted.

When, twenty years ago, Mr. Gladstone became the leader of the reform legislation, one of his opponents recalled that memorable scene where Clovis, having long refused baptism, bowed his head at last before St. Remi, who said to him: "Humble thyself, fierce Sicamber; adore what thou didst burn, and burn that which thou hast adored."

The public opinion of England and Scotland has not turned backward since the Reform Bill was passed. There has been more than one Sicamber in the House of Commons. Peel humbled himself to pass the Corn Laws; Disraeli humbled himself to pass the Reform Bill rather than abandon office to let Mr. Gladstone pass it. If the former confessed that he had postponed its adoption as a party measure until he could educate his partisans up to it, Mr. Gladstone may confess that he forced Home Rule upon his party before they had been educated to it. That his own mind had been slowly but firmly advancing in the direction of Home Rule for twenty years he now admits. Unfortunately for Ireland, the exigencies of party rivalry had induced him habitually to employ concerning the Irish party, before they became his allies, language so picturesque, so extravagant, and so impressive, despite its impropriety, that the portion of his following now opposed to Home Rule have not yet been able to dismiss its effects from their convictions.

Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, can maintain with truth that if he has altered his political attitude from time to time, his new position has generally represented the natural and healthful growth of democratic principles carrying him on, not always with his entire concurrence. This is seen in his speeches on the land bills which he has introduced successively to remedy the defects of preceding ones which he had described as adequate and final. It is seen in his arguments on the reduction of the suffrage and the redistribution bills, which only carry out the purposes he declared fulfilled by the Reform Bill of 1868.

If a minority of his party still adheres to the ideas by which he held the organization a unit against Home Rule until 1886, the majority have advanced with him resolutely and will not re-

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treat. Why should we fear permanent coercion and an indefinite postponement of Home Rule? At the first election in which that was the issue, resisted for eighty-five years by all English statesmen, it received a majority of all the votes cast in the three countries.

"Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—these great social forces are against you; they are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we now carry in this fight, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, soon again will float in the eye of Heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy but to a certain and to a not far distant victory." Those were his words on the eve of the defeat of the Reform Bill in 1866. His prophecy has been verified. Two years later the bill became law. Twenty years later he carried another suffrage bill by which the ballot was placed in the hands of the manhood of the three countries. The democracy thus enfranchised will follow him until Home Rule shall have been won not only for Ireland but for England, Scotland, and Wales.

Constitutional democracy takes no step backward.

III.

UNDER THE STRAIN.

"You will say nothing whilst here to be found fault with by me," Ireland may well quote from the Greek poet and address to her representation at Westminster, "but at home we shall know what it is fitting to do." Mr. Parnell has already conjured the people to afford no excuse for the assaults of the army with which the country is always fully invested. There is not the least danger that her sons will throw their country upon bayonet-points to be tossed up again, as were her children of old, for the amusement of the troops.

It is scarcely possible that her representatives will be permitted to remain at large unless they become absolutely silent. Any word they utter may be turned into a pretext for jailing them.

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Twelve hundred citizens were imprisoned under the preceding coercion act, administered by the Liberals. It will be extraordinary if the Tories do not exceed that total in their determination to make dumb the voice of a people.

But there will be no dishonor for Ireland unless the impious purpose of the coercion law is vitalized by secret treachery or public folly.

S. B. GORMAN.

SALVIAS.

AT morn and eve my daily pilgrimage
Leads by a garden gay with summer flowers,
And bright among them blooms the scarlet sage
To cheer the early, soothe the later hours.

To me, heart-worn with mine and others' grief,
In August heats when August days are long,
From brilliant blossom and from gray-green leaf
The hopeful message comes: "Hail and be strong!

"Be strong; despair not; doubt not; do not fear:
To every life there comes some final gain:
We waited faithful half the changing year,
And lo! the guerdon of our patient pain.

"Be strong, and to be hopeful be not loath;
Not outward things but thine own soul shall change;
The sun and dew that fed our flowerless growth,
They, and none other, feed these blossoms strange.

"O sister! learn our lesson ere we die,
Who bravely lived and fearless face the tomb:
Tread thy low path with faith and purpose high,
And bliss for thee, as flowers for us, shall bloom."

M. B. M.

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A GHOST.

WHEN Bawn learned the news she was not taken by surprise, and yet the blow fell as heavily as if it had been unexpected. In a week the color had left her lips and her dress hung loosely upon her. It was a week of rain and tempest, and Betty Macalister thought her young mistress had been suddenly seized with a fit of loneliness and fright of the storm.

"I was feared, always feared, that the winter'd be heavy on you," said Betty. "In summer-time a body doesn't feel the loneliness; but winter up here is a trial, I can tell you."

"Perhaps I'm homesick," said Bawn, trying to smile. "I believe I am going back to America, Betty. This climate does not seem to agree with me. What do you think of coming with me—you and Nancy?"

"Och, misthress, I'm too ould for changes; and it's too short a time you've given to the ould country—you that was so brave at the first and had such plans. Why would you give up for a bit of a storm that'll blow over?"

Bawn lowered her head and made no reply. The storm she must fly from would never blow over, she feared—not, at all events, as long as she lingered here; for the storm was in her own heart. Back in America, with the ocean between her and this temptation, it might be that in years hence her old courage would return. The question now was how to depart quickly enough.

She must not give cause for wonder by a too precipitate flight; must give timely notice to her landlord, alleging that the Irish winter did not agree with her health. She must think of her handmaidens and their disappointment, and make them some amends. In the meantime she must not see Rory.

He had come many times to her door, but had always been told in answer to his inquiries that she was ill and in her room;

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as, indeed, she was—ill with sorrow because she dare not run to him; shut up in her room as in a prison from which she could not escape to freedom.

He had written her an urgent and impassioned letter, in which he bade her forget everything but his love, and end this tragedy with a word; but to all his pleading she had answered only that she was quite unmoved in her resolve.

One day, when all her preparations for departure were almost made, Gran's ancient carriage arrived at the Shanganagh door, and Gran herself entered with trembling steps, uttering a little cry of dismay as her eyes fell on Bawn's altered face and figure.

"My dear," she said, "how ill you are looking! What is it all about? Can an old woman help to make things straight? Have we been unkind to you? Has any one hurt you, that you so persist in running away from us?"

"No," said Bawn sadly—"no, indeed. It is only that I am a capricious American and want to go home."

The old lady spread her thin hands before the fire and looked thoughtfully at the girl.

"My dear, I want you to understand me. I have not come here without a purpose. My grandson is very dear to me. You are making him unhappy."

"I am still more unhappy," said Bawn, standing before the old woman with her head lowered and her hands hanging by her side.

"There is a mystery somewhere," continued Gran, having studied Bawn's face eagerly for a few moments. "I cannot think of anything, except that some of our family have offended you, and that pride is in the way."

"It is not that. If I ever had any pride it is gone. And every one here has been only too good to me."

"What is it, then? Will you not confide in me? Is there a difficulty which cannot be overcome?"

Gran's face twitched and her voice quivered. Bawn dropped on her knees and covered the wrinkled hands with kisses.

"It cannot be overcome," she said. "If I were to tell you, you would be the first to bid me go."

Then Bawn burst into uncontrollable weeping, and the old woman drew her to her heart and wept with her.

"I feared there was something," she said. "But you will trust me, will you not, if you can? How can you be sure of what I shall tell you to do till you try me? I know you are

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noble and good, and that this trouble which is on your mind, this hindrance to my grandson's happiness and your own, is nothing personal to yourself. He knows what it is, and he is not daunted. Why will you not be satisfied, too?"

"I will save him from himself," said Bawn, regaining her courage, but holding fast by the tender old hands that clasped her own. "I will not condemn him to a future of bitterness."

"We are talking in riddles," said Gran, "and nothing comes of that but deeper bewilderment. I was hoping you would have given me an explanation which Rory in honor cannot make."

"When I have got to the other side of the ocean I will write it to you. Yes, I have made up my mind to that. I will write you the whole story, of what brought me here and of what has driven me away again. And you will never ask me to come back."

"But if I should ask you?"

"You are putting an impossible case; and I cannot see further than just this, that I must go."

Gran went away at last with a sorrowful yearning in her heart towards the girl, but with a fear that there must be something very terrible to be revealed, as no woman, except under pressure of dreadful circumstances, could so withstand Rory.

She went on to the Rath, where she had promised to stay a few days. Rory, who was there to meet her, was the only person who knew of her visit to Shanganagh. He was eager to hear the result of her interview with Bawn.

"I have gained nothing by going," said the old lady, "except that I understand what you feel in losing her. There must be some insurmountable bar, for she loves you dearly. But you must let her go."

"I do not consider it insurmountable," said Rory. And yet, as he went out of the old woman's presence and walked alone down the glen in the twilight, he admitted to himself that Bawn had reason on her side in fearing to become his wife, now that the stain of murder could never be wiped from her father's name. He felt that Gran would believe she was right; and that if ever she received that letter which Bawn had promised to send her from America, his grandmother would applaud the resolution of the writer, and would never, as Bawn had predicted, ask her to come back.

Even for himself in the far future could he so assuredly answer? How could he tell that a terrible repugnance might not

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one day spring up within him—repugnance to the idea that the grandfather of his children had been the murderer of his uncle? What reason had he for accepting the theory of Desmond's innocence beyond the impression made on his imagination by the passionate loyalty and faith of the daughter whom Desmond had reared, but who might have inherited her noble nature from a mother of whom she had no recollection?

Angry now with himself and now with her, and all the time sick at heart under the pressure of uncompromising circumstances, he walked on half-blindly, while the twilight gradually deepened. He tried to put himself back into the place he had occupied among all things just before he had first seen Bawn—a place which had held him well enough, and with which he had been tolerably satisfied. But he owned bitterly to himself that he could no longer fit into that place, having outgrown it. The general altruism which had once wholly occupied and interested him had all centred in the desire to have one loving creature always by his side. He thought he perceived that he could never again be a contented man. Had she been unable to love him, or had she proved worthless, he might have hoped to put her out of his life and forget her; but the knowledge that her life, too, was broken by the love that had driven her away from him must forbid him ever to forget what might have been, would take the sap out of his energies and sour the flavor of his daily bread.

It had grown quite dark except for a faint gleam from the moon—the same moon, now on the wane, that had lighted him to Shane's Hollow after the storm; a watery, red-eyed moon, trailing forlornly through clouds, like a weeping woman moving through the world alone with sable veils around her. As Somerled walked on observing her he struck against somebody right in his path.

"I beg your pardon. I believe it is I who am to blame." And then he saw, by the pale ray from behind the roadside trees, what a fanciful person might have taken for the ghost of Edmond Adare.

"My God, man!" he exclaimed, "where have you come from?"

"Where should I come from but from Shane's Hollow, my ancient home?" answered the strange figure, which a brighter gleam of moonlight now revealed more distinctly. "Perhaps you do not know that you are speaking to an Adare."

"Excuse me," said Somerled; "the night is dark." And then

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he stood still a moment, feeling curiously embarrassed in presence of this wretched wreck of humanity.

"I excuse you," said Edmond Adare loftily, and passed on, and Somerled turned his steps and walked with him in the direction of the Rath.

"I must congratulate you, Mr. Adare, on your singular escape. We feared you had perished in the accident of a week ago."

"Thank you," said Edmond, mollified. "It was a terrible accident, but not perhaps unexpected. My poor brother persisted in living in a dangerous part of the house. These old ancestral houses always become dangerous with time. My preservation is due to my wariness in selecting my own apartments. I have still ample accommodation—" Here he was interrupted by a frightful fit of coughing, followed by a faintness which obliged him to lean against a tree.

Somerled surveyed him with infinite pity. His small, shrunken frame, his streaming white beard, his hollow, glassy eyes contrasted strangely with the self-satisfied pomposity of his manner of speaking, which would have been ludicrous only for an occasional pathetic break in the voice and sob in the articulation which hinted that a long-suffering patience had almost given way; that a monstrously bolstered-up pride had nearly broken down. Fingall remembered that this man was he who had always been considered the gentlest and least forbidding of the brothers. Struggle as the poor creature might, death was very near him. Was there nothing that charity could do for his relief to soften the parting pangs of humanity yet to be endured by him?

"Mr. Adare, I fear you are ill," he said kindly. "Will you not accept a neighbor's hospitality for a little time—just for change of air?" he added, feeling that he was humoring the poor creature's pride, but unable to help it.

"You are good," said the poor ghost, pulling himself together and trying to move on, "but the Adares have always been stay-at-home people. Just now I am going to the Rath on business, to pay a strictly business visit to Mr. Alister Fingall—your cousin, sir, I believe."

"Yes," said Rory; "and as I am going there now myself, we may walk together, if you have no objection. Perhaps you will take my arm, as you seem a little weak."

"Old age, sir—old age!" said Edmond as Rory drew the death-cold, trembling hand within his arm, and suited his steps

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to the tottering steps that shuffled on beside him; and the last of the Adares, taken by surprise, allowed himself to be led along through the chill darkness like a father by a son.

Impressed with the feeling that something strange was about to happen, Rory hastened to tell his cousin Alister of the curious resurrection that had taken place, informing him that the one survivor of all the Adares was waiting in the library, seeking an interview with him.

"Poor old creature! has he come to beg at last?" exclaimed Alister. "Well, we must see what can be done for him."

"I do not think that is what has brought him," said Somerled; "but if you can force a glass of wine down his throat, do it without delay."

Having seen Alister to the library-door, he went to the drawing-room, where he found Flora talking excitedly to Gran, who looked bewildered—and no wonder; for the subject of Flora's eloquence was the engagement of Manon to Major Batt, an event which had been announced to her only that morning. Somerled, on hearing the news, expected to be overwhelmed with Flora's scorn of his want of taste and enterprise in allowing so disappointing a state of things to arise; but, to his great surprise, her greetings took the form of congratulation.

Only yesterday she had learned that Manon, so far from being an heiress, was utterly penniless, having so greatly displeased her grandfather just before his death that he had left her nothing.

"So her sly mother sent her here, hoping that something would turn up for her; and undoubtedly something has turned up. The question is, Will Major Batt marry her when he hears the truth?"

"Undoubtedly he will, Flora. He is not so bad as you paint him."

"There is no knowing what he may do under the influence of his disappointment, after the way Shana has treated him," said Flora, determined to keep hold of one grievance, at least. "I must say you take it very coolly, Rory. Just imagine what it would have been if you now stood in Major Batt's place."

"My imagination is not so elastic as yours; it won't take in such a possibility. As for Miss Manon, I can only say that in future I shall back Gran as a judge of character, rather than you. But, on the whole, it is a good thing to have Batt married, and he has money enough to afford a penniless wife, even looking at the matter from your point of view, Flora."

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"Money enough? I should think so. But why should it fall to the lot of that designing little foreigner?" said Flora, thinking bitterly of Shana preparing for exile in New Zealand, and Rosheen unprovided for. "However, I have done with all attempts to improve the condition of my husband's family. It seems to me that the Fingalls have a constitutional objection to possessing the good things of this world."

Rory reflected that when his cousin Alister took to himself Lady Flora's handsome dowry and pretty face he had not secured all the good things of the world by that act. And Gran, being too generous to exult over Flora, too tired to speak at all, merely looked at her favorite grandson with a wistful, sympathetic gaze which at once approved of his conduct and deplored that it had not met with the reward it deserved.

Interrupting the conversation came a message from the master of the Rath requesting Rory's presence in the library.

CHAPTER XL.

THE KING'S MESSENGER.

WHEN Somerled entered the library Alister was standing on the fireplace holding a piece of paper in his hands, and with a disturbed look on his usually placid countenance, while Edmond Adare sat at the table, drooping towards it, with his arms folded upon it and his chest supported on his arms. A glass of wine stood untasted before him, and a tray with other refreshments was near.

"I have asked you to come here to support me in my magisterial capacity," said Alister. "This gentleman, Mr. Adare, has brought me some curious information; has placed this document in my hands, which, though very interesting, would be rather enigmatical if not explained by his testimony. I wish you to hear his explanations. But, Mr. Adare, will you not oblige me by drinking that glass of wine before we go further?"

"Thank you; I never eat or drink except at home," said the famished-looking visitor, shaking himself out of a sort of collapse which seemed to have fallen on him from the warmth and comfort of the room. "I am an abstemious man, Mr. Fingall, and if I were to partake of your refreshments I could not afterwards dine."

Alister and Rory exchanged glances as the wretched man uttered the above words with a gasping effort, and at the same

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time an attempt at flourish which was pitiful in the extreme, seeing the very low ebb to which his physical strength had sunk; and Alister hastened to get the business of the moment over.

"This is a statement made by the late Mr. Luke Adare," he said—"a very singular statement. Mr. Edmond Adare tells me that he himself wrote it at his brother's dictation—some years ago, was it not, Mr. Adare? Perhaps you will kindly tell my cousin how the statement came to be made."

Edmond Adare shook himself up again with another great effort, and lifted his pallid face, looking from one to the other of the two men standing before him.

"It was about four years ago," he said. "My brother Luke was suffering in body and haunted by an idea that he must make a confession, and he called on me to write it down for him."

"You consider that he was of sound mind at the time?"

"I am sure of that, or I should not have come to you. Since then his mind has sometimes been a little astray, but not then—certainly it was not so then."

"Will you tell us what occurred between you?" said Alister, while Rory glanced over the soiled and crumpled paper which he had taken from Alister's hand, and turned pale.

"He came one day to my apartments. At that time we occupied rooms in different wings of the house, and had not met for a year. My brother Luke was always a peculiar person, but very clever, Mr. Fingall, and very clear-headed. Had it not been for misfortune—such misfortune as often overtakes the best ancient families—my brother Luke would have made a figure in the world. He came to me that day and said: 'I have something on my mind which will not let me rest night or day. It is like a rat gnawing me. I cannot tell why it is,' he said, 'for I do not believe in conscience, but I have a feeling that if you were to write down what I have to say I shall get better.'

"I said, 'What is it about?' He said, 'It is about Arthur Desmond.' I said, 'The man who murdered Roderick Fingall long ago?'

"'He did not murder him,' said Luke. 'Roderick Fingall fell down the cliff. That is what I want you to write.'"

"Yes," said Rory. "Go on."

Edmond Adare passed his heavy, colorless hand over his sunken eyes, and, with another great demand upon the remnant of vitality within him, spoke again:

"'I said, 'Who is able to tell about that now?'

"He said, 'I am, because I saw how the thing happened. I

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was on the mountain that evening by chance, and I saw the two men meet, and I heard their conversation. I saw Arthur Desmond stretch out his hands to Fingall, and Fingall draw back and fall headlong over the precipice. It was an accident, and Desmond had no fault in it.'"

"I said to Luke, 'Why did you not speak at the time?'

"'I did speak,' he said. 'I spoke to some purpose. I whispered in everybody's ear that Roderick had been murdered and that Desmond was the murderer. I had excellent reasons for it. I never did anything without an excellent reason. I wanted the money that old Barbadoes was on the point of bestowing on Arthur Desmond, and I got it. It is all gone now, like everything else, and nothing matters except to stop this buzzing in my brain whenever I think of it. And I can't get rid of thinking of it. Write it all down that I may get rid of it.'

"I wrote it down as you see, gentlemen, and Luke was satisfied. I put away the paper, and never should have troubled any more about it, for I thought no good could come of showing it to any one now, only for certain matters which occurred during the last year."

"What are those matters?" asked Rory, with eyes fixed intently on Edmond's face.

"A young lady came visiting at Shane's Hollow," continued Edmond, with another faint attempt at his grandiose manner which failed pathetically as he went on, "and she was an angel of goodness to my poor sister, who was a great sufferer owing to our reverses, and had not all those comforts which an invalid requires. This girl, gentlemen, nursed her like a daughter, gave her hospitality, and buried her in our ancestral burial place as befitted an Adare. I never saw the young lady's face, but I have heard her voice as she passed down our staircase, and there was a tone in it that reminded me of the ill-treated Arthur Desmond. This I might not have dwelt upon, only that of late my brother Luke fell to raving about Desmond's daughter who had come to persecute him. After coming to the conclusion that the girl must be Desmond's daughter, I had some struggle with myself as to whether I should or should not come forward and lay this statement before a magistrate; for the step I am taking now, gentlemen, is a difficult one to a person of my recluse-like habits, but ever since my poor brother's death I have felt a great anxiety to make known his confession. I have felt it, to use his own words, 'like a rat gnawing me'; and so I have come—"

He stopped abruptly and cast a wild, wandering look round

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the room, as if, now that all was said and urgent need for effort was over, he knew not how to pull body and mind together any more; and before Alister or Rory could reach him he had fallen forward on the table in a state of unconsciousness.

They did all in their power to revive him and sent in haste for a doctor, and before the doctor could arrive to tell them that he had only a few hours to live the last denizen of the ruined home of the Adares was lying in Lady Flora's best bed-room, scarcely aware of the long-unwonted comfort with which he was surrounded.

An hour before death he had a return of consciousness, and renewed in presence of the doctor, clergyman, and others the statement he had already made to Alister and Somerled, but by midnight the last of the Adares was no more.

LEAVING Alister to tell Edmond Adare's story to Gran and Flora, Somerled rode off early in the morning to Shanganagh. Walking up to the farm-house he saw signs of preparation for departure and Bawn's little cart waiting at the open door, and at the same moment Bawn herself appeared on the threshold dressed for travel.

"Unkind," he said, "trying to steal away from us without a word of farewell!"

He was smiling jubilantly as he took her half-reluctant hand, and Bawn, who had plotted to escape this last trial, felt herself turn sick and faint at seeing his unconcern. After all his urgency and insistance it was she who would have to suffer now and in the future. He would easily reconcile himself to the inevitable and forget.

She looked pale, weary, beaten. Knowing to what a pass things had come with her, feeling that she was unable to struggle longer without crying out, she had been trying to escape quietly in her weakness and sorrow without going through the ordeal of spoken farewells. Caught on the very threshold, she would have to make one last, almost impossible call on her courage.

"I have been obliged to make my arrangements hastily," she said, "and to write my farewells and thanks for all kindnesses. Betty is coming with me. Nancy will stay till all is wound up finally here, and will follow us. I have written to Mr. Fingall of the Rath—"

"Come in, Bawn; come in, and give me one last half-hour of your company. The pony can wait. Your steamer does not

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sail for two days to come. Don't be afraid—I am not going to ask leave to cross the ocean with you a second time."

She returned into the little parlor which she had just quitted, as she had thought, for the last time, feeling the joy of seeing him again embittered, the acute pain of parting infinitely aggravated by the strange delight in his eyes and in his voice. Had he cruelly come here to punish her by showing how little he cared, how, having come to listen to reason at last, he was rejoiced to make an end of folly?

She stood in the middle of the dismantled room with a wretched consciousness that she was unable to hide the grief in her eyes, that her face, her attitude, her very hands were treacherously making confession that she was escaping away from the scene of her wild enterprise vanquished and with a broken heart. Not that she cared now if he knew it, only he might have spared her. He was so much the stronger, after all. Her strength, which he had so talked about, was such a sham, his fancied love for her had been so short and so easily dismissed. How could he stand smiling at her misery thus if he had ever for one hour really cared for her?

"Bawn, take off your gloves and your hat, for I have a great deal to say to you."

"Would it not be kinder to let me go?" she said, and she felt that her pride was gone and that she had said it piteously. "I have been very foolish, very daring, and I and my cause are shipwrecked. I have done no one harm but myself, for which I ought to be thankful; but say good-by quickly and let me go."

He had taken her hands and held them tightly, and tried to look in her eyes, which were turned steadily away from the gladness in his.

"Bawn, I swear to you solemnly that you must not, need not go."

She looked at him startled, suddenly struck with the fact that his manner seemed to imply a certainty which could only come from a change in circumstances; but, remembering that such change was impossible, she said sadly:

"Nothing could persuade me of that unless the clouds were to open and drop down the truth, or a message were to come back from the dead—"

"My dearest, the clouds have opened; a message has come from the dead. I have been all night entertaining the king's messenger who brought us miraculous tidings. Luke Adare has spoken."

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Bawn's lips parted, and in her eyes, which were fixed on Somerled's, amazement, hope, and incredulity succeeded each other swiftly.

"Impossible!" she said faintly. "The heavens were opened to convert Saul, but that does not happen now. The dead do not come back. Why need you torture me?"

"Luke Adare has spoken."

"I saw him dead."

"So have I seen Edmond Adare, but only a few hours ago. He is the king's messenger I told you of, and here is the message he brought for you and me."

He drew the paper containing Luke's confession from his breast and put it in her trembling hands, but, seeing she could neither hold nor decipher it, he took it back and read it aloud to her. Hearing him, she looked straight before her with bewildered eyes, tried to take the document to read it for herself, but suddenly turned blind, and the next moment Bawn the strong-hearted had fainted in her lover's arms.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE lack of true spiritual life is apparent in the condition of modern society. Wealth, honor, and pleasure are the objects that engross men's attention. The great injunction of our Saviour to deny one's self and take up the cross finds little place in our busy, material world. Passion governs, and true development suffers in consequence. Selfishness is the law of the hour. On all sides social reforms are demanded. The body of the people, the subjects and objects of all reform, are appealed to and are played upon by men whose impulse is passion or hypocritical selfishness. The aim of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union is a religious one; it offers itself as a helper to church and state in the work of individual and social reform. It tells men that reform can come only through the grace of God in a spiritual life. It appeals to humanity as redeemed and ennobled by Christ, who is the source of all true reform, and without whom society must wither and die as the tree deprived of life-giving sap. What society wants is a better manhood—a Christian manhood; living, not for self, but for God; ready to make sacrifices, not for material advantages, but for the elevation of mankind into a vir-

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tuous life and union with God. Social reform that builds on humanity separated from God can lead only to the satisfaction of vanity, and soon becomes but a loud-sounding word, while men languish and die for want of the proper moral food.

Among the moral evils which help to arouse passion and make selfishness brutal, and so to render social reform difficult, intemperance stands prominent. No community is free from its encroachments, no home safe from its contagion. Possessing the body of man, it robs him of mind and heart, and deprives society of his intelligence and affection. Home is the fountain-head of citizenship and manliness. Intemperance changes it into a nursery of vice, transforms it into an agent to destroy society, which it was intended to build up and to defend.

Men dread the destructiveness of the elements. The great reservoirs of the heavens pour down their floods and rush headlong to the sea, gathering madness in their course and scattering destruction in their path; the mighty tempest spreads havoc in its train; gaunt famine and grim war depopulate nations. Men shudder when attempting to estimate the loss of life and property from all these causes; yet not all combined can equal intemperance, which like a mad torrent rushes over the land, scattering along the highways of life the wrecks of broken homes and the hulks of ruined manhood. The state is forced by intemperance to increase its charities a hundredfold and more, to enlarge its prisons and reformatories for self-protection. Labor, in battling for its rights, finds itself handicapped by intemperance, and robbed of more of its earnings than by the most grinding of monopolies. The church, placed on earth to save man's soul by leading him into the spiritual life, finds in intemperance an antagonism which neutralizes her efforts, paralyzes her energy, and disgraces her good name. This will explain why men are called upon to combine against this monster slayer of humankind. Indeed, it is not strange that, in considering the evils caused by drink, men have been led to regard drink as an evil in itself, not to be used, but banished from the land as a fiend whose very touch defiles. The Catholic total abstinence movement sprang into being from an essentially Christian hatred of drunkenness and pity for its victims. Because Catholics realize the hatefulness of that vice and the extent of its ravages, they have combined against it, and exhibit as a test of earnestness the public and private practice of the opposite virtue.

Men in all ages have combined for protection, whether the object was country, home, health, labor, or intelligence. The

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bundle of sticks teaching the strength of union has impressed itself upon men in all time. Our age is characteristically an age of combination, as seen in the many unions, for trade, labor, benefit, or monopoly, which appeal to all classes and to all conditions in society. Now, men are agreed that intemperance is making vast havoc among the people. They must be blind indeed who doubt it. Men combine against it in order to break its hold on humanity, to succor the suffering, to lift up the fallen, and to strengthen the weak. Can a higher or better motive for union be proposed than this act of sacrifice by which some wretched brethren may be redeemed from the thraldom of drink and made freemen? Men say this makes hypocrites and pharisees. We shall find these everywhere and under all banners. They are not confined to the ranks of total abstainers. Were more of the best men in society to lead in this as in other movements, many of the disturbing elements might be eliminated. The movement suffers from the vapid utterances of some who imagine that total abstinence is a religion in itself, and that they have by the pledge, as if by magic, been elevated into a position of moral superiority over their fellow-mortals. But Catholic total abstinence makes no such claim. It affirms that the pledge is one means to the great end, and a very efficient one. It claims that it leads to thrift and providence; that it helps to preserve a sound mind in a sound body; that it guards man's intelligence for God's truth and man's heart for God's love. It should make better men and better Christians, holding with St. Ambrose that sobriety is the mother of faith, as intemperance is the mother of infidelity.

In other matters men overlook much; in total abstinence nothing. It is condemned in advance as fanaticism and bigotry bordering on false and heretical principles. Men sometimes forget that Catholic total abstinence and party prohibition are totally different. The former hates drunkenness, the latter hates drink. The one asserts that the use of liquor is not in itself an evil, while the other calls it an evil under any and all circumstances. Catholic total abstinence may accept prohibition in certain cases as a method of curtailing a traffic grown into monstrous proportions—an extreme remedy, a sort of war measure. It asserts that drink-selling is not always sinful, nor sinful in itself. But it affirms that as a matter of fact, and here and now, it is fraught with the destruction of multitudes of souls.

The Catholic total abstinence movement is not infected with fanaticism. It does not assert the principle of the evil of drink,

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but it builds itself on the evil of drunkenness. It recognizes the truth that all things in nature are made for man's use, and are consequently good in themselves. It condemns no man for using these goods, but, noting the ruin which results from abuse, it warns men of the danger even in the use.

Catholic theology teaches us through St. Thomas of Aquin that temperance, being a cardinal virtue, restrains the appetites and inclines man to that which is agreeable to right reason, moderating the love and use of pleasures. Now, total abstinence is one aspect of the Christian virtue of temperance, and aims at its perfection. It is nothing more or less than a high degree of the restraint of reason upon appetite. It is the Christian mortification of an appetite which if not curbed leads often to degradation and ruin. While temperance is a precept, total abstinence is in the nature of a Gospel counsel, for those at least who have never abused the use of drink. Certainly this is not fanaticism but Catholic doctrine.

There are not wanting men who regard the total abstinence movement as productive of good for drunkards, while they do not hesitate to call it fanaticism when an appeal is made to them to become total abstainers, even though it be for the purpose of saving others from the dangers of drink. Now, the Board of Health that would occupy itself in time of an epidemic with simply relieving the plague-stricken while neglecting to take measures to dry up the sources of the plague would not be considered as possessing good judgment nor capable of providing for the welfare of society. While avoiding fanaticism, let us face the facts. The meanest, most abandoned drunkard at one time used drink moderately. The great army of intemperate men to-day has been recruited entirely from men who once felt no necessity for a curb upon their appetites. Hence the total abstinence movement appeals not only, perhaps not so much, to the intemperate as to the men who have not yet abused drink, in order that by their example those moderate drinkers who are in danger of becoming intemperate may be saved.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union, which will meet this month of August in Philadelphia, numbers many thousands of men who have not tasted intoxicating drink since early youth, and probably never will. They have seen the evils about them, many of them in their own homes, and they have determined to show their hatred of it and their pity for its victims. The Catholic Total Abstinence Union teaches them not to rely on themselves but on God; to have recourse to the sacraments, to prayer, and

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to Holy Mass. It tells them that the pledge is a help and not a substitute for religion, that it is a promise solemnly made in the presence of God and of their brethren—a promise which their manhood will hold sacred and inviolable, protecting them as with a shield and aiding them in obtaining self-control.

The Catholic Church by its highest authority has blessed our Union. Pope Pius IX., of sainted memory, in 1873 from his heart blessed the Union. Leo XIII. in 1879 bestowed upon it his apostolic benediction, and later granted to its members indulgences that, with God's blessing, "day by day the Union be farther extended and more widely propagated, in order to lessen the evils lamented and dreaded." Cardinal Manning in a letter says: "As the pastor of souls I have before me the wreck of men, women, and children, home, and all the sanctities of domestic life. I see prosperity turned into temptation; the wages of industry not only wasted, but, as they increase, making the plague more deadly. If by denying myself in this, which I am free to renounce, I shall help or encourage even one soul who has fallen through intoxication to rise up and break his bonds, then I will gladly abstain as long as I live." Cardinal McCabe, in July, 1882, said: "The terrible crime of drunkenness is like a wild beast ravaging our country; it is the great source of misery and crime. I have, therefore, felt it to be my duty to take my stand under the banner of total abstinence. I do not want it for myself, but I have taken this position in order that I may be able to speak with more effect in advising others to renounce drink once and for ever." The prelates of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore declared "that the most shocking scandals which we have to deplore spring from intemperance."

Following in the footsteps of the fathers of the previous councils of Baltimore, and supported by and quoting the teaching of the Angelic Doctor, the Third Plenary Council approved and heartily recommended the Catholic total abstinence movement and "the laudable practice of many of the faithful who totally abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks. By this means they combat the vice of drunkenness more effectually than otherwise, whether in themselves by removing its occasion, or in others by exhibiting a splendid example of the virtue of temperance," and it gladly proclaimed their zeal to be according to knowledge. "It has," they declare, "already brought forth abundant fruit of virtue, and gives promise of yet greater results in the future."

The recent strong words of commendation from Pope Leo XIII. have given joy and encouragement to every member of the

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Union, effectually destroying the suspicion that our movement is not in harmony with the purest Catholic doctrine. He says: "We have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the vice of intemperance. We esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil." Under the influence of this fatherly approval our Union must gain strength and usefulness. No one can estimate the social good that has resulted from the work of total abstinence, whether during the public life of Father Mathew, or in the organized movement of his followers in the total abstinence societies, or in the silence of the priest's influence in the confessional.

Intemperance has been in the world from the beginning, and will be found in it to the end, and we do not dream of totally abolishing it. This is no reason why we should not labor to save men from its ravages. A foreign enemy threatens our shores, and we madly cry for coast defences. Nationality is in danger, and men rush to arms, ready to sacrifice their lives rather than allow their country to be injured. Intemperance threatens our homes, destroys many of them, robs our labor and weakens our energies, and we are called fanatics if we unite for protection and move forward against the enemy. If we speak against the causes of intemperance and point the finger at the marshes that breed the pestilence, we are accused of interfering with personal liberty and injuring legitimate business. But the liberty of the drunkard, his business, his duty to his family, do not enter into some men's thoughts. The black slave of the South with chains about his limbs stirred humanity until intelligence advanced the day when no man could call him a chattel. The slavery of drink is fastened upon poor men who are as unable to help themselves as the negro of the plantations. And it is humanity to break his slavery, and it is higher humanity to bid freemen never to become slaves.

Catholic total abstinence is not responsible for the actions of all its members. The reproach of a "holier than thou" style of manhood is often heard against it. It should be judged by its principles and its works. It aims at saving men from ruin and preserving their manhood for society and God, and it succeeds in doing so; it aims at ennobling men's labor and making the

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workingman independent and respectable, and it succeeds. It thanks God that through its means many a soul has been lifted from sin to virtue, many a horror removed from Christian homes. It is conscious of the gratitude of thousands who have known happiness since its banner was placed over them. In a word, it may be said that our Union has for its object to assist the grace of God in building up a better humanity, ennobling labor, the salvation of home, and the fulfilment of man's destiny.

Our Union appeals to the best men in every community, particularly to those who have never experienced the slavery of drink. If none but drunkards become total abstainers how can we expect that they will successfully cope with the evil that surrounds them? As it is the strong, able-bodied men that are needed for a country's defence, and not men just recovering from disease, so it is the men who have controlled and can control their appetites who must fight the battle for the weak and save humanity. It is the leaders in society who should stand forth and command. Men capable of sacrifice are needed to stand as Spartans in the passes and defend the people; men ready to deny themselves some of the pleasures of sense in order to help in the salvation of others.

The battle is really between the saloon and the home. The saloon has fastened itself upon society as an ulcer living upon the life-blood of the people. The saloon, building itself upon the ruins of broken lives and shattered homes, spreads desolation everywhere, respecting no class or sex. The Union recalls the countless boys ruined, the fathers changed into destroyers of their little ones, the industry paralyzed, the prisons filled, and it asks each saloon how much of this is its work. It calls on the law to place about the saloon such reasonable restrictions as will remove as far as possible the evils that spring up from it. It demands the enforcement of those laws for the protection of home. The arrogance of the saloon and the power it wields in political affairs, all for its own interests and against those of society, have awakened a stronger interest in the cause of total abstinence organized on Catholic principles. THOMAS J. CONATY.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S.

EARLY in 1734 there came to the spot now occupied by the town of Emmittsburg, Frederick County, Maryland, a family of Catholics, originally settlers in St. Mary's County. William Elder was the first white man to establish himself in this district at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and he it was who gave the lower portion of grim old Carrick's Knob the name of "St. Mary's Mount." He called his farm "Pleasant Level," a name it still retains. Attached to the house he built a large room to be used as a chapel. Here for many years the scattered Catholic families gathered whenever it was known that a priest had come from St. Mary's County, from Conewago, or Frederick, or Path Valley in Pennsylvania.

Meantime the first French Revolution had swept like a simoom from rock-bound Brittany to fair Provence, carrying in its wake a horror at which the world still shudders. Of course the church bore her own share of sufferings in the persecution and destruction of all that was beautiful and good in the doomed country. Among those of her consecrated sons who were obliged to fly, after exhausting every effort to brave the Terror or to stem its force, was a young abbé, John Dubois, he who was afterwards the third to wear the mitre of New York. His first mission in America was that of lower Virginia, where he devoted himself to the study of the English language and the duties of his priestly office. In 1794, three years after his landing in Norfolk, Bishop Carroll transferred the young abbé to Frederick, a small town or station in Northwestern Maryland, and gave him jurisdiction over what now are Frederick, Montgomery, Washington, Allegheny, and Garrett counties, besides the northeastern portion of Virginia. Once a month he visited the Emmittsburg district and said Mass at the Elder chapel. Finding many children among the congregation which met him there, he recognized the necessity for supplementing whatever good instruction their parents were able to give them by the more authoritative teachings of the priest. He formed quite a large catechism class, and finally established a school on the farm of Mr. Joseph Elder, paying for the services of a teacher and visiting it as frequently as his other duties allowed.

Gradually, as the church grew, the boundaries of Abbé Du-

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bois' mission narrowed. Other priests were assigned to his relief, and he was able to concentrate most of his attention upon the Mountain congregation. He continued to visit both Emmittsburg and Elder Station quite frequently, and finally, in 1805, the two congregations united in clearing a space upon a shoulder-like projection of the mountain and building a log-house of two rooms for their pastor; here he spent the winter. This cabin stood for many years, and was known as Mr. Duhamel's house in later times, that gentleman coming subsequently to the assistance of the Abbé Dubois. One balmy day in the early spring of the next year Abbé Dubois, having as a guest the Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, afterwards first bishop of Bardstown, Kentucky, took a walk up the mountain-side with Mrs. Ignatius Elder and his reverend visitor. Pausing at the spot now occupied by the Mountain church, Mrs. Elder pointed over the wide stretch of valley spread out before them and exclaimed:

"What a glorious place for a church, Father Dubois, on which the blessed cross can be seen for so many miles!"

Perhaps Abbé Dubois had entertained the same idea during the long winter, when doubtless his active mind was revolving the plans for church and college which he carried out with so much energy and self-devotion. Be that as it may, this walk decided him, and a few weeks later he assembled his friends on this spot and informed them that he had chosen it as the site for his church. Meeting all outspoken or whispered opposition with the dignity of determination or the sweetness of persuasion, as he felt would best avail, the abbé went about among these simple farmers and workmen, winning all to his opinion. Finally, borrowing an axe from one of them, he cut down the first tree with his own hand. Later he presided at the barbecue which closed the day in merry-making. This is the church which greets the eye of the modern visitor; it stands only a few yards higher up the mountain than the plateau upon which Abbé Dubois' log residence had been built. It was enlarged in 1829. Here each generation of "Mountaineers" has worshipped; and though they were of alien races, various in characteristics and temperaments, differing sometimes even in religious belief, in love for Mountain college and Mountain church they knew no dissent.

The school at Joseph Elder's boasted in 1808 seven pupils, but, our abbé argued, larger accommodations will attract larger numbers. On the 6th day of October in that year the walls of a

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log-house were erected on the rise of Carrick's Knob, beside a copious spring, the delicious waters of which yet find their devious way about the college precincts. This new building was similar to that in which Abbé Dubois still abode, with the addition of a basement below and two rooms above the two apartments on the ground-floor. Willing hands, including those of the seven pioneers of Mount St. Mary's College, whose names, unfortunately, seem to be forgotten by an ungrateful posterity, did the work speedily, and soon classes were held on the ground-floor rooms; those below were used as kitchen and refectory, and those above as dormitories. The green briers were rooted out from about the spring, and a play-ground formed by clearing off the surrounding trees. This log-building is now the "white house"; it stands in the angle formed by the college proper and the Junior department, but only the original walls remain, the interior having been entirely remodelled. Across the ravine now bridged by "Plunket's Folly," and the lower part grassed over and included in the college bounds, where to-day the music-hall stands, was another log-house, occupied at this time by Mrs. Peggy McEntee, whose doughnuts and other dainties were long famous among the youngsters, whose mental and physical labors insured them good appetites.

As Abbé Dubois had anticipated, his school increased so rapidly that it was necessary to erect other accommodations, and a row of log-houses was begun opposite and a little to the north of the original building, occupying the spot upon which now stands the Junior department. It required several years to complete these. The ground upon which these improvements were made belonged to Mr. Arnold Elder, who parted with the mountain lots for a good round sum. Later on the whole farm, which was the inheritance of Mrs. Brooks, Mr. Elder's daughter, was purchased for the Mountain school by the Sulpicians in Baltimore.

In 1806 these Sulpicians, exiles also, had established a *petit séminaire* at Pigeon Hill, in Pennsylvania, but for some reason it did not succeed. The Abbé Dubois having, in 1809, united with their congregation, the students at this place were transferred to his young institution, which he had dedicated to the "Mother of fair love, of knowledge, and of holy hope."

The names of the eight students transferred from Pigeon Hill to Mount St. Mary's were: Colomkill O'Conway, John O'Connor, Taliaferro O'Connor, James Shorb, James Clements, John Fitzgerald, John Lilly, Jonathan Walker. With this augmented

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force the improvements around the school went gaily on. The swamp below the houses was drained, and to the south a garden was prepared and an orchard planted. A great deal of money and labor was expended in levelling the grounds near the buildings into terraces, and clearing the rocks and stones out of them. In fact, at times the place resembled a manual-labor school, when the older pupils transformed themselves into farm-hands and gathered the harvests, or, with their beloved principal at their head, worked at beautifying the grounds nearer home.

The terms of purchase of the farm were an annuity to Mrs. Chloe Brooks of some three or four hundred dollars, and a residence in the college, the original farm-house, which stood halfway down the long lane afterwards opened, leading from the school to the Frederick road. In later years it was this house which Major André, the professor of music at the college, occupied, having named it "The Solitude." Afterwards the old lady removed to "The Hermitage," a small cottage on the upper terrace, back of the stone building, and still standing. She lived to a good old age, and used often to tell Mr. Dubois that it was his own fault that she was so long a burden to him, for he treated her so well she had no excuse for dying!

It was after Easter, April 26 and 28, that the transfer of the pupils from Pigeon Hill was made. Meantime a recent convert, Mrs. Eliza Ann Seton, having decided to devote her remaining years to the service of God in acts of charity to his poor, and having been led through devious ways to settle her young community in the vicinity of Emmittsburg, left Baltimore with her three or four companions for that place on St. Aloysius' day, June 21. The house upon their own farm not being habitable, Mr. Dubois offered them the hospitality of the log-house halfway up to the church, which he had vacated a short time before for the buildings that constituted his seminary. Here the ladies were made as comfortable as possible, and they remained as the guests of the reverend gentleman until the 30th of July, when they removed to their own quarters, beginning the now well-known St. Joseph's Academy in a house but little better than that which they had left.

But Mr. Dubois' fatherly care followed them there; he was their spiritual director and their very prudent adviser in their many perplexities, for Archbishop Carroll entrusted him with all their spiritual concerns and interests. He formed their rules to a great extent, and he instructed them in the spirit and institute of St. Vincent de Paul—a task he was eminently fitted for, having

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been for some time after his ordination one of the chaplains of the Sisters of Charity at the institution for insane patients and destitute orphans in Paris, the *Hospice des Petites Maisons*. He celebrated Mass for them every day in their humble chapel, and in addition to all these duties he attended to the details of his buildings, superintended his farm and the general out-of-door interests of his own institution. He was also parish priest of Emmittsburg and of the Mountain, unfailing in his duties to these two scattered congregations, while on occasion he occupied the teacher's chair and assisted the class through some task of Greek, Latin, or French.

Abbé Dubois was peculiarly happy in his instructions to children and servants; he seemed to understand how to convey religious ideas to their minds, to enable them to comprehend the significance of the mysteries of religion, to appreciate its supernatural character. He prepared them himself for their first communion, and his tender and winning addresses to them drew tears from the eyes of many, young and old. As superior of the institutions of the sisterhood and the Mountain he won the confidence and regard of all under his care. Trying and disheartening as were many of the circumstances with which he had to contend, he found many compensations in the happy results of his ministrations. He was greatly relieved also in his arduous duties by the young men who were aspirants to the sanctuary. But the long-continued friendship and co-operation of him who is so justly styled the "Angel Guardian of the Mount," whose coming I will presently relate, were his chiefest consolation and support.

In 1810 the Rev. Charles Duhamel assumed the charge of the Emmittsburg parish, thus lightening somewhat the labors of Abbé Dubois, who, before securing this co-operation, had been obliged to attend in person the Emmittsburg congregation and that of Mt. St. Mary's on alternate Sundays. On those which he gave to the former place his little troop of boys were guided by their prefects and teachers to the village church, a distance of two miles, and took their places on the benches immediately in front of its narrow sanctuary. The Sisters of Charity attended Mass and constituted the choir on Sundays and festivals at one or the other of the two churches. At the Mountain church one of their number presided at the piano which for many years was the substitute for an organ.

From the beginning Abbé Dubois was obliged to employ one or more salaried teachers, and the first of these were Messrs. Smith and Monohan. But his own pupils were soon qualified to

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assist him, and among these I may mention Nicholas Kerney, Roger Smith, Alexius Elder, John Hickey, George Elder, and William Byrne, all of whom, after receiving holy orders, were scattered to other fields of labor. Later, in the year 1810, the Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté arrived, and henceforth the names of Dubois and Bruté were united in the love and veneration of the "Mountaineers" and of the people of the surrounding country.

The Rev. Mr. Bruté was fifteen years the junior of the Abbé Dubois. He had received his degree of doctor of medicine before entering the Sulpician Seminary at Paris to study for the priesthood. After his ordination he decided upon devoting himself to the American missions, and accompanied Bishop Flaget to this country, reaching it in August, 1810. Notwithstanding earnest efforts to learn the English language, he never could master it, and to the end his attempts resulted in a curious mixture of literally translated French idioms or phrases in the original, when, it would seem, he gave up in despair the effort to clothe his thoughts in new habiliments and fell back upon the old ones. The following extract is from a letter to Bishop Flaget, and was, probably, his first essay at writing the new tongue:

"Day of St. Francis of Chantal, Baltimore, being there these two days—Je suis exilé sur l'Eastern Shore of Maryland, where I serve with Mr. Monally at St. Joseph's, Talbot Co. I went there the first days of vacation. I am trying to learn practically my English. I have said Mass and preached, bad preaching as it may be, in six different places. This must force this dreadful English into my backward head, or I must renounce for ever to know it. I have seen Mr. Maréchal only a moment; he is gone with the archbishop to Carroll Manor. He will come back on Monday, but on Monday I will be making English and blunders on my Eastern Shore."

While on this Eastern Shore it was that he received the letter directing him to go to the assistance of the Abbé Dubois at "The Mountain." He became in 1834 the first bishop of Vincennes, Indiana.

"If Mt. St. Mary's," writes Bishop Bayley in his life of Bishop Bruté, "in addition to all the other benefits it has bestowed upon Catholicity in this country, has been in a remarkable degree the nursery of an intelligent, active, zealous priesthood, exactly such as were needed to supply the peculiar wants of the church here, every one at all acquainted with the history of that institution will allow that the true ecclesiastical spirit was stamped upon it by Bishop Bruté. His humility, piety, and learning made him a model of the Christian priest, and the impression of his virtues made upon both ecclesiastical and lay students surpassed all oral instruction. . . . The name of Bishop Bruté has been, and ever will be, associated with that of Bishop Dubois as common benefactors to the infant church of this country."

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Theology was not taught at first in Abbé Dubois' school; it was simply a *petit séminaire*, where candidates for the priesthood were carried through their humanities and then transferred to the Sulpician establishment in Baltimore, St. Mary's. After the Abbé Bruté's coming this arrangement was altered, and those of the pupils who felt a drawing to the priesthood were instructed by him.

Dr. Chatard, of Baltimore, the father of the present Bishop of Vincennes, is one of the oldest surviving students of the institution, and it is thus he speaks of days but little removed from those to which I refer:

"When I became a student [in August, 1812] the college and grounds were in a very primitive condition. The buildings consisted of two parallel log-houses a short distance apart. The one, a part of which still remains, contained the rooms of the president, vice-president, teachers, and seminarists, also the study and class-rooms and the dormitory. The refectory, store-rooms, and cellar were in the basement. The other building, in the rear of the former, contained the kitchen, clothes-room, infirmary, etc.; the whole being under the superintendence of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's, then recently established by Mother Seton. An old building which stood at the end of the terrace and entrance to the garden ['The Hermitage,' mentioned above] was also occupied by some of the teachers. The stumps of the original forest trees were still standing in the yard, and some quite close to the college buildings. The wood-pile was within a few feet of the door of the refectory, and the boys took part in chopping the wood and carrying it into the study-room. We were permitted to own chickens, and had our coops in the lower part of the yard, where also was our depository of apples, which consisted of a barrel sunk in the ground and secured by a cover and padlock. We also were allowed small patches of ground near the old barn, which was then near the college, which we cultivated for our own benefit. The present splendid garden was laid out and cultivated by a French gentleman, Mr. Marcilly—a refugee, I think, from St. Domingo. He and his family resided in a building which was located near the line of the old Mountain road, and not far from the Grotto. The Rev. Mr. Duhamel, pastor of the church in Emmittsburg, resided in a long, low building to the left of the road from the college to the Mountain church, about midway between the college and church. The only stone building on the premises was that which is now used as the chapel. It was in those days the laundry, and the basement was occupied by the dairy, which was in charge of Sister Ann.

"On Sundays the sisters and pupils of St. Joseph's came to the Mountain church and occupied seats in the gallery. They formed the choir, and the voices of the singers were accompanied by a piano. The performer was a Madame Seguin, the teacher of music at the sisterhood. Between Mass and Vespers the sisters and girls occupied the stone house and dined there. . . . The Rev. Mr. Dubois was president, Rev. Mr. Bruté vice-president, and among the professors and teachers were Father Hickey and Father Didier. The latter was a great trapper, and celebrated for his success in catching pheasants, partridges, rabbits, and the different animals that abounded on the mountain, among others a wildcat. Mr. Alexius Elder and his brother George—who was afterwards president of a college at Bardstown, Kentucky—Messrs. Burns, Mullen, Wiseman, McGeary, Hayden, and Francis

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Jamison, were ordained priests at a later period. I do not recollect the number of boys at the college at this time, but, from the limited accommodations of the buildings, they must have been very few.*

"A few years after I entered the college a two-story log building was added to the western end of the main building, the lower floor being used as the study-room and the upper as a dormitory. Among the boys were William and Richard Seton, sons of Mother Seton; Charles White, son of Mother Rose, the successor of Mother Seton; Charles and William Allan; Guerin, Malval, the two Van Schalkwicks, Hatié--these boys were from the islands of Martinique and Guadalupe; James D. Mitchell, Jerome Bonaparte; Charles Carroll, the father of the recent governor; Charles Harper, Luke and William Tiernan, Thomas and John Hillen, Henry Chatard, my oldest brother—all these from Baltimore; Brent, Ramsay, Carroll, the two Beattys, and King, from Washington and Georgetown; Cole and Schaffer and Henry Jamison, from Frederick City; the two Kauffmans, from Philadelphia, the younger of whom died from a wound in the chest. He was running with an open knife in his hand, and was tripped by a friend in play; he fell and was fatally wounded. The knife was retained as a memento of the event and a caution to heedless boys. Mr. A. Provost, of Baltimore, who still survives, was an assistant teacher of French. The late Right Rev. George A. Carrell, Bishop of Covington, Kentucky, was also a student; also Grandchamp, Grimes, Floyd, Sims, and Lilly.

"We did not enjoy many luxuries or comforts; only bread and coffee for breakfast, without butter—I think we had some at supper. Winter and summer we washed in the open air, exposed to sun and rain. The water from the spring was conveyed in wooden pipes to a long trough, into which were inserted a number of spigots, from which we drew the water required for our ablutions—no pleasant task on a cold winter morning."

It is but fair, as a companion picture, to tell of the mental exercises which also occupied the pupils. At first none but Catholics were received; a few Protestants, however, were soon added to their number at the earnest request of their parents, and with the full understanding that they were to be trained as Catholic children and to comply with all the obligations of that religion. Other Protestants were subsequently admitted, with no other condition than that of conformity to the rules and daily exercises of the school. The course of studies comprised reading, English grammar, mental and written arithmetic, French, Latin, Greek, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, rhetoric, logic, ethics, and metaphysics.

It was not, however, until the log-houses had given place to the stately stone building, and during the presidency of Rev. John B. Purcell, afterwards second bishop and first archbishop of Cincinnati, that the right to a grander name than high-school was legally accorded to the noble institution and her children could call themselves "collegians."

MARY M. MELINE.

*They were nearly two hundred.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

TWO kind correspondents have favored the author of the "Chat about New Books" with a warning and a suggestion. One warns him that it is dangerous to mention bad books. The other, a reverend gentleman, asks him to be careful to write about books that have an "immoral tendency under a specious appearance. Your notices of *Dr. Cupid* and a translation from Flaubert have helped me to advise some of my penitents who asked me whether those fashionable novels should be read."

The present writer is not addressing very young people. He believes that the time has arrived when Catholic American literature should begin to look beyond a narrow space walled by premium-books filled with goody-goody stories which no clever young person dreams of reading, and he desires to do something toward supplying a standard of judgment, moral and literary, which may be of use to those who run and read, and consequently suffer from that mental dyspepsia following the attempted assimilation of unwholesome and undigested food.

Two books against which nothing can be said from a moral, but nearly everything from a literary point of view, have been sent to us—*Lights and Shadows of a Life*, by Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), and *The Guardian's Mystery*, by Christine Faber (New York: P. J. Kenedy).

Mrs. Dahlgren has written much, and always with a good intention. In this instance she attacks a big subject with a "wealth" of adjectives and in an exceedingly girlish and sentimental manner. She shows how strong the race prejudice in America is, and expresses, in her preface, her own dislike to miscegenation. All her characters are either very refined or very lurid. The conversation is proper to the last degree, and the talk of the heroine, Cyrilla, is in the most stilted style. "One may read of such children," as Mrs. Dahlgren's authoress remarks, "but they are rarely met with." The heroine's experiences at a French boarding-school in Philadelphia are the most amusing things in the book. Cyrilla finds out that Maurice de Villeré, a young Frenchman, has negro blood in his veins. He is noble, handsome, and she loves him devotedly; but a certain Mr. Dollson reveals the story that causes Cyrilla to write this note:

"MAURICE: In this world there exists an impassable gulf between us. I am a proud Southern girl; you are the son of a slave, with the pariah

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blood in your veins. Even one drop of that blood must separate us for all time; but, Maurice, when death has washed out the stain, ask for me in eternity, and there I shall be yours—there, where is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, neither kindred nor race, but one universal brotherhood of man. Until then, farewell!"

Cyrilla, with some complacency, soliloquizes in this crisis:

"But was I the only victim? No; there was Maurice. Yet I had promised myself never to think of him—never until after death. Yet was he in fact less noble, less worthy, than when I gave him my whole heart? Not at all. He probably would be stronger, purer, better, for the ordeal through which he must pass; for I knew that he had a world of resources within himself, that he would never succumb, but would battle against fate to the end. Then again I remembered that the prejudice that made of my life a dreary waste did not exist in Europe. In Paris, in that wonderful city where civilization finds its climax, that admixture of blood which for ever separated us here would not count against him. And France was his home; there he had every prospect of making a splendid career. He could grasp enough to satisfy ambition, if only he could be content to live without me; and would he be so foolish as to feel himself a pariah, an outcast, because we rejected him? Why should he? Why not rather discard us, assume a higher standard than the level to which we had bound ourselves, and look down upon us? What was this conflict of races? We succumbed to its inexorable decrees in this country. Wherefore? My inner soul answered back that it was the inheritance of slavery. And supposing—if one could suppose such an incredible fact—that by some great convulsion, rending our civil contract, slavery should be swept away, would this prejudice be wiped out with its destruction, or should we alone, in this blessed country, set apart this variety of the human species as an anthropoid race?

"There was the Catholic Church. I had heard Maurice say it made no distinction of race. A literal, universal brotherhood was its creed, and the blackest negro might claim its veneration for sanctity, be classed high amid its revered bishops and priests, or take his place among its communicants, without one line of distinction being drawn. Yet this church regarded the soul alone, and its attitude did not meet the question of the social discrimination against the blood. Was it not a solemn fact that the white races were the conquering races in the world's progress, and that America was the favored spot of all the earth for the highest development of the best theories? And if so, was it not a fortunate circumstance that this invincible sentiment existed among us, in order to preserve in this chosen country, intact, the dominant race? Did Providence indeed watch over our autonomy by infixing in our breast this repugnance? So hostile were we on this point, so firmly implanted was the sentiment of contrariety, that rather than admit miscegenation we would embark in a war of extermination.

"What a splendid destiny for my country, with only one race, without admixture or amalgamation, where none but the best types should carry out the most advanced ideas! And if, as in every great cause, a victim were needed to make manifest the sacredness of the cause itself, why should I count myself as aught?"

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The victim, thus decked out in blue ribbons and curl-papers for the sacrifice, discovers that she is not wanted. Mr. Dollson's story turns out to be false. He is comfortably mangled by his own bloodhounds, and the story ends very cheerfully.

The Guardian's Mystery has a pious motive. It tells how a lovely young girl rejected a devoted lover "for conscience's sake." After a blood-curdling series of events the lover becomes a Catholic, everybody turns out to be everybody else, and the author writes on the four hundred and thirty-fourth page, "*Deo gratias!*" This pious ejaculation will be uttered by more than one reader. The volume is embellished with an engraving of a religious procession passing under an arch. It has nothing to do with the book, and seems to have been thrown in as a matter of courtesy to the reader. It is a genuine antique.

G. Montauban's *The Cruise of the Woman-Hater* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) tells of a tiresome voyage during which a poor and amiable widow converted a cynical hater of the female sex to that pity which is akin to love, and finally married him.

Wilkie Collins' *Little Novels* (London: Chatto & Windus) is a collection of ingenious stories, told with some of the marvellous skill that made the author of *The Woman in White* famous. Villany is frustrated by devious ways, and a mind must be much preoccupied indeed that cannot for a time lose itself in Mr. Collins' ingenious combinations. Mr. Collins does not favor us with any wicked monk, and there is little of that coarseness which intrudes into several of his earlier stories.

Miss Bayle's Romance (New York: Henry Holt & Co.) is one of those light bits of fiction thrown abroad for summer reading. We have the pert, ill-bred, "international" American girl, of worse than the Daisy Miller type, a number of celebrities more or less caricatured, and a great deal of talk. Is it possible that it popularizes a book on this side of the Atlantic to make the heroine typically American by being irredeemably unlady-like?

The latest of John Strange Winter's stories is *Regimental Legends* (New York: Harper & Brothers). John Strange Winter (who is said to be a woman and the wife of an officer) is the author of *Bootle's Baby* and *Mignon's Secret*. This tale is written on the same lines as its predecessors. They are put forth as pictures of English military life. They give the impression that British officers are either snobs or fools, with what the author considers as a redeeming trait—a dash of maudlin sentimentality. Translated into other languages, these stories will suggest to belligerent foreigners that an army commanded by silly Lord

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Popinjays and waltzing and tennis-playing majors can easily be wiped out. John Strange Winter has all the inanity without any of the wit of another popular writer who calls herself "The Duchess.".

We must protest against the further introduction of Russian novels. *Crime and its Punishment*, by Theodor Dostoyevsky (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell), is one of the gloomiest of the gloomy works of a writer persistently puffed by certain critics. It is easy to understand that the Russians, oppressed and overridden by administrative power, liable at an hour's notice to be forced to Siberia, and in the grip of a government which, among a semi-barbarous people, has itself a difficult part to play, can be tempted to despair. This is the more easy to understand because the degradation of the Russian Church has left little that is elevating in the remnants of truth they have. One would think that some of these "great" Russian novelists—Tolstoï, Turgueneff, Dostoyevsky—would endeavor to raise the hearts of their people to better things, or, at least, to brighten their lives with those flashes of wit and humor which, in the darkest days of Ireland and Irish literature, have never been wanting to a people as horribly oppressed as the Russians have ever been. But they do not. They paint life in its darkest and most revolting colors. This "masterpiece" of Dostoyevsky's is a book no careful mother could give to her daughters, no prudent father advise his son to read. There is no attractive description of vice in it; on the contrary, vice and virtue alike are presented with horrible grimness. The "saint" of the book is a girl called Sonia, whose father is a drunkard of the most besotted variety. Sonia adopts a vicious life to help her neglected brothers and sisters, who are pathetically represented by Dostoyevsky as living on the wages of her sin. Nevertheless, we are assured over and over again of Sonia's great purity of soul, and her piety under the circumstances is something to wonder at. The English edition of this book has been alluded to before. It is regrettable that there should be an American edition. What is the use of a literature, however realistic it pretends to be, which strikes no chord of hope, which paints humanity with its eyes to earth and without one ray of that divine light that makes the highest works of art joys for ever?

The hero of *Crime and its Punishment* is a student, Raskolnikoff, who has murdered an old woman for her money. He is pursued by remorse, and gradually this remorse undermines what sanity of body and mind he possesses. After a period of

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inward turmoil and outward fever he is sent to Siberia. Sonia follows him. Sonia, who in other days has talked to him of the raising of Lazarus, sees him returning to an affection for the New Testament. The book ends with the promise of another, in which the married life of this wretched creature and Sonia will be described.

"'Why,'" asks the murderer, Raskolnikoff, in one of his soliloquies, "'did that silly fellow Razoumikhin attack Socialists just now? They are hard-working business-men. They work for "the common weal." I wish to live myself, otherwise it would be better not to exist at all. I have no desire to neglect a starving mother and clutch the money I have by me, on the pretext that on some day or other everybody will be happy. As some of them say, I contribute my stone towards the building up of universal happiness, and that must be enough to set my mind at ease. Hah! hah! Why, then, have you forgotten me? As I have but a certain time to live, I intend to have my share of happiness forthwith. After all, I am only so much atheistical vermin—nothing more. Yes, I am, *de facto*, so much vermin—first, from the fact that I am now considering whether I am so; secondly, because during a whole month I have been pestering Divine Providence, taking it to witness that I was contemplating this attempt, not with a view to material gains, but with ulterior purposes—hah! hah! Thirdly, because, in the act of doing, I was anxious to proceed with as much justice as possible. Amongst various kinds of vermin I selected the most noisome, and in destroying it I determined only to take just enough to give me a suitable start in life, neither more nor less.'"

After a few chapters of similar cogitations, and the constant iteration of the misery of everybody mentioned in the book, one feels as glad to get away from it as if one were creeping out of a noisome tunnel. Dostoyevsky's Russians are only gay when they are drunk, and then their drunkenness verges on madness and brutality. "Time-serving courtiers and apostate teachers," to repeat a phrase of Cardinal Manning's, have indeed left a heritage of woe on the lands they tore from the church. There seems to be no consolation for the Russian in his schism. If he casts aside the forms and ceremonies of his enslaved religion he becomes materialistic and superstitiously atheistical; if he accepts the New Testament he adapts the apparent and humanly-interpreted teaching of our Lord to his communistic theories. Count Tolstoï, for instance, pretends to imitate the earthly life of our Lord, literally accepting his precepts, but at the same time stopping with earth. The Resurrection has no meaning for him, and he does not believe in the immortality of the soul.

Mr. George Meredith is not a realist. He does not take crude material simply because it is at hand, and make use of it on the theory that one thing is as good as another to write

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about. He may be said to belong to the psychological school of fiction. He has the keenness of Mr. James or Mr. Howells, but he does not waste his powers of analysis on petty emotions. His English is Saxon and solid, with waving lights of Celtic wit playing over it. Mr. Meredith's novels are *caviare* to the general, because his strength lies in his style rather than in his fable. He has the directness of Charles Reade—to whom he is not without some superficial resemblance—with a delicacy of perception which Charles Reade did not possess. The people he describes are of the class in which Mr. Anthony Trollope delighted, but they have thoughts and aspirations beyond any Mr. Trollope ever credited them with. *Beauchamp's Career* (Boston: Roberts Bros.) is the story of a young Radical of aristocratic family, who goes through the ordinary routine of a young English aristocrat. It must be admitted that, as clever and keen as Mr. Meredith is, his people interest us less than his manner of telling about them. He is a scholar, and possessed of a style which flashes with as many jewel-like points as an essay of Montaigne's. Nevertheless, Beauchamp seems to be a great deal of a fool, as is usual with the heroes of novels. He falls in love with a French girl, Renée, whose elegant and refined Legitimist friends are described with true understanding. He almost marries her; then he meets an English maiden; he almost marries her. Finally he marries the third English girl, protesting against having any religious ceremony. After this he is drowned in saving a boy's life. There is a fine touch when his uncle, Lord Romney, searches for the body:

"A torch lit up Lord Romney's face as he stepped ashore. 'The flood has played us a trick,' he said. 'We want more drags, or with the next ebb the body may be lost for days in this infernal water.' The mother of the rescued boy sobbed: 'O my lord! my lord!' and dropped on her knees.

"'What's this?' the earl said, drawing his hand away from the woman's clutch at it. 'She's the mother, my lord,' several explained.

"'Mother of what?'

"'My boy!' the woman cried, and dragged the urchin to Lord Romney's feet, cleaning her boy's face with her apron.

"All the lights in the ring were turned on the head of the boy. Dr. Shrapnel's eyes and Lord Romney's fell on the abashed little creature. The boy struck out both arms to get his fists against his eyelids.

"'This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp!'

"It was not uttered, but it was visible in the blank stare at one another of the two men who loved Beauchamp, after they had examined the insignificant bit of mud-bank life remaining in this world in place of him."

Meredith's novels have increased in popularity of late, and to admire or not to admire Meredith is as great a test of cultivation

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in some circles as admiration of Browning is in others. There are situations in his books to be praised rather from the point of view of dramatic art than from the important one of strict morality. Renée's flight from her husband, and her taking refuge with Beauchamp because her husband, the old marquis, had insulted her by "loving her," is neither moral nor reasonable, though Mr. Meredith seems to think that she deserves the sympathy of the reader. The proprieties are saved by the earl's housekeeper's assuming to be his wife, and taking the afflicted marquise under her wing until her husband claims her.

The Strange Adventures of Dr. Quies, translated from the French by John Lillie and Mrs. Cashel Hoey (New York: Harper & Bros.), is one of those impossible but entirely delightful stories which one often finds in French, with very quaint pictures. Dr. Quies is a "scientist," one of the laziest and fattest of men, hating travel, yet obliged by the malice of another "scientist" to "move on" like the unhappy Jo in *Bleak House*. It is pleasant and amusing, conceived and carried out in the spirit of the archest humor.

Mr. Arlo Bates is a Bostonian, best known by his novel, *A Wheel of Fire*, which was a sombre story, but a strong one, of a girl who expected to suffer the fate of her family and to go mad. In spite of her better judgment she consents to marry; but on the very day of her wedding, while waiting for the groom, she notices the singular twitching of the fingers which in her family is a premonition of insanity. She goes mad. The theory of the novel was not new, but Mr. Bates' treatment of it made it all his own. *Sonnets in Shadow*, his book of poems, is, like *A Wheel of Fire*, a pessimistic book—not pessimistic in the crude and vulgar sense of Schopenhauer's philosophy, but rather in that of Tolstoi's. Mr. Arlo Bates is a poet capable of sustained effort and of variety and interest while treating in a minor key a theme which Tennyson seemed to have made impossible for other poets. Mr. Bates' sonnets are written on the death of one he loved. The sonnet is an alien in the English language. Exiled from its native Italian, it seldom adapts itself to the new soil. Wordsworth, Keats, Milton each wrote one or two good sonnets—only one or two. And Shakspere himself did not attempt to trammel his English with the strictest Italian rules. It is a very great thing to be able to say of Mr. Bates that his sonnets are not only logical but musical, and that in no one of them does he seem to feel the weight of the rigid discipline which the sonnet entails. It is a delight to feel so safe in his hands; the delicate break in

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the music of the octave as it flows into the logical conclusion of the sextette is never missing. The theme of his book is death and loss. He has hope of the future, but it is rather a question than an answer. Those who have suffered that wound, worse than death, the death of one they loved, will recognize the appalling truth of these lines:

> "But who of all the dead is dead to us
> Until fate smites our own? Or maid or bride,
> Dotard or mariner, though dolorous
> His dying be, 'tis as a dream beside
> The fiery reality when thus
> Death's very self enters where we abide."

Mr. Bates offers no consolation for grief, except that of remembrance. Life and fate are oracles who have afflicted him, but given no positive answers to his questions:

> "Life chooses pain, the sole inheritance
> To all her children doled. What mother so
> A birthright that was evil could bestow?
> Dull savage women bear the worst mischance
> To shield their babes; and brutes will fight the hand
> That threats their cubs, be they however low.
> Against the mother-love all creatures show,
> To count man borne of hate were dissonance.
> Ah! mother mystical, may it then be
> That pain, which seems so terrible a gift,
> Is the best blessing we could take from thee?
> A little might the thought the darkness lift;
> It were a light by which the way to see,
> As when the moon breaks through the storm-clouds' rift."

It is hard for a Catholic, for whom his mystical mother, the church, has solved the main problems that torment human souls, to sympathize with the spirit of this fine sonnet. But the overflowing of a poet's heart in vain demands for light may teach us the charity of Christianity, if not that charity that might come from understanding his feeling.

Miss Katharine Tynan is a fortunate woman. Though young, she has attained to a high place in the choir of modern poets. She is fortunate, too, in not being content with the honors that came to her after the publication of *Louise de la Vallière and Other Poems*. She has profited by the opinions of the critics. And in her latest volume, *Shamrocks*, she has made stepping-stones of her faults to the attainment of higher things. We were not slow to condemn a tendency to sensuous—not sensual—descriptions in the other book. "King Cophetua," for instance, seemed to us a little over-roseate. In *Shamrocks* Miss Ty-

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nan's reticence, hard for a true artist or poet to maintain, with all the urgency of sensuous tones and color surging upon his heart, is remarkable. The Mercury of Praxiteles does not obtrude his influence; the expression is as pure as that of the angels of Fra Angelico; and, though spring is verdant and the sunsets glow, the memory of the Resurrection is over all.

Miss Tynan has done what we have all been talking about since Dr. Joyce led the way. She has interpreted legends of the Celts for us beautifully and satisfactorily. And we can now add to Joyce's *Deïrdré* and *Blanid* Miss Tynan's *Pursuit of Diarmud and Grainne*, *The Story of Aibhric*, and *The Fate of King Feargus*.

These legends are presented with a comprehension of their poetic possibilities and significance which forces enthusiasm. *The Story of Aibhric* is part of *The Children of Lir*, which Aubrey de Vere has already done, with more correctness, perhaps, but without Miss Tynan's warmth and apparent ecstasy in the work. One thinks of the Irish thrush pouring out his melody, happy in doing it, unconscious of listeners, in reading *Shamrocks*—particularly the Celtic legends. There is a little touch of the oversentimental in "Marah." The pathos of a baby's father having been drowned before it was born does not make the story of its constant tears picturesque or heart-moving. The lachrymal glands of Marah's child must have been out of order—a suggestion that does not lend itself to poetical treatment. "Maid Daffodil's Song" is artificial, because it is the only evidence of unconscious imitation of the early English style in the book. "Cor Dulce" cannot be sufficiently praised. Dante Gabriel Rossetti —to whose brother and sister the book is dedicated—might have learned much of the spirit of the religion of older Italy from this exquisite poem. He had caught the rhythm of the wonderful epoch in which St. Francis moved, not the soul. "Cor Dulce" touches the heart of that strange period of seeming contradictions, the age of Dante. It explains how the magnificent Lorenzo lived among the symbols of the pagans, yet died with the humility of a Christian.

"Ah me, ah me! I dare not lift mine eyes,
Who may again betray Him ere night goes;
Who may deny Him ere the shrill cock crows.
O happy thief who has his paradise,
Why do I turn to thoughts of you to-day,
And meek St. Peter, who sinned heavily,
Yet washed with life-long tears his guilt away,
Rather than all the sinless saints that be?"

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Miss Tynan understands the simplicity of that childish faith and hope in Christ's sympathy with humanity that makes colder Christians impatient with the Italians, who, during all the corruptions of the Renaissance, were not pagans at heart, but simply playing at paganism as children play with edged tools—ready on the impulse to throw themselves at the foot of the altar and to cry out with Miss Tynan's St. Francis:

"O Love unloved, my Love that goes unloved!
For all your Passion's sake, your lonely grave,
For that unstinted wealth of love you gave,
O Love unloved, sweet Love that loves unloved!
Break me, a reed, or bind me who am strong,
And make me strong to suffer and resist,
And give me tears to weep, a whole life long,
The traitor's kiss wherewith your face was kissed."

"The Angel of the Annunciation" might, in its treatment, have been suggested by a picture of Rossetti's. The Angel passes through the village street on his divine and momentous mission. The description is in the Rossetti fashion, but the noble thought is Miss Tynan's. No one but a Catholic could have conceived it and written it without affectation. This is the Rossetti touch:

"His wings were purple of bloom,
And eyed as the peacock's plume;
They trailed and flamed in the air:
Clear brows with an aureole rimmed,
The gold ring, brightened and dimmed,
Now rose, now fell on his hair."

The Angel goes on, nearing the house where the Immaculate sits with the lily of purity blooming near her:

"None saw as he passed their way;
But the children paused in their play,
And smiled as his feet went by;
A bird sang clear from the nest,
And a babe on its mother's breast
Stretched hands with an eager cry."

The little brothers and sisters of St. Francis d'Assisi saw what less simple folk could not see. Again we say, the author of *Shamrocks* is fortunate—fortunate in knowing the real *cor dulce* of the church; fortunate in having her eyes anointed with that ointment which God sent to the poet, St. Francis, and made him see in nature things unseen of graver though not less holy souls; and fortunate in her gift of expression, her lack of literary vanity, her faultless taste, and her facility of adopting the appliances of

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modern art to adorn the shrine in which the Mystical Rose dwells and blooms as she dwelt and bloomed while the Angel of the Annunciation came towards her. We have only space to quote the tender ending of "St. Francis to the Birds":

"Sometimes when ye sing,
Name my name, that He may take
Pity for the dear song's sake
On my shortcoming."

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Under this head we purpose for the future to give a variety of articles too brief, too informal, or too personal for the body of the magazine. For obvious reasons these communications will be, for the most part, unsigned.

HISTORY OF A CONVERSION.

Almost the first question asked a convert is: "What led you to become a Catholic?" It is a question often very hard to answer—that is, so as to be understood by a non-Catholic mind, unbelieving in the kingdom of grace and the action of the Holy Ghost upon a human soul. Every convert, the moment he enters the one fold of Christ and begins to live a life of faith, feels and recognizes how little he had to do with the blessing that has come to him; therefore it is much easier for him to give the reasons why he is a Catholic than why he became one. Every virtuous man, if he be but a reasoning one, that turns his face Romeward in a spirit of inquiry, will sooner or later reach the goal. The first step having been made by the future convert toward God (which movement may have had its source in his own reason or from a heavenly inspiration), his will and understanding come under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and he is led little by little from one truth to another until the light of Christian faith breaks in upon his soul and he becomes a child of grace. Consequently, if he attempts to give the reasons that led him into the Church of Christ, it always ends in giving a history of the growth of grace within his soul—a very difficult form of narrative. I foresee that this account of my conversion will resolve itself into something of the same kind.

My parents, people of New England descent, were good as the world goes, kind and loving in all their relations with their children, ever teaching us to be truthful and just in our dealings with men. Of God they told me nothing. And they never gave me a higher principle to guide me through life than one based upon selfishness—namely, "*Honesty is the best policy.*" On the other hand, they planted in my very nature not only a great dislike for all forms of religion, but also an aggressive contempt for Christianity. The result of this training was that I grew up a pagan of the pagans, with a vague belief in the existence of God, none in the immortality of the soul, and very little in the virtue of women or the uprightness of men. Pleasure became the end of my existence. I was eaten up

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with self-love, and found nothing of value except those things and persons that contributed toward that end and that love. As the fire of youth burnt itself out, I, like all children of the world, became the victim of satiety and *ennui*—completely tired of pleasure and weary of myself. At times death would have been welcome, had it not been for a spirit of hope, a voice within my heart that now and then whispered of a higher and a better life. This forced me to seek for a love more stable than I had found among men, for a motive on which to build a nobler life. I was appalled at the mystery of pain, the inequalities of human existence, and the seeming unjust division of the good things of life. For the first time I was brought face to face with those momentous questions that come sooner or later into the mind of every thinking being: Where did I come from? What am I here for? Where am I going?

But, alas! wheresoever I turned to find a solution I only met with disappointment and disgust. Finally the higher aspiration of my soul, the voice of God, was hushed and buried under a most complete indifference. Bound in the ignoble chains of an agnostic pessimism, I no longer had any interest, with a single exception, in anything outside of the study of material forces, of nature, of those things which can be seen, handled, weighed, and measured. In physiological researches and kindred pursuits I forgot the higher needs of my nature and the miseries of my fellow-men. The single exception mentioned above was the study of history—a study that ultimately led me, under God's grace, to the fountain of all truth and the waters of reconciliation.

It came about in this way: A brother of mine fell into an argument with a friend upon the life of Christ and the truth of Christianity, and this friend gave him a book on the subject to read—Nelson's *Cure of Infidelity*—which work ultimately came into my hands; and, although in itself the book was stupid, the author's reasoning weak and often incorrect, nevertheless it forced me to the thought that I knew very little about the life of Christ or the planting of the Christian faith. To remove this ignorance, and with the intention of getting a general idea of the subject, I read the New Testament through, always regarding it, however, as a collection of historical documents of doubtful authenticity, yet of sufficient authority as to the ordinary facts therein narrated. When I had finished the Four Gospels Jesus of Nazareth had become a living reality to me—as much so as Plato—and henceforth I regarded him as a historical character. This was a great step forward, as I had hitherto inclined to believe him a mythical being. Yet the more I studied his life the clearer I saw that if it was stripped of its supernatural element it would be meaningless. This, in union with a growing admiration of his character, was the goad that spurred me on to further study. I took up all the Christian writers of the first three hundred years and read them carefully through, that I might understand what they, the followers of the apostles, the propagators of the faith, thought and taught concerning their Master. I then made an analysis of all the existing testimony concerning the life and Passion of Jesus, and, comparing it with that in witness of the life and deeds of Alexander the Great, I found, as all will who make the study, that for every documentary witness to the life of the Grecian hero there were many for that of Jesus of Nazareth, and, in addition, that thousands of the noblest of our race at the time of the planting of the faith laid down their lives to show forth their belief in the truth of the Gospel narrative. I also found in the case of our Lord a new class of witnesses: the prophets of the Old Law. So overwhelming was the testimony in favor of the truth of the life and words of Jesus Christ as recorded in

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Holy Writ that I was compelled to either doubt all history, all human testimony, or believe in him and his divine mission. In the meanwhile, from purely metaphysical reasons, the idea of God, his personality, and the necessity of something to unite our nature with the nature of God, became vividly true to me, so that the moment my reason led me to believe in Jesus Christ I entered into a fulness of faith. What was this faith that had mastered my understanding? That there was one God, Creator of all things; that he made himself manifest in the person of Christ Jesus, the one Mediator of redemption. Moreover, from my Scripture studies I had obtained a solid conviction that He to whom all power was given had delegated a certain body of men to teach all nations to observe all things that he had commanded and taught, and had further promised that this body of men, this living, speaking voice, was for all time; that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, that the Holy Spirit would guide it into all truth, and that he himself would abide with it "*all days, even to the consummation of the world.*" With this faith entered my heart, and not till then, the spirit of prayer; and for the first time my soul spoke to its Lord and Master, its Brother and its God. The battle was won; right reason and honesty of purpose, under the guidance of grace, had triumphed over ignorance, prejudice, and love of the world. But where was this living, speaking voice, this body of men to whom Christ said, "*He that heareth you heareth me*"? Where was this "*church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth*"? Where was the "one fold and one Shepherd"? Where was the church, built upon the rock (Peter), that has the power of binding and loosing? When I cast my eyes upon Christendom I found that there was but one body that claimed these prerogatives, to the exclusion of all other bodies, and at the same time bore the marks of apostolicity, indefectibility, unity, and catholicity, and that this body was the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Moreover, I found that all other so-called Christian organizations were the offspring of some disobedient Catholic, and generally bore his name.

God's will was plain; there was but one thing left for me to do, so I sought an introduction to a priest in order to be baptized. The Very Rev. Isaac T. Hecker examined me, and almost immediately I was admitted to the sacraments by the Rev. George Deshon. Much to my surprise, I discovered, through the examination I underwent, that I was in possession of the entire system of Christian dogma, and that it was unnecessary to give me any instruction before admitting me to the church. Where had I learned all this? From the Holy Bible and the Christian writers of the first three centuries; for up to this time I never had a book of Catholic theology, instruction, or controversy in my hands, nor had I any conversation with any Catholic, either lay or cleric, upon the subject.

Years have passed; I have seen the church in many climes and among many nations; I have read hundreds of lives of her saintly children; I have partaken of her sacraments, tried to live her life, and now I have but one testimony to give: How beautiful art thou, my love!—how beautiful art thou! Thou art all fair, O my love! and there is not a spot in thee—fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array.

THE GUIDANCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"If any one shall say that without the previous inspiration of the Holy Spirit and his aid, a man can believe, hope, love, or repent as he should, so that the grace of justification may be conferred upon him, let him be anathema."

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These are the words of the holy Council of Trent, in which the Catholic Church infallibly teaches that without an interior movement of the indwelling Holy Spirit no act of the soul can be meritorious of heaven. This doctrine, embodying the plain sense of Holy Scripture and the unbroken teaching of the church in all ages, bases human justification on an interior impulse of the Third Person of the divine Trinity. This impulse precedes the soul's acts of faith, hope and love, and of sorrow for sin: the first stage in the supernatural career, then, is the entering of the Holy Spirit into the inner life of the soul. The process of justification begins by the divine life of the indwelling Spirit taking up into itself the human life of the soul.

Nor is this to the detriment of man's liberty, but rather to its increase. The infinite independence of God and his divine liberty are shared by man exactly in proportion as he partakes of God's life in the communication of the Holy Spirit.

If it be asked how the Holy Spirit is received, the answer is, Sacramentally. "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." As man by nature is a being of both outer and inner life, so, when made a new man by the Spirit of God and elevated into a supernatural state, God deals with him by both outer and inner methods. The Holy Spirit is received by the sacramental grace of baptism and renewed by the other sacraments; also in prayer, vocal or mental, hearing sermons, reading the Scriptures or devout books, and on occasions, extraordinary or ordinary, in the course of daily life; and when once received every act of the soul that merits heaven is done by the inspiration of that divine Guide dwelling within us. Even though unperceived, though indistinguishable from impulses of natural virtue, though imperceptibly multiplied as often as the instants are, yet each movement of heaven-winning virtue, and especially love, hope, faith, and repentance, is made because the Holy Spirit has acted upon the soul in an efficacious manner.

It is not to induce a strained outlook for the particular cases of the action of the Spirit of God on us, or the signs of it, that these words are written. The sacraments, prayer and holy reading, and hearing sermons and instructions, are the plain, external instruments and accompaniments of the visitations of God, and are sufficient landmarks for the journey of the soul, unless it be led in a way altogether extraordinary. And apart from these external marks, no matter how you watch for God, his visitations are best known by their effects; it is after the cause has been placed, perhaps some considerable time after, that the faith, hope, love, or sorrow becomes perceptibly increased—always excepting extraordinary cases. Not to "resist the Spirit" is the first duty. Fidelity to the divine guidance, yielding one's self up lovingly to the impulses of virtue as they gently claim control of our thoughts—this is the simple duty.

Having laid down in broad terms the fundamental doctrine of the supernatural life, it is proper to say a word of the natural virtues and of their relation to the supernatural. It has been already intimated that the goodness of nature is often indistinguishable from the holiness of the supernatural life; and, indeed, as a rule, impulses of the Holy Spirit first pour their floods into the channels of natural virtue, thus rendering them supernatural. These are mainly the cardinal virtues: Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. Practised in a state of nature, these place us in our true relations with our nature and with God's providence in all created nature around us; these are the virtues which choice souls among the heathen practised. They are not enough. When they have done their utmost they leave a void in the heart that still yearns for more. It is the purpose of the

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Spirit of God to raise our virtue to a grade far above nature. The practice of the virtues of faith, hope, and love, which bring the soul into direct communication with God, and which, when practised under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, are supernatural, following upon the practice of the cardinal virtues under the same guidance, place the soul in its true and perfect relation with God—a state which is more than natural.

Let us, if we would see things clearly, keep in sight the difference between the natural and supernatural. In the natural order a certain union with God was possessed by man in all ages in common with every creature. The union of the creature with the divine creative power is something which man can neither escape from nor be robbed of. But in the case of rational creatures this union is, even in a state of nature, made far closer and its enjoyment increased by a virtuous life—one in which reason is superior to appetite; a life only to be led by one assisted, if not by the indwelling Holy Spirit peculiar to the grace of Christ, yet by the helps necessary to natural virtue and called medicinal graces. The practice of the four cardinal virtues—Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance—in the ordinary natural state gave to guileless men and women in every age a natural union with their Creator. Although we maintain that such natural union with God is not enough for man, yet we insist that the part the natural virtues play in man's sanctification be recognized. In considering a holy life natural virtues are too often passed over, either because the men who practised them in heathen times were perhaps few in number, or because of the Calvinistic error that nature and man are totally corrupt.

And we further insist on the natural virtues because they tend to place man in true relations with himself and with nature, thus bringing him into more perfect relation or union with God than he was by means of the creative act—a proper preliminary to his supernatural relation. Who will deny that there were men not a few among the heathen in whom Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance were highly exemplified? They knew well enough what right reason demanded. Such men as Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius had by the natural light of reason a knowledge of what their nature required of them. They had faults, great ones if you please; at the same time they knew them to be faults, and they had the natural virtues in greater or less degrees. Thus the union between God and the soul, due to the creative act, though not sufficient, never was interrupted. The Creator and the Mediator are one.

These remarks doubtless give rise to various questions, which we hope to answer on future occasions. I. T. H.

RELIGION AND THRIFT.

One of the common cries of shallow commentators upon progress is that the Catholic religion is antagonistic to thrift. Ireland and Mexico are mentioned as proofs of this. The traveller who has seen Catholic and Protestant countries under the same physical conditions, and who has curiosity enough to look below the surface of statistics for the truths they sometimes conceal, knows that landlordism in both Ireland and Mexico is the foundation of their poverty; while in Mexico, moreover, the great mountain walls which render commerce by land or sea difficult, and the mild climate, which relieves the natives of anxiety about clothing, while it insures life with little food, should also be taken into account.

But look at Belgium. Its very name is synonymous with thrift. Its population to the square mile is the densest in Europe. Its superficial area is about one-third, while its population exceeds, that of Ireland. Its immigration exceeds

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its emigration—a remarkable phenomenon and the most striking testimony to its activity and advancement. Its largest city does not contain half a million of people. Although it boasts a strip of sea-front, its foreign maritime commerce is carried on almost exclusively by foreigners—another phenomenon in industry which political economists on this side of the water should study. Although it possesses only 1.3 acres per inhabitant—admitting that land is the foundation of wealth—it ranks in ratio of wealth ahead of Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, and Russia.

Nearly its entire public debt was contracted for public works of general utility, and the interest on it is more than covered by the revenue from the railroads alone. It expends on primary schools six times as much as on superior education, although it boasts four famous universities with nearly five thousand students, as well as a national school of fine arts with more than a thousand students, many schools of design with twelve thousand students, and music-schools of high grade with thirteen thousand students. It spends more money on elementary education for its five million people than England for her twenty-eight millions. The pauperism of Belgium is about one thirty-second that of Ireland and one forty-eighth that of England.

The industry of the people is marvellous. Nine-tenths of the cultivable land is under cultivation. In Ireland less than an eighth of the cultivable land is under cultivation. The theory that great farming is the most productive is exploded by the success of the little farming of Belgium; but it must be added that the stimulus of ownership by the tillers has had much to do with the results. The mines, although comparatively unimportant, are worked with extraordinary zeal, and the quarries are a source of considerable income. The exchange of commodities extends from the Netherlands to Brazil, and the export manufactures include woollen yarn, cotton, silks, flax, pig and wrought iron and steel, as well as hundreds of small things. The railway mileage of Belgium per 1,000 square miles of territory is the highest of all countries in Europe, and the highest in the world except—oddly enough—little Martinique; while her telegraph mileage is by far the largest proportionally in the world. In fact, she may justly be considered the busiest and the thriftiest country on the globe.

Religion? Full religious liberty is given by the constitution, and part of the income of the clergy of all denominations is paid out of the national treasury. But the entire population is Catholic, except 15,000 Protestants and 3,000 Jews.

I saw more people and deeper devotion in her churches than in those of any country it has been my fortune to visit. The ancient, quaint church of Saint Gudule, Brussels, with its noble proportions, its dusky light, its vast spaces, its huge pillars, its countless monuments commemorating not merely the accidental great but the piety of the poor and the heroism of the lowly, attracts many hundreds during every hour of the day. Nor are these hundreds admiring tourists only, but the serious and alert of the citizens, who find time to step into the magnificent temple long enough even at mid-day to pray. I was more touched still by the earnestness and simplicity of the people in churches of less note located in various parts of the capital. They were thronged every morning in the week by artisans on their way to work, attending Mass first; and later by the housewives on their way to or from market, with their well-filled baskets of meats, vegetables, and fruits. The foot of many an effigy of Our Lord was partly kissed away by reverent lips. There was not a statue of Our Lady without its flashing rows of votive tapers. There was not a shrine without lights and flowers. Yet these are the most practical, the most industrious, the most frugal, the most thrifty people in the world!

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SUPERLATIVISM.

Still another *ism* thrown upon the vast surface of every-day life by a rapidly evolving social speed (I will not say progress) towards the ultimate limit of things. The question, "Where shall we stop?" is becoming more and more intricate and bewildering, and now that this new groove reveals to our curious and astonished gaze a swarm of minds running headlong into a foolish superlativism, we are forced to draw in the reins and come to a momentary standstill; investigation and the application of a radical remedy are urgently required, if we would save ourselves in time from the ravages of this wide-spreading exaggeration.

The testimony of our social history shows, as many think, that at the same time that a wholesome and regulating influence comes down the social gamut, from erudite philosophers, artful politicians, and careful legislators, upon the various heterogeneous classes about them, a reciprocal influence finds its way back into the learned minds and would-be invulnerable hearts of these important factors of science and the state. Not that this reacting tendency on the part of the silly and the frivolous hopes to threaten the almost immutable principles and opinions of these Nestors of ours (perish the presumption!), but, in spite of themselves, our venerable "know-betters" shall be brought, from having allowed themselves first to become accustomed to it, to tolerate this hurtful impetus towards superlativism that seems to be moving the people at will towards—Heaven knows what!

We all know, to our cost, how many times indiscreet use has generated an unwholesome abuse, and that by a process so slow and gradual that, did not the consequent evil prove a self-asserting one in the end, we could hardly realize having passed through such a momentous transition at all. Moreover, habit takes it upon itself to excuse, if not actually to sanction, many of the mistakes and follies of mankind, and habit itself is not unfrequently the outgrowth of a deliberate and sordid desire to flatter the popular hobby or to subscribe to the popular weakness of the day. I shall except what is understood by moral *faux-pas*, limiting myself more particularly to the intellectual and emotional ones which are susceptible of strangely adjustable meanings, and which may be lawfully imitated (so the world thinks) if society looks upon them for the time being as novel or interesting.

Fashionable "squints" and "limping gaits" have not only become obsolete, but are gibed at and ridiculed by those who would never have resisted the temptation to adopt them had they lived among the circles where these once prevailed; but since there must be little peccadilloes, or distinguishing high-toned idiosyncrasies, something to keep fashionable fancies alive, we want to know who shall go the farthest beyond all limit of sense or reason to the very pinnacle of nonsensical superlativism? Though this spirit underlies nearly every fibre of our fashionable constitution, where it has succeeded most and has become alarmingly pronounced is in "verbal ultraism."

Things are no longer simply beautiful or agreeable or comfortable; they have all become "most exquisitely gorgeous," "too perfectly intoxicating" and "supremely irresistible for anything." A face that would formerly have been very pretty or even handsome is now "ravishingly lovely" or "divinely grand." Dainty five-o'clock tea-cups are frequently described as the "most perfect little loves you ever saw." Men and women are never now, by any chance, plain or homely or deficient in mental or social acquirements; they are "execrably hideous" or "most distressingly stupid," and even in some instances, though the metaphor may be somewhat obscure, they are "*perfect* owls!"

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A simple song, if tastefully rendered, is "utterly heavenly." A new novel is either "supremely magnificent" or "atrociously dreadful." There are no more such tame emotions as a simple desire or eagerness or impatience. People nowadays are always "dying," or "languishing," or "crazy" to see, hear, or act. Neither is any one ever merely displeased or disappointed; such sentiments have been perverted into "perfectly furious," "raging mad," "supremely disgusted."

I have even heard a pretty young ultraist declare that her new dress-maker was "the sweetest thing you could ever imagine," and that her ill-fitting gloves were the "most wretchedly vile things upon earth." Who ever hears any one say in our day that he or she is troubled with a slight cold? Is it not always "such a frightful cold," though it have no more serious consequences than a few harmless sneezes? Then how many pretty victims there are who "suffer the most excruciating agony" from a little after-dinner indigestion, who "never slept a wink all night" if they have lain awake more than half an hour, not to speak of those people who are invariably either "petrified or numb with cold," or "fairly crisped" and "simmering with heat"!

Not an adverb expressive of the least degree of intensity has been left in its former respectable seclusion; men and women now are either "outrageously tall," "perfect giants," or "painfully small midgets"; ill-finished efforts are always "irretrievably spoiled"; humble little insects straying timidly across some fair shoulder become "dreadful" and "horrible beasts"! Unusually long noses are "about a mile long." Bashful people "fairly melt away" or "simply expire." Nervous girls are "utterly terror-stricken" at the sight of an escaping little mouse, or, in still more distressing circumstances, are "simply paralyzed with fear." One is usually now "dead" with fatigue, and any sort of a trying interval of waiting or separation is commonly called "ages."

Amusing incidents inevitably produce "shrieks" of laughter, and in one instance a young lady declared that something was so "desperately funny" that she "fairly howled"! How many times are we assured that some trifling article of toilet or *virtu* is "the loveliest thing we ever saw," though we may have feasted our eyes upon the Falls of Niagara or the master-touches of the world's great artists! How often is a simple melody in like manner the "most exquisite thing we have ever heard"! I have been told of a man who was so much in love with a young lady that he was "actually wild" about her, though in his outward demeanor one could detect nothing of his madness. Another "simply worshipped" his lady fair, though in reality his sentiment was nothing more than what is usually expected.

Somewhat after this fashion, again, ultraists give expression to their emotions of dislike. They are ever ready to "loathe," "abominate," or "despise" persons or things that are at variance with their selfish purposes. If they were held rigidly responsible for these abstract murders they commit each time they "could kill" such a one, what a catalogue of charges would be registered against them! To hear pretty, pouting girls declare that they would "like to trample" this one or that one is nothing short of a mystery to those who are so provokingly practical as to imagine for a moment that they really mean what they say.

The above examples of the superlativism of our day, which occur to me from memory as I write, are mere initial proofs that what I say of this ultraistic tendency is only too true. Shall we allow its further progress? Shall we continue to acknowledge those who adopt it as representative of our social or intellectual status? If education be the indispensable *passe-partout* (and more particularly

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into the higher walks of life), let us deny the rights of these ultraists to usurp the places they hold. No educated person could or would do such wholesale violence to his mother-tongue. Those who persevere in the use of ill-timed and worse-placed adverbs are just as guilty of transgressing the rules of grammar or rhetoric as those who more innocently couple incongruous subjects and verbs, or prepositions and nouns.

The children growing up around us will learn to adopt these ultra-intense qualifications, and soon it will be too late to repair the harm done. When an exalted circumstance really calls for exalted language, we are obliged, out of respect for our subject, to eschew all those strongly significant adverbs which have become the commonplace terms of the most trite conversations, but which before their abuse fitted such occasions becomingly: the words "very beautiful" are, as we all know, more expressive and dignified now than either "ravishingly lovely" or "supremely exquisite."

Let words have whatever immutable wealth of abstract meaning they may, the force of common usage and popular interpretation is stronger than any other and will ultimately survive, in a practical sense at least, the rules of rhetoric and grammar. This tendency to foolish exaggeration is certainly gaining headway and should be arrested in time; the conversation of the drawing-room is not such a neutral or indifferent influence that we can afford to see it spoiled because of an unbridled license which an absolute fashionable caprice presumes to extend without limit. Let those whose desire it is to share the advantages and *prestige* of educated people show that their conceptions and applications of the meanings of certain good English words are ancillary only to that power whose right to regulate the language and its uses is exclusive. So many people, even in our best circles, have such little pith or substance in their remarks that they should make it a special care to say properly what they are able to say at all.

OTTAWA. K. M. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD. A dialogue in three chapters. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

Many would think, as we were for a moment inclined to do ourselves, that this pamphlet concedes too much. It seems to be written for Agnostics, and deals with the knowledge of God as if the natural man had not been able to attain to that apprehension of the divine existence which history and experience show that he really has; such, at least, was the impression produced on our mind by reading the dialogue once. If such had really been the case, it must be said that some latitude can be claimed for minimizing in order to get a common starting-point with one's adversary. Further consideration induces us to say that Father Clarke has not admitted too much. We gladly bear witness that he is doing a good work in publishing in this form the sound reasons for the fundamental principles of natural religion. "The Dialogue," he says in his preface, "is an attempt to put forward in a popular form the chief arguments from reason by which the existence of God is proved, and to show the weakness and inconsistency of the objections most commonly urged against it."

And, indeed, we cannot be too popular in our methods of proclaiming that religion is not contrary to reason, but is in full accord with reason's dictates, the very

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perfection of reason's scope and effort. But here we may object to the writer's use of the word "yoke" and "hindrance" as applied to a state of mind convinced of religious truth. Religion, either in its principles or precepts, is not a yoke upon reason but upon appetite, not a hindrance to nature but to passion. If the knowledge of religious truth puts any restraint upon a man it is only one that reason in its best moments calls for; it is a curb upon the beast that the man may live. À Kempis says (book iii. ch. 53): "He that keeps himself in subjection so that his sensuality is ever subject to reason, and reason in all things obedient to Me, he is indeed a conqueror of himself and lord of all the world"; in this he proclaims a truth of sound philosophy as well as of ascetical theology.

We have also to find fault with the saying that the argument from God's existence drawn from consciousness is "all rubbish," and that the philosophical opinion that God can be known by intuition is "pure assumption" and its advocates "enemies of theism." Now, some of the noblest minds of Christendom have held one or other form of intuitive philosophy, and we submit that a school of philosophy never without distinguished adherents, and whose views, in every shape and form, are not condemned by the church, should not thus be characterized. But taken as a whole, this publication is worthy of general circulation and calculated to do great good.

THE AMERICAN ELECTORAL SYSTEM. By Charles H. O'Neil, LL.B. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

If the author who can find a new title for his book nowadays is considered fortunate, how incomparably more fortunate is he who can find a new and most important subject on which to write a book! It is a singular oversight that in our political literature so little attention should have been given to the very keystone of the arch that spans our whole system.

The method of electing the President of the United States is a matter of such conspicuous importance that we might well suppose the subject had been long since exhausted, and that everything relating to it was as trite and familiar as the Declaration of Independence itself. But such is far from being the case. Not only are the vast majority of intelligent citizens wholly unfamiliar with it and the history of its workings, but our professional politicians, and to some extent our statesmen also, are by no means well informed on the subject.

The meagre and desultory character of the publications on the theme accounts in great measure for this want of knowledge in the past; but now, at least, this difficulty is removed. Mr. O'Neil in his book has made a thorough and complete condensation of the documents, decisions, authoritative statements, and weighty opinions bearing on the question, together with a full history of its workings in each presidential election, from that of the first great head of our government to the present occupant of the White House; so that one has only to read this work of less than three hundred pages to become well acquainted with the manner in which Presidents are made. The work, though brief in its treatment of the subject, is nevertheless a prodigy of patience and research which only a painstaking and learned lawyer in fullest sympathy with his theme could have produced. We are glad to see that the book is free from political bias. It is a straightforward statement of facts and arguments bearing directly on the subject, without any attempt to obtrude private opinions or partisan views.

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The arrangement of the matter is topical throughout; the style is lucid and vigorous, the temper calm and judicial.

Mr. O'Neil has produced a work of which so young an author may well feel proud. He has filled a gap in our political literature and gathered a fund of valuable information which every man interested in our republican institutions should appreciate. We venture to predict that his book will be well received abroad, and will command the best attention of the students of political science all over Europe.

The dedication of the volume to President Barnard, of Columbia College, is a graceful act of filial homage on the part of the author to his Alma Mater.

The publishers have turned out the edition in excellent form—good paper, good print, good binding, and no blunders.

THE STORY OF METLAKAHTLA. By Henry S. Wellcome. London and New York: Saxon & Co.

As badly written and eccentrically punctuated a book as we have lately seen; but the matter is good. Mr. William Duncan, a layman of the Church of England, undertook some thirty years ago to be a Christian missionary to the Indians of British Columbia. He began his work near Fort Simpson, a fortified trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company. It was then the centre of an Indian settlement of nine Tsimshean tribes, all given up to cannibalism and kindred abominations. All alone, on his own initiative, though working under the auspices of the Church (of England) Missionary Society, Mr. Duncan devoted himself to the conversion of these abandoned people. We find no mention of his having wife, children, or home.

For five years he labored, mastering the difficult language, living totally absorbed among the Indians, endeavoring to teach them what he knew of Christian truth and civilization. At the end of that time—and a weary time it must have been—Mr. Duncan had made fifty converts. These he managed after the pattern, consciously or unconsciously followed, of the Catholic missionaries of California—he established a Christian commune. He set his converts apart from their heathen friends and relatives, and formed a separate seaside village, to whose inhabitants he gave the following rules:

"1. To give up their 'Ahlied,' or Indian deviltry; 2. To cease calling in 'Shamens,' or medicine-men, when sick; 3. To cease gambling; 4. To cease giving away their property for display; 5. To cease painting their faces; 6. To cease indulging in intoxicating drinks; 7. To rest on the Sabbath; 8. To attend religious instruction; 9. To send their children to school; 10 To be cleanly; 11. To be industrious; 12. To be peaceful; 13. To be liberal and honest in trade; 14. To build neat houses; 15. To pay the village tax."

Duncan baptized none of them, and, as far as we can judge, he made them what may be called partially instructed catechumens. If a true bishop had come, and if the missionary had been a true Christian catechist, his efforts would have been properly appreciated. So they were, in fact, even by the first pseudo-bishop (by courtesy, of Columbia), who visited the settlement in 1863, rather more than four years after its commence-

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ment. He baptized many, praised Duncan's work, and conducted himself like any decent superintending Protestant minister. By the time the next "bishop" (of New Caledonia) came along, some twenty years later, the village had increased to a thousand souls, all of them partially civilized and of various grades of rudimentary Christianity. This bishop was a persecutor. He undertook to force Mr. Duncan to take orders, and to impose upon his Christians the forms and ritual of the Church of England, especially in the rite of Holy Communion. But Duncan steadily declined both propositions, declaring that his object in devoting his life to this work had been "to save sinners, not to glorify the church."

In all this we perceive the hard sense of a practical man and the conscience of a consistent Protestant. But the bishop pounded him hard for his uprightness and consistency. Duncan offered the London Board of Missions to resign, and No was the answer. This deepened the bishop's wrath. He began to slander the unfortunate Duncan. He succeeded in bribing a few of his converts to leave him. He crippled his school. He took possession of his school-house, and when the Indians took it peaceably back—being their own house, paid for out of their own money, built on their own land—the bishop invoked the government at Victoria, and a man-of-war was sent down, with three commissioners on board, to investigate. On this occasion the investigators preached advanced Henry-Georgeism to the red men in the following terms:

"We are told the Metlakahtlans say all the land belongs to the Indians. THIS IS NOT TRUE. White men who teach this are false to both Indians and whites. We will tell you the truth about the lands. FIRST, ALL THE LANDS BELONG TO THE QUEEN." The George principle, however, is one that admits of elastic applications. In this instance it was put into annoying practice by the subsequent arrival of a party of government surveyors. These selected two acres of the communal property to be alienated from the Indians, who, as they said in their manly letter of protest, had "received the land by direct succession from their forefathers, some of whom once lived on these very two acres." Surveyed the ground was, however, and handed over to the "Church Missionary Society" and the intruding bishop.

Finding that the government had sided against them and for "the church," the aggrieved Indians and their friend and teacher, Duncan, like millions of other victims of British rule in church and state, are seeking an asylum under the Stars and Stripes in Alaska. But that is a consummation so far from satisfactory to either the church or the state in question, which will have reaped a barren victory when Metlakahtla stands desolate, that the former has again invoked "the secular arm." This has now been raised to forbid the Indians even to take with them into their new homes the materials of the old ones which they had erected on "the queen's land," and which "Uncle Sam" had given them leave to carry over duty free. Here is a case in which sympathy, indignation, and welcome are all plainly in order.

THEODORE WIBAUX, Pontifical Zouave and Jesuit. By the Rev. C. Du Coëtlosquet, S.J., with an introduction by the Rev. RICHARD F. Clarke, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

This is a delightful book, not merely as a record of great graces, greatly

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appreciated and faithfully used by him whom it chiefly commemorates, but also for the insight it affords into a charming domestic life. It is hardly to be wondered at that parents such as those depicted here should have reared a holy family. Theodore Wibaux entered the Jesuit novitiate in his twenty-second year, and died at thirty-three before having attained the dignity of the priesthood. The history of his life as a religious occupies hardly a sixth of the book, which lingers at first with loving detail over his childhood, and then paints at full length the years between eighteen and twenty-one, which he began as a Papal Zouave and ended as one of the *Volunteers of the West* who fought under General de Charette in the Franco-Prussian war. But the whole life might well be called a long novitiate, an incessant preparation for the happy death by which he crowned it, a voluntary victim of expiation for his country and the church. Yet it was a life led on very ordinary lines. Filled as it is with the record of graces heroically responded to, they were graces such as nearly all of us receive, unless one excepts the atmosphere of domestic piety which sheltered it from the outset, and which, to our thinking, was almost the greatest of them all. But its lack of singularity in everything save perfect fidelity is precisely what has made it so very well worth the telling.

CANONICAL PROCEDURE IN DISCIPLINARY AND CRIMINAL CASES OF CLERICS. By the Rev. Francis Droste. Edited by the Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.
THE NEW PROCEDURE IN CRIMINAL AND DISCIPLINARY CAUSES OF ECCLESIASTICS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. New York and Cincinnati: Pustet & Co.

We once heard an intelligent layman say that it would be a convenience if the official documents pertaining to the canonical procedure of the church were published in English—a very reasonable wish and fully met by these two volumes. The authors are learned canonists, and have herein given to the clergy manuals for the transaction of all business before the ecclesiastical courts having jurisdiction in criminal and disciplinary cases. Intended chiefly and primarily for the clergy, these volumes are of interest to the general public. A more extended notice would be given but that our July issue contains one in reference to a larger work of Dr. Smith which is quite applicable to both of these works.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE APPEAL TO LIFE. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
THE PRELATE. A Novel. By Isaac Henderson. Fourth edition. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
PARTHENON. Part I. Spring (poem). By J. W. Rogers. Baltimore: James Young.
FIRST LINES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Goold Brown. New York: Wm. Wood & Co.
SELECT RECITATIONS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES. Compiled by Eleanor O'Grady, teacher of Elocution at Mt. St. Vincent. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.
IVÁN ILYITCH AND OTHER STORIES. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
THE HOUSE OF THE MUSICIAN. By Virginia W. Johnson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
SPEECH OF SEÑOR DON MATIAS ROMERO, MEXICAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON. Read on the sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth of General U. S. Grant, celebrated at the Metropolitan M. E. Church of Washington, D. C. New York: Wm. Lowey, Printer.
OUR LOSSES A letter to the Very Rev. J. G. Canon Wenham by the Rev. G. Bampfield. London: Burns & Oates.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE

MADE TO A DEVOUT SERVANT OF OUR LORD, CALLED MOTHER JULIANA,*

An anchorite of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward III.

IN this same time I saw the bleeding head,
Our courteous Lord me shewed a sight ghostlie:
His homelie loving, that in all things He
Is ever good and comforting to our need.

Our cloathing is He, wrapping us around,
And halsing,† all beclosing ‡ us with care;
About us hanging with affection rare,
As to us He wished ever to be bound.

Within my palme a litle thing was shewed,
Round as a ball, a hazel-nutt in size.
Looking thereon, I asked, with thoughtfull eies,
"What may this be?" 'Twas answered in this mode:

"All that is made it is." I marvailed much
How it might last a moment; for methought
It might have fallen soudeinlie to naught
Within my hand, its litlenes was such.

My understanding answered to this thought,
"It lasts, and ever will, for God it loves:
All thing created in His being moves,
All thing to being by His love is brought."

* *Vide* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1881.

†*Halse*, or *Haulse*, to embrace around the neck. ‡ *Beclose*, to enclose, shut in.

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Within this thing three properties I saw:
The first, God made it by His mightie power;
The second, that God loves it evermore;
The third, in being God keeps it by His law.

But wouldst thou know what I beheld in this?
The Maker wise, the Keeper sure, the Lover best;
For trulie I maie never have full rest
Until united to Him, ne verie bliss,

Until so fastened unto Him I be;
In sooth, all to * united in my soule,
And be so trulie under His controule
That naught may stand betwixt my God and me.

This litle thing within my hand, I said,
For litlenes might quick to nothing fall.
Of which it needeth us to know that all
Us liketh naught † to have save God unmade.

And this the cause why we be not in ease,
Why naught to heart and soule true rest can bring.
Here seeke we rest in this poor litle thing,
Where no rest is nor aught our wants t' appease.

Our God, that is all mightie and all wise,
All good, in whom is rest, we do not know!
God will be known, for all that is below
Can never give us peace, nor us suffice.

And this the cause no soule in rest can live
Until of all thing made it naughted ‡ be.
When she for love is naughted wilfullie §
For Him that is all, then can she rest receave.

Our good Lord shewed that if a seelie ‖ soule
Come unto Him plain, naked, full homelie,
He doth regard her full delightsomelie:
Of her the Holie Ghost hath sweet controule.

"God, of thy goodness, give thyself to me;
Enough art thou, and I ask nothing lesse.
For all besides thee is but emptines,
And nothing lesse full worshippe is to thee.

* *All to*, for altogether, entirely. † *Liketh naught*, gives no contentment.
‡ *Naughted*, emptied of, freed from all attachment to.
§ *Wilfullie*, willingly, by one's own will or choice. ‖ *Seelie*, simple, guileless.

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"Ever me wanteth if I aught maie seeke
But thee; for thou art all, and thou alone.
In thee I all have; wanting thee have none.
When I have thee am strong; without thee, weak."

Full lovesome to the soule be words like these,
And verie full nere touching to His will,
Whose goodness doth His creatures all fulfill,*
And ever keepeth all His works in peace.

He is the endles source and fountain-head;
He for Himself hath made us by His word;
He by His precious Passion us restored;
He in His love us keepeth, as is said.

ALFRED YOUNG.

CRUEL NATURE.

THE late Mr. J. S. Mill denounced nature as "a monster of criminality, without justice and without mercy." His dictum has passed almost into a proverb among atheists, as denying any moral character in the Author of nature, and implying that He must be either a mere fiend or wholly indifferent to moral consequences. Now, if it can be shown that, so far from that conclusion following, the alleged indifference in the operation of physical laws is an important condition for the preservation of the moral order, a greater weight, although in the opposite scale to that which he intended, will accrue to the dictum of the distinguished philosopher. In order, then, to test the consequences of the physical system as we find it, I will adopt a method as old as Euclid and assume a system the very opposite, and see what consequences must *then* follow. What, then, are the conceivable aspects of a system opposite to that which we find? I think there are two, and that they exhaust the possibilities of the case. We may conceive, first, a system in which no destructive or noxious agencies should exist at all; and, second, one in which those agencies should be so adjusted and contrived as to single out for their victims the morally delinquent only, and should exclusively

"Parum castis inimica mittant
Fulmina,"

sparing universally the *castis*. When our *censor morum* of the

* *Fulfill*, to fill full.

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workings of nature taxes those workings with "criminality," the stricture is only in fact a bit of philosophic bombast. He denounces "nature" for being, in her destructive agencies, absolutely *impartial* in respect to the moral character of those who suffer. Fire, earthquake, flood, avalanche, storm, and famine come alike, it is alleged, "on the evil and on the good," and descend, even as the bounties of nature, "on the just and on the unjust." I will assume it to be so, and proceed to discuss the above-suggested alternatives.

Those who claim a course of nature from which all destructive agencies should be excluded in favor of perfect security for man, are in effect contending that a creature confessedly not only imperfect but depraved should have perfect surroundings. For the depravity of man, account for it as we will, is an undoubted fact of scientific observation. I need not quote universal history in support of this now, as I shall have perhaps something to urge in detail on this behalf hereafter. But some may perhaps think they can find an answer to this in the fact that while man's depravity is *moral*, the antagonisms of his environment are purely *physical*. But in arguing this question we must take the whole of man's nature, not either half as suits the censor's purpose. The very terms of the above indictment show the shallowness of the attempted answer. Criminality, justice, and mercy are all of them moral terms, and apart from a moral theory have no meaning. Purely physical, therefore, as those antagonisms are, they must be regarded as capable of subserving a moral purpose, or *cadit quæstio*. The whole point of the censor's objection lies in urging upon nature a moral standard and condemning her for not recognizing it.

I submit, on the contrary, that if man were morally upright and finitely perfect, then a course of nature which exactly reflected his moral perfections and embodied a corresponding standard in its workings would be a suitable enviromennt for him. On the contrary, being as he is, it is unscientific, or, more shortly, absurd, to claim such an environment for such a being. But are storms, volcanoes, earthquakes, mere mistakes in the physical economy? I believe they are recognized as having their uses and serving valuable, probably indispensable, ends in that economy. The properties of bodies and the laws of matter and force being as they are, will any one sketch a design of a working model for our globe in which they could have been excluded? We may, of course, conceive abstractly of their exclusion, but that may probably be because we do not realize what in fact the conditions

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or consequences of such exclusion would be, nor see really to the bottom of the physical problem. Agreed, then, that, as an abstract conception, the world might have been conceivably better suited for man's physical security—*i.e.*, might have contained no force which would have overmatched human power to subdue it; yet as no one, I imagine, is prepared to show how the machine, so to speak, could under those conditions have been worked, so no one can prove any right in man to demand a world in which water should not drown, nor sun-strokes and other severities of weather injure health and destroy life. In short, it is evident that the objection may, and to be consistent must, be pushed to a point at which the entire course of nature would need to be subverted. Nor do I think that any more complete proof of the practical absurdity of such objections than this can be given.

On the other hand, it is proper to notice that men, as a rule, build on a security of exemption, each in his own case, which experience does not warrant. They neglect obvious warnings, court wholesale destruction, back their individual powers of endurance against the tremendous forces with which nature is charged, in spite of the gathered lessons of centuries. The further science advances the more recklessly presumptuous are the risks encountered. I do not mean that the individuals who suffer are always wholly or chiefly responsible. But the organization of human society, which requires these risks and enjoys the results when they are escaped, *is* responsible for them. As an example, ocean passenger-ships now are expected to perform their transit, as a rule, against time to the day and hour. This not only emboldens navigators to shrink from no stress of weather, but, since such despatch can only be attained by the straightest lines between port and port, drives all the competing members of a crowded sea-service to choose virtually the same track, and in effect converts the spacious ocean into a narrow and densely-thronged water-way full of snares for mutual destruction. As a more blameworthy instance, it was stated publicly, and I believe never contradicted, that premonitory signs of the terrible earthquake which convulsed Ischia some few summers ago were given in the sudden rise of temperature in the wells, and other like tokens, but that the warnings were suppressed for fear the visitors to that favorite health-resort should suddenly migrate. These and similar facts, with which one might fill a volume, show how vastly the destructive agencies of nature are multiplied by human presumption or wilful blindness. Men must discover for themselves the laws of nature in order to

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appreciate their force, and, when discovered, must be willing to submit to their teachings. The construction of theatres, the warming, lighting, and ventilation of churches and other public interiors, belong to a realm of man's own creation, and we know from repeated lessons of terror how signal has been the violation of acknowledged principles. With such results in that self-created realm it is well that man's control over the forces of nature is so far limited as we see it is. With every extension of that control he seems to give a more audacious challenge to all that lies on the brink of the line of safety.

In saying that man must be held *responsible* for these results I do not mean that blame necessarily or always attaches. Even where it demonstrably does attach, very different degrees of censure are admissible in different cases. On the other hand, if there was no natural theatre of peril there could be no natural school of hardihood and courage. To whatever extent these virtues are prized we must exempt from censure any natural machinery which tends to produce them. The school of arctic navigation, for example, furnishes a standard of heroism to every nation which has recruited it, and tends to raise the moral ideal of millions by the gallant and skilful daring of a few in the interests of science. Until such moral qualities have lost the homage of mankind we must cease to rail at the elemental surroundings which form their special training. For it is surely better that calm and skilful courage, energetic patience, hardy endurance, and self-restraint should be learned from the baffling hardships of the polar seas than amid scenes of mutual bloodshed and the teachings of scientific carnage. And, save in these two opposite ways—viz., by the terrors of nature and the terrors of war—there seem no means of cultivating them. If nature "knows neither justice nor mercy," she at any rate knows something of the hardier virtues, so far as sympathizing with those whom she trains. She yields up to them alone her secrets, and makes them her messengers of discovery to their fellow-men.

> "Would'st thou," so the helmsman answer'd,
> "Learn the secret of the sea?
> Only those who brave its dangers
> Understand its mystery."

And what is true of the mariner is true of the mountaineer, the desert-traveller, and the aëronaut.

Dismissing, then, the project of nature in which there should be no noxious agencies, let us consider that of nature in which all these should be on the side of moral goodness—*i.e.*, sparing, in every case of loss, damage, disaster, and violent death, the up-

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right, pure, and merciful. I contend that this, so far from being conducive to human virtue, would be detrimental, and in many cases fatal, to it. If a well-meaning clergyman bribes his parishioners to attend church, and succeeds in finding a bribe to suit each taste, that man's action goes far to make sincere religion impossible. He would be doing what in him lay to uproot it. The freak of that individual would be condemned by the common sense of mankind, to say nothing of the force of sarcasm and ridicule. But the freak or craze of the individual at its worst would be mischievous only during his life. But if the bribe to be upright, pure, and merciful lay in nature's hand, it would be ubiquitous, and would therefore be in operation universal and in permanency unalterable. In seeming to secure the results of virtue this would tend to the destruction of the qualities which produce it. For, human actions being moralized by their motives, the ascendant motive, especially amidst a race so far already tainted by selfishness as mankind, would tend to become a selfish craving for personal exemption from loss, damage, disaster, and violent death; this, working everywhere, in generation after generation of men, must inevitably result in stamping out all virtuous *principle* among them. A few noble souls would perhaps escape the servility of character born of ever-present and immediate reward for virtuous deeds. The fear of punishment certain to be instant might in exceptionally generous souls fail to be the ruling motive. But the common run of men would, unless the reward were future and unseen, never rise to a state of virtue worthy the name of habit or character. Man is noble enough to be virtuous for virtue's sake, but this high motive cannot, as a rule, hold its own against the bribe of immediate reward. The motive most constantly present would be the one most constantly acted on, and, by being so acted on, must needs mould the character dominantly on itself. And just as men by doing virtuous acts beget in themselves a habit of virtue which consolidates into character, so, by tending to make every act a selfish act, nearly all men must inevitably grow selfish at the core and from the core to the husk—must minimize and at last extinguish all other motives. We should all be externally presentable personages after one model. Everywhere the same decency without and the same rottenness within; the same drop down to the dead-level of self-seeking, at which no self-sacrifice nor grand emotions would be possible. We should be incapable even of the homage which in hypocrisy vice pays to virtue; for there would and could be no hypocrisy possible in the matter. Every one would know his own motives and his neighbor's, and each would ap-

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praise the others as all working for wages punctually paid in a premium of insurance against loss, damage, disaster, and violent death.

Let me refer to the grand apologue of the Book of Job. I am not now quoting it as of inspired authority (this being an argument rather *ad infideles*), but merely as true to the great principles of human nature. Remember the taunt of the enemy (Job i. 9, 10): "Doth Job serve God for naught? Hast not thou made an hedge about him?" Under the conditions I am supposing, that taunt would everywhere tend to realize itself. Not only human goodness, even up to the level at which we now see it, but even a belief in the possibility of it, would have become impossible, would have been dead and buried and its bare tradition extinct, long ere this. Even mere benevolence would probably have disappeared. Acting on nature's training, men would have learned to exact a *quid pro quo* all round. Every man would have his price, and expect it openly, and take it without shame. The bribed dependants of nature to begin with, we should all long ago have established the custom of universal "backsheesh." Consider how long it takes to establish in any nation a comparative purity of political election and banish corruption from official life. Imagine what the result would have been if, in every stage of universal society from the cradle to the grave, nature had stood over us like a hundred-handed Briareus, with a bribe in every hand, ostensibly to promote justice, purity, and mercy, but in reality to poison them. The very words would have lost all meaning for us long ago. Moral sense itself would have died out in the universal stagnation of the cataclysm of selfishness. Some may think my words savor of exaggeration. I humbly believe that no exaggeration on such a subject is possible, nor comes within the farthest grasp of the wildest enthusiast of morality.

Remember, on the other hand, the noble words of Gray in his "Ode to Adversity":

> "When first thy sire to send on earth
> Virtue, his darling child, designed,
> To thee he gave the heavenly birth
> And bade to form her infant mind.
> Stern, rugged nurse, thy rigid lore
> With patience many a year she bore."

The poet is true to the common sense of mankind. But take an instance. A life-boat is putting off to the rescue of a perishing crew. What is it which fires us with admiration of the action and stamps it as heroic? The fact that life is risked to save life.

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If any case is imaginable in which nature, supposed converted, on the model of the late Mr. J. S. Mill, to virtuous ways, might be expected to show "bowels of mercies," it is surely in such a case as this. But the "monster of criminality," instead of "doing," like Ariel, "her spiriting gently," overwhelms them, let us suppose, in the waves with no more concern than if they were a gang of pirates or the crew of a slave-ship, and Mr. Mill's case against her is established! Be it so. But if it were not for the catastrophe being possible and perhaps probable, where would be the heroism of the act? It all lies in the self-oblivion of uncalculating pity for human misery. Insure your life-boat's crew a safe passage with a return ticket, like so many "Cook's tourists," and the whole idea is not so much extinguished as turned upside down. On Mr. Mill's implied theory they ought not even to encounter wet jackets. There must be nowhere extant that which by the common consent of man forms the supreme test and sole possible proof of virtue. And with the possibility of proof would disappear the possibility of the thing proven.

Juvenal long ago complained of his degenerate Romans:

> "Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
> Præmia si tollas?"*

But the distinction which his words imply must have been effaced for ages before he appeared upon the moral scene. In "embracing virtue" men would have embraced the "rewards." The two would have become identical; not merely inseparable, but indistinguishable, even to the moral microscope of such a purist as the late Mr. Mill. Morality would have become a tree rotten from root to twig, and with Dead-Sea apples for its fruit.

It remains, then, that, as man is actually constituted, you cannot have nature "moral" in Mr. Mill's sense of the word, and man moral too. You may choose in theory between the two, and Mr. Mill seems to me disposed to choose the former. I would not willingly do injustice to the dead, but, if his words have any meaning, that is what they seem to postulate. In practice let us be thankful that all such choice is out of our reach. The Author of nature has chosen in favor of man—man whom we believe, holding as we do to an old-fashioned authority, to be "made in his image, after his likeness." Man was made for morality, and brute nature, so far as they have relations in common, for man; and therefore nature continues *brute*, that man may be exalted and established over it in his moral supremacy. Once impregnate "nature" with sympathies for justice, purity,

* "For who embraces virtue by herself, if you take away the rewards?"

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and mercy, and that moment in man they become abortive instincts. Just as true religion flourishes in greatest sincerity under the bracing influence of adversity, so true morality seems to require this persecution, if I may so phrase it, of nature in the physical sphere to insure its genuineness. And thus we, by admitting, nay, establishing, the monstrously "criminal" character of nature, succeed in finding the only basis of harmony at once for nature, man, and God—on the part of nature, in her service to man, since to keep him in unalloyed sincerity to the moral principle is surely the greatest service she could render him; on the part of man, in his homage to abstract principle, as the governing one of his entire being; on the part of God, as the Author of both, who has set man over nature, but his own law of immutable morality over man.

But some one not of Mr. Mill's school may advance a plea for divine interposition: Why should not God, having set these limits, confessedly necessary for all ordinary purposes, interpose in extreme cases to shield the relatively guiltless from the awful horrors of such sufferings as we see they share? To this I have two brief answers. 1. If you and I, my brother, were to attempt to regulate interpositions and decree their occasions, I fear we should make wild work of it and mar more than we might mend. If we believe in a God, let us be content to leave that among his "secret things," and not lose faith in him because he does not come at our beckoning. 2. Furthermore, how do you know that he does *not* interpose?—I do not mean on all such occasions as *we* might deem to require it, but on such as seem good to himself. Human history, as it is marked with scenes of dreadful havoc wrought by nature's hand, so it is studded here and there with wonderful deliverances. We cannot tell *when* he interposes. And if we knew that, we should next want to know *how* and *why*. In short, we should be seeking an admission behind the scenes of his providence, whereas our proper position at present is in front of them. I indeed incline to believe that we, while in these perishable bodies, have no faculties sufficient to understand either the when, the how, or the why—I mean by any broad gate of general intelligence. But whether the hitch is there or on the moral side—that is to say, that practically such knowledge would harm us—is unsearchable at present. If you think you are either immortal or capable of immortality, can you not afford to wait a little, and, seeing how in general man and nature work together in harmony, take the rest on trust till you can know more and be safe in knowing it?

HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

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DUBLIN CHARITIES.

"IT was heart-breaking," said the Sister of Charity, "to be obliged to send the poor creatures away to die in misery and want in their wretched homes. Yet what could we do? The hospitals are not for the dying, but for those whose diseases admit a hope of cure. We longed to find some place of refuge for those for whom all hope was over in this world, whose only wish was to die in peace; and we asked ourselves, Could we do nothing to meet this want?" And this is how there has come to be in Dublin a Hospice for the Dying.

About two miles outside Dublin, scarcely a hundred yards from the pretty old suburban village of Harold's Cross, are large iron entrance-gates before which I have often stopped to look admiringly at a beautiful avenue shaded by old elms, at hedge-rows of sunny green hawthorn, flowers and fields, and spreading trees whose branches were alive with birds; a place full of the life and beauty that birds and trees and sunshine give, and suggestive, in the freshness of all about it, of spring, of youth and hope. And yet on the gates between me and all this beauty were the words, to which my mind never ceased to recur, "Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying."

The dying! Yes, these are the inmates of this peaceful-looking home—the dying, who, their race run, come here to lay down in quiet their burden of sorrow, sickness, and suffering; whose last days are here soothed by the untiring care of the gentle Sister of Charity, and whose last moments are strengthened by all the consolations of religion.

Once, when passing, I saw a cab waiting while the gates were being opened. A glance into the cab showed me the occupants, an old man and a young one; a second glance showed plainly that it was the young man who had come to die, and a certain expression in his face told that perhaps the very hardest struggle of all was the passing through these gates; for did not the inscription thereon remind him that for him life, with its joys, its hopes, its fears, was over? My thoughts leaped—and must not his have leaped with double celerity?—to the next time he should cross this threshold. I felt instinctively that, no matter what the faith, the resignation, or the hope might be, it was impossible that to one dying in the very spring of life there should not be

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moments of supreme anguish, of which this passing away from all he held dear in the outer world must be one of the keenest. Yet, the instant that the gate was passed, there was something to console and cheer the weary traveller at this stage of his last journey: he had but to lift his eyes, and above him, her arms outstretched in pitying welcome, an image of Our Lady of Refuge seemed to give him courage and hope.

To many persons such an institution as this suggests only ideas of gloom and sadness. There are some who could not be induced to pay even a passing visit to the Hospice, shrinking from going into the presence of death—into a place where, no matter on which side they turn their eyes, they can see nothing to inspire hope. There are thousands of Christians who would be horrified if told that they were wanting in faith, and yet whose thoughts are what I have just expressed.

I will try to put before such persons the reality of the Hospice for the Dying as I saw it on last Easter day, one of the brightest and loveliest days of the beautiful spring-time—a day full of sunshine, that made the grass and the young green of the trees bright and soft with a vivid, golden light, the delicate spring flowers look their gayest and sweetest, and the birds sing as if their very hearts were in their song. Everywhere life, and everywhere the irresistible happiness that seems inseparable from such a spring day.

All this I saw and felt as I passed between the budding hawthorn hedges and looked around the fields and gardens surrounding Our Lady's Mount. A few steps inside the gates is a schoolhouse where the young are daily taught so to live that later on they may, with God's help, know how to die. A turn in the avenue showed the convent, a plain, comfortable-looking house, surrounded by fine old elms, sycamores, and hawthorns.

I do not know whether cordiality and hospitality are prescribed by the rules of the Irish Sisters of Charity, but they certainly practise those virtues, and my welcome at the convent was as genial as the day. I will confess now that I had had some slight feelings of trepidation as to the sad, or at least subdued, atmosphere that must, it seemed to me, necessarily pervade the house. In the parlor—a cheerful-looking room, plainly but well furnished, with windows wide open to the air, the sunshine, and the music of the birds—I made acquaintance with several of the sisterhood, whose appearance was suggestive neither of gloom nor sadness.

My request to see the institute was at once cheerfully granted;

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and as it was a great feast-day and they had more leisure than usual, several of the sisters accompanied me through the different parts of the convent: a home-like, charming old house, large and rambling, everywhere exquisitely kept and everywhere full of sunshine—not alone the sunshine that was allowed to pour in plentifully from without, but that of kind words, looks, and acts.

The first visit in a convent is almost invariably to the church. That of the Hospice is one of the most perfect little buildings I have seen; and on that lovely Easter Sunday the profusion of snowy flowers and feathery plants, the exquisite simplicity yet perfect grace of the decorations, the lights, the perfume of flowers and incense on the air, all justified the exclamation of one of the patients who had been well enough to attend Mass that morning: "Glory be to the Lord! I thought I had gone to God in the night and wakened up in heaven."

On our way up-stairs to the rooms of the patients I had another glimpse of the little church as we passed the organ-gallery, which is but a few steps from the principal wards, and is furnished for the convenience of such of the patients as are able to come only so far. Here are arm-chairs, cushions, and a warm fire, and in this spot were sitting, quietly "making their souls," as our poor people say, two of the patients. Both had a peaceful, happy look in their faces, and I began to see how fully and really the Christian idea of the end of this life is realized by all who come under the influence of the sisters, who by love and faith teach them to wait in hope and trust for a glorious resurrection.

The first ward we visited was that occupied by the men, and on its very threshold the thought suggested to all is of the Resurrection, for over the entrance is an image of the Archangel Michael. St. Michael's ward is a long, airy room, the beds ranged on either side. One bed alone was empty—that of a young man who had died that morning. Of the beautiful cleanliness and comfort of all around I need not speak; order, cleanliness, and comfort are matters of course wherever the Sisters of Charity hold sway. Here was many a sad and touching scene. Several very young men were dying of decline; wan and worn, and scarcely able to speak, they were apparently bidding farewell to weeping relatives, and we turned quickly away, not to intrude upon such grief.

Glancing from bed to bed, there seemed to be general peace and quietude—an air of rest, even with those who were suffering. As we passed, one or other of the men would call to a sister

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to come and speak to him, asking her prayers or blessing her for all she had done for him; and the good nun, bending down to the poor sufferer, would speak kind, sympathizing, always cheerful words that brought cheerful words in return, even from those who were scarcely able to speak, and many a grateful look followed the sisters as we went along.

Seated round a fire at the end of the room was a quiet group of men, most of them young, nearly all evidently suffering from the disease that carries off such numbers of our poor—consumption; a quiet but a cheerful group, chatting together and discussing the newspapers, of which they seemed to have a plentiful supply, and taking, as we found on stopping to chat with them, a deep interest in all the questions of the day.

From St. Michael's we passed to St. Raphael's ward. In this, a moderate-sized room, there were about half a dozen women, some of whom were well enough to be up and dressed, and were sitting by an open window enjoying the prospect. They were talking together pleasantly, and I sat down and joined in the conversation, learning from them much of the daily life of the place and how they tried to brighten the hours that one would think must sometimes lag heavily. Bringing out their work-baskets, one showed me a gay-colored shawl she was knitting for a poor bed-ridden woman; another exhibited with evident delight a variety of wonderful artificial flowers it gave her endless pleasure to fabricate as presents to be laid on the little tables of those who could not leave their beds and enjoy—as she could—the sight of the fresh flowers blooming in the garden; the cheerful delight of the workers showing how their unselfish thought for others lightens their personal suffering.

I may remark here some things that I noticed in going through the house from bedside to bedside. One was the care for the personal appearance of the sick, the neat and even becoming arrangement of their hair, their dress, and their every surrounding; all that thoughtfulness and taste could do was evidently done to keep the poor patients as bright and happy as possible. The freshness of the air, the beauty of the sunshine, of the flowers, of all the rural scene around, were not allowed to be objects of vain regrets, but were simply reminders of all the never-fading beauty of the world to come. If the pains, the nights of sleeplessness, the weariness of extreme weakness were all but intolerable, there was a gentle word recalling how in a short time all that would cease for an eternity free from pain. The thoughts of the next world were not rudely thrust upon the

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sufferers, but came at moments when they were most helpful in enabling them to bear their sad burden; and in the patients themselves it was wonderful to see how truly patient they were, how intense their faith, how great the comfort that faith brought them, and what real relief in all their sufferings they derived from their resignation and strong hope.

From room to room we went, stopping here and there to speak with a patient, with ever-increasing wonder at the gentle resignation with which in many cases what was evidently great suffering was borne: a few old people were, as they said themselves, just quietly passing away, dying of old age, and seemed free of physical pain; the greater number were evidently worn out by the too hard struggle for life.

In the upper story of the convent are a number of little rooms which were once the cells of the sisterhood, but are now neatly fitted up and reserved for the use of the poor who have seen better days, or for those who once filled highly respectable positions and to whom the privacy of a room to themselves is a great boon. Here, as in the other parts of the house, there were some too ill to be disturbed by a visit—some, indeed, too near death to notice anything of what was going on around them; others again seemed cheered and gladdened by a little friendly talk. I was greatly interested in one sweetly pretty, childish-looking young girl, who, though in reality not far from death—for her disease was a rapid decline—looked as rosy and bright, in the beautiful pink and white of her complexion and the innocent, child-like look of her large blue eyes, as a fresh young flower. Yet the sister who was standing beside me speaking to her, who had rescued her and brought her from the most abject poverty to die in this peaceful home, told me that she was a widow whose husband and little child were both dead. "And so," the good nun said, looking affectionately at the young creature, "Mrs. —— could not bear to stay on earth after her husband and child—she is going to join them." I shall not easily forget the smile and the look of love that the pretty creature fixed on her benefactress; it brought to my mind an incident told in the life of the foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity. A poor man dying in one of their hospitals lay one day long and earnestly gazing at the sister who was attending him. "I am looking well at you, sister," he said at length, "that I may know you in heaven."

In one of those rooms was a strange contrast: there lay, waiting for his time, an old, old man, and in a crib at the foot of the old man's bed lay a tiny boy, with a gentle, soft little face, already

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transparent as wax, with lovely large, violet eyes, long, curling lashes, pencilled eyebrows, and a mass of soft golden hair as carefully smoothed and curled as if the tenderest mother's hand had done it. Willie was the pet and darling of the house; every nun we met said: "You must be sure and see Willie." He was the special treasure of one of the sisters, who had found him alone, helpless, miserable, lying neglected in a wretched cellar, his bed a candle-box. The child's back was broken, his little body a mass of sores, and altogether his misery was such that, although children are not received in the Hospice, the nun who found Willie and who learned his story could not bear to leave him behind, but adopted him on the spot and brought him home to be the little Benjamin of the Hospice.

No human skill could repair Willie's shattered frame, but all that care and tender charity could do was done to brighten the little sufferer's lot, and a beautiful picture he made in the sunny room as he lifted up his sweet eyes from the flowers, the toys, and the cakes that surrounded him, put his worn thread of a hand in mine, and told me in a quaint, old-fashioned way how his mother lived in a cellar and sold "herrin's an' soap," and how she came on a Sunday evening, when she was decent, to see him, and how he gave her all his pence to buy tea and to make a comfortable cup for father, but to be sure and get no whiskey; how he was soon going to heaven, where he'd be able to play about, and how he'd be sure not to forget me when he went there.

The child's companion, the old, old "Grandfather," as all in the house called him, looked hale and bright, and chatted with every one quite pleasantly and condescendingly. He was evidently in no hurry to go to heaven; for when I asked him if he, too, would remember me there, he looked at me very critically and said: "Why, then, how do you know but you'd be calling for me yourself?" and laughed gleefully at the notion, smiling and gaily nodding his tasselled night-cap at me.

As there is a grandfather in the Hospice, so, too, there is a grandmother—the gayest, liveliest, most cheerful, and prettiest of old women, charmed beyond all things to have a visit, and most communicative and confidential. She told me she had come there three years ago to die; but, upon her word, the nuns took such good care of her that there she was still, "and—whisper here, dear—she was the pet of the house, and they were so fond of her that they didn't know what to do without her. She had every comfort round her, and—what she was born for—perfect cleanliness."

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And, indeed, looking at her, I could well believe t
—as she put it—born for cleanliness, for she was a p
and of the beauty that a cheerful, contented expre
care for personal neatness so often give to age. T
was highly flattered at being complimented on the be
of a scarlet shawl round her shoulders. She looked
she is, death was a long way off; yet I found, but onl
to inquiries, that the poor woman is a great suffer
been for three years unable to leave her bed. Sh
brought to the Hospice, as it was thought, to die;
wonted care and good nourishment had done won
poor old creature, and she had lingered on and on, al
ing but cheerful, and, as we saw her, a lesson in he
thankfulness for the blessings God had sent her in h
The *naïveté* with which she gave the nuns "the bes
ters" was to me highly amusing, and I found it dif
away from her cheery flow of talk. I left her betv
and earth, as it were—on one hand her prayer-book
of devotion, as aids and reminders to "the making o
on the other a petticoat she was remodelling at i
hopes of being able to get down, in the fine weath
the chapel.

The garrulous old lady had so claimed my atte
had only observed that there was one other inmate c
beside whom, tenderly holding her hand and speal
tones, was one of the sisters. But ah! what a sigh
A fair young girl of the most perfect southern Iri
skin of the white and pink of the apple-blossom, d
hair, small, straight features, large, dark gray eye
doubly large and lustrous oy the fatal disease—c
Her sufferings were nearly over, and as she spol
peace and rest stole over her face; she said she l
sorrow in leaving the world—her widowed mother,
have now no human being to work for her or to sh
liness. "But God is good, and the sisters have pro
to lose sight of her."

There was one other visit to be paid before leavi
pice. In a little mortuary chapel in the garden l
quiet figure, at rest. Here, on a tomb-like slab of w
around which were grouped lights and Easter flow
in the sleep of death the young man who had died th
Clothed in the brown habit of Our Lady he lay, his
towards the altar, on which were the glorious wo

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blessed significance on that day, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." For this sufferer death had had no sting; all was the victory of the Resurrection and the Life.

Beside the bier, her face hidden and her sobs stifled in her scanty shawl, knelt the poor young widow, mourning her dead: her grief was too deep and too new to be intruded upon, and after a brief prayer we left the mortuary chapel.

From this beautiful refuge for the dying our thoughts naturally turn to the refuges for the living. Let us glance at one of these.

Every Monday morning there is to be found in the columns of our principal journal the following notice, the numbers only varying:

"*St. Joseph's Night Refuge.*—The following is the weekly return of admissions to the Night Refuge (founded in 1861 by the late Very Rev. Dr. Spratt) for homeless women, children, and girls of good character, who there receive nightly shelter and partial support, during the week ended 4th inst.: thorough servants, 26; housemaids, 9; parlormaids, 21; charwomen, 22; children's maids, 49; laundresses, 30; cooks, 21; shirt-makers, 9; cloak-makers, 5; dress-makers, 49; stay-makers, 7; bonnet-makers, 19; bootbinders, 7; plain workers, 29; machinists, 29; petty dealers, 28; factory girls, 17; field-workers, 7; travellers, 116; governesses, 22; tailoresses, 6; children, 98. Total, 624."

How many of those who see this weekly notice ever pause to think over the catalogue of human woes and miseries contained in this brief record, and how very few must be the number to whom it has ever occurred to go and see for themselves what its meaning is?

To realize the need there is of St. Joseph's Night Refuge, to see the reality of what the respectable poor too often have to suffer, one must not select for a visit to the Refuge a bright, cheerful spring morning, but a cold, damp, chilly autumn evening—one of those evenings when it is delightful to come home to a comfortable house, a bright fire, a cosy chair, and a happy family group, the comfort within made doubly grateful to us by the contrast with the dreariness without.

On such an evening let us turn out of the bustle and light of Stephen's Green, up through Stephen's Street, through the poor and shabby streets behind St. Patrick's, and into that neighborhood rarely visited by rich or fashionable Dublin—the Coombe—that oldest, poorest, and most squalid district now to be found in the city. It is in such a poverty-stricken locality that one can

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best understand what an awful thing it is for scantily-clad, hungry, delicate women, once, perhaps, accustomed to every comfort, to be forced to wander about the live-long day and the dark and lonely night, no comfort, no shelter, no friend to hold out a helping hand.

Just as the cold and damp of the evening, and the utter wretchedness of the strange old places we have had to make our way through, have made us realize something of the misery of the homeless, we arrive at a large building in the immediate neighborhood of what was once a busy, thriving place, "Weavers' Square." The building is a Convent of Mercy, and attached to it is St. Joseph's Night Refuge for homeless women and young girls. It is not difficult to gain admittance, and we soon find ourselves in a large room with a strange medley of women, old and young, some very poorly clad, some very neat and decent, but almost all with a look of want in their faces, although most seem striving to be, and many really are, cheerful in the midst of their utter poverty.

Here in this plain but warm and cheerful room are assembled every night numbers of respectable poor women, so poor that they have not even the price of a night's lodging, and who, but for the charity of those who provide this refuge, would spend the long, cold nights wandering about the streets or perhaps lying in doorways.

Amongst the assembled women are many who shrink from the sight of visitors with the instinctive feeling that something about them will show that they belonged once to a far different sphere. "Once," said a servant to me, "I was at St. Joseph's, and beside me, looking for shelter for the night, was a real, grand lady. You could see by her ways, poor as she looked, that she was a lady and not one of us." Here, too, happy and merry over the supper of bread and cocoa given by the nuns to all, is a group of little girls, waifs from the bleak streets, some of them fair, delicate things, others crabbed and worldly-wise, long used to the battle of life, poor little creatures! Thrown on the world already, with no one to provide or care for them; obliged to work in any way they can, yet clinging to the early remembrances of honesty and respectability, as their coming here shows. I fancy I will sit amongst the children and tempt one or two to tell me their little stories when I am arrested by, "Ah! then, God bless you, miss! an' is it here you are, paying us a visit?" Before me, seated at the table and enjoying the fire and her mug of cocoa, is a poor woman whose acquain-

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tance I made in my summer mornings' walks round Stephen's Green. She was always there—a sickly, poorly-dressed, yet cheery creature, always under the same tree and always knitting stockings. Once only I saw her otherwise occupied, in trimming up an old bonnet, and the bonnet was our introduction to each other. A child had been talking to the milliner, who, as I came up, held out a little daisy to me with "See the innocence of the child! She brought me this to ornament my bonnet." From that out we had a chat each morning—I wondering how it was that she seemed to live in the Green; for even if I passed through in the afternoon, there she was knitting away. Now the murder was out, and as I sat down beside her in the room at the Night Refuge she said: "You see it's here I stop while I'm out of situation, and sure it's a grand place for us poor servants to have, God bless them that opened it to us!" As I now knew the worst, the poor thing told me all; and no doubt her story is the story of very many of those around.

"You see, miss," she says, "I got sickly and I lost my situation. The little I had saved soon went, and then I could no longer pay the rent of my room (in a clean, decent house it was), and then, only for the nuns here that gives us shelter and a bed, what would become of me! I must have died on the cold streets or gone into the House; and sure, once I went into the House, there was an end of me. The nuns give me the stockings you seen me knitting to earn a little to support me—a shilling a pair I earn on them. I get the cocoa an' a good piece of bread in the night for supper; I keep over a bit of the bread for the morning, an' when Mass here is over I have to leave at half-past seven with the others. Then there's houses in the neighborhood where they sell us a ha'porth of boiling water (I have my own grain of tea, you know) and the loan of a cup and saucer, an' let me sit while I make my breakfast. After that, if it's a fine day, I sit, as you see me, in the park an' knit, or go for an hour to the registry-office to see if any place might turn up. A penn'orth of bread does for dinner, an' then in the evening the nuns lets me in early in time for prayers in the chapel. The wet days? Well, the wet days are the worst. Sometimes I stand an hour in a hall here or there, but I don't like intruding or being too much under a compliment. I pass a good many hours in the church, an' do the best I can; but, to tell the truth, the wet days are hard on me. I got my eyes bad, as you see, from the wettings—the boots were bad. I'm in great hopes of a place before winter, and I have my clothes safe in pawn. The way I manage is, I put them in with just a few pence on, so that there will be only a little to pay when I want to get them out. They're safe from me if I was hungry, and they're kept neat an' tidy, an' ready the minute I get a situation."

This sounds a very commonplace story of a very commonplace poor servant; yet oh! what a history of want and priva-

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tion, hope and fear and disappointment, are behind the simple words; and, again, what a world of faith, trust, and patience have been at work to keep the poor thing so ready to feel thankful and hopeful over the least little ray of sunshine in her weary wait for "a place"!

Soon there is a general move to the dormitories—fine, large rooms where nightly a hundred or so of weary beings are provided with clean, warm beds, far better than are found in many an expensive lodging-house. All is neatness and order here, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, who have now charge of St. Joseph's—one of the noblest and most necessary of all the great charities of our city, saving thousands of helpless women and children from misery and degradation by holding out to them a warm hand of help, encouraging them to struggle on yet a little longer, giving them a safe resting-place by means of which they may be saved for better things both here and hereafter.

The kind heart that first thought out all this was that of an old priest, the late Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, whose name as an ardent worker in the cause of God's poor is well known in Dublin. It is just twenty-five years since Dr. Spratt opened the Night Refuge in the poorest quarter in the town. From its opening it has gone on increasing in its useful work, adding to its size and extending its helpful care of the most helpless class in the whole community. In the beginning it was simply what its name implies, but now it embraces a convent where poor women can get kind help and advice, poor-schools for the children of the neighborhood, and a laundry where homeless young girls are taught and lodged until situations can be found for them.

MARY BANIM.

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MEXICO: EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June I tried to sketch "Material Mexico," though only in high outline. I drew passing attention to the permanency of nearly everything in it, viewed through the literature of its past. But if we look more closely at its present, at the Mexico of this century, of this quarter of the century, and of the present decade, it becomes apparent that a change, organic and constitutional, has been silently coming upon this ancient and secluded country. It is not a change brought about by war nor substantially advanced by diplomacy. It is a silent revolution, moving gently in the footsteps of Peace. We must seek the evidences of it in education, agriculture, and manufactures, and in the sources and uses of revenue.

The story of education in Mexico is one of hopelessly tangled threads. As the mystic symbols on the monuments of Egypt have only begun to yield their secrets to the archæologist, we need not despair of yet knowing something of the antiquity of a country whose age is beyond present estimate, and whose earliest civilization, as indicated by her superstitions, architecture, costumes, and myths, was Oriental. Of her middle age, that long period following the Spanish invasion and preceding authentic accessible accounts by travellers or natives, the vain spirit of exaggeration has been the chief exploring activity. On the one hand, hostile prejudice has charged against the ostensible religion of the Spaniards the results due in large measure to natural causes which neither political forms nor moral forces could easily overcome. On the other, shallow religious partisanship has credited the Spaniards with achievements in Mexico, educational and moral, of which there is little substantial proof.

Itemizers of history, for instance, who rush into discussion with an isolated date, and who assume the dignity of the architect with the function of the brick-carrier, have made ado over the fact that the first university on this continent was established in Mexico in 1551. It is not true even as an isolated fact. If it were true, its historical value would consist in the impression it made on the national life, not in its categorical precedence. The ceremonious authority for the creation of a university in Mexico was given by Charles V. in that year. But the actual beginning was not made until two years later, and then in temporary build-

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ings. The institution could not have known a prosperous infancy, for it had no home of its own for nearly another half-century. The building which now bears its name was not put up for nearly two centuries later. Very little trustworthy information can be procured concerning its founders. It was a child of Salamanca; and Salamanca in the middle of the sixteenth century was in its glory as the exponent and defender of St. Thomas. His latest biographer, speaking of the Christian Fathers, says "they did not veil themselves away from the sight of men when they took up their pens to write; but, on the contrary, with beautiful frankness and simplicity, they wove their own portraits in amongst their teachings, and that with a grace and an unconsciousness of self which are amongst the most charming characteristics of single-minded genius." * The pioneers of Christian learning in Mexico did not follow their example, but nevertheless they were brave and devoted as well as erudite and pious, as is manifest from their abandonment of their native land and the intellectual luxuries of its university society for the hardships, mental and physical, of a land to be reached by perils of a still strange sea. Doubtless the university of Mexico did something for science and art. But its usefulness was necessarily restricted to those who learned or inherited the Spanish tongue and were able to acquire the preparatory education requisite for admission. That the area of its usefulness was very narrow needs no demonstration. It must have had some independence and aggressive energy, for it was several times suppressed by the Spanish government. In 1822 a visitor found the building very spacious and the institution well endowed; "but at present there are very few students." Two hundred is the highest number mentioned as having been in attendance at any time. The library consisted then "of a small collection of books." In the city there were "a few book-shops," and the few books in them "were extravagantly dear." † "Under the colonial system liberal studies were discouraged." In 1844, when Brantz Mayer was in the capital, the appropriation for the salaries of the professors in the university was $7,613. There was no appropriation for elementary schools. Of the colleges he says: "The students who live within the

* *Saint Thomas of Aquin.* By the Very Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan.

† The book-stores are not numerous now; but books, and uncommon ones, are cheap. I found in a second-hand shop Tom Moore's *Odes of Anacreon* (1802); *Aventuras de Gil Blas*, 4 vols., Barcelona, 1817; *Thesaurus Hispano-Latinus*, Madrid, 1794; *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, Turin, 1830; *El Nuevo Testamento*, London, 1874; the imprimatur is that of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The volume contains an excellent map and many good illustrations. The translation is approved by the Archbishop of Santiago.

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walls are expected to contribute for their education, while others who only attend the lectures of the professors are exempt from all costs and charges, so that about two-thirds of the pupils of every college receive their literary education gratuitously." Colleges appear to have been then as useless as the university; for out of a population of 7,000,000, less than 700,000 could read.

In a well-known church history published in 1878 it is said: "There is but one university in the country, that of the city of Mexico, founded in 1551, having 22 professors and a library of 50,000 volumes." * The statement, whether it refers to the year of the foundation or the year of the publication, is certainly misleading. The reference is probably to the year of publication; but it must have been based on much earlier records. For there is no university in the country to-day, and there was none in 1878. It was abolished in 1865. The building was first transferred to the Ministry of Public Works. Now it is the National Conservatory of Music. Among the subjects of the paintings in the interior are St. Thomas, St. Paul, St. Catherine, and Duns Scotus.

The charge that the Spaniards endeavored to prevent the spread of letters, and that the church has antagonized education, requires careful examination. The printing-press was set up twenty years after the conquest. The natives could be reached by the press only through the extension of the Spanish language. The Spaniards, unlike the English in Ireland, did not make the native tongue penal and enact special statutes for hanging, disembowelling, exiling, or imprisoning those who employed it for teaching purposes. They kept the printing-press busy turning out dictionaries by which rulers and ruled were enabled to get a little nearer each other. They printed books of devotion—a fact which irritates some of our separated brethren; but would they have had the Greek classics printed for the natives, and works on metaphysics, science, and natural philosophy? Who could have read them? It is true that the printing-press does not seem to have accomplished much. But the obstacles in its way were like their enormous mountain ranges which kept for ever apart, unless they met in war, tribes if not races whose dialects were inexchangeable. The printing press had to make, not one Spanish-Indian or Aztec dictionary, but as many dictionaries as there were tongues. The natives refused the Spanish spelling-book and continued to hate and tease the invaders. To-day this diversity of speech remains to prove that the failure of the printing-press does not constitute good ground for indictment.

* Alzog.

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There are at least five distinct languages in Mexico; and millions of the people remain totally or partially ignorant of the official language of the republic.

There was, moreover, a political force always at work against the diffusion of education through the agencies of the church. It was the same cause which operated in Ireland: the church, maintained by the state, was not maintained for the sake of religion or education, but to provide for favored sons of the invaders. The bishoprics were filled with appointees of the Spanish court. The support of their establishments was made a legal burden, and the story of the Established Church in Mexico runs in a parallel with that of the Established Church in Ireland. "It was the policy of the Spanish cabinet to cherish the temporalities of the Mexican Church. The rights of primogeniture forced the younger sons either into the profession of arms or of religion, and it was requisite that ample provision should be made for them in secure and splendid establishments. Thus all the lucrative and easy benefices came into the hands of Spaniards or their descendants, and by far the greater portion of the more elevated ecclesiastics were persons of high birth or influential connections." * It was inevitable that the causes and customs which gave princely incomes to clergymen without congregations in Ireland; which enabled bishops of the Establishment, entering as paupers their sparse dioceses, to leave legacies of thousands of pounds to their personal heirs, while thousands from whom their tithes were wrung died unlettered and in want, should create in Mexico an ecclesiastical class and condition of a corresponding kind. "As long as Mexico was a dependency of Spain . . . the bishops had very handsome revenues, the largest being about $130,000 and the smallest about $25,000.† . . ." The real estate and personal property of the religious establishments accumulated from an estimate of $90,000,000 in 1844 until, when the revolution arrived, the material wealth of the church furnished temptations too great to be resisted. As late as 1829 the Spanish court disputed with the Pope the right to nominate bishops for Mexico. In that year there was only one see filled in the entire country. The rival parties of the country made the most of the political factiousness which surrounded religious office, and in 1833 it was proposed to confiscate the church property and apply the proceeds to the payment of the national debt. This was slowly and spasmodically done, and was fully accomplished when Maximilian arrived in the capital as emperor. Alzog relates the rest of the chap-

* Brantz Mayer. † Ibid.

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ter: "Directly on his arrival . . . the clerical party demanded the immediate and unconditional restoration of the ecclesiastical property confiscated and sold during the ascendency of Juarez and the French agency. As this amounted to about one-third of the real estate of the empire and one-half of the immovable property of the municipalities, and had already passed from the first to the second, and in some instances to the third, purchaser, it was plainly impossible for the emperor to satisfy this demand." The papal nuncio avowed his inability to find any satisfactory solution of the question, and resigned. Maximilian instructed his ministers to bring in a bill, which was promptly passed, vesting the management and sale of ecclesiastical property in the council of state.

What Brantz Mayer wrote of the common clergy in 1844 doubtless continued to be true: "Throughout the republic no persons have been more universally the agents of charity and the ministers of mercy than the rural clergy. The village *curas* are the advisers, the friends and protectors, of their flocks. Their houses have been the hospitable retreats of every traveller. Upon all occasions they constituted themselves the defenders of the Indians and contributed toward the maintenance of institutions of benevolence. They have interposed in all attempts at persecution, and, wherever the people were menaced with injustice, stood forth the champions of their outraged rights. To this class, however, the wealth of the church was of small import." That is the testimony of an enemy of the church. It is corroborated by that most imposing fact in Mexican history since the invasion—that it was a priest who led the people in their first genuine effort to throw off a foreign yoke and found a national republican government.

The separation of church and state, although the mode involved injustice, has had the effect of stimulating both in behalf of popular education. There is no national university, but the people are learning to read. The few princely sees have disappeared, but the people sustain their clergy generously. A foreign political power no longer fills the bishoprics, but Rome has increased their number so as to bring religion more closely to the people. The first and most general result is that the all but universal illiteracy of fifty years ago is rapidly diminishing. The schools are supported partly by the national government, partly by states and municipalities, partly by benevolent societies. Forty years ago the total sum expended on education by the government could not have exceeded $100,000. Now it is more nearly

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$5,000,000, if we include with the national appropriation the contributions from other sources, public and private. "With very few exceptions," says Janvier, "free schools, sustained by the State or municipal governments, the church or benevolent societies, are found in all towns and villages; and in all the cities and larger towns private schools are numerous. In the more important cities colleges and professional schools are found. . . . Included in the general scheme are free night-schools for men and women, as well as schools in which trades are taught." It must be owned, however, that the history used in the schools gives a version of the American war with Mexico which would somewhat surprise General Scott and the gallant lieutenants who fought with him.

A distinguished American economist,* who saw the country two years ago, says of the recent development of the educational spirit:

> "It is safe to say that more good, practical work has been done in this direction within the last ten years than in all of the preceding three hundred and fifty. At all of the important centres of population free schools, under the auspices of the national government, and free from all church supervision, are reported as established; while the Catholic Church itself, stimulated, as it were, by its misfortunes, and apparently unwilling to longer rest under the imputation of having neglected education, is also giving much attention to the subject, and is said to be acting upon the principle of immediately establishing two schools wherever, in a given locality, the government or any of the Protestant denominations establish one."

The government also maintains national schools of agriculture, medicine, law, engineering, military science, music and fine arts, as well as a national museum and a national library. The charitable and benevolent institutions, public and private, equal in number and scope, if they do not exceed, our own.

There is no danger that for many years to come, if ever, the prediction of Baron von Humboldt will be fulfilled—that, with the advantage of good roads and free commerce, the Mexicans will one day undersell us in bread corn in the West Indies and other markets. Mexico has not yet good roads nor free commerce, nor, unless the tariff policy of the country is radically changed, can she have either. It is true that road-making in

* Mr. David A. Wells, like Mrs. Blake and the writer, was a member of the first Raymond excursion party which went from Boston over the Mexican Central. It would be imprudent, at least for the present, for women, or for men not fond of "roughing it," to make this delightful journey overland except under experienced management such as we enjoyed, which charges itself with all responsibility for the traveller.

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Switzerland is naturally no more difficult than in Mexico, if we omit the water-supply—a very important factor in all industry. But the Romans and migratory Kelts began making roads in Switzerland before, we may assume, Mexico had sent a sail out on the ocean; and the services which war rendered to peace in the Alps have been continually supplemented by the enlightened selfishness of a people who are animated in the cultivation of their soil by that highest incentive to industry—ownership. No one who has travelled through Holland, over the bleak and all but sterile passes of the Juras, and across the Alps can fail to realize that this incentive has made the agriculture of these countries what it is; while Ireland and Mexico, through millions of unused acres and other millions under only slight cultivation, testify to the effect which landlordism, idle and oppressive, exercises over the most beneficent and indispensable among human industries.

Yet, without free commerce, and with roads, except the railroad lines, perhaps the worst in the world, and without machinery until within very recent times, the agriculture of Mexico under the republic has made extraordinary progress. In the portions of the valley which the Central Mexican traverses there are regions with sufficient water. But as a rule irrigation is everywhere necessary. This fact should be remembered always in judging the Mexican people. The tenant who works land rents, not so many acres, but the right to so much water. In spite of this difficulty the valley literally blossoms, and along the river-beds, few and not uniformly reliable, two and sometimes three crops a year are produced. The condition of the tenant, compared with what it was in the beginning of the century, has considerably improved. His lot then was like that of tenants elsewhere. The Mexican landlord got the tiller into debt, and then, giving him a little land for his own use, barely enough to raise the corn essential to life, made him and his family work out the debt in labor on the farm or hacienda.

It is a relief to find the Spaniards attempting to improve the status of these victims of imported feudalism. Las Casas and others drew the attention of the Spanish court to their sufferings:

"The first attempt at amelioration was the *repartimientos de Indios*, by which they were divided among the Spaniards, who had the profits of their labor without a right to their persons. Next the *encomiendas*, by which they were placed under the superintendence and protection of the Spaniards. The *encomendero* was bound to live in the district which contained the In-

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dians of his *encomienda*, to watch over their conduct, instruct and civilize them, to protect them from all unjust persecutions, and to prevent their being imposed on in trafficking with the Spaniards. In return for these services they received a tribute in labor or produce." *

These protectors, like the zemindars over the ryots in India, did precisely what might have been expected. No men can safely be entrusted with absolute power over the liberty or labor of other men. "The abuse of these protecting regulations followed closely their institution." The peonage which existed legally in New Mexico until abolished by our Congress was a relic of the "protecting" *encomiendas*. It actually exists in some parts of Mexico now; it must practically continue to exist, with varying degrees of enormity and oppression, until the idle-landlord system is abolished.

Over the greater part of the country under cultivation the mode of farming is primitive. Near the larger cities, and especially on the lines of the railways, English and American machinery is coming into use, chiefly the reaper. But this can be true only of the rich haciendas. The tiller who has no capital, and receives for his share only a small fraction of the harvest, will neither buy machinery, nor, except along the railroads, can he rent it, since its transportation otherwise is next to impossible. Nor are the natives quick in using the railroads for local exchange of commodities. They continue to gaze upon the locomotive with awe, and they cling to old customs with a tenacity not free from disdain of the new ones. The men carry extraordinary burdens on their backs; and the small donkey is the favorite draught animal. The idea of raising foods for export has not yet crossed the brain of the vast bulk of the people. They undertake to raise enough for each year's local use; and so rigorous is the calculation that if a bad season come upon them famine will be the consequence, unless the deficiency is supplied from the public granaries. It is to the credit of the government that no appeals for aid are sent over the world. That distinction remains the undisputed dishonor of Great Britain. Poor as Mexico is, she has some sense of national decency.

If Nature has treated the country ill in failing to furnish roads and in heaping up obstacles against their construction, thus impeding internal commerce, she has been no less parsimonious in indenting the coasts of Mexico with harbors for foreign trade. An official communication to our government describes her coasts as broad belts of intolerable heat, disease, and aridity.

* *Notes on Mexico.* 1824. London and Philadelphia.

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On the whole coast-line there are but two natural harbors available for first-class modern merchant-vessels. But harbors can be made; whether natural or artificial, they do not create commerce. If the farmers of Mexico owned the tillable land; if the burden of taxation were shifted off industry upon land proportionately to other property; if the tariff were so modified that commerce might freely seek Mexico, harbors would not be wanting. It is her mines that have kept up the foreign trade of Mexico in spite of her lack of harbors. The total value of her exports of precious metals annually from 1879 to 1884 averaged about $25,000,000. But her total exports in 1885 have been estimated as high as $45,000,000, the increase being due in large measure to the closer relations brought about between our country and the sister republic by the new railroad lines. It is estimated that we received about 55 per cent. of the total. The remainder was divided about as follows: England, 32.9; France, 4.8; Germany, 3; Spain, 2.6. The import trade of Mexico is the confession of her organic weakness. Its total value is about $35,000,000, and consists of manufactured articles which for the most part might be produced at home. The Spaniards discouraged manufactures in Mexico for the benefit of their home industry; they did not prohibit them; but the want of steam or water power necessarily kept domestic manufacturing within small limits. Mayer records fifty-three cotton factories in 1844, running something more than 130,000 spindles. Mr. Wells found eighty-four factories returned by the tax-collectors in 1883, running something more than 240,000 spindles. Mr. Titus Sheard, another of our pioneer party, himself a manufacturer, informed us that, owing to the crude chemistry and rude methods, cotton costs nearly twice as much a yard in the Mexican mill as in the United States factories. The laborers employed are compelled to work from daylight to dark for little pay Improved machinery and more modern processes would lower the cost of production materially. Meanwhile a considerable quantity of manufactured cotton is imported in spite of the excessive tariff; it was imported from Great Britain more largely in the past than from the United States. The railroads will probably alter that in time; but at present raw cotton may be carried by water from the Gulf to Liverpool, manufactured in Manchester, sent back to Vera Cruz, and thence by expensive rail to the capital, cheaper than from the United States to the same point. Another curious circumstance is that although the cotton factories in Mexico have quadrupled in twenty years, and

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although the land around Querétaro and Orizaba, the chief cotton-making centres, is well suited to the growth of the plant, and it is actually grown there, New Orleans cotton is used exclusively at Orizaba, and one-half of that manufactured at Querétaro is also American. There is no reason why Mexico should not grow and manufacture all the cotton it requires. The other manufactures of the country are trifling. The pottery, which has a reputation in excess of its merits, is at least adequate for the common uses of the people, whose culinary and other house habits are extremely primitive. Each family can be its own potter. The sewing-machine has given some impetus to the leather trade; but although the Mexican saddle is famous the world over, Mexico pays the United States nearly thirty thousand dollars a year for saddles, notwithstanding a duty of fifty-five per cent. This fact is accounted for in the superior mechanical appliances used by the American manufacturers.

It would appear at first sight that the devisers of the Mexican tariff had sought to rival nature in producing artificial obstacles to match the physical ones. From the moment labor touches any article in Mexico until it passes to the actual use of the consumer it has hitherto been taxed. There was a time when it cost Spain forty-four per cent. to collect the crown revenues, and it was her pernicious example which has left this tradition of excessive taxation and the support of an army of tax-collectors upon the commerce of the country. Take a yard of calico. The land that produced it pays nothing. The landlord has been the lawmaker for Mexico, as he has been for Great Britain, Ireland, and India; as he was for Germany until Stein and Hardenberg released the soil; as he was in France until the Revolution. The land that produces the raw material pays nothing; but the instant labor touches it cotton begins to pay taxes. Everything used in transforming the boll into material is taxed; the dyes used in coloring it are taxed; the sale of each of them is individually taxed; the wagon that carts it from the field to the factory is taxed; the wheel that softens it is taxed; the animal that turns the wheel is taxed; the chemicals that enter into its composition are taxed; its transfer from the factor to the jobber is taxed; its transfer from the jobber to the retailer is taxed; its sale to the purchaser is taxed. Is it wonderful that cotton costs more at Orizaba and Querétaro than in Lowell or Manchester? It is not strange that more is not grown in Mexico. The merchant finds it more convenient to pay all his burdens at the

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custom-house than each of the lot to the internal-revenue collectors. This example may be slightly exaggerated if taken literally. But the principle of Mexican taxation is fairly represented in it. The marvel is that so many blows in succession upon the arm of industry have not paralyzed it. A study of the Mexican tariff, with the phenomenon of trade increasing in spite of it, justifies the high expectations which sanguine Mexicans hold of the industrial future of their country. They say that this mode of raising national revenue must in time be remedied. They point out that remedial changes have already taken place. It was formerly the practice of the States to collect toll on everything passing their borders, no matter what national taxes had already been paid. This interstate impost was abolished a few years ago by Congress, but some of the States continue to enforce it on the ground of necessity. It is certain to disappear. Many of the municipalities practise this form of repression also, but none of them have a legal right to do so. The diminution of the national debt to a total of about $150,000,000, and the reduction of the number of civil servants, with a reduction also of the salaries of those retained, have put the national finances upon a safer and more hope-inspiring basis. The reduction of the tariff, both domestic and foreign, has followed quickly upon these happy achievements of the Diaz administration. The following articles are now on the free list at the custom-houses, where hitherto nearly everything paid high duty:

"Barbed wire for fencing, hoes, bars for mines, fire-engines, hydraulic lime, printed books, all sorts of machinery, powder for mines, printing type, rags for paper, wire rope and cable, church clocks, and many useful chemicals."

Even the cockpit has paid a portion of the national revenue; and to the smiling cynic who may think too little of the politicians who condescend to this lowly and vicious source of money-making for national necessities, the reminder may be opportune that to make the brutal who indulge in such sport pay for their pastime * is more tolerable to civilization than some methods of

* I smile to recall that we were invited to occupy front seats, as a mark of honor, upon a certain Sunday evening to witness this cruel and shocking spectacle. We were too timid or too super-refined to go. But when I read the other day the story of the evictions of Bodyke, where bed-ridden old women and half-naked children were thrown out into ditches; the roofs that sheltered them—in many cases built by their kindred—torn down, lest they should reclaim their own; and all this to extort by terror from others rents land and labor combined could not pay if the labor lived, the lottery, the bull-fight, and the cock-pit, as means of making money, became civilized by comparison.

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the governments of the Old World. Mexico raises revenue also by lotteries. The most pious of governments raised money in the same way to help carry on the American war; it was only in 1823 that Great Britain went out of the gambling business. Every nation in Europe has indulged in it, with the exception (I think) of Russia. Paris resorts to a lottery to raise money for the illuminations on the national fête. States of the American Union derive revenue from gambling; and at least one American city swells its coffers from this source, which is one open to severe criticism.

In the uses of the national revenue under the republic lies the clearest proof of the silent revolution. In 1808 Spain collected a total revenue of about twenty million dollars. Among the sources, by the way, were the monopoly of the sale of playing-cards, the tobacco monopoly, one-ninth of the tithes, the monopoly of gunpowder, sporting, gambling, the transfer of all kinds of commodities, a tax on the mines, a tax on papal dispensations, a tax on incomes of the inferior clergy, on stamps, and on ice. The portion nominally spent in Mexico, and not conveyed into the hands of the officials of the crown, was probably one-fourth of the whole. It was expended chiefly on the army. Not a dollar appears to have been devoted to elementary education or useful public works. There were marine docks built one year, but they were reserved as arsenals. There were subsidies sent out to other Spanish colonies, and there were pensions for crown favorites. This amount of revenue from a wretched population of about four millions and a half is something amazing.

The revenue of the republic, with a population of at least ten millions, was in 1870, in round numbers, $16,000,000. In 1886–7 it reached $32,000,000. The expenditures have kept pace with it, and in fact must have exceeded it, and must continue to exceed it for some years until great public works are constructed, such as the drainage scheme already under contract, canals, bridges, roads, and harbors. The expenditure by departments presents a gratifying picture of national order and growth. The executive is the smallest item in the budget, only $49,252. Railway subventions have been liberally made; not as prodigally as in the case of our Pacific railways, but with a certainty of corresponding national benefit. Ten years ago Mexico had only 400 miles of railway. There are now almost ten times as many. New York is distant from the ancient Aztec capital only six and a half days' journey. With the exception of the portion of the

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national debt which may have been unjustly assumed by the republic, every dollar of the revenue of Mexico is now applied to the development of the country. Progress is visible everywhere, and in everything that enters into it, moral, political, and industrial, the influence of neighborhood is manifest.

It is true that the British bondholder is more successful in collecting interest on Mexican obligations than on Southern Confederacy paper, which he did so much to float for the sake of the interest; and it is true also that the capital invested in banking and in a considerable share of the mining enterprises of Mexico is English. But every day brings the sister republics closer. Every year effaces more of the old antagonism. English is supplanting French in the schools. In time it will make its way through the mountains with Spanish. It is certain that the war with Mexico was fought on a misunderstanding which the calmer sense of a later and more humane period would not repeat. The instincts of national self-interest prompt a policy of kindness and sincerity—a policy which shall respect the worthy traditions of an ancient and severely tried people, while it will promote a commercial communion certain to be mutually advantageous. Such a policy will hasten a commercial treaty just to both countries. The noble sentiment which should animate the nation of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant ought moreover to emphasize the approval of such a treaty by an act of grace—the restoration of the flags and cannon captured by us in 1847. Nations not familiar with the precepts of Christianity were wont to make their war trophies, not of marble or metal, but of wood, that they might the more speedily perish. Why should we perpetuate the story of the defeat and humiliation of our sister republic?

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

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LITERARY MEXICO.

BEFORE leaving that domain of the picturesque to which its natural scenery and poetic expression belong, it may not be out of place to take a passing glance at the lighter literature of Mexico, as represented in the works of its better known novelists. Choosing, then, as specimens, three or four books from the somewhat limited list at the service of the reader, one is first struck by a certain number of general traits which form a foundation for the superstructures of differing styles and authors. There is, to begin with, an almost universal absence of the finer analytic and subjective writing. Character is painted broadly rather than by delicate touches of detail, and the motives of action are only suggested by the accomplishment of the act. There is a tendency towards epigrammatic terseness in sentence and paragraph, and, except in very rare cases, any close study of psychological phenomena in connection with the conduct of personages is left to the reader himself. He may form his own conclusions, or he may read his tale without drawing therefrom any moral. One finds invariably a deep admiration for nature, expressed in delicate word-painting of scenery and loving reminiscences of favorite spots. The material environment is always luminous and forceful; there can never be any doubt, in this fine glow of local color, as to where the action of the drama is laid. And there is an immense impulse of patriotic spirit which seems, in spite of time and distance, to propel the author toward the days of revolution and struggle for his *mise en scène*. In the twelve novels we have chosen as a basis for observation, eleven are placed, as to time, amid the complications arising from the events of the years between 1860 and 1867. They might all be historic as well as the two which bear this distinctive title. The single exception is a chronicle of life and customs more than a hundred years ago.

For many reasons this exceptional story is of interest. Purporting to be the garrulous narrative of a man drawing near the limit of extreme age, and relating to children and grandchildren the history of his earlier career, it is as remarkable for minuteness of detail as are its companion volumes for large generalizations. After the fashion of *Gil Blas*, it is interspersed with accounts of the adventures of this or that comrade whom chance

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has brought into contact with the hero. With much less elegance of style than the celebrated story of Le Sage, it more than repairs its shortcomings in this respect by the purity of its incidents and the superior moral tone which pervades its many chapters. With utmost exactness it relates the most trivial events relating to infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood; and each passing phase is made the subject of a new disquisition. The mistakes of the time in regard to the rearing of children—the sending out of the infant to nurse, the relegating of early training to servants and irresponsible persons, the absurd ignorance of the village schoolmaster—all come in for their share of castigation. The laxness of discipline in college and seminary, the strange mingling of superstition and ignorance which finally assumed the place of education, the woful usages of society which condemned the offspring of well-to-do parents to the temptations of idleness, each has its own long chapter in the nine hundred pages of the interesting but endless volume. Life at the hacienda with its private bull-ring and slow-recurring village festas, its stagnation of thought and narrowness of action; life in the city with its sole idea of amusement confined to the gaming-table and the disgraceful orgy of the public ball; life, finally, in the home, languid, dull, unoccupied either by sense of duty beyond the sluggish routine of domestic affairs, or elevation of purpose save the anxious endeavor to uphold the traditions of caste at the expense of comfort and probity—these are delineated with a simple realism which is as affecting as the prosy commentary which inevitably follows is ludicrous. Compared with the restricted action and paltry aims, the degrading pleasures and vulgar satisfactions, of that early date, the Mexico of to-day is a land of brilliant achievement and impetuous progress. The change from the after-dinner drunkenness and fashionable foppery of the England of a hundred years ago is not more marked than that of this country, which one imagined had remained in the same groove for centuries. El Periquillo Sarniento is an admirable yardstick by which to measure reform.

One is somewhat amazed to find amid the old-fashioned moralizing of this venerable penitent, constantly on his knees before the reader for the peccadilloes and weaknesses of his youth, some of the most approved modern ideas concerning social problems. He declaims against round-dancing, which is "a circle of which the devil is the centre." He scourges the idea of wearing mourning graded to express the steps in the passage from deep-black grief to pale-mauve consolation: "For this can be only nonsense.

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If one loves the dead truly, and mourning is any proof of feeling, it can be left off at no time, since at no time does the motive cease which impelled to wearing it; and if one does not love the departed it is quite indifferent how many or how few months it is worn, since no sentiment whatever is involved. In either case it is a mockery." He points out the fallacy of imprisonment for debt, and even goes a step farther and denounces prisons altogether as rational cures for misdemeanor. His description of the infamous *carcel*, in which comparatively innocent youths are immured with thieves, cut-throats, and vagabonds of every description, recalls Dickens' Marshalsea; the regulations misgoverning the one might be taken as the rules of the other. The crowd of miserable, hopeless creatures, the alternation between starvation and plenty, the mockery of revelry amid drunkenness and gambling, the profanity, the stupor, the despair, make a terrible commentary on the blindness which could lead men to call such an experience by the name of justice. He pictures the hospitals, malodorous, dirty, reeking with contagion, and given over to misrule, in which "there were seventy patients, and yet the daily visit of the doctor did not last fifteen minutes," and where "the medicines were ordered by the number of the bed, even after the patient in it had been changed." And so through a series of homilies upon affairs of church and state; of groanings over his own wickedness, tempered by a mild, senile enjoyment of these youthful escapades; of love and marriage and happy paternity; of vivid interjectional description, and of quotations from Pliny, from Livy, from Plato, from Cicero, from Tacitus and Marcus Aurelius—the old philosopher gossips over the infirmities of life and the hope of immortality. He carries minutia of detail even beyond the grave, and leaves behind the Latin inscription which is to adorn his tomb.

Among the modern stories, *Guadalupe*, by Irenio Paz, editor of the daily paper *La Patria*, may be taken as a fair example of the popular novel. Señor Paz is a voluminous author, and the series of bulky volumes bearing his name on the title-page must tantalize his northern editorial brother with glimpses of the possibilities for leisure with which the latter is perforce unacquainted. Think of the managing editor of the New York *Herald* indulging in distractions which should result in a score of books! The style of this writer is simple and direct. His characters are introduced at once in their true colors, with an amiable directness which precludes all possibility of mistake. There can be no doubt as to the identity of polished villain or poor but virtuous

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hero. There is no complication of mixed personality in which good and evil struggle for the mastery, and sympathy swings like a pendulum between disgust and admiration. The narrative moves through quiet regions of commonplace until some lofty trait or some deep wickedness needs illustration, when it suddenly bounds into the mazes of melodrama, and the reader finds himself tossed upon stormy billows of heroism, passion, or remorse, as the case may be. In justice it must be acknowledged that these transitions are infrequent; otherwise the sensation would be too much that of mental sea-sickness. The quiet, homely life which *Guadalupe* depicts speaks well for the people who furnish such a record; and the popular taste which accepts such placid chronicles of gentle love and religiously-tempered hate is at least evidence of a purer and more wholesome temperament than that which subsists upon the vicious sensationalism of the American dime-novel or the outrageous vulgarity of *Peck's Bad Boy*. The interpolated heroics are too obviously constructed for effect to be capable of producing any. They are like the crashing and flashing of a stage thunderstorm. One acknowledges their worth as settings, but they would never perturb the spirit nor turn milk sour.

The picture of home-life among the middle classes, as gathered from this and other works of the same author, is sound and healthy. There is deference to parental authority; there are simple amusements, and close guardianship which watches over intercourse between the sexes; there is naïve expression of opinion in matters of faith and philosophy; and, permeating all, the serenity of easy, unhurried existence, which gently bears rich and poor upon its placid surface. Extremely pleasing are these after the turbid and motley variations which are required to spice parallel histories in our own progressive centres. It is food for pride as well as patriotism to observe that a commission of importance to *los Estados Unidos*, and a subsequent tour through that region of high civilization, is the reward reserved for the brave young man who has raised himself by his own efforts from poverty to the position of colonel in "the Army of the Republic"—that Mexican Legion of Honor.

The plot of *Guadalupe* is simple in the extreme, and the *dramatis personæ* old friends in spite of Spanish mantilla and roboza. The adopted daughter of a pious widow, who loves in silence and secret the artist son of her benefactress; the youth who in turn worships the heartless sister of his false friend; the futile machinations of the latter to move the orphan girl from

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the path of duty; the triumph of her fervent and lovely spirit, and the evident *dénouement* in the sudden revelation which changes the affection of the brother into the adoration of the lover. But the incidental glimpses are full of local traits: the pompous pride of the newly-rich family as opposed to the graceful virtue of the poor household; the daily attendance at Mass, which is as much a matter of course as that at the breakfast-table; the quaint worldliness and naïve reflections of the foolish little fashionable maid, Amelia, and the equally quaint, sweet primness of the wild rose, Guadalupe, are all charming. A certain sketchiness leaves an after-effect of having looked at silhouettes instead of solid figures; still, the sense of vagueness is only sufficiently defined to help the sense of pleasure. The atmosphere is pure if not bracing; the heroine reminds one somewhat of Octave Feuillet's Sybille, but she lacks the breath of life which stirs in the veins and animates the action of the beloved French girl. Nor has the Mexican author at any time more than a hint of the exquisiteness and *verve* of the Frenchman. He has, however, sufficient cleverness to win popularity, and to cause each of his twenty volumes to reach from three to five editions.

Vicente Riva Palacio, who holds his place in the first rank by the elegance and purity of his style, has been also a prolific writer. His prose is imbued with the hidden spirit of poetry; many of his paragraphs are full of delicate imagery and rhythmic force, with the essence but without the material form of the poem. In a far more marked degree than those of Paz his books present the same startling combination of diverse traits. To a loving and tender sympathy with nature, which overflows in descriptive passages of great beauty, and to a spirit of gentle reverie developed with genuine delicacy by a thousand light touches, he adds at times an almost rabid exuberance of melodramatic intensity. These baleful and lurid periods form a strange antithesis to his limpid and earnest utterances, like an alarm fire kindled upon a quiet hill-side on a peaceful summer evening. In his *Calvario y Tabor* the reminiscence and the descriptions of the sufferings of the people through the years of struggle which culminated in the overthrow of foreign intervention and the fall of Maximilian, are given with a clear directness that claims the attention, and force themselves upon the consciousness of the reader as realities. But to this heroic record of suffering and misfortune he attaches so many impossible episodes, and such a climax of romantic and unreal horrors, that the genu-

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ine emotion aroused by the simplicity of truth and the touching events of history is in danger of being lost in repulsion. There is something so incongruous in this combination which can trace the most refined and wholesome impressions, and an imagination which can conceive and revel in a delirium of horrors, that the result is a series of shocks. To a foreigner, at least, it is like touching the two poles of a battery at irregular intervals. The current of admiration and sympathy is being constantly broken up and as constantly renewed. In the seven hundred pages of this particular book there is a climax of death-scenes which are veritable nightmares. Foreseeing that a certain number of dangerous and unnecessary personages must be gotten rid of, one stands appalled at the ingenuity displayed in making the first taking off so circumstantially terrible. But the author's power is equal to the strain. With magnificent audacity he proceeds and runs through a rising scale of accident, suicide, and murder, which swells on triumphantly to the perfect artistic end. Yet this is but one view of the picture. Side by side with this dark and tragic story moves the peaceful and tender tale of village life and quiet homes and humble affection. It is as if the same hand could write at the same time *Monte Cristo* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the frenzied outbursts of the one revenge themselves for the gentle serenity of the other.

Calvario y Tabor, as the name implies, is a story of suffering and triumph—the death-agony of the old empire and the transfiguration of the new republic. With the vivid and thrilling record of sacrifice and heroism which forces the reader into profound sympathy with the purpose of the people are interwoven two love-stories—one dark with passion and intrigue, the other as touching and gentle as the soft beauty of the sylvan landscape in which it is set. Here is the opening note of the pastoral symphony. The scene is laid in the *tierra caliente* on the shore of the Pacific:

"It was an evening in January, and the sun, slowly sinking behind the immense mass of waters, shone like a globe of burning gold through the luminous haze which filled the atmosphere with glory. It appeared to float upon the surface of the waves, which, lifted in long, swelling billows on the high seas, broke in undulations on the sand, bearing into shore curving ripples of shining foam, white as the petals of a lily and brilliant as the stars in the sky of the tropics. Along the banks of a small inlet running deep into the land the night-air gently bent the graceful crowns of palm-trees, and the feather-like leaves swayed gently over their reflections in the tranquil water beneath, broken by the slow ripples into a thousand mirrored splinters of flower and foliage. From time to time the sinister

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form of a crocodile glided slowly by without disturbing the silence. At the entrance to the wood, where the little strand lost itself in a soft carpet of moss, a few huts built of branches and thatched with leaves showed through the deeper shadow. Further back slender columns of smoke, outlined against the paling sky, showed the vicinity of an Indian village, and a murmur of voices mingled with snatches of song and tinkle of music blended confusedly like the notes of a wind-harp.

"By the sea-side all the world sings. The deep undertone of the waves fills in the background of harmony. It is impossible to listen to its ceaseless pulsation without feeling the desire to mingle one's voice with the concert which immensity eternally offers to God. The breaking of the billows against the rocks, the lisping of the ripples against the beach, weave the strands of melody; and the soul, by them moved to remembrance, falls into reveries of the past which are either prayers or aspirations, which are like the memory of the lullabies of our mother over the child at her breast, or the lingering notes of the favorite air of the woman one first loved.

"As if in unison with this universal impulse towards harmony, a young girl of fifteen years emerged, singing, from one of the wood-paths, and turned in the direction of a spring of pure water which bubbled up from a tangle of shrubbery beyond. She was a slight and graceful brunette, wearing the common dress of the women of the coast; her great eyes, dark and brilliant, shone under long, curving lashes; her white teeth and small red lips made enchanting contrast with the pale olive of her cheek; and in the perfect oval of her face was that blended expression of purity and sensitiveness which marks the temperament of a painter or a poet. A loose white *camisa*, covered with the delicate embroidery in which the gentler sex delight to satisfy their love of adornment, and a simple blue petticoat, formed her attire. But around her throat hung necklaces of gold and coral, on her arms were bracelets of shells and pearls, and her slender fingers bore a profusion of glittering rings. She was doubtless the daughter of a rich house; but among this simple people every woman works, and she bore upon her head one of the huge water-jars of the country, balanced without aid from her hands, and without impairing the dignity and elegance of her carriage. An artist looking upon her might have imagined a new Rebecca; for nothing is more faithful to the Biblical idea than the young girls of the coast who come to the wells for water, poising their great red jars upon the head without disturbing in the least their lightness or freedom of motion."

Thus Alejandra, the beautiful, brown girl of Acapulco, enters upon the scene of her future trials and triumphs. The idyllic story of homely country life, wherein rich differs from poor only in that the bounty of one supplies the need of the other; the benignant village *padre* and his almost Puritanic sister; the loves of Alejandra and Jorge; and the family of strolling players, poor and despised, but happy in virtue, make a story full of refined sentiment in the midst of the most sensational and forbidding realism. One is introduced to the intimate habits of

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the people; to the hospitality which makes every house an inn for the stranger; to the catholic charity which adopts the orphan, comforts the unfortunate, and looks upon the idiot as "beloved of God." But there is at the same time an awful picture of distorted justice, corrupted law, and almost absolute want of fixed principle in the government of society. Without faith and virtue, firmly entrenched in the hearts of the people, life under such conditions would soon become a chaos of riot and misery.

The historical portion of the narrative is superb. We who profess to admire the qualities of valor and perseverance, who consider ourselves allied in bonds of brotherhood with the uprising against oppression in every land, should be ashamed of our ignorance of the circumstances which make memorable the Mexican struggle for independence. The vicissitudes of our own Revolution are tame, the sufferings of even the winter at Valley Forge sink into insignificance, compared with the events of '64 and '65 in this tragedy of dolor and endurance. Whole towns were wiped out of existence. The population, flying through the storm and night, sought asylum in woods filled with wild beasts and noxious reptiles, or amid the rocks and caves of desert places. "Ashes marked the location of houses; corpses outlined the direction of roads." Menaced by hunger and thirst, swept away by pestilence, the small and lessening band of Republicans melted like smoke before the advance of the Imperialists, whose conquering forces at first carried all before them. Buffeted by every rudeness of fortune, they still persevered in the unequal struggle and snatched victory at last from the very jaws of death. Like eagles, who build their nests upon inaccessible peaks, "the representatives of liberty fled to the mountain-tops to fight and to wait. And upon the summits too often these martyrs found their Calvary." Sometimes, impelled by a sudden fury of passion, a band of devoted men crept down from their fastnesses, cut their way through the midst of the enemy, and perished to a man, joyful in the destruction they had dealt. Without money, without clothes, without other arms than the guns in their hands, tortured by fatigue and famine, "they fell by the roadside in forced marches, and were left unburied for beasts of the field and birds of the air." "If a laurel or a palm had been planted to commemorate the memory of each of these martyrs, the land would be one impenetrable jungle from end to end." Still they continued on, "a new man stepping into the place of the comrade who had dropped before him, hurrying to

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new strife, to new sacrifice, in order to convince Napoleon and Maximilian, France and the world, that a people who could so struggle for independence was a people invincible and worthy of being free."

The book, as one might expect from the reputation of its author, is full of fine, sonorous Spanish, glowing with descriptive eloquence and declamatory force.

"Liberty is like the sun. Its first rays are for the mountains; its dying splendor falls likewise upon them. No cry for freedom has first arisen from the plains, as in no landscape is the valley illumined before the heights which surround it. The remnant of the defenders of a free people flies ever to the crags and hills for final security, as the last light of the sun lingers upon the summits when the lowlands are veiled in obscurity." "Never were there heard after these annihilating combats the groans and cries of the wounded which find a place in descriptions of deserted battle-fields. Our soldiers suffered and died without appeals for aid or lamentation over life; as heroes expire, valiant and resigned." "Toward the east only a labyrinth of mountains, which, arid and desolate, lost themselves in the distance; infinite in form, suggesting inexpressible and awful contortions; full of deep, sad shadows, lonely, terrifying, like a sombre and tempestuous ocean suddenly petrified with awe at the whisper of God." "Nations, like Christ, have their Tabor and Calvary. Only, while the Son of God passed first to transfiguration and thence to the cross, it is the contrary with them. For nations are composed of mortals; the Spirit of God can alone support the sorrow of Calvary after the glory of Tabor." "Our wars have been like the bloody but beneficent operations of the surgeon who amputates the gangrenous member through kindness to the sufferer—not like the wounds given by the assassin who seeks to destroy a victim. Europe condemns without understanding us; America understands without condemning, but she remains silent. God, history, and the future will acknowledge our purpose and our triumph.'"

Ignacio Manuel Altamiram is more widely known as an orator than as an author. His *Paisajes y Leyendes*, records of the customs and traditions of Mexico, is as marked for its temperate and even style as Palacio's work for vehemence and contrast. Confining himself principally to the religious festivals of the country, with their earlier as well as later observances, he gives us charming pictures of the fervor of a primitive race, carrying into their observance of Christian rites many suggestions of the more innocent forms of their old worship. He is evidently as widely read in the modern classics as El Periquillo Sarniento was in the ancient. French, English, German—all literatures have laid their flowers at his feet, and his versatile fancy culls from each in turn to adorn his page. But it is when

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he relies on his own resources that he is most attractive. The legend of "Our Lord of the Holy Mountain" is enriched with a sketch of the holy friar, Father Martin de Valencia, of whom it is related that "every morning as he went out of his cave, after having passed the night in prayer and meditation upon the Passion of Christ, the little birds did gather in the branches of the tree above his head, making gracious harmony and helping him praise the Creator. And as he moved from the spot the birds did follow; nor since his death have any been ever seen there."

The reminiscences of the author's boyhood in the little city of Tixtla, with the entire population following the procession of Corpus Christi through streets arched with green boughs and garlanded with the fairest blossoms of the year, reminds one, in some respects, of the Passion Play of Oberammergau. Such ardor of devotion, such reverent silence, such echo of sweetness from the low-chanting Indian choristers flower-crowned and bearing branches of the newly-budded orchard trees, in order that their fruits may find favor in the eyes of God, form an almost ideal picture of religious enthusiasm. It reads like a sketch from the middle ages. So does the description of the houses, decorated with every treasured atom of color and drapery; and the generalissimo, arrayed in all his glory, marching at the head with his band of native troops. So, too, does the story of Holy Week, beginning before dawn on Palm Sunday morning with troops of young men and maidens scouring fields and woods for the first wild-flowers with which to decorate their palm-branches. The account of the lifting up of these palms, knotted and braided with flowers, during the Canon of the Mass, corresponds precisely with what we saw upon the same festival in the great cathedral of Mexico two years ago, in spite of the half-century which had passed between, and the immense change in religious observance which followed the banishment of the priests and closing of the churches in 1860. The procession of "The Christs" on Holy Thursday is another picturesque episode, when hundreds of figures of our Lord, all with closed eyes and ghastly faces, varying from the statue over the high altar to the home-made, grotesque image of the poorest Indian hut, are borne in the train of the Blessed Sacrament aloft through the streets, followed each by its own little group of family and friends. On the same scale of popular participation comes the Way of the Cross on Good Friday, followed from station to station through the city to the Calvary on some hilltop of the sub-

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urbs, whereon the figure of the dead Christ is publicly buried. Every portion of each day has its own ceremony, always out of doors and followed by the people in masses, until on Easter morn, amid booming of cannon, salvos of artillery, ringing of bells, and chanting of the multitude, the procession, led by the effigy of the Blessed Virgin, meets in the centre of the Plaza that headed by the risen Saviour—wide-eyed, radiant, and decked in all the barbaric splendor of Indian magnificence. To all these descriptions the same even beauty of style lends a charm even beyond the quaint ceremonies they chronicle; and the book, as a whole, is an admirable contribution toward understanding the inner as well as outer life of the people.

Juan Mateos is famous not only at home but abroad. He has reached the point at which a man becomes a prophet in his own country. His brother-authors quote him as they would Goethe or Lord Byron. His novels are mainly historical. The style irresistibly recalls the elder Dumas; even the look of the page has that abrupt brevity of sentence which is so characteristic of the French novelist. In *El Cerro de las Campanas* he gives intense and dramatic expression again to the story of the "Usurpation." With only a thread of narrative to sustain interest, he places before us a careful *résumé* of the "episode of Maximilian." It is pleasant to note that, in spite of evident and deep sympathy with the republic and the leaders of the people, he speaks of the hapless emperor more with sorrow than anger, and gives a touching pathos to the death-scene on the lonely "Hill of the Bells," which has so often moved the sympathy of strangers. His hatred and scorn are reserved for the Cæsar of the Tuileries, "who sacrificed on the altar of ambition an unfortunate and lovely princess, as well as the young Archduke of Austria, whose ensanguined corpse cries yet for vengeance from the imperial tomb at Vienna, wherein it waits the vivifying breath of the resurrection." Dramatist as well as artist, his actors naturally group themselves upon the stage of history or fiction, and each succession of scenes culminates in a tableau. The rush and power of his expression sweep one irresistibly toward the author's conclusions.

In outward appearance the Mexican novel is exceedingly unattractive. Like the French and German brochure, it is usually unbound; like many of our own, it is printed in poor type on miserable paper. It has ragged edges, and it stretches beyond any normal limit, reaching from seven hundred to a thousand

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pages in almost every case. When illustrated the cuts are beneath contempt—indeed, they are so ludicrously horrible that they would turn the deepest sentiment into ridicule. The books are evidently not intended for summer reading, nor for a people that lives upon the high-pressure principle which obtains in American society, and which makes the incessant and furious activity of the steam-engine the highest example for human imitation. And, above all, they are enormously dear. Such a scale of prices would not be possible in a country which counted a large number of readers of fiction among its population. With the avidity for such intellectual refection comes a garnishing of the dish in which it is served, as well as a cheapening of the cost of refreshment. I am not altogether sure but that the demand for these books, although so small in proportion to the number of individuals, does not show a higher appreciation than our omnivorous and careless devouring of odds and ends. When, in despite of coarse texture, rude letter-press, very low art, and very high prices, a book bears the seal of public approval by being called through six or eight editions, it is reasonable to presume that some higher motive than the criminal one of killing time moves to its perusal. And in the face of melodramatic tendency and archaic mixture of sentiment and commonplace, in the face of incoherence of action and manifest want of subtle analytic power, yet, with its deference to the ideal in womanhood, its large love of nature, its tribute to the home virtues, its loyalty to national traits, its admiration for simplicity and purity of character, and its enthusiastic patriotism, the Mexican novel would seem to have found this more elevated plane, and based upon it a recognized right to existence.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED POET.

IT is said that Whittier once protested against the universal caprice which singled out "Maud Muller" as his representative poem. "Had I known it was going to be so popular," he sighed, "I would have written it better." Probably had Cowper foreseen the day when he would be best remembered as the author of "John Gilpin," that humorous ballad would never have been written at all. During the long, sad years that closed his melancholy life this was the only one of his poems that he would not suffer to be read to him. Its homely merits were recognized quickly enough by all who laughed over its absurdities, but none supposed that these would suffice to win a lasting and familiar place in English literature, while the readers of "Table-Talk" and "The Task" grow fewer year by year. Half a century ago Cowper was a household name; people were not then afraid of the length of a poem—they rather liked it to be didactic, and they were benighted enough to consider perspicuity a merit. Now we want our poetry as brief as possible, highly spiced, and hard to understand. The time that our grandfathers gave to reading twenty pages we prefer devoting to the puzzled consideration of one, comforting our tired brains with the magic word analytic, and happy when we think we have guessed a portion of what the author might perhaps have meant. So with a great many beautifully bound volumes decorating our shelves—we are obliged to hunt around the corners for a little, shabby, mottled book, with split edges and a preposterous steel engraving, if we would read about our early friends, the hares, or know how the winter evening closes over the quiet village of Olney,

"A star or two just twinkling on her brow,"

while the brown loaf of the cottager is lifted down from the shelf for supper, and the brushwood-fire leaps clear on the humble hearth.

Yet surely there is a fund of spirit and truth and delicate humor between those dingy, mottled boards, if we would only think it worth our while to look for them. There we may find the fair English fields painted with loving accuracy, and the wholesome, uneventful English country life described with a

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minuteness that is too full of light and happy touches to be dull. If we lay aside the hymns, written often under the influence of strong spiritual excitement, we are forced to wonder more and more how a man, apparently so well fitted by nature for rational, healthy enjoyment, should have been warped into hopeless despondency and madness. Poets there are in plenty whose finest songs have in them an echo of that piercing frenzy that tortured Cassandra's soul, but Cowper is not one of these. Nothing could well be more sane or more agreeably commonplace than the greater part of his verses; his subjects are chosen with the tact of one who prefers treading on solid ground to stepping off into the unknown, and his treatment reveals the graceful art of the scholar poet, to whom composition is at once a study and a pleasure. He was fond of cheerful society, yet never prone to excess; happy in the companionship of women, yet untormented by any strong or absorbing passion; devoted to his books, yet too idle or too temperate for overwork. Above all, he was a genuine lover of nature in her serener aspects, and a contented observer of his own little world; pleased with the rich, sympathizing with the poor—possessing, in short, that precious moderation of character which is almost an equivalent for sanity. Yet this is the man who tried to hang himself in his London lodgings, and whose last cry, as the bitter waters closed over his head, still thrills us with its unutterable despair.

In his later years, when the clouds of despondency hung darkly over him, Cowper was wont to place much stress on the sorrows of his childhood and the wickedness of his youth; but it is best to accept his testimony, as we do Bunyan's, with many grains of allowance. That he lost his mother at a very early age, that he cherished her memory with touching devotion, and that he was an unhappy little boy at boarding-school, we know and believe; but his life at Westminster seems to have been much like that of other lads, a fair proportion of pleasures and vexations, and the first years of his manhood were spent agreeably enough in London amid a very gay and cultivated society, which he certainly never shocked by any grave moral delinquency. He was simply an idle young barrister with a taste for writing graceful verses and no especial aptitude for the law. He fell in love with his cousin, Theodora Cowper, whose father, being of a practical turn of mind, declined to consent to the match; and he bore his share of disappointment on this occasion with a degree of equanimity that would suggest a fairly heart-whole condition. It was only when his patrimony began

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to grow ominously small that the necessity for some real work suggested itself to his mind; and, through the influence of his relatives, he was offered the clerkship of the journals of the House of Lords—a quiet and lucrative position, insuring a comfortable competence for life without demanding any great ability or labor. But unhappily some preparation was required, some opposition was encountered, some examination was unavoidable; and these trifling difficulties, barely sufficient to spur on a more eager candidate, were gall and wormwood to Cowper's sensitive, shrinking, unbusiness-like mind. A public exhibition of himself on any occasion was inexpressibly painful; and this exaggerated timidity, combined with a dread of failure, sufficed to throw him into a low nervous fever, and paved the way for the insanity which was to follow. For weeks he brooded over a trouble that only existed in his overwrought fancy, and then, unable any longer to endure the burden of his days, he hung himself to his bed-room door with his garter, "a broad piece of scarlet binding with a sliding buckle," which fortunately snapped in two after he had lost consciousness, and in scant time to save him from the open gates of death.

All thoughts of the clerkship were now abandoned—his kinsman, Major Cowper, to whom he owed the appointment, assured him he was not fit to hold it—and apparently there was nothing to prevent the poet from regaining once more his customary composure of mind. But no sooner had relief been granted in this direction than keener misery followed in another, and the restless soul, out of harmony with itself and with the world, fixed unerringly upon the one haunting fear from which there was no releasing it—a blind horror of the judgment, and a despairing certainty of its own eternal condemnation. Nor was there anything surprising in all this. "Great and terrible systems of divinity and philosophy lie around us," says Mr. Walter Bagehot, "which, if true, might drive a wise man mad; which read like professed exculpations of a contemplated insanity." Amid these formidable agencies he ranks Calvinism as the most destructive, and Cowper's life furnishes him with a painful illustration of his text. Yearning for some light in his darkness, the unhappy young barrister sent for an Evangelical clergyman, the Rev. Martin Madan, afterwards author of a rather questionable book on matrimony; and this divine, apparently without recognizing the mental condition of his new disciple, began at once to expound the Gospel to him as to a sane and able-bodied sinner. The doctrine of original sin comforted the poor

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invalid, as putting his case on a level with all others; the doctrine of the atonement brought to his eyes tears of mingled sorrow and joy. "My heart," he writes, "began to burn within me; my soul was pierced with a sense of my bitter ingratitude to so merciful a Saviour." But, alas! when it was explained to him that he must, as the saying is, experience religion; that he must not only believe in Christ, but be assured of his own personal salvation as wrought through the divine Mediator, Cowper's disturbed perceptions failed him in the effort. He could not be brought to realize this crowning mercy, could not feel confident of his own election to grace. The spiritual life, towards which he had stretched out hopeful arms, fled from him like a mocking shadow, and, with terror and despair eating out his heart, he drifted straight to madness and was soon within the walls of an asylum.

Here careful and rational treatment effected an apparent cure; and on his recovery he went to live at Huntingdon with Mrs. Unwin, a lady whose evangelical piety was happily tempered by strong sense and a lively disposition, and who added to her zeal for souls some very well-defined and practical views on the advantages of bodily comfort. Her friendship, at once watchful, affectionate, and discreet, and the soothing details of a quiet but not unintellectual country life, effected a healthy change in Cowper's mind. His letters at this time breathe a spirit of tranquil enjoyment, which was unbroken until the death of Mrs. Unwin obliged the family to seek another residence; and, with all England spread out before them, they selected for their future home the village of Olney, a dreary little hamlet on the river Ouse, equally destitute of pleasant society or of picturesque surroundings. One all-important circumstance apparently influenced their choice. In Olney lived, as curate to the absent rector, the famous John Newton, formerly captain of a Liverpool slave-ship, now the most active, zealous, and strenuous Low-Church clergyman in England.

Much has been said and much written concerning this man and the part he was destined to play in Cowper's subsequent life. Biographers like the Reverend Mr. Grimshawe naturally look upon such a friendship as the crowning blessing of the poet's earthly pilgrimage. "It was," he says, "the commerce of two kindred minds, united by a participation in the same blessed hope, and seeking to improve their union by seizing every opportunity of usefulness. . . . A friendship founded on such a basis, strengthened by time and opportunity, and nourished by

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the frequent interchange of good offices, is perhaps the nearest approximation to happiness attainable in this life." On the other hand, less enthusiastic moralists are apt to hint that the connection between this ill-assorted pair was sadly detrimental to the weaker vessel, and that Cowper was practically incapable of keeping abreast with his companion in the deep seas of religious speculation. One critic at least has ventured to speak simply and strongly on the folly of confronting the shrinking recluse with theories and duties for which he was especially unqualified. Mr. Newton's honest zeal for his church and true affection for his friend were, in Mr. Bagehot's opinion, painfully neutralized by the almost savage energy of his character. "He was one of those men who seem intended to make excellence disagreeable. He was a converting-engine. The whole of his enormous vigor of body, the whole steady intensity of a pushing, impelling, compelling, unoriginal mind, all the mental or corporeal exertion he could exact from the weak or elicit from the strong, were devoted to one sole purpose—the effectual impact of the Calvinistic tenets on the parishioners of Olney." *

That he was eminently successful cannot be denied. The heavy, unexcitable English rustic, who is not prone to take his religion any harder than need be, was driven by the curate's sermons from his accustomed nook in the ale-house; the vain and shallow village girl was stopped on the road to ruin; the thief was fairly frightened back into honesty. But the result on more sensitive organizations is perhaps sufficiently illustrated by a passage from one of Mr. Newton's own letters. "I believe," he writes, "my name is up about the country for preaching people mad; for whether it is from the sedentary lives people lead here, poring over their lace pillows for ten or twelve hours every day, and breathing confined air in their crowded little rooms, or whatever may be the immediate cause, I suppose we have near a dozen in different degrees disordered in their heads, and most of them, I believe, truly gracious people." But the lace-workers of Ireland and Belgium do not grow "disordered in their heads." They drift into consumption, poor things, or slowly starve to death, according to the strength of their constitutions and the time it takes to kill them; but they are spared at least the crowning misery of spiritual terrors and delusions.

It may be easily surmised that a clergyman with any aptitude for "preaching people mad" was a dangerous friend for Cowper, whose sole chance for health and reason lay in the distrac-

* *Literary Studies*, vol. i.

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tion of his mind from all morbid speculations, and in keeping it reasonably occupied with those little, pleasant, every-day cares and amusements concerning which the poet in his brighter moments felt a serene and rational interest. He was safe in the companionship of his hares, his spaniel, and his few daily associates; in his long walks with Mrs. Unwin and his mild flirtations with Lady Austen; in his innocent diversions and his tranquil benevolence; but he was the last man in the world who should have been put to attending prayer-meetings, or composing hymns, or wrestling with those religious problems which had only served to sadden and confuse him. Mr. Newton thought otherwise. He was sincerely anxious that his friend should experience grace and be an active instrument in the conversion of others, and for a time his efforts seemed crowned with a singular success. In the glow of returning health Cowper's whole soul expanded into a brief, glorified, celestial happiness; fear was forgotten, the world brightened, and heaven lay stretched before him. Then came the reaction, and from an assurance of salvation based on his personal emotions the poet fell back into an unreasonable despondency born of his disordered intelligence and nourished by the same unhealthy spirit of self-scrutiny. "Dost thou think always to have spiritual consolations when thou pleasest?" asks A Kempis warningly. "The saints had not so; but they met with many troubles, and various temptations, and great desolations."

Here, then, was a safer adviser than Mr. Newton, one who recognized man's limitations, and who knew all about that heaviness of soul which stifles every new-born hope. "Some, wanting caution, have ruined themselves by reason of the grace of devotion; because they were for doing more than they could, not weighing well the measure of their own littleness, but following rather the affection of the heart than the judgment of reason." The sane and tranquil monastery life rises before us as we read. Is Brother Boniface unduly troubled in his mind? Then let him pray more humbly and work harder—good wholesome work amid the vineyards or under the olive-trees. An hour's steady digging, with the sun on his back and the brown earth smelling sweetly at his feet, will serve wonderfully to clear his brain from overscrupulous anxieties. Or, if his fingers be of the more dexterous order, there is the Gospel of St. John waiting to be illuminated with all the rare and delicate tracery his fancy can command. This is the task he loves and can do well, and for him this is the right and healthy occupation, in which, by God's grace, he shall

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regain his lost tranquillity. So, when Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austen spurred Cowper on to writing poetry, they were benefiting their friend as well as the world of readers; for as long as he was busy at some congenial work he fought off successfully the demon of despair. The wholesome out-door life brought renewed strength and vigor to him also; and in his numerous letters we see displayed that happy minuteness of mind which enabled him to take a lively pleasure in the most trifling concerns of an uneventful household, as well as that rare descriptive talent by which such concerns were made amusing to all who heard of them. Many years have passed since these long, leisurely letters went their way to the poet's various correspondents, and still we read with delight about the unfortunate table which had been scrubbed into paralysis, the retinue of kittens in the barn, the foolish old cat who must needs investigate a viper crawling in the sun, and the favorite tabby who ungratefully ran away into a ditch and cost the family four shillings before she was recovered. Again we see the bustling candidate kissing all the maids; the hungry beggar handing back the bowl of vermicelli soup because he could not eat maggots; and the youthful thief, who had stolen some iron-work from Griggs the butcher, whipped through the town as a salutary lesson in honesty. This last incident is comic rather than tragic in its bearings; for the beadle, having a heart of compassion within him, flogged the culprit so lightly that the constable, indignant at such a mockery of justice, undertook then and there to cane the beadle, and was in turn soundly slapped by a stout country wench who had come to see the sight and who speedily found herself mistress of the field. The whole scene is more like the shifting of a pantomime than a judicial procedure, and Southey may well have called Cowper the best of letter-writers. But, as we read, we are still haunted by that one perplexing question, Why should this man have gone mad, when the Fates had kindly granted him an especial capacity for enjoying the very things that help to keep the wisest of us sane?

If we turn from the correspondence to the poems, we see on every side the same delicious portrayal of every-day humors and adventures. As a hymn-writer Cowper shows grace and fervor, but no marked excellence; as a preacher he is still further from success; as a satirist he fails most miserably; but as a fireside poet surely he is unsurpassed. Critics have likened him to Wordsworth for his love of nature, and to Pope for his quick insight into character, and to Crabbe for his powers of realistic

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description. But Wordsworth studied nature to the exclusion of man, and Pope studied man to the exclusion of nature, and Crabbe's realism is almost always of a painful order. The writer whom Cowper truly resembles is Miss Mitford, and some of his happiest efforts read like pages from *Our Village* told in verse. He has the same cheerful enjoyment of petty details, the same close observation of all that is going on around, the same unaffected love of nature as a background for man, the same accurate perceptions and total lack of imagination. To him, as to Miss Mitford, even winter wears a joyous front, filling

> "His wither'd hand
> With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own";

while summer is a season of unalloyed enjoyment. His religion, too, has its untroubled side, expanding happily amid familiar scenes, and recognizing in the beauty and fitness of the universe the loving hand of God. Even when depressed there is no trace of bitterness in his sorrow. He tries to rail at the folly and wickedness of the world, but the subject is an unwelcome one; and—Mr. Newton to the contrary—he is plainly not quite sure that the world is so desperately foolish and wicked, after all. With him old prejudices gave way rapidly before new convictions. He erased from "The Task" some invidious lines about the Catholic Church when he had learned to know and love two Catholics, Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton, and had discovered satisfactorily that they were neither hoofed nor horned. This penetrability of mind, combined with a gentleness of disposition, unfitted him sadly for the duties of censor, which must be exercised *con amore* or not at all. He who starts out to lecture mankind—and there is no lack of aspirants in the field—should never permit himself to swerve from one undeviating line of acrid and unqualified disapprobation.

But if we would really enjoy Cowper it is best to turn aside from "man's obligations infinite," which in truth he handles rather heavily, and from his views on Chesterfield, and his somewhat misplaced sympathy for kings, who, taking them as a whole, lead exceedingly comfortable lives. Let us read instead about his winter walks and cozy winter evenings, about his spaniel Beau, and Mrs. Throckmorton's bullfinch, and the hares, Tiney and Puss, who were his companions for years, and whose memory he has enshrined in verses which used to be, and ought still to be, familiar to every child. The poet's love for birds and animals manifested itself in the truly delightful manner in which he

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wrote about them. We feel that we know Beau just as we know Miss Mitford's Mayflower, that most affectionate, merry, and self-willed of little dogs; and even Walpole's "handsome cat," whose tragic fate has been immortalized by Gray, is not more sadly dear to us than Cowper's meditative tabby, who, seeking a luxurious nap within the recesses of his linen-drawer, was shut up therein and very nearly starved to death by a too orderly servant-maid. We can see this dignified animal before us now:

"A poet's cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
And much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick—
Nature herself perhaps had cast her
In such a mould philosophique,
Or else she learned it of her master."

There is something quite delicious in the complacency with which Puss surveys the open drawer, and the serene self-satisfaction with which she finds herself, on awakening from her first doze, a prisoner in the dark. This, she considers, is merely a polite attention on the part of the maid to insure her tranquil slumber, and as soon as supper is ready

"No doubt
Susan will come and let me out."

But supper-time and bed-time bring no deliverance. A long night is followed by a still longer day, and none know where to seek the missing favorite. Happily the poet, keeping vigil on the second midnight, hears, to his great alarm, a faint, dispirited scratching, and hastens to the rescue. After looking in all the wrong places first, the drawer at length is opened:

"Forth skipped the cat, not now replete,
As erst, with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention;
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest
Anything rather than a chest."

It is possible that Cowper was not without a lingering suspicion that these trifling verses were beneath the dignity of a seri-

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ous poet, for we find him putting a dexterous reproof to this effect into the mouth of his own spaniel, whom he has had occasion to admonish for the cruel killing of a little bird:

> "My dog! what remedy remains?
> Since, teach you all I can,
> I see you, after all my pains,
> So much resemble man,"

asks the poet sadly; and Beau, making the best of a very bad case, and pleading what excuses he can find in his own doggish nature, winds up with an unexpected counter-thrust:

> "If killing birds be such a crime
> (Which I can hardly see),
> What think you, sir, of killing time
> With verse addressed to me?"

The number of familiar quotations gleaned from Cowper's poems is surprising even to those readers who know how many of his thoughts have been filtered down into our daily speech. Seen amid their proper surroundings, they have a certain well-worn charm, and greet us like the homely faces of old friends. Even the

> "Cups
> That cheer but not inebriate"

assume a less hackneyed guise when circling comfortably around the "hissing urn" on the poet's modest tea-table; and the lines that follow express to perfection that sense of lazy security which is the true pleasure of a winter night at home. We can only thoroughly enjoy it by contrasting it with the laborious amusements of more energetic people:

> "Not such his evening who with shining face
> Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
> And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
> Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage.
> Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
> And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
> Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
> Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles."

And then, a little further on, comes that really beautiful invocation to the twilight which proves that Cowper could occasionally rise to heights of ideal description apparently beyond the grasp of his modest and earth-abiding muse. There are no more

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graceful lines to be found among all his verses than those beginning—

> "Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
> Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
> With matron step slow moving, while the Night
> Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
> In letting fall the curtain of repose
> On bird and beast, the other charged for man
> With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
> Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,
> Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems."

When we have turned from this scene of drowsy and tranquil loveliness to the trenchant denunciations of the slave-trade with which "The Timepiece" opens, we have known Cowper in his best and strongest moods. Slavery unfortunately is not a subject which lends itself with much grace to poetical treatment, perhaps because poets are more prone to deal with its exaggerated horrors and abuses than with the real, underlying, irreconcilable wrong, which is precisely the same when there are no abuses at all. Cowper, indeed, is not always more fortunate than his brothers. Such verses as "The Morning Dream" and "The Negro's Complaint" read like the most spasmodic utterances of our own New England lyrists, who, in the heat of an unhappy strife, neglected their natural inspirations to write well-meant but indifferent stanzas about rice-swamps, and African chiefs, and other subjects with which they and their readers were equally unfamiliar. But in the one strong and sane appeal with which Cowper really stirs our hearts he has no need of metaphors or dismal illustrations. It is a plea for the eternal principles of justice, uttered with that firm moderation which commands respect, and untainted by the politician's rancor or the professional agitator's hysterical and noisy wrath.

The closing years of the poet's life are inexpressibly painful to contemplate. He had rallied successfully from repeated attacks of despondency, and had devoted his happier hours to congenial literary pursuits. His fame was firmly established, and, in the poetical dearth of that period, had reached a portentous magnitude; for those were days when the ever-increasing army of bards had not yet begun to jostle each other for elbow-room. Cowper's numerous translations and the great bulk of his correspondence bear witness, with his original poems, to the temperate industry which filled each quiet day. But towards the end his modest path was destined to be shadowed once more by heavy clouds of misfortune. Mrs. Unwin's failing health and

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reason unfitted her to cheer his gloom, a constitutional melancholy deepened rapidly into despair, and he, whose life had been so innocent and beneficial, suffered untold agony from the cruel conviction of eternal ruin. No word of comfort, no ray of hope brightened his last sad days; but, when he had passed quietly away, his friends rejoiced that at length the veil was lifted, and remembered what he himself had written in the depths of an unrebellious sorrow: "There is a mystery in my destruction, and in time it shall be explained."

AGNES REPPLIER.

DOMINE, NON SUM DIGNUS.

I WOULD that I might stand, by guiltiness unstained,
Within the sacred temple of the Lord,
And, lifting up my voice in happiness unfeigned,
Could chant his glories in one mighty chord;
But this is not to be,
Such grace is not for me,
For I am most unworthy, O my God!

I would that I could show the beauty of his word
To some whose souls are in the outer cold,
Who, if by grace their hearts might once perchance be stirred,
Would turn for shelter to the Master's fold;
But this it may not be,
Such grace is not for me,
For I am most unworthy, O my God!

I would that I could walk erect before thy face,
Without reproach, and scandalizing not;
And that my daily life might show thy holy grace—
I would, O Lord, that this might be my lot;
For this I pray to thee,
A clean heart give thou me,
For I am most unworthy, O my God!

WILLIAM J. DUGGETT.

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TORNADOES.

THE tornado is entirely local in character, of restricted area and ephemeral life. It is preceded by a sultry, oppressive state of the atmosphere which lasts an hour or two, during which breathing becomes difficult and the lightest garments seem a burden. An ominous stillness pervades the air, and when the breeze stirs it is in gusts like puffs from a heated furnace. Clouds, of shapes and colors so fantastic and unusual that their unlikeness to the ordinary cloud-formations is immediately observed, begin to gather in the northwest and southwest. Sometimes they resemble smoke from a burning building or straw-stack; at others they glow with a pale whitish light which seems to emanate from their broken surfaces; again they are strangely livid, their iridescence ranging through purple and blue to dark green or an inky blackness.

Then comes that invariable herald of the tornado, a weird and ominous noise resembling the distant roar of a freight-train crossing a bridge. The threatening clouds suddenly dash together from different directions, the dreadful funnel being the resultant of the fierce encounter. This funnel has many varieties, as the "balloon," "basket," "egg," "elephant's trunk," "hour-glass," and so on. The tornado always has its birth in the upper air, but when the small end of this funnel, which is its first visible manifestation, touches the earth, the havoc begins. If the meteor is of the first order no work of man coming within its whirl or vortex can withstand its fury. The force of destruction increases rapidly from the circumference to the centre of the revolving cone. A tornado passes a given point at an average of forty-five seconds. Its visits may be looked for at any hour in the afternoon between two and six, but it comes most often from four o'clock until half-past five.

The tornado records of many years show that the region of greatest average frequency per annum embraces Georgia, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Ohio, and Illinois. Thus, in 1884, which may be regarded as a fairly typical tornado year, there were 182 of all kinds, great and small, in the United States. Of these 38 occurred in Georgia, 12 in Kansas, 10 in Iowa, 3 in Missouri, 3 in Ohio. The others were distributed throughout the whole country. The native heath of this destroyer may perhaps be

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said to be Iowa, Missouri (excepting its southeastern portion), Northwestern Arkansas, the eastern parts of Kansas and Nebraska, and the southern portions of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and Western Illinois. In this region its season lasts from the first of April to the first of September; July, however, being distinguished by its most frequent visits. Its ravages in Georgia, South Carolina, Central Alabama, and parts of North Carolina and Mississippi take place in January, February, and March; while Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut are seldom afflicted by this scourge except in August and September.

The tornado is occasioned by a sudden and terrific change of temperature between neighboring portions of the atmosphere. Warm air is light and cool air is heavy. When cool air is in the vicinity of warm air, the cool air, being the heavier, rushes into the warm spaces to preserve atmospheric equilibrium. The most favorable region to tornado-growth, therefore, is one where cold currents of air are likely to encounter warm currents; and if there is on the planet an ideal arena for such conflicts it is the Mississippi Valley. During the warm months cold-air waves move down from the north and northwest, those which float above the great lakes absorbing in their passage moisture and heat by which their dryness and cold are neutralized, and those passing over the arid wastes of Manitoba and Dakota retaining them until they encounter the hot, saturated breezes blowing up from the Gulf. Where these antagonistic currents meet there is a furious elemental strife. The tornado is strictly local within the path of the general storm or wave.

In 1884 the Signal Service Corps began to study the conduct of these waves, particularly within the tornado area, and with marked success. Through their investigations it is found that the progressive movement of the tornado is ordinarily from southwest to northeast, that the direction of the whirl is almost invariably from right to left, and that its average progress is forty-two miles an hour. The tornado is governed by four distinct motions. The first is the destructive whirl or revolving motion, which sucks objects from below into the vortex, and carries them spirally upward with such appalling force as to grind everything to pieces. The action of this force on the materials within its compass is similar to that of an enormous suction-pump borne along a short distance above the ground. The second is the proper or progressive motion of the tornado. The third is a rising and falling motion. Sometimes the cloud

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is high up in the air, and again it skims over the tops of trees and the roofs of houses, lopping off limbs and chimneys as cleanly as if done by a keen-edged scythe. The fourth is a zigzag motion along the earth's surface. This is caused by the irregularity of the rushing air-currents. Owing to these motions the tornado performs some fantastic freaks. The most solid structures are sometimes torn to shreds, while a few feet above, below, or apart from them the frailest objects stand unscathed.

The only perceptible change in the later visits of the tornado, as contrasted with its earlier ones, is the great reduction in the sacrifice of human life. To illustrate this I will cite some records of its ravages at different times and places.

The Mississippi tornado of April, 1883, was one of the most appalling that ever visited the South. It swept the village of Hohenlinden, Miss., completely out of existence, and, passing through the town of Beauregard, killed and wounded 200 out of a population of 400, and entirely demolished its 111 houses. A town of Choctaw County, Miss.—French Camp—was annihilated. House-timbers were carried miles by the force of the wind. A family named Simmons, consisting of three persons, were blown away. Two of their bodies were afterwards found several miles from where the house stood. Numbers of persons were swept away of whom no vestige was ever traced.

The St. Cloud, Minn., tornado of April, 1886, filled the whole State with consternation. Four hundred houses were levelled to the ground. Remnants of the wrecked buildings were found twenty miles away, while portions of pianos and organs were picked up fifteen miles from the city. The sides of many of the buildings were pierced with heavy splinters, which protruded like huge pegs. In the walls of other buildings holes were noticeable that seemed to have been made by cannon-balls. A box-car was picked up from a track and blown three blocks, and dropped into a ravine. The loss of life was truly appalling.

At Prescott, Kansas, in the evening of the 21st of April last, a tornado which displayed immense force began its work of destruction about six o'clock. For a distance of twenty-two miles from Prescott not a single house in a thickly-settled neighborhood withstood the storm. A solidly-built stone residence belonging to Samuel Coles was razed to the ground. The breadth of the whirl was about three hundred yards. A feature of this tornado was the unusual size of the hail-stones that fell in parts of its path. Many of them weighed five ounces, and some measured nine inches in circumference. They crashed through

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the roofs of dwellings and barns, leaving holes through which a man's arm would pass with ease. Macon Bouse's barn, in Metz Township, Missouri, near the path of the tornado, was pierced with twenty-five hail-stones the size of goose-eggs, which, going through the barn, embedded themselves in the ground to a depth of three inches. This tornado divided into two parts near Rich Hill, Missouri. For some time it did not touch the earth, being high in the air. The funnel-shaped cloud could be seen approaching Prescott for fully fifteen minutes before it struck the town. Hundreds of people were saved in dug-outs; otherwise the loss of life would have been fearful. One whole county of Missouri was strewn with the wrecks of buildings, dead cows, hogs, horses, and poultry, bedding and wearing apparel. At Miami, in Kansas, a large new house was taken up by the wind and carried into Missouri, a distance of five miles, where it was found only slightly damaged. A shot-gun was carried three hundred yards. The muzzle struck the ground and buried the barrel, leaving the stock standing upright. The hedges were left bare and white, the thorns and bark being stripped entirely off by whipping together. This was the third tornado which passed over the same course within a few years. Its force surpassed that of its predecessors, and yet the loss of life was comparatively very small, owing to the greater number of dug-outs or tornado-caves. The feathers were blown off of chickens, and their dead bodies, with the skin flayed off, were no unusual sight. Charles Mays was lying in bed helpless and suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. The wind lifted off the upper part of his house on a level with the bed in which he was lying, and blew it away, leaving him unhurt. Among the great feats performed by the force of the wind was the moving of a foundation-stone from Jake Boyer's house; it weighed fully three hundred pounds and was carried a distance of forty feet.

The agency of destruction in the tornado is mechanical. It is not necessary to call in electricity to account for it. The force of the motion of the wind, which has been determined by experiment, is sufficient to accomplish every authenticated result.

A velocity of 20 miles an hour exerts a pressure of 2 lbs. on the square foot, and there is a fixed relationship between the velocity and the pressure. The pressure is proportional to the square of the velocity, so that a velocity of 80 miles an hour $= 2$ lbs. $\times (4)^2 = 32$ lbs. on the square foot.

The Signal Service, the highest authority on this subject, says that the motion of the wind in the whirl reaches a velocity of

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2,000 miles an hour. Wind moving 2,000 miles an hour presses 2 lbs. $\times$ $(100)^2 = 20{,}000$ lbs. on the square foot, or more than nine atmospheres, and is clearly adequate to produce all the effects witnessed in tornadoes. Electricity is present in the tornado, as it is in every atmospheric disturbance, produced by friction and the unequal distribution of heat in the different strata of the air. But it is no factor in the great destruction. It is said that electric convection is plainly discernible in the drawing-up of light bodies into the clouds, similarly to the action of an electric machine in attracting pith-balls. It is pointed out, for example, that light bodies are carried up a chimney during a tornado. But the wind can do this. When a building comes within the vortex of a tornado, the whirl produces a partial vacuum on the outside of the building, and the air within, expanding, hurls loose objects through the windows and chimneys. The advocates of the electric agency in tornadoes assert that all the damage is produced by the action of convection. But the action of convection is usually at small distances, as in the electrodes of an electric lamp, where the particles of carbon are carried over from the positive to the negative point. But the action between a cloud and the earth is not convection; it is induction. The earth neutralizes the cloud, or the cloud the earth, by a flash. The usual conduct of atmospheric electricity is not to carry stones and houses around for blocks in towns, and miles in the country, but to dart by the nearest possible path to the great electric reservoir within the earth.

The Signal Service, after years of study, has reached the conclusion that tornadoes are not increasing in either force or frequency. In the near future it will be able to predict their arrival about sixteen hours in advance. The percentage of verification has already reached fifty-five. It proposes to give cautionary signals of their approach along their customary paths. Meanwhile it should be remembered that while the average track of a tornado is thirty-six miles in length, it is never more than a few hundred yards in width, and that its scope is thus comparatively circumscribed. They very rarely occur twice in precisely the same locality. Now and again intending purchasers of farms have applied to the Signal Service for information concerning the likelihood of tornadoes in the regions where they contemplate settlement. But, strange as it may seem, the dread of them seems to have no perceptible effect on immigration.

MARTIN S. BRENNAN.

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SILLY CATHERINE.

A NEAT, trim little figure she was; Irish, but with a faint hint at Spanish origin in her face and person—and *pour cause*, as the French would say; for she was a native of Galway, the "ould, ancient Galway," where the merchants were Spanish princes once, and where, in its dilapidated gates and stairways, there are still to be seen vestiges of that grand Moorish architecture which in its palmy days filled the world with wonder. But Catherine did not pride herself on her origin, Irish or Spanish; indeed, she did not pride herself on anything, she was such an humble, meek little body—a little more than a chambermaid in the ranks of menial service, and a little less than a lady's companion, although it was rather in this latter capacity that she was employed in the Landmore household, for she was the especial attendant of its young heiress, Miss Susie.

The Landmores were people of wealth and known to give a certain *ton* in society. Mr. Landmore was a banker and successful turf-hunter, and his wife a *grande dame* and *belle femme*, which is said to comprise every attribute of female attractiveness—beauty, grace, dignity, refinement.

Catherine came upon the scene when it was thought necessary to provide an escort for the young lady, her mother being too much engaged by her social duties to accompany her in her walks.

"We want a person young enough not to be too set in her ways, old enough to act as chaperon, reasonable enough to fall back into her place when such service is not needed," said Mrs. Landmore when the subject was discussed; and as just then such a one was to be had by applying in time to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Swinsor, in whose family the girl had been employed and had given warning, the *bella madre* went forthwith in quest of information.

"I don't know what you will think of the *duenna* I have secured for you, Sue," she said to her daughter when she returned; "but I actually engaged her on the testimonial 'silly.' 'She is silly,' says Aunt Laura."

"But they have always so praised her hair-dressing! She was such a good seamstress, waitress—" remarked Miss Landmore.

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"Yes, she is all that, says Aunt Laura, yet she is 'silly.'"

Miss Landmore was, as already stated, an only daughter, which would naturally imply that she was much indulged. Fortunately her caprices ran in a direction where indulgence was not likely to do any harm. She was born musical. The world, to her, was a vast orchestra where she hoped one day to fill a place, and all she asked of it was sweet sounds—harmony, melody. She had already attained considerable proficiency as a pianist. "No telling what Miss Sue may not achieve in the art after a couple of years' Conservatoire in Paris," her music-teacher had said to her father; and Mr. Landmore was consequently very proud of his daughter.

The new duenna-maid in the meantime seemed to quite fit the place, and there passed a number of days before she gave any evidence of silliness. One day, however, Miss Landmore was struck by the fact that Catherine always called her Miss Susan.

"Why don't you call me Susie?" she said, correcting her. "My name is not Susan."

Catherine colored. "I don't think 'tis nice—to—distort names," she replied, hesitating. "I never could call Miss Margaret, your cousin, Madge or Maggie, as every one else does. Seems a pity to spoil so beautiful a name!"

Susie looked amused. "How queer! You think that Susan sounds better?" she said.

"Well, not only sounds, miss, but I think that—that—Surely there never was a saint called Sue or Susie."

The young mistress said nothing more, but, relating the case to her mother afterward, "Do you think it is this sort of thing Aunt Laura calls silly?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Landmore, half-puzzled, half-annoyed; "but for my part I should call it impertinent. What business has a domestic to question her masters' preferences for names?"

"Oh! I don't think she means impertinence, mamma," rejoined Susie. "It's just a piece of—oddity. And really, when you look at it, there's something—what would you call it?—trivial, perhaps, in Sue or Susie."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh! well, provided she doesn't call me Susannah!"

Miss Landmore was naturally of a sedate disposition, but, like her father, she was quick in seeing the comic side of things, and took pleasure in pointing it out.

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The new girl's oddity, however, was not confined to preferences for names. It betrayed itself soon again in another direction.

One morning, as she was dusting the knick-knacks on the *étagère* in the drawing-room, Susie, who was sorting music, observed a rather curious expression in her countenance, and, being in the mood to try conclusions with her, said:

"Pretty, aren't they, Catherine?"

"Well, miss, perhaps they are; but they look to me more like doll-baby things. I suppose you played with them when a child, and keep them now for—"

"Goodness, no! What an idea! I guess my mother didn't indulge me that way! Why, Catherine, these tiny cups and saucers are rare and costly things—Sèvres porcelain. Toys, indeed! But I suppose the drawing-rooms in Ireland have not much ornamentation."

"No, miss, not much—of this kind. Lady Clifden O'Mar, in whose family I was trained, had but very few ornaments in her drawing-room, and those were very big; except, however, the pretty statuettes on the mantel, which, she explained to me, were exact representations of the grand antiques that were discovered at Tanagra. It would seem that the ancients were clever people. Of course I know nothing about these things—they call it sculpture, I believe—but I gather that much: that, small as they were, they represented things worth knowing about and—loving, perhaps."

Whether this was a specimen of silliness or not Susie just then could not quite make out. It struck her, however, that ornaments might, like people, have a character; and the precious little cups and saucers on the *étagère*, fit only to grace a doll-baby house, had none.

She placed them quietly in a less conspicuous place.

Catherine occupied all by herself a small garret-chamber away from the two other servants of the household. Susie, curious to know wherein that critical maid's particular taste manifested itself, paid her a visit one evening.

She found her amidst a lot of bits of silk, engaged in patchwork.

"Laws, Miss Susan!" And the best chair was at once brought forward, and the young mistress invited to take a seat.

"What! a quilt?" asked Susie, looking at the various squares ready to be sewed together.

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"Yes, miss. Your aunt gave me a whole heap of dress-remnants, and old ribbons and cravats; and 'tis such nice work!"

Susie examined the sewing. "Very neat," she said approvingly; "and you have quite an eye for color, Catherine. You have kept your purples and blues far apart."

"Yes, miss, and the raw reds and greens; they look harsh together."

Truly, here was taste.

"And whose bed is this intended for?" asked Miss Landmore.

The girl's eyes shot across the room towards a picture hanging on the wall. "My brother's, miss. He is studying for the priesthood, and when he be ready and has a church I hope to join him—go back to Ireland, and, God willing, we shall be together again."

Surely this was no inordinate ambition.

Catherine then gave her young mistress a bit of her past history. Her grandparents had owned some property, which, for some unaccountable reason, they lost. Her parents had died young. A maiden aunt, having something of her own, interested herself in the orphans and placed the boy in school, and the girl, scarcely ten years old, in the service of Lady Clifden O'Mar, who, being something of an invalid, needed a deft little body to wait upon her and run on errands. Catherine was happy in the lordly home, and won the affection of her masters, who partly educated her, admitting her to some of their children's private schooling. When grown up and able to earn wages her aunt persuaded her to go to America, the better to help her brother to complete his clerical studies.

Truly commendable, thought Susie, and she wondered what her aunt could have possibly meant by calling the girl silly. She began to understand it before long.

The Swinsors belonged to the same caste in society as the Landmores. They were people of the world, with this difference, however, that whilst the first gave themselves wholly up to pleasure for pleasure's sake, the second contrived to turn it into a source of self-improvement. Mrs. Swinsor and her three daughters lived to dress; Mrs. Landmore rather dressed to live. There was about the same difference between their husbands. Mr. Swinsor, a daring speculator, consulted nobody's wishes but his own. The affluence in which his family lived flattered his pride and stood him in lieu of principle. Mr. Landmore, with all his passion for horses and devotion to the turf, was a family man, fond of wife and daughter. The relations between the

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two households were therefore of a purely outward character. Susie especially kept aloof from her cousins; they had very little in common with each other.

"I think we have discovered your objections to Catherine," said Mrs. Landmore to her sister-in-law one morning as the latter had dropped in for a chat and the two ladies began rehearsing family affairs. "She is an odd creature, to be sure, but then Sue and I don't mind that."

"Nor do I," replied Mrs. Swinsor; "but she would go, and I had to let her. I miss her dreadfully, for the French girl I got in her stead doesn't do half as well, although in other respects she is more tractable."

"Tractable?"

"Why, yes! You ought to understand me, knowing your brother and his comical ways with women. It's all in jest, to be sure; but with people that are *tout d'une pièce*, as the French say, who have no moral flexibility, the least little liberty—"

"I should not call a girl 'silly,' though, for objecting to such liberties, as you call them," broke in Mrs. Landmore reprovingly.

"Pooh! Fred means no harm, you know. Men differ. One wastes his ammunition on one sort of beauty, another on another. I shouldn't wonder if, in the long run, your Henry's prodigality in this respect beat Fred's. The worst is that I am generally the victim of such *fredaines*."

Mrs. Landmore certainly did not sympathize with her sister-in-law in such matters. She was herself scrupulously careful in her social relations to avoid anything bordering on improper conduct, and her brother's looseness of morals had more than once called forth her indignation. The discovery that Catherine had forfeited her place on his account naturally raised the girl in her estimation; she was thereby all the more a proper chaperon for her daughter.

The world, however, is always somewhat jealous of the movements of its devotees when not in unison with its own.

"To give Susie an ignorant Irish girl for companion!" said some. "What can the Landmores be thinking about?"

"To meet them together on the street you might almost take them for friends, so familiarly do they chat together," remarked others.

No doubt there was cause for surprise, for the young lady made no secret of her preferring the company of her maid to that of some of her equals in society. Catherine, it is true, knew nothing about music, and could not converse on the subject with

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her young mistress; but the young musician had discovered that ignorance was sometimes blessed with a wisdom which knowledge often lacked and which more than took the place of science. Catherine could tell her, for instance, how some pieces of music affected her more than others, and why. Molière had good reason for turning to his cook to try the effect of some of his plays; and the Greek painter who exposed his pictures in the public square, and hid behind to profit by the observations of the passers-by, must have likewise known how to appreciate the judgment of the simple in mind. Catherine, besides, only spoke of what she knew from experience; and if sometimes she remarked on certain buildings they chanced to pass, it was always with a modest reserve—the heart's verdict, not the mind's. Susie came gradually to the conclusion that instincts springing from certain sources, pure and undefiled, might in some instances be relied on as correct.

One day, as they were taking their customary walk, the young mistress detected a look of uneasiness on the usually serene countenance of her attendant.

"What is it troubles you, Catherine?" she asked.

The girl made no direct reply, but said instead:

"Would you mind stepping into St. Stephen's a moment, Miss Susan?—just long enough for me to say a prayer."

Susie did not object. When they came to the church they entered. It was deserted, one solitary light only burning on the altar. The mistress took a seat in one of the pews, and the maid knelt down beside her and was soon absorbed in her devotions. How still! Peace palpable! Susie did not ask herself why, nor cared to know. It was pleasant, and she abandoned herself to the soothing influence. When at last Catherine rose from her knees, and they left the church and re-entered the sunlit street, she noticed that the troubled look in the girl's face was gone.

"Have you had any news from Ireland?" she asked, as they resumed their walk.

"Yes, miss, and they made me uneasy about my brother. His mind seems unsettled; he talks about studying law now. He can't; we haven't the means. But I prayed. It will all come out right yet, I know."

Susie was not particularly interested in religious questions. She was, like her mother, a member of the Episcopal Church—a fair-day member; for Mrs. Landmore, whilst she scrupled to deprive her coachman of his Sunday, did not exactly consider it

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necessary to brave the elements to satisfy the soul's wants, at best lukewarm desires in her case. "For," said she, "it stands to reason that people should go to the Lord's house in their best and show proper respect; but when the weather is bad, that best becomes worst and is no longer *en règle*. And then the atmosphere in church on a rainy day! Distressing! It tells on the spirits of the congregation, on those of the pastor, on the very sexton!" The theology of Rev. Arthur Verstle, the rector and friend of the family, did not, moreover, stir Susie one way or another; it was most equable and broad, its yoke one of the easiest. The gentleman was a thoroughly well-informed ecclesiastic, who with infinite tact had succeeded in gathering around him a rich and sympathetic congregation. Catherine's earnestness, and the tone of conviction in which she alluded to the prayer she had offered up in behalf of her brother, made an impression on the young mistress. It was the first time she was made aware of reality in religion.

"I shall go with you to the cathedral some Sunday," she said, "to hear the music."

"Do, Miss Susan, do! We must go to second Mass, then, and start early, for the cathedral is always crowded."

"Crowded!" That was more than she could say for her church, thought Susie; but she kept it to herself.

When they came home they heard loud talking in the drawing-room—gentlemen's voices, amidst which Mrs. Landmore's lighter treble was scarcely audible. But the notes were joyous, the subject-matter apparently cheering. The young girls passed through the hall up-stairs and just caught an inkling of what the theme of the conversation might be by such isolated ejaculations as: "Viola! A name as harmonious as her limbs! The pride of the Derby! Guess I'll soon now show our turfmen here what a real racer is made of!"

"Papa is in his element," said Susie. "He has got at last, I suppose, what he so long coveted—the English Viola."

And so it was. For weeks the sole topic of talk, in and out of the house, was the horse—Buffon's horse, the noblest of all quadrupeds! And Susie took a good deal of pleasure in teasing her father: "You think you possess a treasure? *Nenni!* the treasure possesses you." And again: "Do you love me, papa? How much? If the house was on fire, where would you run first—to mamma's room and mine, or to the stables?"

"Hush, hush! Don't tempt me into false swearing."

"What will you do with all the superfluous money Viola will

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bring you next June? Send me to Paris, to the Conservatoire? Make a musical breadwinner of me?"

"That I will, Puss, and you may take my word for it."

In the meantime everybody was happy.

As purposed, Susie went with Catherine to the cathedral to hear the music, and, having heard it once, went to hear it a second time. From what we have already said the reader will easily gather that the Landmore Sundays were scarcely church-days. The head of the house had his own notions concerning rest. It meant recreation, change of thought and occupation.

"There is nothing does me more good, after a week's hard work at the bank," he would say, "than to turn the key on finance and take a plunge into the open air—*prendre la clef des champs*, as they do in France."

Mr. Landmore's devotions consisted, therefore, in a jolly drive in the Park, and an extra-fine dinner shared with congenial friends in the evening. The Landmore dinners, moreover, were noted for their delicacy, and the friends consequently never failed.

It was the first Sunday of May. The month had opened superbly, and, if the churches were not all crowded with glad worshippers, the parks and general thoroughfares certainly showed what estimation spring was held in by the people at large. Everybody was out revelling in the sunshine and budding trees. A goodly company had gathered around the banker's table—men convinced that enjoyment was the end of life, and procuring the means for it the only wisdom.

"You should have been along with me, though, this morning," said Mrs. Landmore, addressing both husband and guests. "Such a discourse Mr. Verstle gave us! How he showed up pharisaism and what it is!"

The company smiled. To the *habitués* of the Landmore table succulent dinners provided by the hostess were one thing, and her opinions, especially theological, another. Yet would it have been impossible to refuse attention to ideas set forth by so lovely a *maîtresse de maison*.

Mrs. Landmore was in one of her radiant moments when eyes and complexion show their best.

"Sermon, Mrs. Landmore? On what?" asked one.

"I am ready to stake a ten-dollar note on your having forgotten the text," said the host jocosely, looking across at his wife.

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"Oh! the text. The text doesn't signify. It serves at best as figure-head. It is to form and substance we look in a sermon. Now, the substance of Mr. Verstle's sermon this morning was conscience. I declare I never heard such advanced views expressed on this subject before."

"For instance?" observed her husband.

"For instance," continued Mrs. Landmore, "he showed how conscience might in some respects run counter to the true spirit of Christianity. There are people, he said, who are constantly on the *qui vive* lest they should commit sin; the least irregularity assumes the aspect of crime. Many of the Catholic saints" (with a look towards Susie) "were of that order. Now, the Quietists (although Mr. Verstle did not exactly say that they were right) hold some very sound views on the subject. The soul, according to them, once it has a firm grasp of the truth, cannot go wrong. Its greatest sin is to be conscious of sin; its—"

"Truly broad, I must confess," broke in Mr. Landmore in a tone slightly sarcastic. "The doctrine falls wonderfully in with the times. Nothing more easy for certain people than to practise unconsciousness of sin. The text which you cannot remember, my dear, must have been, 'Rejoice always.'"

"And be thankful," added one of the guests, casting an appreciative glance in the direction of a dish of dainty reed-birds which was being handed round, and which the cook had served in true artistic fashion. "Be thankful that we live in an age where pleasure has reached its ultimatum by way of refinement —may, indeed, be classed among the fine arts."

"Like crime, suicide, and the rest," jocosely put in the host. "Yes, we have so far advanced that further progress is possible only by retrograding."

The company laughed.

"What says Miss Sue?" asked one of the gentlemen, looking across at the daughter of the house.

"Come, Sue, answer: what are your notions about going ahead?" said her father.

"O papa! I would rather be excused."

"Your mode of progression certainly doesn't mean retrogression," still persisted the former speaker. "If what we hear of your achievements is true—"

"Oh! pray don't. All I can say is that I hope that the music of the future may be as good as that of the past."

"There! A sorry set we are," said Mr. Landmore, "for unbelief in the times."

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"Don't count me," quickly spoke up his wife. "I'm none of you. I believe."

"She believes, good friends—believes in the jeweller's progress! She—"

"Ah! yes; and now that we are on this topic," gaily broke in Mrs. Landmore, "I take this company to witness a promise you shall make me. I consented to Viola's purchase on the condition that the equine diva would win for me a certain necklace I have been coveting for some months."

"A bauble, gentlemen—a mere bauble! A pretty little toy composed of emeralds and diamonds, costing the trifling sum of seven hundred dollars. It seems just now the rage among the wives of millionaires, and my beautiful Helen" (with a gallant bow towards the lady at the head of the table) "does not wish to remain behind in what I suppose constitutes the æsthetics of female attire. So that I solemnly vow here that, Viola doing her duty next June, I shall lay it at her feet."

"Round her neck, you mean," said one.

A merry laugh closed the contest, and Mrs. Landmore declared herself satisfied.

Susie, when alone in her room that night rehearsing the day's events, felt happy. The home horizon looked clear and bright; affairs seemed prosperous, friends plenty. Her beautiful mother was both admired and beloved, her father ready to grant anything. Now was the time, if ever, to ask for a boon. She, too, had a new want; it was that morning's music in the cathedral had started it. What a superb instrument the organ is! How it lifts one out of one's self! What is to prevent her learning to play the organ also?

Days and days, however, passed, and all her efforts to approach her father on the subject proved vain. "Wait till the races are over, deary," said her mother; "he is altogether too preoccupied just now." That he was preoccupied his looks showed plainly enough. He did not seem able to think or speak of anything but horses and training details. The worst seemed that it began to affect his health.

"I don't think I ever saw papa look so worn and haggard," said Susie to her mother as one morning the banker left the breakfast-table without touching any food. "He just lives on coffee."

"He is anxious. There are tight places in all pursuits in life, darling, and your father is a nervous man. But I see no cause for especial uneasiness. I have known the most tangled situa-

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tions to resolve themselves into order. They only want to be trusted a little and let alone."

In the meantime Susie followed inclination and attended on Sundays the services at the cathedral. The circumstance was naturally noted and excited curiosity. It behooved the rector to inquire into the matter. Miss Landmore was the pet lamb of his flock, he told her mother, and her going astray would pain him above any other. Mrs. Landmore frankly told him how the matter stood: her daughter was passionately fond of music. "That is," said he, "quite right—quite, my dear Mrs. Landmore. But religion and music are two entirely different things, you know; it won't do to confound them." And his reverence forthwith proceeded to make the mother's duty in the case plain to her mind.

"You see how it is, darling, don't you?" said Mrs. Landmore one morning to her daughter, as, the latter lingering in her boudoir, she seized upon this opportunity to discharge her promise to the rector. "It is not so much our good pastor's anxiety about your religious welfare—which he thinks in jeopardy, considering the questionable tendencies of Papacy—which induces me to speak to you, for you know I am very broad in such matters; but the fact is that we owe our church a good example. We are among the leading members of Mr. Verstle's congregation, and, even setting religious matters aside, attendance becomes a matter of *convenances*."

Susie quite understood, though she was not convinced. She had reached an age where she fancied herself competent to judge for herself in certain matters, and she succeeded in persuading her mother to let her have her way for the present. "If Mr. Verstle should continue to feel troubled about it," she said by way of pacification, "send him to me, and we'll argue the case together."

But Mr. Verstle said nothing more; indeed, there were quite other interests in the wind besides religious ones. As time wore on the banker's looks assumed a settled expression of pain. "Is it physical, is it moral?" speculated the world. The dinner-parties, card-parties, dancing-parties succeeded each other the same as ever; but that was no test. The world, on the other hand, was too much accustomed to Dame Fortune's unaccountable freaks to give the matter too serious consideration. A turn of the wheel may make everything right. The Landmores, moreover, were not people to take trouble on interest. Nothing was as yet hopelessly lost, and much, fortune helping and courage

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not failing, was to be gained. It all depended on Viola's steady muscle. Win the race, and the budget's apparent want of balance would again equilibrate. The banker, it is true, had invested in the costly racer an unwarrantable sum; he had kept her under training at great expense, had staked on her winning what would prove his ruin should he lose it. Carried away by his enthusiasm, his sanguine disposition ever taking the measure of future successes by the past, he had gone far beyond the mark prudent men observe when they indulge in doubtful ventures. There were moments when he fully realized his situation, and the thoughts they brought with them were crushing in the extreme. "If Viola failed me at the last!" seemed to be legible in every furrow of his brow.

Susie had confided to her maid her purpose of taking lessons on the organ. She already saw herself in the organist's place at the cathedral, the pipes pouring forth those solemn anthems which, reverberating through aisle and gallery, unite choir and congregation, and carry their joint praise before the throne of God. "O Catherine, you'll see! you'll see!"

But Catherine looked very sober. "It seems so right for you to take lessons on the organ, Miss Susan; but then -"

"Then what?"

"I wouldn't set my heart on it—not too much!"

"You silly girl!"

But there was that in the maid's eyes which caused the young mistress to pause and think. She had learned to apprehend the difference between ignorance and stupidity. Catherine had not much of what people commonly call information; but she had intuitions, direct apprehensions, which stood her in lieu of knowledge, and Susie, who had had a number of proofs of these faculties, was beginning to appreciate them.

There are natures who obtain information about things through other channels than the ear only; sensitives who instinctively feel the pulse of their surroundings, and judge by it of coming events. Catherine was of these. She had scented domestic troubles when she advised her young mistress to subdue her strong wish to take lessons in organ-playing; and Susie was on the eve of testing the truth of such foreknowledge.

Her father, returning from his office, generally went first to his wife's sitting-room. Susie determined one day to get a hearing, and watched his coming. She followed him up-stairs soon after his arrival, but at the door was stopped by the discordant sounds of two voices at variance. She did not listen, but boldly

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entered the room, and there became witness to a family scene of which she could not just then estimate the full import, but which pained her deeply and convinced her of the uselessness of bringing her suit forward at that moment.

The dispute was about money-matters.

"You can afford to gratify all your own whims," Mrs. Landmore was saying. "You buy race-horses at figures that leave my own moderate wishes miles and miles behind—"

"Moderate wishes! A necklace costing seven hundred dollars, to say nothing of the other baubles that are to set the jewel off! It is unreasonable to expect me to indulge you in such ruinous whims as these. If you had waited till after the races—"

"O dear! waited! Don't I know that as soon as you succeed in one speculation you plunge at once into another?"

"Well, if Viola fails me the coming month, you may perhaps recognize your folly."

"No more folly than yours!"

Mr. Landmore gave a shrug, knit his brow, and left the room without another word, passing before his daughter without apparently seeing her. When he was gone his wife burst into a hysteric cry, which Susie tried to soothe the best she could. As soon as the emotion was spent Mrs. Landmore turned to her daughter:

"How could I know that his money-affairs were 'shaky,' as he calls them? He never tells me about them!"

"Never mind, mamma dear. The thing is done now. We must avoid all superfluous expenses in future."

The incident naturally cast a gloom over the spirits of the whole family. It pointed to a condition of things which in the end might prove calamitous, and served as a warning. Susie especially took the matter to heart, and many were the talks she subsequently had with her mother concerning household retrenchments.

"I think I could give up almost everything but my music and Catherine, mamma," she said one morning as they were discussing projects of economy. "She is such a comfort!"

"And yet," rejoined Mrs. Landmore with unaccustomed gravity, "she is among the superfluities of the household."

The maid's fidelity and unobtrusive affection, together with that inexplicable sympathy which knows no barrier of rank between kindred souls, had established between her and her young mistress a bond which each would have been loath to see severed; yet present circumstances certainly pointed to separation.

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Susie grieved over it, and Catherine, suspecting the cause of her grievance, fell in with her feelings and silently shared her trouble.

It was not many days before another unsuspected event broke into the general current of affairs and for a while engaged their attention. Catherine had on various occasions made her young mistress the confidant of her own home affairs. Her brother had abandoned his purpose of studying for the priesthood, and turned his attention to law. Through friends he had been put on the track of certain circumstances connected with the loss of the property of his grandparents, and had succeeded in bringing to light facts which, ably managed, would ultimately reinstate them in their own. Now there came a letter confirming all these things, and informing Catherine that she was to consider herself a menial no longer, but prepare to return to her native country. "In the course of a month or so I will furnish you the funds," said this clever brother by way of conclusion.

"Think of it, Miss Susan! Return to Ireland!" said Catherine, with glistening eyes, when, after having read the letter, Susie returned it to her. Surely this alone would deprive her of Catherine, if nothing else did, thought Susie, half-sorry over a happiness which threatened to leave her comparatively alone.

But the fast-approaching day of the races again turned the current of her thoughts. Her father was scarcely recognizable. Secret misgivings so altered his countenance that it became obvious to all that he was undergoing one of those financial crises that determine the career of a man. The various large sums he had spent on the venture had been figured up by the public, and the feeling that if his racer failed him he could not choose but break was pretty general.

It had been arranged by the ladies, the Swinsors and Landmores, that they would attend the races together in two carriages.

"Don't count me, mamma," said Susie when the details of the expedition were being conjointly discussed. "I shall not, I could not, go and look on, even if I were sure of the prize."

"You foolish girl!" said her aunt. "What good will your staying at home do?"

But Susie persisted in her refusal, and the sisters-in-law settled the matter between them.

The strain on Mr. Landmore's nerves naturally increased as the ominous day drew near; yet never did June day rise more

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serene—a spotless sky, a balmy warmth in the air broken by gentle breezes. The carriage that took her mother and one of her cousins to the field of action had driven away, and Susie had gone to her room sad and lonely, scarcely knowing whereon to fix her thoughts. Her life had been so uniformly happy that she had never experienced that strong need, so keenly felt in times of trouble, of seeking help at the Source of help. She was in the habit of saying her prayers, and said them with the same regularity and conscientiousness with which she practised her music or performed any other daily duty; but they lacked the fervor which springs from the love and trustfulness of a living faith. She sat listless. Presently a gentle step approached her door. It was Catherine. "Come in," said Susie, answering her knock.

"Don't grieve, Miss Susan," she said gently; "you can do better than grieve."

"I wish I knew what! I wish I *could* do something!" she rejoined, overcome by her feelings and breaking into sobs.

"You can pray, you know."

The remark fell coldly on the young girl's mind. The condition of things did not seem to her to be one that called for prayer. Pray that her father's recklessness should be crowned with unmerited success! Pray that his tendency toward hazardous speculation should be encouraged through the victory he craved! Such praying seemed to her bordering on blasphemy.

"No, Miss Susan," again observed Catherine, who seemed instinctively to have followed her thought, "not that, but that whether he win or lose—whatever befall, joy or grief—may, by the Providence of God, be converted to his real welfare. Pray for strength and patience to bear whatever betide. It is not because God doesn't know what we want that we should pray, but because our drawing near to him, as a child draws near its father, already lifts the burden from the heart. You surely remember times, when you were a little girl, when at the least hurt you would run to your mother or father, and what a comfort it was to nestle in their arms. Besides, drawing near God, our Blessed Lady, and the saints brings us within holy and helpful influences. I assure you, Miss Susan," she continued with renewed earnestness, "I have often gone down on my knees, all bewildered, not knowing which way to turn, and when I rose everything lay clear before me. Prayer makes us wise."

It seemed to Susie, looking at the calm and trustful face before her, as if it really might be so.

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"Come, Miss Susan, let us go out; a walk will do you good. The street is better than the house just now," urged the girl. Susie tacitly assented and rose to make herself ready. Catherine was some time absent, and when at last she came back she seemed agitated. "Beg pardon, Miss Susan, for keeping you waiting —so long—but—there—were—some—things to attend to."

"No matter," replied Susie; "I didn't even know I was waiting."

They went out. It is scarcely necessary to say that they took instinctively the way to the church.

On the turf in the meantime there was the usual throng that attends races: an eager crowd looking down from lightly-erected balconies, innumerable carriages, a noisy multitude closely pressed against the barriers, intense excitement and expectation.

"Where is your husband, Mrs. Landmore?" "Has any one seen Mr. Landmore?" "Where's Henry?" buzzed in Mrs. Landmore's ears, now on one side, now on another. But she had not seen him since they had left the house. "He is certainly around somewhere," was all the information she could give.

In the meantime the signals were given and the racers started.

The banker the while, though seen by no one, saw all. At some distance from the field, standing in his buggy, he watched the event by means of a field-glass. He saw his courser at one moment gain on her rivals, at another lose. He listened with beating heart to the distant shouts of the multitude. Presently all seemed in a whirl; he could no longer distinguish one horse from another, and, handing the glass to his driver, "Find Viola," he said. "Where is she?"

The servant looked a moment; then, "She is falling behind, sir."

Mr. Landmore sank back into his seat, and, with scarce voice enough left to give a last order, "Home," he said, "as fast as you can go."

When Susie and her maid returned they found the house invaded; the hall, drawing-room, stairs full of people. Something had happened. Forcing their way through the crowd up-stairs, they soon discovered the cause. Mr. Landmore was stretched senseless on the floor of his dressing-room. Susie flew to him: "O papa!" But to her heart-rending cries there was no answer. Her mother, panic-stricken, was dumb with grief; the Swinsors stood around perplexed and helpless; and the fam-

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ily physician, who had known her from a child, and who certainly would have spoken words of comfort had he had any for her, was painfully silent.

Was it death, or was it not? No firearms, no trace of blood had been found; nothing but a small bottle indicating by its label that the unfortunate man in his despair had resorted to a violent anæsthetic. The question remained, How much had he taken?

What stern resolutions do not such moments of agonizing suspense call forth! Who has not once in his life, 'midst shadowy hopes of possible escape from danger firmly resolved to avoid in future all those slippery paths that lead to it? Fraught with blessing often are such remorseful minutes.

Mr. Landmore lived. Science and love happily triumphed. Nor was he a ruined man. Had he waited a minute longer he would have seen Viola recover her ground, and with one supreme effort clear the distance which separated her from the rest. Though but the difference of some seconds, it was in the banker's favor.

"Daughter," said he, when, after that night's sleep, his shattered frame and distracted mind had recovered some sort of composure, "you must find out now who saved your father's life. It was not our good friend the physician. When I came from the turf it was my firm determination to put an end to my life. I had placed a pair of loaded pistols on the upper shelf that runs along my dressing-room. Some one must have removed them. Not finding them, I turned to the next remedy—the bottle of chloroform in my medicine-chest. Whoever took those pistols saved my life."

Susie was not long discovering the culprit. The deadly weapons were hid away in her maid's chamber.

"Catherine, you blessed girl! 'Beg pardon, Miss Susan, for keeping you waiting so long; but there were some things to attend to.' Was that it?"

"God be praised, Miss Susan! He put it in my heart to watch master. I gave a last look to his dressing-room before we went out, and—"

Two arms were forthwith affectionately cast about Catherine's neck, and a kiss sealed a friendship which was to last through life.

A month later Susie and her friend sailed together for Europe.

C. R. CORSON.

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LAND, LABOR, AND TAXES IN THE LAST CENTURY.

FRANCE, in the last century, saw open a new field for the conflict of thought: the economic constitution of the state.

"About the year 1750 the nation," wrote Voltaire, "tired of verses, tragedies, comedies, operas, romances, romantic histories, moral reflections still more romantic, and theological disputes about grace and convulsions, finally went to work reasoning about grain. They forgot all about vines to talk of wheat and rye. They wrote useful things about agriculture, which every one read except the farmers. One might have supposed, on leaving the Comic Opera, that France had a prodigious quantity of grain for sale." *

The movement here so characteristically described was not one of sudden growth, but had been slowly preparing from the opening of the century, when Bois-Guillebert and Vauban turned their attention to the impoverished condition of the country. The feeling of relief brought by the death of Louis XIV. gave to these authors a wider interest. Vauban wrote:

"From all researches that I have been able to make during the several years I have applied myself to the task, I cannot but remark that during these last times nearly the tenth part of the people are reduced to mendicity and real misery; that of the nine other parts, at least five are not in a condition to bestow alms upon them, because they are nearly reduced to the same unhappy state; that of the other four-tenths three are ill at ease and embarrassed with debts and litigation; and that in the remaining tenth, where I place all the privileged by sword and robe, clergy and nobility, men in office, military and civil, well-to-do merchants, bourgeois, those with fixed incomes and the better-off, there cannot be counted one hundred thousand families. I even believe it would not be an understatement to say there are not ten thousand families who are really free from all care." †

Bois-Guillebert had combated the idea that wealth consisted merely in gold and silver, claiming that the products of the soil were alone the real sources of wealth, and that these are developed in proportion to the removal of governmental restrictions. He pointed out the prevalent evils in the system of administration, and the loss it inflicted on the state as well as on the producer. In a dialogue between a farmer and the king, with whom the former was bargaining for some Normandy land, he states this with admirable clearness. The king is explaining to the

* *Dict. Phil.*, art. "Blé."

† *Économistes Financiers*, Vauban, p. 34.

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farmer the conditions to which he will be held, with a directness not excelled by the *physiocrates* and *philosophes* of the latter half of the century. Listen:

"When you desire to purchase a cask of wine you will have to pay seventeen duties at seven or eight different offices, which are only open at certain hours of certain days. If you fail in any one of these, whatever delay it may cost you, the wine and the carriage which conveys it will all be confiscated for the benefit of the official; and I may say in addition that their word in the matter will always be taken against yours. Again, when you want to sell your goods at a reasonable price I shall place such a heavy duty upon them that the purchaser will prefer seeking them elsewhere. I shall derive but little benefit from all this, and you will lose the entire value of your labor; but such is our system. Often you will find it impossible to sell your liquors, though within a day's journey they may be selling at an extravagant price. But if you should be tempted by this price to take your goods there you would find it of but little use; for the various tolls you would find on the way, and which I have farmed out, the formalities of which are extremely complicated besides, would make a loss to you ten times as great as the object to me: but I am assured that it is for my advantage that affairs are thus managed.

"Besides this, you will have to pay me annually a sum bearing no fixed relation to your property, varying, for that matter, from one parish to another, so that it will be most desirable for you to obtain the good-will of the officials who assess the tax. I should advise you not to be regular about the payment of your taxes, either, for the assessor finds it more to his interest to engage in a good deal of litigation; in fact, if I found that they gathered in their taxes too easily, I certainly should not farm their collection to them on such favorable terms. It will be desirable for you to live as meanly and economically as possible, or you will assuredly be assessed at a higher rate; hoard up your savings in some odd corner—be careful not to invest them; and for the same reason avoid laying anything out upon your land to enrich it. . . . I may mention, also, that the duties of collection, which are extremely onerous, will fall upon you every three or four years. The farmer of the tax will hold you responsible for the amount, and will distrain and imprison you if it is not forthcoming."

The bewildered farmer in astonishment replies:

"Sire, I presume that all you desire is to receive a certain amount of revenue; now, the plan you have been describing seems to have been expressly invented for the purpose of ruining yourself and me at the same time. Your wealth and mine can only come from the sale of the produce of the land, and this plan makes it impossible or difficult to grow any produce. Now, I offer to pay to your majesty exactly double the sum you ask, only provided that you will allow me to consume what I please, also to sell where and how I please. The bargain then will be an excellent one for me, for I shall make ten times my present profits." *

Vauban, in his work on the *Royal Tithe*, is equally explicit in

* *Détail de la France* (*Écon. Financ.*), pp. 236–238.

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his denunciations of the administrative methods. Vauban suggested a system somewhat similar to that of the church tithe in England, which would remove a swarm of thieving officials who only profited as the state suffered greater loss. His book merely brought about the disgrace of the old marshal, and he soon died (1707). The following extract, showing more sympathy than moved his successors in this field of science, deserves quoting:

"It seems to me that sufficient account has not been taken in France of the lower class of the people, and that, in consequence, it is the most miserable of any in the kingdom; and yet it is the most important of all classes, whether you look to its numbers or the actual services it renders. It is the working-class that bears the whole burden of taxation, that has always endured it, and is now enduring more than any other its weight. It is the lower orders of the people who, by their labor and trade and by their contributions to taxations, enrich the king and his kingdom. It is they who fill the ranks of our armies and navies; to whom we owe all our home trade, all our manufactures; who supply us with laborers for our vineyards and grain-fields; in fact, it is this class who do all the productive work, whether in town or country." *

Brave and sincere words, uttered before "philosophy" had gained the ascendency and reduced social economy to a system of calculations and general averages.

Under the regency several attempts were made to reform the more glaring administrative abuses, but the exhausted state of the treasury and the prodigality of the period compelled the state to both increase the old and to add new taxes,† though the general jail-delivery on the accession of a new monarch gave a number of unfortunate tax-collectors their liberty.‡ Counting on "the regent's well-known weakness, some of the intendants became only the more rapacious." § In the cities the rapid growth of the fever of speculation delivered society over to "the equality of improvidence and avarice," ‖ until by the middle of the century the economical condition of the people was even worse than during the middle ages.

"Eh! quel temps fut jamais en vices plus fertile;
Quel siècle d'ignorance, en vertu plus sterile,
Que cet âge nommé siècle de la raison?"

Other writers followed these forerunners of the Economists: St. Pierre, 1713; Jonchere, 1720; Prévost, 1733; Melon, 1734;

* *Ibid.*, Vauban, *Dixme Royale*, p. 44. † Bonnemère, *Hist. des Paysans*, t. ii. p. 155.
‡ Burat, *Journal de la Régence*, t. i. p. 94.
§ Bonnemère, *Hist. des Paysans*, t. ii. pp. 156, 177.
‖ Fayard, *Aperçu Hist. sur le Parl. de Paris*, t. iii. p. 40.

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Dutol, 1738; Du Hautchamp, 1739, and others. But not till about the middle of the century was there what could be called a school of economists having certain definite aims. With the grasp of poverty in no way relaxed, and growing luxury at the capital, there was a constant increase of the mendicant class. In 1724, "by the most moderate calculation, there were twenty-eight to thirty thousand in the capital alone." * In 1750 it became necessary to replace the old watch with a uniformed police placed on a military footing. † Self-interest alone would suffice to arouse thought among all who had anything to lose or a pension to struggle for. The brain that was to formulate the new doctrines was that of Quesnay, Mme. Pompadour's physician.

While giving credit to this new school of economists for directing attention to serious evils, think not that we shall find in their works any of the sympathy we have seen in Vauban; on the contrary. They were *philosophes*. I do not propose to critically examine their works further than, as briefly as possible, to show that, to use the words of Mignet, "all the systems of this epoch were open highways leading to a revolution." ‡ An earlier writer of far different temperament, the Abbé St. Pierre, in a very cloudy work on *Perpetual Peace*, filled with fanciful reasoning, had, indeed, very clearly depicted the evils of society, and, as he thought, attacked the evil at its root by demonstrating that war was the great scourge, and insisting that as in all well-organized states it was interdicted between individuals, between families and even communities, so also was it necessary to extend the interdiction to states themselves. Like the first work of Montesquieu, it was a new departure from the beaten paths of thought, but it left an idea behind it—a protest against force, a plea for orderly development. In 1718 he still further shocked prejudice by issuing another work of such grave import that it was thought sufficient to warrant his expulsion from the Academy. He not only sought to discuss reform in state administration and modify ministerial power, but he attributed existing evils directly to *Le Grand Monarque* himself. Like his successors, Montesquieu and Voltaire, he never dreamed of departing from monarchical methods, but the suggestion of even putting new wine into old bottles indicated that these methods were already in the crucible of criticism.

We see, therefore, that the mind was never in a more propitious mood for economic reforms, or more disposed to push criti-

* Duclos, *Mémoires*, t. ii. p. 31.

† Droz, *Regne de Louis XVI.*, p. 6.

‡ *Notices Historiques*, t. i. p. 101.

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cism to its farthest limit, than when Quesnay took up the subject. But Quesnay and his fellow-*physiocrates* prided themselves on being eminently practical. Previous writers had mingled feeling with reason; henceforth they were to be divorced, and intellect alone was to be the guide toward social renovation. A protest had been slowly formed against the protective measures which had received such an extension under Colbert's ministry in the preceding century. Many authors had shown where the rewards had gone of that magnificent development of "industrial prosperity" which Colbert had fostered. Individual fortunes and court splendors had been the pecuniary result on the one hand, and a greater social misery on the other. The growing spirit of antagonism to old methods, the revolt of the head against the heart, so characteristic of that age, we naturally expect to find manifested in opposition to the principles by which Colbert had been governed. Not only would this logically follow from the nature of the case, but still more from the fact that such a course would be in accordance with the spirit of the age —false individualism.

"The French manufacturers," says Blanqui, "soon grew to consider as a right the protection which had been accorded them as a favor; and what, in the thought of Colbert, ought to be only temporary, became in their eyes permanent." *

Privilege is never surrendered without a struggle; and when this conflict, heretofore mainly theoretical, became applied to the economic constitution of the state, and doctrinaires sought to extend theory to practice, we find the worm-eaten structure given over to new dangers. The Economists, under the lead of Quesnay, made war upon the old methods created by the national passion for centralization, by raising the opposing standard of "liberty." The increasing pauperism of the kingdom, keeping pace with industry, filling France with indigence, opened a new grievance. The poor were set at work under the whip to help defray their maintenance, while the guilds deemed this an infringement of their privileges and protested vigorously.

"Laws, it is said, cannot equalize men," writes Sir James Mackintosh. "No; but ought they for that reason to aggravate the inequality which they cannot cure? Laws cannot inspire unmixed patriotism; but ought they for that reason to foment that *corporation spirit* which is its most formidable enemy?" †

This was the thought that moved Quesnay to found a new

* *Histoire de l'Écon. Pol.*, t. i. p. 375. † *Vindicæ Gallicæ—Works*, vol. iii. p. 351

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economic school, and which manifested itself in the ministry of his disciple, Turgot. He regarded the productions of the soil as the exclusive source of wealth; the actual products of the earth constituting the subsistence of a people, on which all else depended. To render a state prosperous, therefore—and material prosperity was assumed to include happiness and social morality—we should relieve agriculture from all restraints. When the *net product*, or revenue of the proprietor, ceased to be sufficiently remunerative to bear taxation, agriculture stops and states decline. The end of enlightened government, therefore, is simply to increase the net product, for all articles of subsistence when dearest in the market tend to increase the *average* wealth of the state. The proprietor will not become attached to the soil unless it can be made a source for individual profit. The higher the price he can obtain for grain—that is, the dearer bread becomes—the better his fields will be cultivated and the more prosperous that abstraction so constantly set against the individual—the state. It was, however, assumed that indirectly this would develop industry and secure social welfare.

To secure this there should be but one tax, and that on land. I might almost say it was "the unified tax on land values" now undergoing discussion. Interest on capital, and profit through combination, might remain unmolested. Ignoring these, Quesnay and his school struck at rent alone, holding that where land is brought to its highest degree of development general wealth and prosperity must needs ensue, and its gifts and abundance through *free* exchange, under wise governmental *restrictions* (!), disperse its benefits over the whole nation, the manufacturer no longer needing special protection, and the artisan earning higher wages to pay for his dearer bread. We find Quesnay, and logically, restricting the productive class to cultivators, terming all others a *sterile class.* Society was to be built anew with the landed proprietor or lessee at the top, and liberty was to replace all restrictions which tariffs or taxes imposed; those incidental to industrial or financial "combines" not being deemed worthy of attention.* All taxes being placed on land, the proprietor or holder would seek by every means in his power to increase his net product. How prevent his efforts from becoming oppressive? Simply by according the same liberty to all other landholders—free-trade in direct productions of the soil. Society was to be based on "enlightened self-interest" regulated by competition. This school made imports to be proportioned

* *Physiocrates*, Quesnay, edit. Daire.

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to the average revenue, thus violating their own theory of commercial liberty: instead of being proportioned to *value*, the tax was, in effect, placed on the *labor* expended. But the results would not have justified their sanguine hopes. Inferior lands would require an outlay much more expensive in money and time, and, however much *value* might be disowned as a basis, this outlay would necessarily reappear in the basis of taxation. Besides, money, not being subject to competition, might vary in quantity from reasons which unified taxation would be powerless to affect, and thus directly influence the value of time or labor. The dream was a grand one, but the application was narrow and limited. "It was privilege they aimed to strike, but it was labor which received their blows." *

Gournay, starting from another point—manufactures—arrived at similar conclusions in regard to commercial liberty, and the same hatred to arbitrary exactions and prohibitions; and about the same time, 1755, demanded free exchange in all commercial, manufacturing, and industrial pursuits, and formulated the maxim on which modern economics are based: *Laissez faire, laissez passer*—to use a free translation, Hands off! let well enough alone!

The free-trade school was born. Individualism had reached the fullest development consistent with respect for monarchical institutions. To the proprietor and the *entrepreneur* it said, what has since become the golden rule of political economy: Every man for himself. Unfortunately, it said the same to the artisan and laborer, whose only share in "liberty" now lay in freedom to compete with hungry fellow-toilers for sufficient to insure subsistence. Turgot united these two wings of the same school, and added, in 1776, the fundamental doctrine of capital, which alone can render labor productive, and which, as has been said, is to the generation of wealth what steam is to the production of motion.

In their writings the Economists favored absolute power to promote their idea of liberty; "they confided society without reserve to a tutelary authority, without other guarantee than the evidence of natural law, which the sovereign power, they said, could not violate without destroying itself." † It was reliance on the infallibility of intellect checking the sentimental dictates of feeling. Tear down all barriers, leave trade free, and production will regulate itself. Competition will regulate sup-

* Tonim, *La Question Sociale*, p. 174.

† Janet, *Hist. de la Science Politique*, t. ii. p. 685.

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ply and demand on the one hand, and the price of labor through human necessities on the other. But, that this might be accomplished, they took strong ground for the maintenance of an absolute paternal government to suppress any popular reluctance to accept enforced "liberty." They denied the old and prevalent theory that the *right of property*, as to individual or particular ownership, was derived from government; it existed, they said, before government, which could only confirm it, having no sovereign right over it, being its creature. It was individual, they affirmed, in origin, in use, and in application; hence the function of the state was to guarantee and maintain these primitive rights.*

Under Colbert the middle class had gained strength; many had acquired immense wealth and fortified themselves in privileges which, while protecting them, necessarily entailed restriction on the many. They had been burning their candle at both ends. In protecting self at the expense of others they struck a blow at the organism whose functions they were presumed to serve. Périn says:

"In the times when industry was little advanced, justice imperfect and insufficient, producers, being allied in industrial communities and mutually self-supporting, afforded to each other a mutual guarantee against the abuses of liberty. Liberty would have benefited only the strong, and would inevitably have become for the great number only oppression; more, they found in their united and co-ordinated effort the means of perfecting their work, which otherwise, isolated and left to themselves, they had been incapable of attaining. Individualism is one of the great dangers of growing liberty, as well as when liberty has reached its last conquest." †

In the eighteenth century protection—enforced, not associative—had lost its saving features; the middle class were no longer confined to the guilds, and felt able to stand alone, independent of the working-classes. Destroy the barriers to free exchange of products, became their rallying-cry, and let all *who have capital* enter the race; the strongest will win, and if the weak fall others will take their place. Economists then, as now, could demonstrate how national wealth would increase, and calculate from census returns how much that economic, mythical being, the "average man," would receive for his labor.

In Turgot the Economists found a man of the highest ability to carry their ideas into the ministry of a weak king. In his draft of the royal edict suppressing the guilds we have a full-

* Janet, *Hist. de la Science Politique*, t. ii. p. 699. † *De la Richesse*, t. i. p. 306.

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length portrait of the restrictions on industry imposed by corporations, and displaying their sinister features to the gaze of all France.* His arguments are now commonplaces; at that day they were hotly disputed. The preamble alone was in itself a pamphlet; it was a lesson in economics and a defence of liberty addressed by a monarch in a state paper to public opinion. More, it was liberty defended by the champion of absolutism, in which conclusions could be read between the lines of far greater moment to "national prosperity" than a discussion of trade monopoly. This the parliament saw, and it opposed the edict, arraying itself on the side of established interests,† though assuming to defend the people.

What grand day-dreams were these to give to a people awakening from the lethargy of ages! No more restrictions, no more barriers between communities, between nations! All men are brothers, all have an equal right in the struggle for existence! But, alas! it but remained a dream. The roseate picture the land-reformers and trade-reformers outlined for France had great weight in fostering those dreams of equality afterward so prevalent; but dear experience brought the laborer to the conclusion that his freedom did not consist in freedom to toil so much as in freedom to compete for the opportunity to enjoy that boon, and that capital, free from legal restraint and "enlightened" by self-interest, proved anything but a true saviour.

In the past the state had fostered monopoly in industrial relations; while production under this policy had increased both in quantity and quality, it had filled the coffers of a privileged and selfish few. Distribution, the other arm of industry, was left in an atrophied condition, rendering all healthful exercise of social functions impossible. Partial competition and a selfish individualism were powerless to bring about what earlier writers had foreshadowed in their bright vision of commercial freedom.

There were not wanting writers who, in frankly admitting all the benefits of unlimited production, yet feared its excesses when enlightened by self-interest alone, and shuddered at thoughts of sudden revolutions in conditions of life, causing temporary deprivation of whole communities of the means of labor, and their extinction or misery while awaiting readjustment on a new basis. Turgot had made two mistakes, fatal alike to the monarchy and to the people, but they were the mistakes of his school: "he believed that economic reforms could pre-

* Turgot, *Œuvres*, t. ii. pp. 302–311. † Fayard, *Le Parlement de Paris*, t. iii. p. 267.

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cede political ones, and that both could proceed together."* The opponents of his school were not less devoted to the cause of reform, but they demanded radical changes in the administrative system as a prerequisite condition. "Men will insure a vessel against tempests," replied Abbé Galiani to Turgot, "but they have not yet imagined the insurance of a train of carts against a subdelegate or intendant";† and he pointed out the much greater difficulties in the way of interior than in foreign exchange. Galiani's great object was to make interprovincial commerce no less profitable than foreign trade: "I hope to see the equality of imposts, uniformity of tariffs, a general code established, and division-lines between provinces abolished."‡ He held that the state not only had the right but that it was its duty to inquire into the well-being of its citizens: "Why leave a city, in matters of provisions, to individual interests more than in matters of defence?"§ Commerce in prime necessities of life, he argued, needed some restriction to prevent self-interest endangering social interests, rejecting the assumption that commercial liberty would provide its own checks. It is necessary, he urges, to know in advance all expenses, all risks, then both good commissions for the trader and the general welfare can be preserved; but with uncertitude and risk, when commerce becomes individual speculation, decided by the amount of capital in reserve, it can become a plague.‖

But it is unnecessary to continue extracts from an argument between free-traders and protectionists; every decade since has seen the battle waged with undiminished vigor. Galiani and his friends foresaw the possibility of a civilization wherein human beings might become reduced to the level of tools, adjuncts of a machine fully as intelligent and less unreliable than human muscle; they saw cities crowded with a permanent pauper class under the *régime* of land taxation, condemned to excessive toil, working for bare subsistence, with health broken by exhaustion, leading to premature old age; they foresaw this idea of selfish liberty extended to morals by a system which brutalized the mind of the unsuccessful by the hard conditions of their lives, and the successful by building their success on their shrewdness in taking advantage of the necessities and the distress of others. Nor would the evil stop there; for in handing over society to the purely egotistic dictates of self-interest, in

* Lavergne, *Les Assemblies Provinciales*, Preface.
† *Mélanges d'Écon. Pol.*, Dialogue viii. p. 196.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 165
§ *Ibid.* Dialogue ii. p. 25.
‖ *Ibid.* p. 183.

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seeking social evolution through the agency of capital directed by the intellect alone, feeling, that other side of human nature, becomes dormant, is stigmatized as "sentimentalism"; and the much-vaunted industrial prosperity, as seen by comfortable self, proud in intellectual strength and acumen, appears a social chaos to those animated with the genial glow of human feeling. What these Economists could not foresee, because the Catholic Church could not have produced it, was the appearance of Malthus, a Protestant clergyman, incorporating into political economy most of the evils of pagan civilization, and affirming as a natural law what is now known as the Malthusian doctrine of population. They dreaded a state wherein the mass of workmen, though released from one form of oppression, and even under the flood-tide of a high national prosperity, would still be condemned to labor at subsistence rates, while the least natural or artificial check would inscribe their names on the parish register as paupers and consign multitudes of them to paupers' graves,

"Unwept, unhonored, unsung."

They dreaded to see the artisans and peasants year after year augmenting the ranks of day-laborers, from which escape lay not in moral worth but in natural shrewdness, enabling one to climb over the prostrate bodies of his fellows, and in so doing but press them deeper down in bodily and spiritual degradation.

Yet protection was also warfare; each protected industry was an entrenched camp in society, its soldiers hirelings fighting for the glory and advancement of their officers. Could affairs be bettered and durable peace obtained by a general armament of certain industries and a condition of economic civil war in which each man's hand was turned against his neighbor? If universal, protection ceases to protect, and when discriminative it necessarily implies corresponding restriction. Were there not important factors which both sides ignored? In brief, capital, that necessary and potent instrument of civilization, was to be handed over to selfishness, while feeling, excluded from its province of social direction in moralizing it, was but to exert that indirect influence which could not be altogether repressed. Political economy was to say to man: "Seek first the kingdom of self, and all else shall be added unto you." Your interest you will find at your rival's expense; you will find it in making the most lucrative conditions you can with those who wish to serve you, whether it is a matter of buying from them or of getting them to work for you. It may be that

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you will reduce them to misery, perhaps ruin them, perhaps destroy their health or their lives. That is not your affair: you represent the interests of consumers; for as each is consumer in turn, you represent the national interest—the interest of all. Listen, then, to no consideration, let no pity arrest you; for you may have to say to your rivals: Your death is our life! *

But the opponents of unlimited exchange in the eighteenth century were not themselves free from dealing in abstractions, and displayed but little knowledge of the true foundations of society. Society was to be divided into three classes, they said, outside of the privileged orders: landed proprietors, capitalists, and wage-laborers. The first would furnish land, the second employment, the third labor. The first receive rent, which under taxation would be reduced to its minimum by forcing "commons" and unoccupied land into use; the second receive interest and profit, against the increase of which no guarantee was offered; the third remain subject to the law of wages, with which class *philosophes* had but little sympathy. In fact, Voltaire, in criticism of Rousseau, expressed the general feeling when he wrote:

"By the people I mean the populace, which has but its hands to live by. I doubt whether this order will ever have the time or the capacity to instruct itself. When the rabble begins to reason all is lost. I have never pretended to enlighten shoemakers and servant-maids."

However, here and there one seems to have discerned that this new power, Capital, must for self-protection in the end break away from the *laissez faire* route and combine into syndicates, thereby creating monopolies as crushing in their grasp and as relentless in their pursuit of surplus value as any which they had supplanted. Wherein, then, would lie social relief? Should we extend liberty or restrict it? In the middle ages individualism had thrown power into the hands of the strong, modified only by the moral influence of the church; in the eighteenth century it had converted the guilds into monopolies, and was transferring power to the worshippers of Plutus, where such a modifying influence as religion was, from its nature, powerless.

A century has intervened under the guidance of the principles of commercial freedom, and we are again facing the question of monopolies! It becomes a vital question whether economic competition and legislative restrictions, under a system in

* Sismondi, *Économie Politique*, t. i. p. 30.

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which moral restraint is wanting, do not tend to the opposite of the roseate picture drawn by theoretical limners. "Industrial wealth," says a conservative French writer, "continually tends to concentrate in a small number of hands, and to create with the high manufacturing barons, if I may use the expression, a multitude of proletaires. The law does not accord a monopoly to the large manufacturers as against the smaller ones, but in fact the larger capital of the first gives it to them." *

As this article is devoted to the past century rather than to criticisms of present theories, we need not concern ourselves with ever-new panaceas, which may, however, be traced directly to the schools we have been considering for their genesis. Still, certain reflections naturally arise in the mind. Is the mere increase of wealth the end, even material, of social effort, or a means toward the well-being of all men? No. Economics should have for its object not alone the abstract production of wealth, but its more equitable distribution. The progress of society is not best subserved by an economic system in which the man is lost in the operative, where women and children become his competitors in the struggle for existence, and whose professors are content with statistical proof of the condition of the "average" toiler. Poverty may be unavoidable; not so widespread misery. The deprivation of the necessaries of life by sordid speculation, involving the weakening of the moral and physical forces of man, social degradation and criminality, and the shortening of lives co-extensive with the growth of princely fortunes, betoken a state of civilization in which are active forces dangerous to future peace. Yet economists still discuss free-trade and protection, or hold up quack nostrums as free-trade in land and its products only, cheap money, or that worst of all despotism, state socialism!

France to-day has made enormous strides in production; the products of the soil in the first half of this century had increased over one hundred per cent.,† while land had more than trebled in value since 1789.‡ Since 1850 the change is even in a greater ratio, and all economists admit the increase in the cost of living.§ Yet what of the cities? To what point can pauperization go before becoming dangerous to society? Social economy is content with statistical *averages*, and cries, *Laissez passer!*

Before concluding let us briefly glance at the law of wages which our doctrinaires have done so much to establish. The

* Villermé, *Etat des Ouvriers*, t. ii. p. 301.
† Modeste, *Du Pauperisme*, p. 48.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 35.
§ Périn, *De la Richesse*, t. ii. p. 79.

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selling value of the laborer's work determines the maximum of wages; but this is seldom the sole consideration of the employer. "'How much can I give him?' is his first consideration, but 'How much less can I make him take?' is generally his second."* The eighteenth century, in its mad haste to free itself from all restraint, including moral, formulated a system in which this became inevitable. Turgot did for France what Adam Smith did for Great Britain. Each independently followed nearly the same path, and elaborated the aspirations of the middle class into an economic code—a code which their successors have been pleased to regard as an elaboration of natural law. Smith clearly stated that the tendency of wages under the *laissez-faire* theory would be to settle to that point which would procure subsistence for the lower orders, and that degree alone of comfort which society recognized as indecent for them to be without. That is, the level of wages would be the cost of maintaining the dead level of animal existence; the directing force in society—self-interest—would hold laborers down to a standard which could only be raised by the undirected force! Turgot is equally explicit. He said:

"The mere workman, who has but his arms and his industry, has nothing but his labor to sell to others. He sells it for more or less; but this higher or lower price does not depend upon himself alone, it results from the agreement he makes with him who pays for his labor. The latter pays as little as he can, and, as he has a choice among a great number of laborers, he prefers him who works for the lowest price. The workmen are then *obliged* to lower their price from opposition to each other. In all kinds of labor *it must happen*, and it does happen, that the wages of laborers are limited to what is necessary for them."†

Certainly not wanting in frankness; but the economists who founded the modern schools, like the high-priest of "Reason," Voltaire, did not "pretend to enlighten shoemakers and servant-maids." Modern authors show that the wage law laid down by Turgot prevails: "Let him eat potatoes instead of bread, let him wear rags instead of clothes, and his wages will immediately regulate themselves to what will suffice for his existence."‡

"Wages are in strict accordance with the *most urgent* necessities of life."§

Thus, starting from hypothetical *liberty*, its advocates led to results that deny liberty, in effect, to workmen. The edict abol-

* Leslie, *Land Systems*, p. 372.

† *La Formation et la Distribution des Richesses*, sect. 6.

‡ Sismondi, *Économie Politique*, t. ii. p. 218. § Périn, *De la Richesse*, t. ii. p. 69.

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ishing the trade *jurandes*, or guilds, to which reference has been made, said:

"These abuses have been introduced by degrees: they were originally the work of individual self-interest that established them against public interest. . . . The source of the evil is in the facility itself, granted to artisans of the same trade, of assembling together and uniting in one body." Consequently when these pseudo-friends of liberty possessed the power, in 1791, to suppress them effectually, we notice without surprise that the second section of the act read as follows:

"Citizens of the same state or profession, contractors, those who have a public shop, workmen and journeymen of any art whatever, cannot, when they are assembled together, either name a president, secretary, or syndic, keep a register, make decrees or deliberations, or form rules concerning their pretended common interests." *

Such has been the result of the dream of liberty: liberty to struggle, to wrangle, to fight, alone remains. As a logical consequence escape lies only in combination, and on the one side we have trade-unions, torn in great part by intestine discord, struggling against fate for mere material advantages, and on the other associated capital governing the operation of demand and supply, and both insensibly drifting, in their struggle for vantage-ground, to the despotism of state socialism and the quagmires of communism. To avoid this otherwise inevitable result but two methods remain—either to return to the moralization of capital by just laws, associating *duties* with rights, or proceed Niagara-ward by an indefinite extension of liberty, proclaim the gospel of selfish individualism and social anarchy.

DYER D. LUM.

* Tonim, *La Question Sociale*, p. 37.

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WOMAN IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY AND DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

AN article in a recent issue of the *Forum*, entitled "For Better, for Worse," contained the following passage:

> "Early Christianity, while raising the woman to the level of being 'one flesh' with the man, held her to be absorbed in him as 'bone of *his* bone and flesh of *his* flesh,' giving her few or no rights of her own. Only of late years has she been recognized as a separate entity, with feelings, duties, rights—man's partner and helpmeet, but in no sense his slave, as she really was throughout all the middle ages of Europe, though ostensibly treated as a goddess. Now public opinion has changed."

Now, a statement like this, which brands sixteen centuries of Christianity, would seem to demand some display of authorities. But no authority is given. The writer has simply followed the old custom of maligning certain characters, certain institutions, certain epochs in history. Generally the early ages of Christianity, the ages of "pure" religion, have been spared, and the weight of calumny reserved for the mediæval times and for that church which, single-handed, fought the battle of civilization amidst the jar and tumult of nations. But the writer from whom we quote has an aspersion even for primitive Christianity.

Akin to this custom of perverting history is another which reigns among the disciples of the so-called philosophy of history. It is that of tracing all the good in modern society to the Protestant Reformation. A mighty chasm is there supposed, dividing the modern world from former times, in order that the "philosophic historian" may please himself with the illusion that a fresh intellectual life then began—a fresh civilization with no trace or influence of what went before it, save the hated memories of lessons learned and never to be repeated. But more easily create man himself anew than create a civilization independent of the past. Civilization is not, like clothing, to be put off and on at pleasure. It is the growth of centuries, often retarded by what seems to help. I have mentioned these two customs more especially because they are really the crutches on which the statement quoted in the beginning comes limping before the public.

Now, of all the changes which Christianity wrought in pagan

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society, there is none more potent than the elevation of woman. Paganism looked upon woman as vastly inferior to man. Even Plato said: "The souls of men shall be punished in the second generation by passing into the body of a woman, and in the third by passing into that of a brute." A woman was merely "goods and chattels, first of father, then of husband." Contempt is the word which expresses the feeling of paganism for woman. Then Christ appeared, proclaiming all equal before God without distinction of sex or condition, and this doctrine laid the axe to the root of woman's degradation. The doctrines of the Christian Church with regard to virginity and marriage were at first mighty levers to raise up woman, and afterwards pillars of strength to support her in her new elevation. Above her so long prostrate form rose Mary, the ever-blessed Mother of God —a woman made superior in dignity to men and angels. Virgin and mother at once, in her was found the perfect model for virgins and for matrons. There is no virtue so becoming to a woman as modesty, whose root is purity. Now, virginity is the perfection of modesty. The church promoted virginity by every means in her power. She taught that it was the more perfect state, in accordance with the words of St. Paul: "He that giveth his virgin in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not doeth better." She urged her children to embrace the state of virginity. She consecrated their entrance into it by sacred ceremonies. She surrounded that life with honors and privileges, and guarded those who chose it with a jealous care. The subtle influence of virginity pervaded society and affected either sex. It reclaimed woman from a life of degradation, and inspired man with a higher feeling for her. By teaching woman modesty it gave her power. By secluding woman modesty made her more sought after; by veiling her it made her more admired. Moreover, by opening up a new avenue of existence to woman, virginity rendered her still more independent of man, still more the object of his solicitude.

In her doctrine on marriage Christianity maintained the sanctity, the unity, the indissolubility of the marriage-tie. She insisted on these three conditions at all times and for all persons, and by her firmness in upholding them added another element to woman's dignity. Marriage became a sacrament, a holy thing, instituted for providential ends, producing grace, and figuring the union of Christ and his church. This teaching tore away sensuality and selfishness, and placed woman in a purer atmosphere and on a higher level. The doctrine of the unity of mar-

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riage fixed woman's position in the home and invested her with a dignity which nothing else could give, while that of its indissolubility checked the vagaries of man's heart and put the seal of permanency on the rights of woman.

Thus we see that the absorption of woman was characteristic of paganism. It had no place under Christianity. Woman was man's equal. But equals commingle. Only the greater absorbs the less. Among the pagans woman existed only for man. She was the instrument of his pleasure, the complement of his lower nature. But under Christianity the doctrine that Christ died for all made man look upon woman as his equal. The practice of virginity clothed woman with a mysterious power that demanded respect. The doctrine of marriage fixed the place of woman in the family and became the very corner-stone of Christian society. Christianity pointed to a world beyond the tomb, a state in which there would be "neither marrying nor giving in marriage," to attain which woman must needs have rights independent of man. Woman was to be weighed no longer in the scales of passion, but in the balance of the sanctuary.

Following this social elevation accomplished by Christianity came the legal emancipation, which paganism had always refused. Constantine recognized the civil rights of women as equal to those of men, and the legislation of Justinian effaced the last traces of their former servitude. "The amelioration in the lot of woman," says M. Laboulaye, "is evidently due to Christian influences. It was not by an insensible modification that the Roman laws came to that. Their principles involved no such consequences. It was by an inversion of legislation that Christian ideas were inaugurated and secured to the mother a just preponderance. This legal revolution, which dates from Constantine, was the consecration of the great social revolution which had commenced three centuries before."

Time wore on. Wave after wave of barbarians rolled over Europe and bore with them the remains of Roman greatness. The world was sinking again into barbarism when the powerful arm of the church was outstretched to its assistance. The Catholic Church grappled with those rude children of the forests, subdued their passions, tamed their wild spirit, softened their ferocity, refined their manners, moulded their savage life into the elements of a grand Christian civilization. She fought again her battle for the elevation of woman, with the same weapons but not with the same adversary—not against the refined sensuality of Rome, but against the wild passions of roving barbarians.

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The result was the same. With all the terrors of her spiritual power, with all the influence which circumstances gave her, the church forced kings and feudal lords to respect the sanctuaries of virginity and to content themselves with one wife only. Were it not for the church every castle might have been a harem, and woman again the slave of passion instead of the mistress of man's affections.

M. Guizot bears testimony to the position of woman in the middle ages, though he attributes her elevation to the wrong cause. He says:

"The chief, however violent and brutal his out-door exercises, must habitually return into the bosom of his family. He there finds his wife and children, and scarcely any but them; they alone are his constant companions; they alone divide his sorrows and soften his joys; they alone are interested in all that concerns him. It could not but happen in such circumstances that domestic life must have acquired a vast influence; nor is there any lack of proofs that it did so. Was it not in the bosom of the feudal family that the importance of women, that the value of wife and mother, at last made itself known? In none of the ancient communities, not merely speaking of those in which the spirit of family never existed, but in those in which it existed most powerfully—say, for example, in the patriarchal system—in none of these did women ever attain to anything like the place which they acquired in Europe under the feudal system."

And who that has read history can doubt the spirit manifested by chivalry to woman? Chivalry did not elevate woman—it found her already elevated; it was but the expression of the lofty if sometimes exaggerated feeling of society toward woman. The sole thought of the knight was duty and gallantry, as the sole inscription on his shield was "God and my lady." William Robertson, in his history of the reign of the Emperor Charles V., speaks thus of chivalry: "To protect or to avenge women, orphans, ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and remove grievances, were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit." Much of the honor women receive in modern society may be traced back to the middle ages and to the spirit of chivalry called forth by the church's attitude toward woman. Says the same author:

"Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honor—the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners—may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind."

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The poetry of the period resounded with the praises of woman, while in the daily walks of life she was treated with a respect which our day might well emulate. A charming simplicity, a modest familiarity, an ascendency willingly conceded, marked the relations of woman to man. Washington Irving often recalls and praises these characteristics, still found in Spanish society; for, of all European countries, Spain retained the ancient customs most intact and was least affected by novelties. Defenceless women on the roadside were treated with the utmost courtesy, and, if need be, protected for the rest of their way. In Scott's poem, *The Lord of the Isles*, we read of such an action on the part of Bruce:

"Robert! I have seen
Thou hast a woman's guardian been!
Even in extremity's dread hour,
When pressed on thee the Southern power,
And safety, to all human sight,
Was only found in rapid flight,
Thou heard'st a wretched female plain
In agony of travail-pain,
And thou didst bid thy little band
Upon the instant turn and stand,
And dare the worst the foe might do,
Rather than, like a knight untrue,
Leave to pursuers merciless
A woman in her last distress."

The alarming frequency of the murders of unattended females in our day does not show well in comparison to the protection of such afforded by the middle ages. Deeds of blood done in Orange, Long Island, Hackettstown, Mount Holly, Rahway are still fresh in our minds. Do they prove that woman is gaining in the respect of man?

In the middle ages marriages were not formed from mere mercenary or ambitious motives. The woman's worth, not the worth of her property, was looked for and won her suitors. "Down to the fourteenth century in France," says Kenelm Digby in his *Mores Catholici*, "the dowry of women was a chaplet of roses; the fortune of men was their worth, their heroism, their spotless honor, or even their learning and wisdom." How different in our times! Such was woman in the middle ages, "but now public opinion has changed." Alas! public opinion *has* changed. The change dates from the Reformation. Modesty received a blow when Luther tore Catharine von Bora from the seclusion of her convent-cell. Marriage received a blow

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when Luther winked at a plurality of wives and opened the door to divorce. We soon perceive the effects. We see the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, less the hypocrite than Luther, coming to church with a wife on each arm. Luther allowed them to him only in private. We see Henry VIII. with his many wives, his hands dripping with the blood of several of them. We see John of Leyden taking fourteen wives, and asserting that "polygamy is Christian liberty and the privilege of the saints." We see Milton writing a book in advocacy of divorce. Says the Rev. Morgan Dix in his lectures on the "Calling of Christian Woman":

> "There can be no doubt as to the genesis of this abomination. I quote the language of the Bishop of Maine: 'Laxity of opinion and teachings on the sacredness of the marriage bond and on the question of divorce originated among the Protestants of Continental Europe in the sixteenth century. It soon began to appear in the legislation of Protestant states on that Continent, and nearly at the same time to affect the laws of New England. And from that time to the present it has proceeded from one degree to another in this country, until especially in New England, and in States most directly affected by New England opinions and usages, the Christian conception of the nature and obligations of the marriage bond finds scarcely any recognition in legislation, or, as must thence be inferred, in the prevailing sentiment of the community."

Early Protestantism sowed the wind; modern society is yet reaping the whirlwind. Thus far public morality has in general been better than the principles on which it is founded, society better than its religion. But we are fast rushing into the degradations of paganism. Woman is losing her modesty and becoming the prey of man's passions, instead of being the honored object of his pure love. Woman is forcing herself out of her sphere, and precipitating a conflict which must hurl her back into the slough from which Christianity raised her. Divorce is lowering her dignity and sapping the very foundation of society. The wife is no longer sure of the husband's love. She seeks to avoid the pains and obligations of motherhood. She will not brook the restraints of a family. A home which may be broken up to-morrow has no charms for her. What hope is there for woman and for society, save in that church which, having fought their battle with polished paganism and with untamed barbarism, has alone in our days the courage of her convictions and the will to apply them to a decaying civilization?

WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

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MARGUERITE.

"YES, my dears, I am an old woman now, with white hair and a bent frame, fit for nothing, my grandchildren think, except to give presents and to tell tales; but, though it may surprise you, there was a time when my hair was as brown as little Jenny's and my form as straight as pretty Marguerite's. Indeed, I was only her age, with a heart as light and a laugh as guileless, when my first great trouble came upon me, and if you will draw your seats cosily round the fire I will tell you about Granny's first grief.

"You have often heard me say that my mother was a great invalid, and it was for her sake that we lived in a quiet little village in Hertfordshire—she and I, and my brother Guy, a handsome lad of twenty-four, whom we both worshipped as women-folk are apt to worship those spoilt idols of clay.

"Not that Guy, up to the time I am speaking of, had ever given us a moment's trouble; he was straightforward and honest, scrupulously just, hard-working and devoted to his profession; and if he was a trifle selfish and exacting—well, it was our fault, for we literally immolated ourselves for his comfort. Guy was short and dark, with a massive forehead and square-set jaw, bright brown eyes, and shapely hands and feet. He was never a great talker, and, brother-like, disdained to take much notice of me, so many years his junior; judge, then, my surprise and delight when one sunny morning in May he proposed, rather sheepishly, to take me out for a drive.

"Did I tell you that Guy was a doctor, and was at that time medical assistant to Dr. ——? It was to visit one of his patients, ten miles off, that Guy was going to Henford; and, as it was a lovely day, he said he would take charge of me and bring me back safe at night. Of course I hailed the proposition with rapturous delight, and chatted gaily to my dear mother as she carefully wrapped me up; for the wind was still in the east. I shall never forget the glory of that day, or the beautiful look of pride on mother's face as she stood in the rustic porch and waved adieu to her boy and girl. The birds sang up in the deep, dark blue of the sky as if enraptured at their own melody; the luscious breath of spring animated the air,

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lilacs blossomed, hawthorns bloomed, pale, delicate laburnums drooped at their own beauty.

"How full of life all things seemed! The lambs frisked unchecked; the foals gambolled, still weak on their thin legs; and the cottage urchins, innocent of school-board and laws of compulsion, ran hither and thither, tossing their sun-glinted heads, ignorant that life held anything more important for them than the capturing of a butterfly or the taming of a squirrel.

"Guy made several spasmodic attempts at conversation with a forced gayety very unusual to him, and at last he relapsed into silence. I paid little heed, for I supposed he was deep in thoughts of his profession, and nothing could damp the elasticity of my spirits. Too soon for me the spire of the white-washed church of Henford came in sight; a little later and we rattled over the antiquated cobblestones that formed the pavement of this old-world village.

"I basked contentedly in the sun while Guy visited the patient, watching the pony flick her ears and listening to the drowsy hum of the bees. I believe I was more than half-asleep when Guy reappeared and apologized for having been so long. For my part, I thought he had only been away ten minutes.

"He said he was sure I must be hungry, and that the best thing we could do was to drive to The Albion, have our dinner, and then stroll about the village and see what there was to be seen.

"I cheerfully acquiesced, and he turned the pony's head. As we jolted slowly towards the modest one-storied hostelry I was struck by the unusual appearance of life and bustle in the generally drowsy villagers. They moved about more briskly, the women nodded meaningly to each other, the men hurried their movements, the little ones munched their pasties in the gardens with eyes bright with expectation. I was curious to discover the cause, and, looking round, saw great yellow placards disfiguring sheds and barns:

"'AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE.

MARGARITA, THE CELEBRATED LION-TAMER,

Will enter the Lion's den

AT

THREE O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

'Etc., etc., etc.'

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"The glaring boards seemed to blot out the sunshine and were a blur on the beauteous face of nature. I turned away disgusted, feeling as if something had occurred to disturb the previous harmony. I found Guy staring at the boards with a strange fascination. He whipped up the horse impatiently when he saw that I was watching him, and muttered 'Outrageous!' below his breath. We dined pleasantly in the low, black-panelled parlor; when our repast was over Guy asked me what I would like to do.

"I had nothing to suggest, for I had seen the church and knew the neighborhood too well to care to take a ramble.

"'Well,' he said, rather nervously, 'there is nothing for it; we must go and see the show.'

"Secretly wondering at my brother's strange taste—for in those days, my dears, a show was considered a low place—I followed him out into the scent-laden air, down a narrow street where the cottages terminated at a village green. On this green were pitched the tents of this travelling menagerie; the heavy red and green vans were in one corner, and a large canvas had been erected in the middle of the green, within which were benches and a strong iron railing protecting the centre ring, where the ground was plentifully strewn with sawdust. Already the people were crowding round, pushing their way through the narrow entrance.

"Guy seemed feverishly eager to obtain a good position. Holding me by the arm, he hustled his way through the throng and succeeded in getting two prominent seats. As for me, I was sorry to leave God's air and sunshine for this over-packed, stuffy tent, and I watched the first part of the performance mechanically, as a man entered the arena successively with a dancing bear, two monkeys, and a meagre camel.

"The people apparently enjoyed their tricks, but I was just on the point of begging Guy to take me from this stifling atmosphere when a bell was rung, silence fell upon the crowd, and a thick curtain dropped from a strong cage on wheels that had stood unnoticed close to the exit door.

"The cage contained a monstrous lion, lying curled like a cat asleep. It was a splendid animal, but I shuddered at its strength, and involuntarily crept closer to Guy, who, to my surprise, was trembling too.

"A moment more and another curtain drew back, soft music began to play from behind the scenes, and Marguerite, sweet Marguerite, entered.

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"O children! can I describe to you what she looked like the first day I saw her? I will try; but remember, I loved her after as a dear sister, and I treasure now her love for me as a pearl beyond all price.

"She was tall and slight, with a pale, oval face, pearly teeth, and long eyelashes. Her eyes—how can I describe her eyes? They were large, and liquid, and brown, and oh! so sad, so wondrously sad! She was got up in rather a theatrical manner, dressed in a robe of purest white confined at the waist by a golden belt; her long brown hair floated to her knees, and in her hand she held a golden wand. Her movements were peculiarly slow and graceful. She walked rather as if she were asleep or under the influence of some spell.

"Spellbound and breathless we watched her as she bowed to the audience, then mounted the steps which led to the cage. She entered, and, kneeling down, put her arms round the monster's neck in the prettiest attitude imaginable. Still to the sound of the same weird music, she rose, and, speaking low to the lion, seemed to compel him to do her bidding. At her command he crouched at her feet, raised himself on his hind paws, and laid his head on her shoulder.

"Then, still keeping her eyes fixed steadfastly upon him, and walking backwards, she descended the steps slowly, walked round the arena, and entered the cage again, the lion following her like a dog.

"I was trembling from head to foot; the dim light, the invisible music, and above all the extraordinary sight made me feel as if I too were under a spell. Surely they were both enchanted, this Una and the beast. She moved as in a dream, never once looking at the audience or taking her eyes from the monster, whilst he went through the performance languidly, unwillingly, as if forced by an unseen power.

"I was glad when the show was over. We waited till the crowd had dispersed, then followed them outside. In the broad daylight I saw that Guy's eyes were bloodshot and his cheeks haggard, and he looked about him as one stunned.

"'The light dazzles me,' he said confusedly, and he put his hand to his head as if in pain.

"'Will you come with me or wait outside?' he asked presently.

"'Don't leave me,' I answered pleadingly; 'that lion has made me afraid.'

"'Poor, foolish May!' he replied kindly. 'Can you understand, then, a little of what I have to suffer?'

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"Wondering at his enigmatical words, I went with him to the extreme corner of the green, where a spacious tent had been erected. He pulled back the flapping curtain, as if secure of his welcome, and we entered.

"Marguerite was sitting on a low stool by the fire. She had changed her white garment for a gray woollen gown, and coiled her beautiful hair round and round her shapely head; but the change only enhanced her exquisite refinement of feature and perfect symmetry of form. Nodding to a middle-aged man, the only other occupant of the tent, Guy walked straight over to Marguerite, and, bending, whispered something in her ear.

"If I had been blind before, I saw it all now. Those great eyes raised so lovingly to his told a tale, and the sudden rush of color to the pale cheeks betrayed that this was by no means the first time they had met.

"My first sensation was one of indignant anger. I had been tricked here to see these play-actors exult over their victim. But I could not behold the maidenly deportment of the girl or note the quiet independence of the man without feeling that I was letting prejudice usurp my judgment. I resolved to control my feelings, and, under the mask of polite indifference, discover what I could of this strangely lovely girl who had cast a thrall upon my brother. I entered into conversation with the man, and found him nothing loath to talk of his beloved daughter. She never had been like other girls, he said; she liked when she was little to hide in the woods and talk to the birds and make pets of wild animals. She learned to understand their ways, and seemed to make them feel that she was one of them. His wandering life prevented him giving her a proper education, for he would not let her go to school, so she grew up among the birds and flowers, guileless and free as they; and, seeing her marvellous power over animals, he had turned it to account, and trained the beasts to obey her and let her be their queen.

"'And are you not afraid of them?' I asked.

"'No,' he said. 'She has them perfectly under control. But her nerves are so delicately sensitive that I keep her carefully from anything likely to cause her acute pleasure or poignant pain; for if she gave way to any violent emotion her whole system would be disturbed and her singular power would vanish.'

"I gazed with even more interest on the frail tenement which held so strange an influence. She looked as if a breath would blow her away.

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"I longed to ask how she and Guy became acquainted, but loyalty to my brother sealed my lips, and, catching his eye at that moment, we rose simultaneously.

"He took Marguerite by the hand and brought her to me.

"'My little sister,' he said, 'I want you two to be great friends.'

"She bowed with quiet dignity, and it was I who grew confused.

"'Marguerite will walk with us to the edge of the green,' Guy said to her father, looking so radiant that I hardly knew him for the same man.

"'To the edge and no further,' her father replied. 'Your visits, sir, disturb her and render her unfit for her work.'

"Guy gave her an anxious look, but her serene smile reassured him, and we walked on, she between us.

"'Did I not manage it cleverly?' he asked her exultantly.

"'Yes; but do not come again,' she said in her sweet, low voice. 'Miss Leslie, you must persuade your brother to keep away when I appear in public.'

"'Why?' I asked, a little defiantly, for their happiness jarred on my isolation.

"She blushed. 'Because I cannot concentrate my attention fully if I know that he is there.'

"'But you did not know,' he interrupted blissfully.

"'I might another time.'

"'You won't have to appear many more times,' he said. 'I was in such agony all the time.'

"Then they dropped their voices and I lost what passed.

"We parted, she with a wistful look at me as I bowed stiffly—for I could not quite forgive her yet—and he kissing her openly and calling her by every endearing name. She sped swiftly away when he released her, while I thought my brother had taken leave of his senses.

"I walked up and down till the trap was ready, indulging many a bitter thought at Guy's duplicity. Besides, my pride was hurt at his intending to ally himself with a 'lion-tamer's daughter.' What would our mother say?

"Guy helped me into the trap, and we started off at a brisk pace. Not a word was spoken till we had left the village far behind and a level bit of road lay in front. Then Guy broke the silence and began. What did he say? Ah! children, what do all young men say when they are madly in love for the first time? He raved of her virtues, her beauty, her awful life.

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He told me of their first meeting as he was fishing one day in the wood, and he heard her singing to the birds while she gathered wild flowers by the brook. He told of how long it took to woo her; and she might have been of royal blood, so proud was his tone as he told me that at last she had consented to be his wife.

"His wife! I started. Had he foreseen all the obstacles?

"Yes, and he recounted them to me that soft spring twilight as we passed hedge and tree and sleepy hamlet in the fast-falling darkness.

"She was utterly uneducated, he knew that; she could neither read nor write, for all attempt to study had disturbed the even poise of her nerves which was so essential to her lot in life. She knew nothing of religion; she had never been baptized; but—and Guy's voice grew tremulous with emotion—would I not help him here?

"She was willing to learn, she was anxious to be taught. Would I not help to bring a soul to God? And when once we had made her a Catholic he would arrange that she should be placed somewhere for a year where she could learn what was absolutely necessary. And for the rest, could he wish her any different from what she was?

"Guy's reasoning was specious, and I shuddered as I thought of her soul. I was only sixteen, remember, and proud of his confidence; so I agreed to keep the matter secret for the present, and to do what I could to convert her.

"For the first time in my life I felt ashamed to kiss my mother, for I had never had a secret from her before. Children, always tell *all* to your mother; she will comfort as none other can in the day of sorrow.

"The menagerie came shortly to our village, and I had no difficulty in seeing Marguerite often. The more I saw of her the more I loved her, she was so sweet and pliable, so grateful for any little attention. I never saw any one more fervent in embracing religion. She was quite greedy for knowledge, and often put my tepid faith to shame. Our friendship ripened into the warmest attachment. This lovely, frail, delicate thing seemed possessed of a soul endowed with the keenest sensibility. Far from believing now that Guy was ruining himself by a marriage so much beneath him, I often found myself wondering if he was able to appreciate the rare delicacy of mind, the subtle springs, too intangible to be defined, which were the motives of her actions.

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"He loved her now ardently, I knew; but would his love stand the test of her beauty criticised mercilessly, her accent maligned, her gestures ridiculed? For she *was* different from others of her sex, superior far, but yet not like them. And men are so afraid of appearing singular; they must admire what others admire; they can only esteem where others esteem.

"How fervently I prayed that nothing might break her sweet trust in him! Sometimes I feared that she felt also what I have endeavored to put into words; for sometimes the eyes were full of a wondrous sadness pitiful to see.

"'What is it, Marguerite?' I inquired one day when we had been silent for a long, long time.

"'I was thinking,' she replied, 'perhaps it would have been better for Guy if we had never met.'

"'Are you tired of him?'

"The nearest approach to a smile that ever crossed her features illumined her face for a moment. She said softly, clasping her hands:

"'No, May; but suppose he got tired of me?'

"'How can you think anything so base?' I exclaimed.

"'Would it be base? He might not be able to help it. When I have to mix in society he will find me so different from others.'

"'Only at first, Marguerite.'

"She gently shook her head.

"'No, always, May. I have known it since I first knew you.'

"'How?'

"'I cannot tell; you all dress alike, talk alike, think alike. If I wore your things I should not be like you.'

"'No; a great deal better and prettier,' I answered evasively, for in my heart I understood her only too well.

"'But,' and her face brightened, 'I will tell my trouble to God. He knows what is best.' And, pulling out some white beads I had given her, she began her rosary.

"Sometimes the thought struck me with terror that she was what people call 'an innocent'; and then I rejected the idea, and blamed myself for being worldly and wishing her to know as much wickedness as myself. Time passed, and her father complained that she was losing her interest in her art; that, instead of singing to the birds, she was praying by herself; that the beast grew restive under her control, and that he feared she would lose her influence altogether. This determined me to hurry the day of her reception; after that we were to acquaint

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our mother with Guy's engagement, and Marguerite was to be a lion-tamer no more.

"All was arranged. We three drove into —— early on Easter morn, and I stood sponsor to Marguerite, who begged to add the name of Mary in baptism. What a happy trio we were that day! Never had she looked so ethereally lovely, angelic in her white robe of innocence. Guy could not keep his eyes from her face, and before we left in the evening we paid a visit to Our Lady's altar, and they plighted their troth anew kneeling at Mary's feet.

"Easter Monday was fair-day with us, and Marguerite's father had begged her so hard to appear just that one night that she could not bear to refuse him, knowing what a pecuniary loss she would be to him. It was decided, therefore, to postpone the disclosure to my mother till next morning, so that we could say honestly she had given up her old life.

"'Mind you keep Guy out of the way,' she said to me the night before. 'I lose my self-control entirely if I know his eye is upon me.

"'Do you feel nervous?' I asked.

"'Not generally, but if I think he is there something stronger than myself compels me to raise my eyes, and then—I am lost.'

"'What do you feel like during the performance?'

"'Simply as if I were walking in my sleep. I do it all mechanically. I can't feel or think; when I do either, my power goes.'

"'May *I* come?'

"'Yes, dear little May; only keep your brother away.'

"'That's more than I can manage,' I said laughingly, as I left them to have a very tender good-night.

"The next evening, at the appointed time, I was at the place with my maid. It was crowded, and it was with difficulty we obtained seats.

"There was the lion's cage with the curtain before it, but how much had happened since I had seen it before! The show commenced, but, as on a former occasion, I paid no heed to the bears or monkeys.

"Again a bell rang and the curtain fell.

"The beast was pacing his cage and looked anything but in a good humor. Marguerite approached, radiant with loveliness, her eyes shining with a happy lustre, her cheeks tinged with a rare pink.

"She entered the cage and made the lion go through his cus-

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tomary evolutions. Then she paused, hesitated an instant, then opened the cage-door and walked slowly down the steps.

"This feat she had omitted of late since her power had weakened. But to-night she seemed confident in her own strength. The animal growled low, and I saw her father look anxiously from his post. Still she persevered; keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the animal, she slowly began her circuit.

"Instinctively I felt some one behind me, looked up, and beheld Guy. A cold shudder ran through me; harm would come, I felt sure. Slowly, slowly she approached me, so near I could have touched her skirt, so near that I saw an electric thrill pass through her slender frame. She raised her eyes, saw Guy, smiled. The animal with one bound sprang on her, and she fell.

"An unearthly cry arose, but it was from Guy as he rushed to the spot, but not before four keepers had dragged the furious beast from the prostrate body of the girl.

"For she was dead; our sweet, pale Marguerite had gone to heaven in her baptismal robe. The shock had killed her instantaneously, for there was only a slight flesh-wound on her shoulder where the animal's claw had gripped her.

"What happened after I can hardly tell. I know it was Guy who took the lifeless form in his arms and carried it to the tent; I saw him bending over it, kissing the dead hands, stroking the dead face, till the doctors removed him by force. I know my mother never left him the whole night through as he raved in his fruitless remorse. It was my dear, unselfish mother who charged herself with the funeral and had her buried as Guy would have wished under the willows in our own God's Acre. It was she who was present at the requiem Mass and stood by her son's side when he, as chief mourner, knelt at the grave.

"And then we all went abroad, and Time, who heals all things, assuaged his grief and taught him to bow beneath God's will. But to the day of his death he was faithful to his first love; no one ever took the place of his May Marguerite."

DARCY BYRN.

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CATHOLICS AND CIVIC VIRTUE.

IN speaking of the labor troubles which agitate the country, Cardinal Gibbons not long ago referred to the demands of our laboring-men for a more equitable share of the product of their labor, and warmly recommended their protection by legislation from the unjust exactions and aggressions of certain capitalists and monopolists. For this wholesome advice Cardinal Gibbons merits the thanks of every true patriot, of every friend of justice and fair play. His noble words should inspire every Catholic layman of influence throughout the land to lend his aid in the passage of such laws as will be fair to all and burdensome to none. It is no less our duty as Catholics than it is our right as citizens to join in any movement having for its object the welfare of our fellow-citizens, the peace and good order of society, and the advancement of the nation which gives us security, happiness, and liberty. The troubles among our laboring-men are taken advantage of by socialistic agitators, and there is danger that many who think themselves unfairly treated under the existing order of things may become infatuated with the teachings of Carl Marx, Frederick Engels, Ferdinand Lasalle, and other agitators.

We are now about to enter upon that stage of our national development which will require the combined wisdom of the ablest, wisest, and most unselfish men of our country to guide successfully the destiny of the republic. One immediate danger closely associated with that of the labor troubles is the universal system of corrupting public officials which prevails in our great cities. Capitalists combine for private gain, and in a wholly unscrupulous manner obtain, by means of bribery, from the chosen servants of the people franchises and rights that belong only to the public, and which should be used for the benefit of the people or held in reserve for posterity. So general and systematic has this system of corruption become that even the necessities of the poor are taken advantage of, and needy men, who would cast honest ballots if let alone, are tempted into selling their votes, thereby electing bribe-takers to office, disgracing their manhood, and injuring their country. Inoffensive and simple-minded workmen are at first induced by ward politicians to perpetrate election frauds which, if made public, would con-

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sign them to the penitentiary. Many of the young men of our cities as they grow up are lured away from useful and honorable occupations and mustered into the service of professional politicians for the accomplishment of grave political crimes. In this way entire wards and whole divisions of our great cities have become the prey of ballot-box stuffers and a paradise for repeaters.

It is a notorious fact, also, that the growing disregard for law and order which we notice on every hand in our large cities arises from the fact that many of the officers of the law are thus elected by wholesale bribery and fraud. Recent exposures of political crimes, and the conviction of some of the perpetrators in New York and elsewhere, show that what is here affirmed is not only not exaggerated, but falls far short of the whole truth. It cannot be said, either, that the perpetrators of these crimes belong to any particular class of society. The rich, in possession of an ample share of this world's goods, seem to be as much desirous to purchase the people's rights as are the politicians to sell them. In fact, a large share of the money with which politicians carry on caucuses and elections, and control voters, is furnished by the rich, who want special franchises, in return for their money, from our boards of aldermen, commissioners, and State legislatures. If this condition of things goes on much longer, public office, instead of attracting the best men of our country, instead of commanding the services of men whose patriotism and virtues and mental endowments would be an honor to us, will be invaded by a horde of tricksters and impostors; at the present rate things are going, legislation of every kind will soon be a matter of bargain and sale. Finally the government, whose existence in a republic depends upon the virtue and good order of its citizens, will not long survive these methods of legislation. To permit our political system to be even slightly tainted with these vices is to invite political decay and national death. It is a wholesome sign that justice has overtaken some, at least, of those who have betrayed their trusts and robbed the people. It speaks well, too, that wealth cannot shield the guilty and that the full penalty of the law is being meted out to the rich and poor alike who have brought such odium upon our public service.

He is a real benefactor to our country who assists in any effort tending to teach the rich and poor alike that their common interest and the national safety depend upon the swift punishment of crimes against our laws. But upon the inculcation and practice of public virtue among the people everything depends; and the exaction of an upright and faithful public service

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from those who are elected to public office is necessary for the peace and good order of society and the permanence of our government.

The duty of the Catholic citizen in this emergency is plain. In this country, at least, where religious freedom goes hand-in-hand with political liberty, he has a free scope and fair opportunity to show the faith that is in him. As an appreciator of those fundamental laws of our land which for ever guarantee religious liberty and political equality, the Catholic citizen should be foremost in defending them from the evil influences which seek to destroy their usefulness, contaminate our political system, and threaten its very existence. If the Catholic citizen acts consistently with his religious principles he will be the model of political virtue to his fellow-citizens. He will show that he considers the proper performance of his duty as a citizen a sacred obligation. If he is a poor man, no matter how tempting the offer of money or other consideration for his vote may be, he must know that its acceptance is not only a grave offence against the state, but a crime against his religion as well. If he is a rich man, and takes advantage of the necessities of the poor, and by an offer of money or by intimidation induces or coerces votes, he must be fully aware that he himself is far more guilty than the deluded and unfortunate victim of his corruption. If he is a public official, into whose hands the people have committed the custody of the public welfare and the enforcement of our laws, the bribe-taking Catholic ought to know that, deep as may be the disgrace thus brought upon himself, and great as may be the injury to the community, they are trifling when compared to the enormity of such crimes in the eyes of his church and of his God.

To speak plainly, no man, whatever may be his name or pretensions, can be guilty of such acts as these and be a practical Catholic. As a matter of fact, those nominal Catholics who perpetrate them scarcely ever enter the doors of a church or pretend to practise their religion. Their only use for it is to masquerade behind it for their own base political purposes.

Catholic citizens whose consciences are guided by their religion and who love the institutions of our country should lose no time in calling to their aid men of integrity and intelligence, and, uniting with every honorable movement, seek to purify the public morals of our great cities and restore to them that good name which has been so long tarnished by political rascality.

P. T. BARRY.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD still retains his place in the estimation of novel-readers. His latest book, *Allan Quartermain*, is dividing the honors with Bret Harte's *Cruise of the Excelsior*. A curious thing about *Allan Quartermain* (Harper & Bros.) is that it is dedicated to Mr. Haggard's sons, "in the hope" that it may help them "to reach to what, with Sir Henry Curtis, I hold to be the highest rank whereto we can attain—the state and dignity of English gentlemen." When we consider that the book is the record of the impossible adventures of a murderous savage, and that the end accomplished by Sir Henry Curtis is marriage with a barbaric princess of doubtful religion and morality, we wonder why the *Arabian Nights* might not just as well be recommended to boys as a means of advancement towards English gentlemanhood.

Mr. Haggard's great hold on the public may be attributed to the boldness with which he takes old travellers' tales and changes them in the alembic of his imagination to things strange if not new, and, it must be confessed, to his use of the sensuous element. Mr. Haggard's characters are animal and unidealized—particularly the females who appear in his pages. In *Allan Quartermain* this element, particularly dangerous to young people, is more restricted than in *She*, but nevertheless is entirely too predominant. It is singular, too, that Mr. Haggard's knowledge of literature is so limited. He seemed to be ignorant of the existence of Moore's *Epicurean* when critics suggested that *She* resembled it; and in *Allan Quartermain* he anticipates captious remarks by saying that "there is an underground river in *Peter Wilkins*, but at the time of writing the foregoing pages" he had "not read that quaint but entertaining book." This effectually closes the critical mouths open to devour this author who takes "his own" wherever he finds it. His next book will probably be an account of life in a kingdom of African apes, when he will inform us in advance that he has never seen *Les Aventures de Polydore Marasquin*, by Léon Gozlan. *Allan Quartermain* justifies its motto, "*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi.*" It is full of wonders and of horrors. It has no literary merit. Neither *She* nor *King Solomon's Mines* nor *Allan Quartermain* will be remembered two years from this year of grace in which many thousand copies of them have been sold. Mr. Haggard's

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books are as full of impossible adventures as the novels of Alexandre Dumas, and in their sensuous flavor are—with the exception of *King Solomon's Mines*—even more pernicious.

Two novels, *The House of the Musician*, by Virginia W. Johnson (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), and *Friend Sorrow*, by Mrs. Austin (New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.), have the same motive. In both, the usual detestable male creature who does not know his own mind falls in love with one sister, and then retumbles into love with the other. It is time that the writers of fiction discovered a new species of hero. One grows tired of the bold, bad, Rochester-like person, and also of the limp hero who would, in affairs of the heart, "be happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away." Gerard Grootz, in *The House of the Musician*, is what the Dutch call a "stork child." His adopted parents find him at their door one day, and they support him, somewhat grudgingly when their own brood appears, until a traveller discovers his talents as an artist and takes him into the great world. In Venice he sees the daughter of the original of a wonderful picture that had entranced him. She has lost her faith and hope because an Italian officer, finding that her father had committed suicide without leaving her a dowry, has deserted her. Gerard paints her picture, and is attracted by her sister, Bianca. But Marina fancies he loves her. She discovers her mistake and commits suicide, like her father. Gerard finds out that he was mistaken, too, but amiably marries the other sister, while a still earlier flame of his bursts into view for a while. The story is well told, with poetical feeling and a quick appreciation of the picturesque. A modern scene in Venice is thus suggestively sketched:

"The pageant was a serenade in honor of a prince travelling incognito, and when the music ceased a discreet patter of applause from a balcony testified the approbation of the royal party. Then the orchestra breathed forth fresh strains of Wagner, Verdi, and Donizetti, the lights shifted from pink and blue to emerald fires, with starry reflections, and the crowd of spectators on quay, bridge, and in the thronging boats burst into a rapture of responsive admiration. Surely here was an expiring gleam of former magnificent hospitality, in keeping with the faded loveliness of the city; or were the tinsel draperies and cheap lamps to be accepted as emblematic of modern and inevitable change? The prince on the balcony yonder, a stout and commonplace gentleman in a black coat, had arrived in the coupé of a daily train, instead of on board a galley manned by four hundred oarsmen, and followed by other craft resplendent with tapestries, armor, and the cloth-of-gold, as Henry III. of France once came, sweeping past the Arch of Triumph at San Niccolò del Lido, designed by Palladio and painted by

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Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The queen, a cheerful and dumpy little woman in an ulster and brown straw hat, has been sketching on the lagoons all day instead of appearing in state jewels on the Bucintore in company with the doge and dogaressa, like Bianca, bride of Francesco Sforza. The Tunisian ambassadors, in cream-colored burnous and fez, have come to witness the launching of an iron-plated corvette and fetch the king some Arab steeds, with ultimate project of establishing a line of steamers between Tunis and Italian ports, instead of being fêted by the Venetian Republic for three months, as were the Tartar emissaries of bygone centuries, and laden with gifts of swords, pearls, brocade, and velvet for the Great Mogul."

Both in *The House of the Musician* and in *Friend Sorrow* the musical element is prominent, and both authors speak of the violin in rapt admiration. Ever since the author of *Charles Auchester* called the violin "the violet of instruments" it has permeated novels. Luigi Pastorini, in Mrs. Austin's novel, is a musician, a Catholic, who plays in the Anglican village church. He despises conventionalities and the ways of the world, and he has a mother, whom Mrs. Austin calls "Madam," who goes regularly to Mass. Why Pastorini, who is an Italian, should drop into French now and then, and why his mother, who is also Italian, should insist on talking about the *curé* and *vie d'artiste*, the author does not explain. *Chaperon*, too, which means a hood, and ought not to appear in the feminine gender, floats airily and frequently through these pages as *chaperone*. Sir George Hanmer falls in love with Ethel Merton, a poor but aristocratic young English girl; but her sister Kate induces the young man to transfer his attentions to her. Then Ethel becomes devoted to "Friend Sorrow," but is gradually consoled by Luigi Pastorini, whom she marries in the end, becoming a convert to the church just before this event. Kate secures the vacillating baronet, who marries her in a state of doubt and with "a strange look in his eyes." Luigi and Ethel are happy. "And when, in witnessing the struggles and the sufferings of others, their hearts failed them and their faith grew weak, Friend Sorrow was still at hand to whisper to them of another life, when, in the glorious light of a new dawn, the mysteries of this world shall be made plain, and Sorrow herself shall fade away among the shadows and be merged into the perfect day."

Friend Sorrow is reproachlessly printed and bound. It is a moral and mildly interesting story. It is intended for Catholics, and therefore the very good heroine is converted at the proper time. Nevertheless it is only one of those many colorless stories with which English writers and American publishers are

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deluging this country. With the same material Mrs. Oliphant would have created living and breathing people where Mrs. Austin gives us only puppets. It is a pity that the literature supplied to Catholics by Catholics is so rarely, in these days, of the highest order. *Friend Sorrow*, though commonplace, is not ridiculous. This is a great gain.

Jacobi's Wife, by Adeline Sergeant (New York: Harper & Bros.), shows promise. The personages in it are similar in character to those in *Friend Sorrow*. They are mostly fools. There is a villain—Constantine Valor—who is consummate; and in the prologue to the novel, where he refuses to save his child's life, the author shows herself capable of forcible dramatic writing. His wife is well drawn; but the good young Englishman who gives up everything to save his irredeemably wicked brother, the good young Englishman's better friend, and the rest, are tiresome. One feels that they ought to be killed; but when they are married, the effect is the same—for the novel ends. In *Jacobi's Wife*, as in *The House of the Musician*, there is a Catholic woman whose faith has been dimmed by her sorrows. A little closer study of Catholic life would convince these writers that women cling closer to the cross when the crosses of their life are heaviest and their reiterated prayers *seem* unanswered.

Edmondo De Amicis, the well-known Italian writer, has written a book called *Cuore*, a sentimental record of school-life for boys. It aims to substitute for God a dreary kind of a goddess called Italian Unity. Fortunately, there are Italian writers for youth who are at once Catholic and interesting. De Amicis is neither. The little Italians, according to him, find their only amusement in reading "monthly stories" about Garibaldian patriots. Occasionally there is a grand patriotic function in some civic hall, when the syndic and the mayor, in a tri-color scarf, bless the school-children, who weep. The book is one that ought to make any well-regulated child shudder and thank Heaven that mock-patriotism is not his daily food. Compared with English books of school-life—such as *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby* and Canon Farrar's *Eric*—*Cuore* is a poor thing indeed.

These famous English books for boys are not to be unreservedly praised. Tom Brown's *Rugby* is probably a Rugby that never really existed, and the muscular doctrine it teaches by no means the *summum bonum* of human life. But there is a manliness in it which we do not find in Edmondo De Amicis's Italian school-boy's journal. It is as full of sentimental spasms as if a young Rousseau had written it. If De Amicis's book reflect the

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school process of Italy, it shows that the teachings of Christianity are rapidly giving way to the doctrine that while there may be a God, there is certainly Italy. This is part of the Italian school-boy's act of faith:

"I love thee, my sacred country! And I swear that I will love all thy sons like brothers; that I will always honor in my heart thy great men, living and dead; that I will be an industrious and honest citizen, constantly intent on ennobling myself, in order to render myself worthy of thee, to assist with my small powers in causing misery, ignorance, injustice, crime to disappear one day from thy face, so that thou mayest live and expand tranquilly in the majesty of that right and of thy strength. I swear that I will serve thee, as it may be granted to me, with my mind, with my arm, with my heart, humbly, ardently; and if the day should come in which I should be called on to give my blood for thee and my life, I will give my blood, and I will die, crying thy holy name to Heaven and wafting my last kiss to thy blessed banner."

There are pages after pages of this kind of bombast. Christian teaching and morality are left out. It seems to be understood that Italians who worship Italy will need no other incentive to clean living. God is a vague being, in these patriotic eyes, occasionally invoked. A mother recommends her son to pray; she does not say precisely to whom. "When I behold you praying," writes this modern Italian woman, "it seems impossible to me that there should not be some one there gazing at you and listening to you. Then I believe more firmly that there is a supreme goodness and an infinite pity."

This sort of neo-classic counsel may help to produce Mirabeaus and Charlotte Cordays, but never honest Christian men and women who believe that Christ has saved the world. Our Italian boy would disdain to murmur an "Ave" before a wayside shrine —in honor of that Queen to whose Son we owe that Truth which makes us free—or to take off his hat to a priest of the Saviour of the world, but his father recommends him to find a substitute for such reverential practices:

"Now reflect a little, Enrico, what sort of a thing is our labor, which nevertheless weighs us down; what are our griefs, our death itself, in the face of the toils, the terrible anxieties, the tremendous agonies of these men [Mazzini *et al.*] upon whose hearts rests a world! Think of this, my son, when you pass that marble image [of Cavour], and say to it 'Glory' in your heart."

The life of this Italian school-boy is without color or brightness or picturesqueness. The pleasant traditions of his ancestors seem to be nothing to him. He salutes Italy grandiloquently. In place of a legend of a saint he has a stupid but patriotic

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little story to copy. His teachers are all masters and mistresses employed by the government, who spout noble sentiments, go through a great deal of drudgery, and are always shown in a pathetic light. In fact, there seems too much Chadbandism in modern Italy. Like Jo in Dickens' *Bleak House*, it is adjured to "move on"—a process which it tries reluctantly. But the Chadbands give praise to the manes of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, and, while the unfortunate people are fleeing to exile to avoid usurious taxation, they unctuously make bombastic pagan orations. Signor De Amicis is, in this book, a Mr. Chadband in his most obnoxious mood; and the hero of it, Enrico, is the worst specimen of a "soaring human boy." Unless Italian children are young prigs they will avoid *Cuore* with horror.

Things Seen (New York: Harper & Bros.) is an arrangement of short sketches by Victor Hugo. They are rapid, almost instantaneous, photographs. M. Hugo has not had time to scrawl his signature all over them and to blot out their interest. They date from 1838 to 1875, and they will repay reading. The decline of the Hugo cult in France is marked. The author of the *Légende des Siècles* is no longer a god; he is a demi-god, and, since Dumas' recent sarcastic criticism of him, he promises to become gradually a demi-semi-god. In *Things Seen* his contortions are not so evident as in his important works. In the end he sums up with a flourish some of the great names that flashed across his path. His flourish, like most oratorical perorations, has more sound than sense. Victor Hugo believed less in equality than anything else. It is true he continually adored his own genius; as for goodness—in which we include moral living—he had no genuine respect for it, as his life shows. But his list is interesting:

"I have had for friends and allies, I have seen successively pass before me, and, according to the changes and chances of destiny, I have received in my house, sometimes in intimacy, chancellors, peers, dukes, Pasquier, Pontécoulant, Montalembert, Belluno; and celebrated men, Lamennais, Lamartine, Chateaubriand; President of the Republic, Manin; leaders of revolution, Louis Blanc, Montanelli, Arago, Heliade; leaders of the people, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Mieroslawski; artists, Rossini, David d'Angers, Pradier, Meyerbeer, Eugène Delacroix; marshals, Soult, Mackau; sergeants, Boni, Heurtebise; bishops, the Cardinal of Besançon, M. de Rohan, the Cardinal of Bordeaux, M. Donnet; and comedians, Frédéric Lemaître, Mlle. Rachel, Mlle. Mars, Mme. Dorval, Macready; ministers and ambassadors, Molé, Guizot, Thiers, Lord Palmerston, Lord Normanby, M. de Ligne; and of peasants, Charles Durand; princes, imperial and royal highnesses and plain highnesses, such as the Duke of Orleans, Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, the Princess of Canino, Louis Charles Pierre, and Napoleon

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Bonaparte; and of shoemakers, Guay; of kings and emperors, Jerome of Westphalia, Max of Bavaria, the Emperor of Brazil; and of thorough revolutionists, Bourillon. I have had sometimes in my hands the gloved and white palm of the upper class and the heavy black hand of the lower class, and have recognized that both are but men. After all these have passed before me, I say that humanity has a synonym—equality; and that under heaven there is but one thing we ought to bow to—genius; and only one thing before which we ought to kneel—goodness."

In Hugo's attitude towards the people, and his reiterated assurance to them that they are equal, it is evident that he means equal to one another, not to him. In *Things Seen* there is less prejudice and rhodomontade than in the other brochures in which Hugo poses as a republican of the most ferocious kind. In several of these sketches we see him hand-in-glove with Louis Philippe, who, as Hugo draws him, was a vulgar, not very brave, and parsimonious personage. He told Hugo that Madame de Genlis, his governess, had forced on him all the virtues he had. And this is reasonable enough when we consider who his father was. Madame Adelaide, the king's sister, who accompanied Madame de Genlis when she became an *émigrée* during the Revolution, is greatly praised by Hugo. Pamela, who became the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was neither, according to Hugo, the daughter of Philippe Égalité nor of Madame de Genlis.

"'Pamela,'" Victor Hugo says, quoting Louis Philippe, "'was an orphan whom she took up on account of her beauty; Casimir was the son of her doorkeeper. She thought the child charming; the father used to beat the son. "Give him to me," she said one day. The man consented, and that is how she got Casimir. In a little while Casimir became the master of the house. She was old then. Pamela she had in her youth, in our own time. Madame de Genlis adored Pamela. When it became necessary to go abroad Madame de Genlis set out for London with my sister and a hundred louis in money. She took Pamela to London. The ladies were wretched, and lived meanly in furnished apartments. It was winter-time. Really, Monsieur Hugo, they did not dine every day. The tidbits were for Pamela. My poor sister sighed, and was the victim, the Cinderella. That is just how it was. My sister and Pamela, in order to economize the wretched hundred louis, slept in the same room. There were two beds, but only one blanket. My sister had it at first, but one evening Madame de Genlis said to her, "You are well and strong; Pamela is very cold; I have put the blanket on her bed." My sister was annoyed, but dared not rebel; she contented herself with shivering every night. However, my sister and myself loved Madame de Genlis.'"

Madame de Genlis said of Louis Philippe: "I made him brave, though he was a coward; I could make him liberal, but never

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generous." M. Hugo even chronicles some amiable things of that unchangeable royalist, Charles X. His description of a visit to the Conciergerie has a paragraph describing Marie Antoinette's cell:

"As we crossed the passage my guide stopped me and called my attention to a low door, about four and a half feet in height, armed with an enormous square lock and a great bolt, very similar to the door of Louvel's cell. It was the door of the cell of Marie Antoinette, the only thing which had been preserved just as it was. Louis XVIII. having converted her cell into a chapel. It was through this door that the queen went forth to the revolutionary court; it was through it also that she went to the scaffold. The door no longer turned on its hinges. Since 1814 it had been fixed in the wall.

"I have said that it had been preserved just as it was, but I was mistaken. It was daubed over with a fearful nankeen-colored picture; but this is of no consequence. What sanguinary souvenir is there which has not been painted either a yellow or a rose color?

"A moment afterwards I was in the chapel, which had formerly been a cell. If one could have seen there the bare stone floor, the bare walls, the iron bars at the opening, the folding-bedstead of the queen, and the camp-bedstead of the gendarme, together with the historic screen which separated them, it would have created a profound feeling of emotion and an unutterable impression. There were to be seen a little wooden altar which would have been a disgrace to a village church, a colored wall (yellow, of course), small stained-glass windows as in a Turkish *café*, a raised wooden platform, and upon the wall two or three abominable paintings, in which the bad style of the Empire had a tussle with the bad taste of the Restoration. The entrance to the cell had been replaced by an archivault cut in the wall. The vaulted passage by which the queen proceeded to the court had been walled up. There is a respectful vandalism that is even more revolting than a vindictive vandalism, because of its stupidity.

"Nothing was to be seen there of what came under the eyes of the queen, unless it was a small portion of the paved flooring, which the boards, fortunately, did not entirely cover. This floor was an old-fashioned, chevroned pavement of bricks, laid on horizontally, with the narrow side uppermost.

"A straw chair, placed upon the platform, marked the spot where the bed of the queen had rested."

These sketches have a personal interest; they help to show the chameleon-like character of the French sheet-iron Jupiter.

Another Russian novel, even gloomier and more hopeless than any we have hitherto noticed, is Count Tolstoï's *Death of Ivan Ilyitch*. Death, as depicted by Tolstoï, has not lost its sting, and the victory of the grave is triumphant. Tolstoï's dissection of the frivolity and cynicism of the persons who surround the deathbed of the miserable Ivan is cold and remorseless. It is Tolstoï's latest story and his most detestable

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one. He is the fashion just now; and there are many who will rave over the fine psychological insight as shown in *Ivan Ilyitch.* Such readers will find congenial studies in the morgue. It is possible that a terrible subject realistically treated may shock the gay and frivolous into a consciousness of the gravity of a condition of existence in which they stand on the awful verge of eternity. The worms of corruption may be shown in the flesh by the artist who does not forget the soul. But Tolstoï leaves out the soul. Death and decay permeate his story; there is no hint of the Resurrection. Again we protest against the fashionable admiration for novels which degrade the heart and make life hopeless. If an American had written *Anna Karenina* he would be *tabu*, as the Hawaiians say. If an American had put *Crime and Its Punishment* into print, he would be put on the shelf of those nasty writers who are not attractive because they are dreary. But the word Russian on the title-pages of these two compounds of guilt and hopelessness gives them a vogue which our children will find it hard to understand.

Bret Harte's *Cruise of the Excelsior* is in his usual vein. The style is clear and direct; he depicts Catholic Spaniards, of a simple-minded and isolated kind, with a certain sympathy. There are no voluntary jeers at things he does not understand; and although, in his eyes, the generous villain is deprived of half his villany, and humor and geniality make the most obdurate breaker of several of the Commandments a hero to be admired, Bret Harte's stories have admirable points.

How to Make a Saint, by the Prig (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), is, of course, clever. "The Prig" knows the sore points of the Anglicans, and jabs them with a very keen instrument. It is full of brilliant sarcasm.

The Bucholtz Family, a sort of a diary, kept by a German mother, of the trifles that make the sum of life, has had a great success. It is a pity that somebody has not done for French life what the pleasant author of this book has done. *The Bucholtz Family* gives us a key to life among the German middle classes. The sarcasm is not as bitter as in Lever's *Dodd Family Abroad.* In fact, there is little sarcasm, no caricature, but an air of sympathetic humor. We are impressed by this one fact, that it is not the materialism of the German character, but the German love of home and family, the German unity in families, that gives the race a solidity which the Celts, in spite of their superior brilliance, can scarcely attain.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

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WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Under this head we purpose for the future to give a variety of articles too brief, too informal, or too personal for the body of the magazine. For obvious reasons these communications will be, for the most part, unsigned.

HISTORY OF A CONVERSION.

Perhaps no conversion ever occurred in this country which was so unexpected and surprising, and attended with such great consequences, as that of Miss Lætitia P. Floyd. She was the eldest daughter of the elder John Floyd, then Governor of Virginia and living with his family in the executive mansion in Richmond, and she inherited the great mental gifts of both her parents. Her mother was a member of the Preston family, which produced so many brilliant men and women, and was remarkable for her powers of conversation, in which she equalled any of the distinguished men of the day. She took the same interest in public affairs that her husband did, and kept well informed about them during her whole life.

Governor Floyd lived in Montgomery County, in the southwestern part of Virginia, which was then a remote and rather inaccessible region. There was no Catholic church in Virginia west of Richmond, and only a small chapel there, attended twice a month from Portsmouth. No Catholic priest had ever been in any part of Southwest Virginia, no Catholic resided there, and no Catholic books were to be found in the whole region. Governor Floyd, his wife and children, all had literary tastes, and there was quite a large library in the house, but it was Protestant altogether. The children, therefore, had no opportunity there of learning anything about the church or its tenets or practices.

But Mr. Floyd, before he was made governor, had been for a number of years a member of Congress, and, in order to have his sons near him, had caused two of them to be educated at Georgetown; and though both of them afterwards became Catholics, it was not until some time after the conversion of their sister, and resulted from it and not from their stay at Georgetown.

Mrs. Floyd was fond of the society of able men, and, not being at the time a member of any church, was in the habit of going where she could hear the best sermon regardless of denomination. Two priests came alternately to Richmond, one of whom was Father Shriber, who was a very able man, and whose sermons Mrs. Floyd delighted to hear, merely, however, as an intellectual treat. So, whenever it was his Sunday to preach in the little chapel to the mere handful of Catholics then constituting the congregation, she usually attended and often took her daughter with her. Of course the presence of the wife of the governor and her daughter could not be unknown to Father Shriber, and an acquaintance thus sprang up between the priest and his visitors.

Father Shriber's health having failed, it was decided to send a resident priest to Richmond, and Father Timothy O'Brien was selected. The sermons of Father Shriber, together with what she learned from her two brothers, then recently returned from Georgetown, had roused a strong interest in the mind and heart of Miss Floyd, and she applied to Father O'Brien for books and instruction, which he

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gave cheerfully. Under these influences she made up her mind to become a Catholic; and though such an event, in the then state of feeling in Virginia, as the daughter of a governor entering that church could not fail to excite surprise and create unfavorable comment, yet she met with no opposition from either of her parents. She was baptized by Father O'Brien, who stood her godfather; Mrs. Branda, who afterwards became the Countess of Poictiers, being godmother.

This occurred just at the expiration of Governor Floyd's term of office, and, his health not being very good, he took a tour through the South accompanied by his wife, his three daughters, and one of his sons. At New Orleans, where they had relatives, the party remained some time, and there Miss Floyd was married to Colonel William L. Lewis, of South Carolina.

The fruits of her conversion soon began to show themselves. Very soon after her baptism her sister Lavalette was also baptized. She is still living, and is the wife of Professor Holmes, of the University of Virginia. Later on her younger sister came into the church. She is also still living, the wife of Hon. John W. Johnston, who represented Virginia for thirteen years in the United States Senate. Mr. Johnston also joined the church, and was the second Catholic ever elected to the Senate—Charles Carroll of Carrollton being the first.

Within a year after his marriage Colonel Lewis likewise entered the Catholic Church; and some years afterwards Mrs. Floyd and three of her sons took the same step.

Mrs. Lewis's influence led to the conversion of John P. Matthews, clerk of the County Court of Wythe County—a man widely known and highly esteemed and respected—and that of his wife and twelve out of thirteen children. One of his daughters became a Sister of St. Joseph, and before she was twenty-one was made superioress of the convent in Wheeling. The daughters of Col. Harold Smyth entered the church by the same influence, and one of them is now a Sister of St. Joseph at Charleston, West Virginia.

In the year 1842 Bishop Whelan and Father Ryder, S.J., paid Mrs. Floyd a visit in Tazewell County, where she then lived, and where Mrs. Lewis was also a guest. They were of course much interested, and the bishop determined to erect a church at Wytheville. This was done, the Protestants contributing very liberally towards its erection. Another church was soon afterwards built at Tazewell Court-House, where Mr. Johnston then resided, and others at Bristol and Cupple Creek. In 1867 Bishop Whelan founded a Convent of the Visitation at Abingdon, and, though there were not twenty Catholics in the county, it has had great success. The sisters own the building and grounds and are free of debt.

Col. Lewis removed from South Carolina and settled at the Sweet Springs, then in Virginia, now in West Virginia. That part of the State was very much in the condition already described, but Mrs. Lewis set to work and succeeded in erecting a church there, which now has a fair congregation.

Thus we may say with truth that the conversion of Miss Floyd was the direct cause of that of many other persons, and of the founding of five churches and one convent. She died on the 16th day of February, 1887, having given much of her life to charity and good works. Both rich and poor found her always ready to attend to their wants, and more than once, not being able to reach them otherwise, she walked in the midst of winter several miles to see the sick.

In what estimation she was held can be judged by the fact that many Protestants believed that she had been canonized, not knowing, of course, that this could not be done in her lifetime. J. W. J.

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THE GUIDANCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The question of the hour with many honest souls is just this: What is the relation between the inner and outer action of God upon my soul? That is why we gave the decree of the Council of Trent on the need of the interior inspiration of the Holy Spirit if forgiveness of sins, faith, hope, or love of God were to be secured. Those who have not read and studied the Council of Trent on Justification should do so at once; it is wonderful how interesting it is, especially as furnishing answers to such questions as the above. These great dogmatic decisions—how few who appreciate this!—have an ascetical bearing fully as significant as their doctrinal one. It takes a man many years to find that the dryest parts of the little catechism are in reality the most fruitful of spiritual life. The knowledge of dogmatic theology is much more widely diffused than that of ascetic. Yet both are one, as well in their substance as in their necessity.

St. Thomas Aquinas attributes the absence of spiritual joy mainly to neglect of consciousness of the inner life. "During this life," he says (*Opuscula de Beatitudine*, cap. iii.), "we should continually rejoice in God, as something perfectly fitting, in all our actions and for all our actions, in all our gifts and for all our gifts. It is, as Isaias declares, that we may particularly enjoy him that the 'Son of God has been given to us.' What blindness and what gross stupidity for many who are always seeking God, always sighing for him, frequently desiring him, daily knocking and clamoring at the door for God by prayer, while they themselves are all the time, as the apostle says, temples of the living God, and God truly dwelling within them; while all the time their souls are the abiding-place of God, wherein he continually reposes! Who but a fool would look for something out of doors which he knows he has within? What is the good of anything which is always to be sought and never found, and who can be strengthened with food ever craved but never tasted? Thus passes away the life of many a good man, always searching and never finding God, and it is for this reason that his actions are imperfect."

A man with such a doctrine must cultivate mainly the interior life. His answer to the question, What is the relation between the inner and the outer action of God upon my soul? is that God uses the outer for the sake of the inner life.

There seems to be little danger nowadays of our losing sight of the divine authority and the divine action in the government of the church, and in the aids of religion conveyed through the external order of the sacraments. Yet it is only after fully appreciating the life of God within us that we learn to prize fittingly the action of God in his external Providence. Such is the plain teaching of St. Thomas in the extract above given.

By fully assimilating this doctrine one comes to aim steadily at securing a more and more direct communion with God. Thus he does not seek merely for an external life in an external society, or become totally absorbed in external observances; but he seeks the invisible God *through* the visible church, for she is the body of Christ, the Son of God.

Once a man's hand is safe on the altar his eye and voice are lifted to God.

It is not to keep up a strained outlook for "times and moments" of the interior visitations, but to wait calmly for the actual movements of the Divine Spirit; to rely mainly upon it and not solely upon what leads to it or communicates it or guarantees its genuine presence by necessary external tests and symbols.

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Not an anxious search, least of all a craving for extraordinary lights; but a constant readiness to perceive the divine guidance in the secret ways of the soul, and then to act with decision and a noble and generous courage—this is true wisdom.

The Holy Spirit is thus the inspiration of the inner life of the regenerate man, and in that life is his Superior and Director. That his guidance may become more and more immediate in an interior life, and the soul's obedience more and more instinctive, is the object of the whole external order of the church, including the sacramental system.

Says Father Lallemant (*Spiritual Doctrine*, 3d Principle, chap. i. art. 1): "All creatures that are in the world, the whole order of nature as well as that of grace, and all the leadings of Providence, have been so disposed as to remove from our souls whatever is contrary to God." I. T. H.

A MISSION AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE.

You ask me for an account of my mission in Richmond, and I will begin by telling you of our property. It is, first, a piece of land 365 × 118, facing two streets, and then a smaller piece, 85 × 40, facing a different street. On the larger piece is situated our church—St. Joseph's—the rectory, and a convent. The church is a new brick building, 100 × 40, with a steeple 125 feet high, all in the Gothic style, completely finished, brick-work, wood-work, painting, altar and sanctuary, sacristy and complete set of vestments, stations of the cross, three statues, etc. The rectory is a new two-story brick dwelling of seven rooms, all completely finished. The convent is a solid old Virginia mansion of brick, built early in this century, and as good as new—better, indeed, than buildings put up nowadays. The sisters have a good stable and out buildings, where they keep a cow and a flock of chickens. The land, church, and rectory cost $20,000, all paid up; not a penny of debt anywhere. How was it raised? The great bulk of it by Bishop Keane begging in Northern churches. The writer collected the balance by begging through the Catholic press, especially the *Young Catholic* and other Sunday-school papers. God bless the faithful souls engaged on the Catholic press! The school-building is brick, two stories high, 47 × 40, completely finished, and fitted up in the finest style—the best in Richmond. How was it paid for? Every penny of it by a devout lady of the North; she gave that school to God, and put the cross of holy secrecy on my lips lest I should publish her zeal to the world.

How many missionaries? One priest, a member of the congregation of the Josephites, and six sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis. Besides the usual vows of religion these sisters take a fourth one, to serve the negroes exclusively. Their mother-house is in England. They teach the day-school of ninety children, boys and girls—nearly two-thirds of whom are non-Catholics—also the newly-started industrial school of nine children, instruct female converts, visit the sick, attend to the altar and sacristy, and for their maintenance "live off the country," drawing no salary. They are an admirable community of women, competent in every way.

The real pioneer of the mission is the bishop. The moment he came to the diocese he began to preach to the blacks, throwing open his cathedral to them. On St. Cæcilia's day, November 22, 1884, he opened my church and installed me as pastor.

Who worship in this church? You may say that it is a Protestant church, in

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the sense that it is a church for Protestants. We have about one hundred black Catholics, men, women, and children, every one of them being converts or the children of converts, excepting six. I baptized seventy-three of these, which number includes fifteen babies. These Catholic blacks and about two hundred Catholic whites,* with enough of black Protestants in addition to make a churchful, attend the Sunday Mass. But the afternoon and night services are attended entirely by blacks, mainly non-Catholics. The afternoon service is a big catechism class, an assemblage of an average of one hundred and four children, of whom but thirty-six are Catholics. But all these children say the Catholic prayers, and learn the little catechism by heart, which is further explained by the missionary for their instruction and for the edification of enough of adult blacks to comfortably fill the church.

The night-service is a Bible-class given by the missionary for the benefit of about thirty of the larger children of both sexes and all creeds, in the presence of about an average of one hundred and fifty Protestant blacks. From Bible history and Bible text the doctrines of the true religion are thus expounded. We go through the Bible, Old and New Testament, chapter by chapter from beginning to end.

If you ask me how I support the church and school, I answer that the school partly supports itself, each child paying fifty cents a month, making a revenue sufficient to furnish the convent table. Why not have the school free? Because the privileges of a Catholic schooling are worth paying for, even by non-Catholics; because the primary object is to make converts, and the children of the better-off parents are for the present more easily held; and because with the blacks, as with any reasonable people, respectability is an argument. The balance of the expenses of the school and convent are met by contributions from Baltimore, Washington, and the North; the Catholics of Baltimore and Washington have a big heart for the colored people.

The church is supported partly by the Sunday collections, averaging about six dollars, and by a monthly tax on the colored Catholics of twenty-five cents for each adult who is working; the deficit is made up by contributions from the North, and now we are receiving a share of the general collection for the Indian and negro missions.

The kind reader sees that our mission is a solid success; that a steady little stream of converts has set in; that our church is not any too big for the converts and non-Catholics who attend our instructions; that we have a school of nearly a hundred children, only thirty-six of whom are of Catholic parentage, and all alike being taught Catholic doctrine. As to the converts among the school children, it may be well to say that they are not baptized before they are ten years old or upwards, never without the consent of their parents, and never until after one year complete at school. In another year or two all the children now in school will be Catholics.

As to the grown-up converts, they are well-instructed, intelligent men and women. After applying for reception into the church they are kept for three months, and sometimes longer, steadily under instruction before baptism, and six weeks longer before first communion. None of our converts has fallen off, and only one is not a practical Catholic, he being dilatory in completing his preparation for first communion.

* No whites are allowed to make their confessions in this church, nor does the missionary attend any whites in sickness, etc.; but they may hear Mass.

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Our situation is favorable, being within ten minutes' walk of the homes of twenty thousand blacks. The church of John Jasper, the famous modern Ptolemy, in whose firmament "the sun do move," is about a stone's throw from us. He has repeatedly preached against us, having informed his people that "St. Joseph's Church is the turnspit to hell!" J. R. S.

RICHMOND, VA.

THE STATE AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The state, being the providential community of men instituted for their mutual temporal convenience, should be guided by an enlightened conscience in all its affairs, and that conscience can only be truly enlightened by the principles of religion. But what if there be a diversity of religious belief among the people of a state—I mean a diversity not produced by disagreement presently arising, but one of many years' standing, handed down from previous generations? I answer that the state should act on such principles of religion as its citizens may agree upon as fundamentally necessary. This is the normal, perhaps ideal, obligation of the American commonwealth. In a word, the state, like the man, should profess its religion just so far as its members and rulers honestly agree together; the time when to do so and the method of doing so depending on circumstances and being matters of prudence.

The state, though instituted by Providence for a temporal end, is composed of beings with an immortal destiny, created by God and subject to the divine law. The American state, although very plainly incompetent, by the diversity of religions among our people, from being united to any one denomination, should favor all of them in so far as equal justice to all may permit. Incompetent to teach any religious doctrine (for its own immediate end and purpose is temporal welfare), it should yet foster the general religious sentiment among the people, and in every just way encourage the religious training of the young by all whose vocation is education. So much seems but the self-evident relation of the state to religion and education.

The present movement in favor of religious education, now spreading widely among all classes of Christians, is meant to check the progress of infidelity and the increase of crime. Unbelief and vice have increased faster than the population. What are the causes? Have not the mass of the men and women of America always been believers in some form of Christianity, and led, as a body, decent lives? Why are their children drifting away from Christianity? Why are they so much less virtuous than their parents? There are, no doubt, several reasons, but the chief reason is because they have not received a Christian training. The people are becoming unreligious, and the vicious classes are multiplying on account of unreligious schooling. To be religious requires teaching, and much and efficient teaching. The school is the place where, as a rule, teaching must nowadays be imparted; and our schools do not teach religion. The school has so absorbed the whole work of training that it must now be said that the *school forms the man*. Unreligious schools have formed unbelieving men. It is not difficult to prove that the American unreligious school is responsible both for unbelief and bad citizenship among large classes of our citizens.

Religion is a habit of life as well as a doctrinal system. The convictions of the mind must become habits of thought and establish a way of life. Every habit, whether of mind or body, is best acquired in youth. Constant application of the mind during youth to religious subjects, and constant use of spiritual helps, make

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religion habitual. A way of life is best learned as life begins. "So that," as Cardinal Newman says, religion, "strengthening into principle, at the same time develops into habit. As fresh and fresh duties arise, and fresh and fresh faculties are brought into action, they are at once absorbed into the existing inward system and take their appropriate place in it." The time of strengthening and developing and absorbing is that of youth; if religion is going to become a principle of action in years of maturity, it must have much to do with that which mainly makes the youth—the school.

Surrounding circumstances in youth are the moulds of human character, and these are most numerous and most compelling during school-life. As character has much to do with both faith and practice in religion of every form, so does the school mould the man, the citizen, and may and ought to mould the Christian.

Now, the religious man is not only one under certain convictions of mind, but is influenced by certain habits of heart; and one depends upon the other. What, by actual test, is the best safeguard against doubts? Not arguments but facts; not persuasion but experience. It must be so. Arguments may be overthrown by arguments. But a state of mind and a habit of life can scarcely be overthrown at all, never by mere argument; and a religious experience in school-life is productive of the most satisfactory state of mind and habit of life possible afterwards. Faith is not simply the conviction of the truth; it is a theological virtue, a trait of character. Religion is not a mere set of convictions lying upon the surface of the mind; it is a quality of the whole personality, developed or weakened by constant application to human wants.

The knowledge of truths is only a part of training, religious or secular; so it is only part of what school can give. One is formed at school as well as instructed. Not only is a certain amount of information given, but there is a certain spirit about a school which has much to do with the formation of the character of the children. There are things at school that train a child by association—the imagination, recollections, standards of right and wrong, prejudices, and the like; all going to form a conscience at least as much as positive instruction. The absence of religion in these influences forms an unreligious mind. Why, if one spent five or six hours nearly every day during eight years of childhood and youth in a mere desert, or in the company of deaf-mutes, or in the stunning roar of a factory, even these surroundings would have much to do with forming his character. Youthful solitude forms the man; society forms him; study forms him, and idleness forms him; work forms him, and rest forms him. Now, that all these and many more such things may rightly form a man, they are grouped together in youth into one system called education, one place called school, under one master called schoolmaster. It is plain that if these influences exclude religion the man will be formed without religion; or if he does get it elsewhere, even at home, it will be as something added, and not of a piece with his actually developed character. The tone, tendency, spirit, drift, and surroundings of school-life make up its moral atmosphere. Men may die from breathing poison as well as from drinking it. And the air we breathe may be poisonous as well from lack of something healthful as from containing something hurtful.

Now, our views on the common-school question should conform to the ideal. The divine right of educating a child is in the parent, and the ideal school is the family circle. God places the child in the parent's care for the purpose of education in its highest sense; and that is the highest duty of the parent. The most extreme claims of even the church have never gone beyond acting as a help

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to the parent in training the child. The custody and teaching of his children is one of the highest rights man possesses.

How, then, does the state stand related to this parental right? In one way as a means to assist it. If schooling is necessary to the child's training—and surely it is nowadays—children are generally better schooled and always infinitely more cheaply schooled when collected conveniently together. The state helps its citizens to secure this convenience; it is that organism by which Divine Providence enables men to secure those temporal and human ends common to the multitude, and one of these is forming societies and corporations. In training children it can as well facilitate a system of schooling by a society in a certain neighborhood as it can a system of drainage. But in facilitating a public undertaking it does not necessarily exercise complete control. It incorporates a society, it lends public authority for the collection of means when such have been promised, stands among members and officers of societies to see that trusts and duties are fulfilled, and the like. Can the state go on any further? Yes, if it be necessary to do so for the public welfare. Now, the public welfare requires that our men and women should have schooling in the primary branches. Parents derelict of duty may therefore be stimulated to do their duty, and that even by penalties; truant children may be constrained to attend school, and *the children of the poor must have free schools provided for them*. A public-school system securing these ends is not unjust.

But there is one thing which should be paramount in any American public-school system—it should foster all that is good in the relation of parent to child. It should encourage parents to test the efficiency of the teaching; interest them in the workings of the system; make the schools distinctively parental as far as possible; encourage the opening of strictly private schools for all classes, and contribute to their support according to their deserving; make school affairs family affairs; make each school rather a neighborhood affair than a mere subdivision of one dreary state monopoly; and, in fine, do everything to make the system a channel of parental influence bearing on the character of the children, as far as that influence is wholesome. Something like this is almost necessarily the case in the country districts. The result is more individuality of character there, attachment to home and parents, respect for legitimate authority, simplicity of manners. But against every one of the above tendencies our present system wars. It is a bureaucracy of the most hateful form. A large proportion of the teachers in the city schools of America are trained from very childhood, not simply to teach, but to teach in a certain cut-and-dried method. There is not in the Old World of Europe this day a caste of nobles or officials more clean-cut and more wholly segregated to a particular public career than the school-teaching profession of this new and free country. Instead of seeking to cultivate individuality and personal independence, the whole raging zeal of the system is to pour all personal force and freedom into uniformity, the most desperate efforts being constantly made to even nationalize the deadly dreariness of this human machinery.

A SMALL BOOK WITH A BIG TITLE.*

'The Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton offers to instruct us on the subject of church music in the pages of an amusing little book entitled *The History and Growth of Church Music*. The amusement we ourselves have derived from looking over it

* *The History and Growth of Church Music*. By the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

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is, however, not precisely due to its supposed humor, which we failed to find, but for which the writer gives himself credit, apologizing for permitting his "pen to wanton in a merry mood while treating the subject in a superficial manner, that he might thereby interest the general reader"!

He is honest enough to subjoin a list of authors from whose pages he has taken a lot of ready-written matter to make up his book. Further than the historical facts he has copied from them, his contribution to the literature of church music is ridiculously small.

What *is* funny to us is his pretended knowledge of and admiration for the church chant—which he cordially detests and betimes reviles, and of which he evidently knows next to nothing—coupled with the naïve acknowledgment in his summing up that, despite all the "growth" of what he calls church music, the productions of his "men of renown" are, after all, of very little practical use, "of the perpetual repetition" of whose works "one gets tired"; that his "choir"—men-singers and women-singers—"have a natural antipathy against rehearsals of them"; and that the same old tiresome stock of "Masses are performed in such a slipshod and discreditable fashion—the same old music with the same old mistakes"—he regrets to be obliged to say that "it gives the *enemy* [evidently the defenders of the only legitimate church melody—the chant] cause to blaspheme"! And, having gone through his lauds of church musicians from Palestrina down to Gounod, we are unexpectedly presented with a note of recommendation in favor of Messrs. Cary and Tozer, who, it seems, can write "easy music for small choirs."

If Palestrina be the king of church musicians, we may be allowed to wonder why our choir-directors do not give us a few more concerts at High Mass from that supreme master. Let us hear what Father Taunton has to say about it:

"The people do not understand Palestrina's works. A case in point: Some years ago, when I was directing the music at a West-End church, I arranged for the patronal festival a performance [*sic*] of Palestrina's *Missa Papæ Marcelli.* Unusual pains and care were taken so as to insure a good performance, and with what result? The musicians who were present—and they were numerous, for the service [concert?] had been announced in the daily press—were delighted both with the work and, they were kind enough to say, with the manner in which it was rendered. And the people? They cared nothing at all about it. They neither understood nor appreciated it. *In fact, I had many requests not to give them any more of it!*" This is intensely funny from the mouth of our *laudator musicorum.* He should have sent back to those people who wanted no more of the king's music a copy of the inscription on his own title-page, "*Ne impedias musicam*" (regis Palestrinæ)—Ecclus. xxxii. 5.

We suggest that what he calls "the blighting effects of a constant use of nothing but Plain Chant" on the part of the church in all her liturgical service-books, and in which not a note of modern music can be found, may have had something to do with the lack of appreciation of the king's music on the part of the people, as he says is the case in France.

This funny writer can also be sarcastic with his "wanton pen"—at his own expense. "'My worthy, good friend,' we say to the Plain-Chantist, 'it gives us a peculiar thrill of pleasure to know that your devotion and religious sentiments are stirred up by Plain Chant. We respect you, nay, we look upon you with a certain amount of awe, as being a peculiar being, different from the rest of mankind. But permit us to say, with all due deference to your many excellent qualities, that

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we are not constituted upon the same noble model as you are. Plain Chant, far from filling us with devotion, depresses us. *The truth is, we do not understand it; it is a language which does not convey to our souls anything intelligible.*'" The italics are ours.

For him Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are the founders of modern music, and, "indeed, typical church writers." Yet just before penning this he had written: "One point in both Mozart and Haydn's Masses demands a word—it is the frequent omission of words of the sacred text. This is unpardonable, and we cannot assign any reason for such carelessness." If he cannot, then he is himself no musician. But he knows perfectly well why they omitted them. They were like Händel, who, when told that some of his music did not suit the English words, exclaimed: "My music is all right; it is your —— language that is good for nothing." However, "the omissions," Father Taunton assures us, "can be supplied by any choirmaster of average ability." Only think of it! *Any* choirmaster of *average* ability making good the omissions of Mozart and Haydn, these founders of modern music!

Elsewhere he gravely informs us that "modern music, up to Beethoven's Mass in C, is a legitimate growth and logical development back through Palestrina to Chant"; that "Father Haberl is the most eminent authority on the subject of Plain Chant the age can boast"; that "Palestrina purified and restored the Chant, and Guidetti used the papers left by Palestrina to complete the work as far as the Graduale and the Rituale"!

Further on he "admires greatly and takes delight in joining to the best of his poor abilities" (hear! hear!) "in the Plain Chant" (evidently he loves suffering and is like some other Englishmen, who are only happy when they are miserable), "yet he is convinced it does not do for our people." The ignorance, presumption, and self-sufficiency displayed in this production do indeed make it to us a very funny book on the lofty subject of the "History and Growth of Church Music." A. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF LEO XIII. Edited by John Oldcastle. With chapters contributed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G., the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J., and Alice Meynell. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This elegant publication is meant to meet the demand of intelligent Catholics to know more about Pope Leo XIII.—a laudable curiosity stimulated by the occurrence of the Pope's fiftieth anniversary as priest next December. It is compiled by Mr. Oldcastle, a practised and pleasing writer, and is a small volume and of moderate price; it is beautifully printed and bound, and the illustrations are excellent. The first part, written by Mr. Oldcastle, is a very readable summary of the Holy Father's career. Then follows a compilation of short but able articles by Cardinal Manning, Mr. T. W. Allies, and others of note in the literary world and in the church.

As a statesman Pope Leo has played a part in Christendom little inferior to that of the mediæval pontiffs who were the arbiters of nations. He was in a condition to do so, for, as Cardinal Manning says in this book,

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"Leo XIII. inherited a world-wide unity of pastors and of people cast off by the world and thrown, with all their love and fidelity, on the Holy See. In the days of St. Gregory VII. and of Clement VII. the world was in its pride and the church was sick. Now the church is whole and the world is wrecking itself." His voice, therefore, has gone out to men with a spiritual dignity unalloyed by any temporal entanglement. He has found in the needs of men and nations his providential opportunities, while his gentle methods have won the good-will of his veriest enemies. He is, to be sure, a good statesman, of wide experience in public affairs, penetrating insight, and firm grasp of his own purposes; all this has helped his management of the church's diplomacy. But it is the grace of his office that can alone account for his marvellous success. The spectacle of Leo and Bismarck at Canossa and no bones broken, is abundant compensation for the weak sensibilities wounded when we saw Leo putting the insignia of the Order of the Holy Ghost upon the man of blood and iron.

Then, too, he has shown himself capable of departing from traditional lines in dealing with grave questions of religion and of its human environments. There is no disguising the fact that his spirit is different from that of some of his predecessors, as are also what may be termed his tactics; yet it is not easy to say in what particular matters his line of policy has changed, so perfectly identical are the aims and motives of the present pontiff and of those who have gone before him, and so prudently has he known how to act. Pope Leo is plainly a man above all traditions that are purely human, and it is evident that in this lofty freedom he will deal with the question of the church's temporalities and the relation of the Papacy to Italy. He has proved his capability of initiation before and will doubtless do so again.

He once declared that he desired to secure the suffrages of enlightened public opinion—an utterance at once distinguishing him from the living and dead exponents of the past. Born and reared in a feudal castle, an aristocrat by birth and training, grown old in courts and in high ecclesiastical stations, he has settled disputes between capital and labor like a tribune of the people, has arbitrated between landlord and peasant in a spirit utterly the reverse of the feudal, and at the same time held in check the frantic democracy of the French Republic by a firmness and aggressiveness which would neither boast nor scold, but held its own with a dignity worthy the head of the church.

But Leo's greatest work is, of course, not with states but with Christians—with the faithful themselves. And he has been an immense power for piety and for intelligence among us. He has set us all, priests and people, to praying in such wise as has never, we think, been known before. And his influence in favor of study has been immense. One might say that he has caused every priest and prelate in the wide church to make a periodical particular examen on the use of his intellectual faculties. There is not a seminary in the world but has benefited greatly by Pope Leo. He has elevated the standard of education. He has in his repeated allocutions and encyclicals drawn us all within nearer influence of the Holy Spirit, which has breathed out amongst us during his pontificate that spirit of wisdom and understanding and knowledge and counsel worthy the adherents of a religion so characteristically intellectual as the Catholic.

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So we all say heartily, *Ad multos annos!* And we all say, further, in the language of Scripture: "He that touches you touches the apple of my eye" (Zach. ii. 8). The man who insults Leo affronts the greatest peacemaker the world has known for many a day, and wounds the sensibilities of the best and most intelligent and most liberty-loving Catholics in the world.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON, collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. XX. Containing Explanatory and Miscellaneous Writings and Index. Detroit: H. F. Brownson. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street, New York.)

"It is many years ago," said an intelligent Catholic to the writer recently, "that Dr. Brownson's *Convert* was placed in my hands by a priest to whom I came for advice. I had read the ordinary books of controversy, but they were fitted for Protestant difficulties, and I had long since ceased to be a Protestant, or even a Christian, and had lost belief in the possibility of getting to God at all. It was as I apprehended Brownson's doctrine of Communion in the *Convert* that I renewed my grasp of that idea. The book was a great help to me. It set me on the right road. When I returned the books of historical and Biblical controversy, and said that they had failed, the priest questioned me a bit, and then told me that I was on Brownson's mental track. The *Convert* dropped a seed into my soul. It took time, but it germinated and finally sprang up and bore fruit in my conversion." Probably no one whose difficulties are the initial ones of perplexed reason can fail to obtain great help from his writings. Nor is that all. In the volumes of the series herein brought to a close there is much calculated to solve every kind of difficulty. We challenge the whole domain of controversy to produce an argument superior to Brownson's "Church or no Church." It is a masterpiece.

One thing particularly pleases us in him, and may be expressed in a graphic colloquialism of the day: Dr. Brownson is a Catholic *from 'way back*. He resented the domination of any mere school of philosophy or theology; he respected them all, and read them fairly. But he would have the Divine authority of the *Ecclesia docens* or else be free. His native qualities of head and heart made him fond of going far back into the heroic and giant days of Catholicity and among the saints for whatever extra-authoritative traditions and human influences might affect his views.

This volume contains a number of articles, mostly short, all of much interest, and some throwing considerable light on the author's character. A valuable index, covering 194 pages and embracing both the titles of articles and the particular and various topics touched on, is added.

Mr. Brownson has finished a great undertaking in this volume. We congratulate him upon his successful labor, and sincerely trust that Catholics, and the public generally, will show their appreciation in a practical manner. Certainly, whatever institution of learning pretends to have a library will find a complete set of Brownson's works indispensable; and every Catholic of intelligence who wishes a high order of religious and philosophical literature at hand will purchase these volumes.

WHATEVER IS, WAS. In Nature there are no such things as Cause, Effect, Generation, Growth, nor Death; no time, no past, no future. Logical conclusions deduced from the theory of the Self-Existence of the Universe.

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Also, a critical examination into the foundation on which rest the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and the theories of Charles Darwin. Together with a new theory for the origin of the world, for all forms, organic and inorganic. Also, the natural cause of the continuing existence of all living things and species of things, and the finding of the supposed Missing Link. By George A. Young. San Francisco: A. J. Leary. 1887.

In many respects this is the most ingenious and thorough refutation of the theories of Spencer and Darwin that has as yet appeared, and, while abounding in sallies of wit, humor, and satire not always to our taste, it is profoundly philosophical and displays great research and erudition. Altogether it is a unique and original work, which cannot fail of attracting the notice of scholars and of interesting the general reader by its lucid and popular exposition of the much-talked-of but not well-understood doctrines of evolution and natural selection.

The author is a master of logic and irony, and wields his powerful weapons with a force and rapidity of thought that betokens a most uncommon intellectual strength and keenness of insight. The lengthy, singular, and ironical title of the book is not a happy one. It should be, we suggest, "A Critical Analysis of certain modern Scientific Theories, showing their absurdities and contradictions from their own postulates." That is what the book is, and that is what it does, and does most thoroughly. Spencer and the other lights of modern so-called philosophy shrink and shrivel under the heat of the writer's cogent logic and incisive analysis, as a piece of parchment shrivels when brought into contact with fire.

He has proved to a demonstration that the immutability of the laws of nature and the Spencerian theory of evolution are contradictory. This is very important, and of great value against modern infidels and sceptics. They assert the immutability of the laws of nature to prove the impossibility of miracles, and they forget or do not see that at the same time they destroy their favorite theory of evolution. To maintain evolution they must claim the mutability of the laws of nature, and in admitting this they must admit the possibility of miracles and thus sacrifice their main argument against miracles. The irony of the argument is sometimes so finely drawn out as to be liable to be misunderstood as expressing the real sense of the author. This is the case, we think, in the lecture of Prof. "Yag" (one of several characters who do duty as exponents for or against the doctrines under discussion), which is an ingenious caricature of Spencer's philosophy under the guise of a defence of it, showing in bold relief its inconsistencies.

While not trespassing upon the domain of theology, and avoiding the discussion of particular religious dogmas, Mr. Young has clearly and forcibly brought out the Christian philosophy of creation, and presented, we think, a series of irrefutable arguments in its favor which cannot fail to rank his work among the very best of its kind.

The critical and serious-minded reader will, no doubt, agree with us that much of the matter is, if not wholly irrelevant, yet decidedly out of place in a work which professes to deal with subjects of such deep and vital import, during the consideration of which comical allusions to the municipal affairs and local politics of San Francisco are felt to be an unwarrantable and disagreeable intrusion. Typographically it does small credit to our

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Occidental brethren of the press. Evidently the proof-reader during its issue was "abroad."

The finding of the supposed "Missing Link," with which the book concludes, is highly instructive and entertaining.

We commend the work to our readers as one well worth their careful perusal, and our professors of philosophy will find it most desirable reading to place in the hands of their pupils.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS, a Joanne P. Gury, S.J., primo exaratum, et deinde ab Antonio Ballerini, ejusdem societatis, adnotationibus auctum, nunc vero ad breviorem formam redactam atque ad usum seminariorum hujus regionis accommodatum ab Aloysio Sabetti, S.J., in Collegio Woodstockiensi, S.J., Theologiæ Moralis Professore. Editio Altera, ad normam Cong. Plen. Balt. III. atque recentiorum Cong. Rom. decretorum. New York and Cincinnati: Pustet & Co.

Gury's Compendium of St. Alphonsus, greatly improved by Ballerini's notes, was most extensively used, owing chiefly, we think, to the judicious arrangement of the various subjects treated. But we hardly see why so learned a man as Father Sabetti should make Gury's Compendium yet more compendious.

We think Lehmkuhl has done more wisely in writing a new work altogether, giving us his own able opinions, with other writers to support him, rather than another writer benefiting by his labor and erudition.

Still F. Sabetti's book is useful, as the sale of the first edition shows. Its arrangement seems convenient, and he has dropped to a great extent the see-saw style of catechetical questioning so lavishly resorted to by Gury. He has consulted recent writers very generally. There is a useful Appendix to the tract *De Peccatis* on Drunkenness; we wish the author had followed Lehmkuhl's example and given us one to the tract *De statu laicorum* on the duties of voters. His tract *De Censuris* is quite a specimen of how much a careful arrangement of the different parts of a subject contributes to lucidity. In an appendix to this tract he discusses, with what we think good judgment, the question of the burial of Catholics in non-Catholic cemeteries and of non-Catholics in Catholic cemeteries in view of the legislation of the last two plenary councils.

This new edition has a peculiar value, because it incorporates the decrees of the Third Plenary Council in so far as they bear practically on questions of conscience. Sometimes he lets the council speak for itself, for which he is to be thanked; sometimes he weaves the new legislation into the already established law, and as a rule does so with prudence. We should like to call his attention, however, to the omission of the council's direction to pastors of souls to persuade our people to get out of the business of saloon-keeping. Why omit so important a direction? It might also be objected that the author, in paragraphs 190 and 191, takes rather too lenient a view of the duty of pastors in reference to balls and dances of a dangerous kind, especially in face of the admonitions of the Second Plenary Council. We think that if he had himself been in charge of an average city parish for a few years *in this country*, or made a missionary tour or two, he would have somewhat modified his practical judgment in this particular.

The book is well printed and well bound.

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AT THE HOLY WELL, WITH A HANDFUL OF NEW VERSES. By John James Piatt. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; Cork: D. Mulcahy & Co.; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A GATE OF FLOWERS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs.

An American editor, himself a poet, not long since published an appeal to his brethren of the lyre not to suffer their gift of song to lie idle. Perhaps it was only the prosaic amongst us who found something a trifle superfluous in such an invocation. We already hear instruments twanging on all sides in doubtful tones and inharmonious measures, and *à propos* most often of nothing that appears worthy of either tuneful or untuneful mention. There are some fair to middling stanzas in Mr. John J. Piatt's new volume, and occasionally a whole poem is above the general average—notably that which gives its name to the collection, and another entitled "The Chrysalis," which, by the way, would be better still if too "apt alliteration's artful aid" had not spoiled the sense of the last line in favor of the sound. The quatrain "Success" is not bad either, and the ode "Ireland: a Seaside Portrait," is distinctly good. But for one verse that rings true and "goes on all-fours" how many trip, or grate upon the ear! For one idea worthy of an attempted embalmment in the most formal mode of human speech, how many testify to anything better than a knack —and not too knacky a knack at that—of rhyming! The fact is that the best poetry is so convincing in its charm that to know it well makes the less patient of us restive under what is less compelling.

As to Mr. O'Hagan, his ear is true and he has learned the art of making verse; nevertheless when he ingenuously confesses that he has "no reason to offer for issuing these poems in book-form," the ungenial critic is tempted to furnish him with one why he should have refrained. But the tide of genial criticism has set in again; let us hope that it may carry these booklets high and dry, and leave them basking in the approbation of whoever desires the growth and increase of minor songsters. When one has not been nightingale-hunting until dawn, possibly he may not object to being awaked untimely by chipping-birds and sparrows.

DISHONEST CRITICISM: Being a Chapter of Theology on Equivocation and Doing Evil for a Good Cause. An Answer to Dr. R. F. Littledale. By James Jones, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology at St. Beuno's College. London: John Hodges; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

In dealing with Dr. Littledale it is difficult to practise that urbanity in controversy which is so highly valued nowadays when we are expected to show more respect for other men's feelings than for the truth itself. So exasperating is the calm assurance of fairness and familiarity with his subject which characterizes Dr. Littledale's theological writings, while all the time he is in complete ignorance of the very elements of the science of which he poses as a master, that it is impossible without hypocrisy to seem to have for him that regard which the fashion requires. The only mitigating circumstance is that he belongs to a party in his own church which for many years has had for its object the outwitting of its ecclesiastical superiors and the distortion and perversion of church formularies. As a consequence he has, perchance by long association and practice, lost the

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faculty of seeing things as they are. This gives us some reason to hope that in what he writes he may be under the impression that he is saying the truth.

What we have said may seem severe, but we challenge any one who has any knowledge of Catholic moral theology to read over the first paragraph of Dr. Littledale's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, prefixed to Father Jones' volume, and to say that we are not justified. In this paragraph Dr. Littledale has the temerity to call in question Dr. Faa di Bruno's statement that "Catholics do not believe that it is lawful to break a lawful oath, or to tell a lie, or to do any wicked thing whatever for the sake of promoting the supposed interest of the church, or for any good, however great, likely to arise from it"; and that "the false and hateful principle that the end justifies the means, or that we may do evil that good may come, is utterly condemned by the Catholic Church." Now, every moral theologian knows that these are principles which are unquestioned and unquestionable, and that from one end of moral theology to the other these principles are made the criteria by which every proposed course of action is tried, and any act which should go against these principles is *eo ipso* pronounced unlawful and sinful.

Everybody knows that in daily life it is sometimes difficult to secure justice or practise charity and at the same time tell the square truth; so that moralists, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have various opinions on such particular cases, the former leaning more to scrupulous truthfulness than the latter. And if the *teaching* of the Catholic Church is wanted, that will be found in the converse of propositions numbered 26, 27, and 28 of those condemned by Innocent XI.; and it is in accord with the plainest dictates of natural morality. Father Jones, an ex-provincial of the Jesuits and professor of moral theology for several years, has done well to refute Littledale, a person of all others least competent to treat of the rights of the truth.

LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII. From an authentic memoir furnished by his order. By Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D. (Laval). New York: Chas. L. Webster & Co.

Dr. O'Reilly's book is a large volume, but not larger than its purpose calls for. It undertakes to give a full account of the Holy Father's entire career, is written by one who has enjoyed special opportunities for studying his subject, and long and prosperous experience as a book-maker. It is well printed, has several illustrations, and will make, as it is intended to do, a conspicuous ornament for a family library or a parlor table, besides being interesting reading.

Of course, a true biography is the study of a life which has finally disengaged itself from the vanities of its earthly career and left us the inheritance of its deeds to bear silent witness. Yet in this memoir of a living man we read much that is of interest and is plainly a fair field for the historian. You may read here of Italy, its populations, its politics, its religious condition, its aspirations for freedom and glory, all in their relation to Italy's most conspicuous institution, the Papacy. Here you may study the methods of the highest legislative and judicial authority in Christendom, at work with an activity no less marvellous because so perfectly calm, and under the management of undoubtedly one of the greatest of the

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popes. Here, too, you can read a detailed narrative of the youth, manhood, public and, to some extent, private career of one who, as a man and a Christian, has gained the unfeigned homage of even his bitterest enemies.

FREDERICK FRANCIS XAVIER DE MÉRODE. By Mgr. Besson, Bishop of Nîmes, Uzés, and Alais. Translated by Lady Herbert. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

Monsignor de Mérode was a very conspicuous figure in the court of Pius IX., having been his war minister during the last and most troubled years of his government of the Pontifical States. This Life, a work of love, brings out many of his admirable traits of character, his active and enterprising temperament, his heroic disposition, his devotion to duty, and his private virtues as a priest. The book is interesting, and is well translated.

THE JEWELS OF THE MASS. A short account of the rites and prayers used in the Holy Sacrifice. By Percy Fitzgerald. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE NAMES OF THE EUCHARIST. By Luigi Lanzoni. With an introduction by Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE BANQUET OF THE ANGELS: The Wedding Garment. Preparation and Thanksgiving for Holy Communion. Translated by the Most Rev. George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

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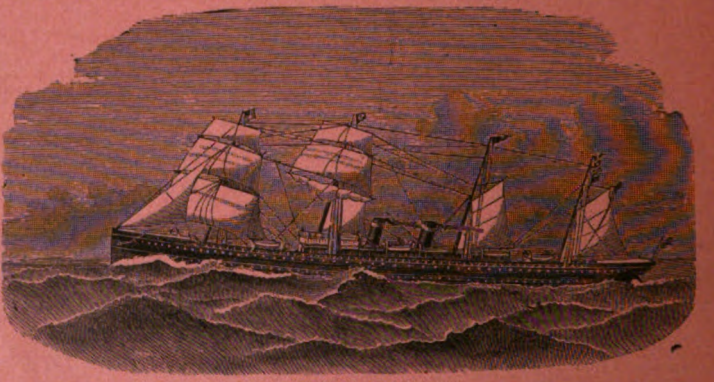

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Nathaniel L. Britton, E.M., Ph.D.
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